

Bay 12 Games Forum

Dwarf Fortress => DF Community Games & Stories => Topic started by: Deus Asmoth on March 11, 2014, 10:34:39 am

Title: **Demongate: Wrapping up the Loose Ends.**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **March 11, 2014, 10:34:39 am**

The successor to Steelhold (<http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=134238.0>)

It uses the same wiki. The wiki is your friend. You should visit the Steelhold wiki (http://steelhold.wikia.com/wiki/Steelhold_Wiki) before it gets lonely.

For those interested in the expansion of the major storyline, there's a chat thingie for discussing developments here (<http://www.quicktopic.com/50/H/kt3Bf89VPSm>)

Hundreds of years ago, the fortress of Steelhold was founded to imprison the various wrongdoers of dwarven society. As could be expected, the fortress almost immediately was consumed by anarchy and madness. Heroes rose and fell, and evildoers fought among themselves for supremacy. In the end, the fortress was destroyed by the death of a demonic entity, but not before producing a threat against all that is good in the world (and elves): the Bloodkin. Created by Corley, augmented by Asmoth and led by Shank, these vampiric creatures went to war against every other creature on their home continent, killing the lucky and capturing the unfortunate to join Shank's farms. Those that were able to flee did so, seeking new homes across the western seas. Unfortunately for them, the bloodkin followed, driven either by their own bloodlust or the will of their masters. They have all but conquered the southern kingdoms of our continent, but we are the dwarfs of the First Iron, and we will not simply wait for our enemies to defeat us.

Queen Datan Govosusrir has ordered the construction of a fortress named Demongate in the pass between the Famous Seas and the Adventurous Ocean to serve as both the first line of defense against any attacks from the south and a base for any attacks against the invaders. We are the gate between the great north and savage south, and we shall not be broken.

Demongate is a succession fortress that's a sequel to the madness that was Steelhold (<http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=134238.0>). It's mostly vanilla Dwarf Fortress, but with a challenge race called the Bloodkin that represent everything evil that the fortress produced. As with Steelhold, the plotline is influenced by all players. To join as a player, you must have a dwarf in the fortress, and to get a dwarf in the fortress, you have to provide a backstory. Should your dwarf die, you have to provide a new name and a new backstory, barring plot relevant shenanigans.

- Rules:
- 1: A turn spans one dwarven year, from the first of Granite to the first of Granite. If a player ends their turn early, the next player in line can play through whatever time is left in addition to their own turn.
 - 2: There's no set time limit for a turn, but keep the thread updated as much as possible.
 - 3: No intentionally destroying the fortress. This includes purposefully murdering large numbers of dwarfs for no apparent reason.
 - 4: No third party tools. This includes checking the syndromes of a forgotten beast before fighting it, and it *especially* includes doing that for someone else without them asking you to.
 - 5: The graphics are vanilla DF graphics, please don't change them. It does strange things.
 - 6: Players can take extra turns, providing there are at least three turns between their turns. Players who haven't taken any turns yet will be given priority.
 - 7: While plotting is encouraged, don't kill another player's dwarf without asking them first.

Turns (MDF has a list of links further down the page that don't have silly titles):

I: Deus Asmoth
Arrival. (<http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=137030.msg5098612#msg5098612>)
Can you Dig it? (<http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=137030.msg5098927#msg5098927>)
Puppies>Kobolds. (<http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=137030.msg5099354#msg5099354>)
Retirement. (<http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=137030.msg5099557#msg5099557>)
Save. (<http://dffd.wimbli.com/file.php?id=8482>)
II: 4maskwolf
Assuming Direct Control. (<http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=137030.msg5102728#msg5102728>)
The broker who actually trades. (<http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=137030.msg5112910#msg5112910>)
Cornelius goes Crazy(er). (<http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=137030.msg5115471#msg5115471>)
NEW UPDATE!!!! YEAR NEARLY OVER! BRENZEN IS PARANOID ABOUT BLOODKIN! (<http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=137030.msg5123884#msg5123884>)
Maternity Leave is Undwarven. (<http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=137030.msg5126115#msg5126115>)
Long live the twenty three notes! (<http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=137030.msg5127107#msg5127107>)
III: Gnorm Tallow Roasts are Delicious! (<http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=137030.msg5129270#msg5129270>)
Feedrouts the Torch of Connecting. (<http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=137030.msg5129729#msg5129729>)
Lokast gets Possessed! Again! (<http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=137030.msg5135785#msg5135785>)
The time where absolutely nothing bad happened! (<http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=137030.msg5137313#msg5137313>)
Enter: Corley. (<http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=137030.msg5138064#msg5138064>)
Things that go bump in the night. (<http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=137030.msg5141086#msg5141086>)
Cover Story Time! (<http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=137030.msg5144837#msg5144837>)
Return to the Fields. (<http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=137030.msg5148029#msg5148029>)
IV: Rhaken
Education for All! BOO! (<http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=137030.msg5153749#msg5153749>)
Attack of the Overseer Killer. (<http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=137030.msg5162614#msg5162614>)
Tarmid Likes Horses. (<http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=137030.msg5165849#msg5165849>)
Dwarves don't have a Geneva Convention. (<http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=137030.msg5172648#msg5172648>)
Hydra Dominatus. (<http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=137030.msg5173102#msg5173102>)
Hammer Time! (<http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=137030.msg5180310#msg5180310>)
So much for the Captain. (<http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=137030.msg5184762#msg5184762>)
Research! (<http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=137030.msg5191666#msg5191666>)
Imóla gets Immolated. (<http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=137030.msg5207173#msg5207173>)
V: peregarrett
"Someone drowned today, but let's talk about the interesting stuff." (<http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=137030.msg5214204#msg5214204>)
Na na na na na na na na Blood Man! (<http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=137030.msg5215598#msg5215598>)
Goblins! If only this kick ass trumpet worked! (<http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=137030.msg5215736#msg5215736>)
Angry Horses? (<http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=137030.msg5221366#msg5221366>)
Vlad cheats on Thane. (<http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=137030.msg5222391#msg5222391>)
Swordsdwarf, the Friendly Ghost. (<http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=137030.msg5225336#msg5225336>)
Medtob: Like Cupid, but dwarven. (<http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=137030.msg5233087#msg5233087>)
An offer we couldn't refuse. (<http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=137030.msg5238769#msg5238769>)
The Face of Nobility. (<http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=137030.msg5239494#msg5239494>)
The First Day of Goblin Christmas. (<http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=137030.msg5239792#msg5239792>)
VI: MDFication
Hail His Grace Vladamir Uristovitch, First of His Name, Baron of Demongate, Stealer of Boots, Blackboard Monitor! (<http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=137030.msg5239970#msg5239970>)
Being leader of the military puts you in a great political position. (<http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=137030.msg5240268#msg5240268>)
Dwarves get Bedrooms. (<http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=137030.msg5242078#msg5242078>)

Ah yes, "Slade Fortress". I have dismissed that claim. (http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=137030.msg5242236#msg5242236)
 Some residents get evicted. (http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=137030.msg5246890#msg5246890)
 Forgotten Beasts are not known for their forward planning. (http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=137030.msg5247141#msg5247141)
 Vlad is a Tyrant. (http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=137030.msg5248867#msg5248867)
 Pump the magma to melt the ice to pump the magma. (http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=137030.msg5249017#msg5249017)
 VII: Captain Archmage
 The Wizard is doing it. (http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=137030.msg5260464#msg5260464)
 Party of One. (http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=137030.msg5266579#msg5266579)
 The Pimping Station! (http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=137030.msg5268664#msg5268664)
 The Power Level is... forget it. (http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=137030.msg5269964#msg5269964)
 The DSPCA. (http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=137030.msg5272160#msg5272160)
 Securification. (http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=137030.msg5282681#msg5282681)
 Demongate Uses Traps! They're Super Effective! (http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=137030.msg5303303#msg5303303)
 Thane gets a Statue. (http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=137030.msg5306269#msg5306269)
 Magma Powered Forges! They Never Run Out Of Magma! (http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=137030.msg5308455#msg5308455)
 Soil! (http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=137030.msg5311734#msg5311734)
 Green bolded italicised mayoral announcements are difficult to read. (http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=137030.msg5326321#msg5326321)
 "Boss? We found some more damp rocks. Is it breaktime yet?" (http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=137030.msg5326827#msg5326827)
 Dress code: extremely casual. (http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=137030.msg5328398#msg5328398)
 Humans wait until you're not busy to attack you. They're polite. (http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=137030.msg5331642#msg5331642)
 Ghosts are people too. (http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=137030.msg5335507#msg5335507)
 Making money. (http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=137030.msg5338855#msg5338855)
 Giantess? (http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=137030.msg5345190#msg5345190)
 More like giant mess! (http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=137030.msg5345399#msg5345399)
 CSI:Demongate. (http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=137030.msg5345599#msg5345599)
 The laws of thermodynamics? What are they? (http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=137030.msg5345749#msg5345749)
 VIII: Spear
 IX: TheFlame52
 Angst over destroyed art will make him a better artist. (http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=137030.msg5352803#msg5352803)
 Carving your private diary into a wall. (http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=137030.msg5357831#msg5357831)
 Ilral is paralysed! He can't move! (http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=137030.msg5368061#msg5368061)
 Onul Kolsazir, steadily chipping away at the walls between worlds. (http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=137030.msg5371546#msg5371546)
 Dog versus Goblin! Who will win? (Spoiler: Goblin) (http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=137030.msg5373369#msg5373369)
 Humans think better of trying to kill us. (http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=137030.msg5374755#msg5374755)
 Peace everlasting? (http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=137030.msg5375317#msg5375317)
 The lopsided temple. (http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=137030.msg5375896#msg5375896)
 I think there might be something to catch in the eastern cavern... (http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=137030.msg5380379#msg5380379)
 As long as no one is stupid enough to open the third cavern, we should be fine. (http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=137030.msg5381750#msg5381750)
 The Haunting of Kangaroo Jack. (http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=137030.msg5390792#msg5390792)
 X: FallenAngel
 I heard that birds have hollow bones, so I made a shield out of some bird bones. Doubtless, it is indestructible. (http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=137030.msg5394218#msg5394218)
 People like having to swim up the stairs in the morning, right? (http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=137030.msg5394264#msg5394264)
 "Haha! See! He was only "put off" by my living arrangements! It's the ghosts in the food areas that caused him to throw stuff." (http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=137030.msg5396027#msg5396027)
 Bow before the spider god, God of Spiders! ... or the god who *is* a spider.. or both. (http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=137030.msg5396054#msg5396054)
 Well, that was easy. (http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=137030.msg5396129#msg5396129)
 Salt kills snails, right? (http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=137030.msg5398571#msg5398571)
 It's not illegal to produce gypsum if you're not planning to distribute it. (http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=137030.msg5400382#msg5400382)
 They can't blame us for every little political assassination that happens on our land. (http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=137030.msg5403322#msg5403322)
 The dung beetle's noxious secretions do not smell pleasant. (http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=137030.msg5406967#msg5406967)
 XI: Deus Asmoth
 Dwarves read George Orwell, apparently. (http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=137030.msg5416550#msg5416550)
 "Vladimir is naked. Again." (http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=137030.msg5419526#msg5419526)
 Today's episode of Demongate was brought to you by the letters G and R, and the surname Martin! (http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=137030.msg5422972#msg5422972)
 Many dead, I'm afraid. Many others, also dead. (http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=137030.msg5436192#msg5436192)
 Glowing portal in the middle of a zombie infested building? Nothing sinister about that at *all*. (http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=137030.msg5442971#msg5442971)
 Straight answers? We don't believe in those here. (http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=137030.msg5451381#msg5451381)
 Law and Order: Demongate (This is a totally different joke to the CSI one.) (http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=137030.msg5455574#msg5455574)
 If you wake up in jail with your chains broken, *stay in jail!* (http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=137030.msg5463517#msg5463517)
 Thane reduces weaponsmith unemployment by 100%. Weaponsmiths go on holiday. (http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=137030.msg5474462#msg5474462)
 XII: Dantheman
 Death is not as permanent as it once was. (http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=137030.msg5483899#msg5483899)
 Our extensive background checks indicate you will make a good leader, or something. (http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=137030.msg5491995#msg5491995)
 Presumably, 'stool' means 'small backless chair', not that other thing... (http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=137030.msg5493514#msg5493514)
 What goes around... (http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=137030.msg5496596#msg5496596)
 Where does he keep finding these stools? (http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=137030.msg5501193#msg5501193)
 Ghost baby! (http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=137030.msg5507191#msg5507191)
 It's a hybrid of dwarf and... something. (http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=137030.msg5515778#msg5515778)
 XIII: Gnorm
 Torvald's father may be a plot point. (http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=137030.msg5517116#msg5517116)
 Violating export bans is a poor idea. (http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=137030.msg5518007#msg5518007)
 The queen is not one for sesquipedalian loquaciousness. (http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=137030.msg5526706#msg5526706)
 Thane invents breakdancing. (http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=137030.msg5530685#msg5530685)
 Vladimir really likes speaking with diplomats. (http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=137030.msg5533501#msg5533501)

Llwa's one step rapid fat burning weight loss program! (<http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=137030.msg5543815#msg5543815>)
Hopefully, someone stole his boots. It's what he would have wanted. (<http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=137030.msg5545473#msg5545473>)
The streaking elf. (<http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=137030.msg5546727#msg5546727>)
Pilat, Nathob, Gulo, Josef and Datan have not watched Fullmetal Alchemist. (<http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=137030.msg5548701#msg5548701>)
Torvald has not played Final Fantasy 7. (<http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=137030.msg5549177#msg5549177>)
For the greater good. (<http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=137030.msg5549965#msg5549965>)
Torvald picks a winner. (<http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=137030.msg5550103#msg5550103>)
XIV: peregarett
There is nothing in the Overseer guidebook about needing a shield. (<http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=137030.msg5569826#msg5569826>)
Though it's useful when angry people throw things at you. (<http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=137030.msg5572896#msg5572896>)
Cornelius ~~gets drunk~~ does vital product testing. (<http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=137030.msg5580889#msg5580889>)
Na na na... wait, we've done this one already. (<http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=137030.msg5583643#msg5583643>)
The dwarven elevator. (<http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=137030.msg5583844#msg5583844>)
'At peace with nature' does not include angry horses. (<http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=137030.msg5590512#msg5590512>)
Attack of the fifty foot dust bunny! (<http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=137030.msg5610291#msg5610291>)
Ettins tend to have pronoun trouble. (<http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=137030.msg5616379#msg5616379>)
That's a lot of goblins. (<http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=137030.msg5628454#msg5628454>)
~~XIV: FallenAngel~~
~~XV: Zaerosz~~
XV: 4maskwolf
Whispers in the night. (<http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=137030.msg5639287#msg5639287>)
The Demongate Guardians! Ooga chaka! (<http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=137030.msg5668410#msg5668410>)
This secret society has nothing to do with alcohol. (<http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=137030.msg5671544#msg5671544>)
Evil is a hard thing to kill. (<http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=137030.msg5685886#msg5685886>)
If your whole life is a lie, how do you find the truth? (<http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=137030.msg5688333#msg5688333>)
Wearing us down, like water on a mountain. (<http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=137030.msg5690235#msg5690235>)
Demongate becomes a military state. (<http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=137030.msg5691885#msg5691885>)
She should have struck him down with all her hatred. It'd probably save her trouble later. (<http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=137030.msg5708417#msg5708417>)
Fighter level 37 out of 15. (<http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=137030.msg5708825#msg5708825>)
Ragnarok begins. (<http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=137030.msg5710765#msg5710765>)
XVI: Doctor_Whiteface
(XVII): theflame52
(XVIII): Deus Asmoth

(Bracketed turns are subject to change, generally due to repeat turns)

Title: **Re: Demongate**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **March 11, 2014, 10:36:23 am**

Dwarfings, quotes, etc.

Residents of Demongate:
* To arrive:

- * Alive:
 - Thane, Aspiring Champion
 - Sir Brenzen, Knight of Saint Zane
 - Brother Cornelius, Healer
 - Tarmid, Scribe of St Zane
 - Fractalentity, Immortal
 - Thanatos, Olympian
 - Lokast, Silent Scribe
 - Flame, Possessing Spirit
 - FallenAngel 4, Bodysurfer
 - Spiral, Alleged Champion of Demongate
 - BALLS, Mayoral Enforcer
 - Danman, Lich Hunter
 - Torvald, DWEORH Leader
 - The Host, Gem Keeper
 - Zaerosz, Warrior Bowdwarf
 - Burto, Hybrid Dwarf
 - Beef Vanderhuge, Gypsum Addict
 - Kadol One-Hand, Not a Player Dwarf but Still Awesome
 - Urist McWhiteface, Sawbone

- * Dead:
 - Olin, Knight of St Zane (struck down in battle against goblins)
 - Captain, Wizard (struck down in battle against goblins)
 - Jim the Fifth (struck down in battle against goblins)
 - Gnora, Farmer (struck down in battle against goblins)
 - Talonis Wolf, Heretic (killed by Artyom Barkov)
 - Dantheman, Beast Hunter (struck down in battle against forgotten beasts)
 - Besmar Forbes, Former Mayor
 - Mistress Nero (struck down in battle against forgotten beasts)
 - FallenAngel(x3) (various)
 - Artyom Barkov, Captain of the Guard (killed by Thane)
 - Helgarde, Miner's Guildmaster
 - Mattias, Philosopher
 - Vladamir Uristovitch, Mecenary, Duke of Demongate (died in battle against goblins)

- * Other:
 - James Joyce (vanished into the caverns)

- * The Factions of Demongate:
 - The Knights of St. Zane, a warrior clan who battled the threat of the bloodkin invaders. They see the warriors of Steelhold as saints, especially if they didn't directly contribute to creating the menace that ravaged the civilised world.
 - The Guardians of Demongate, a small group set up by Sir Brenzen to deal with threats to Demongate, both internal and external. This may or may not prove ironic in the future.
 - The Evening Prayer Group, a loose affiliation of the major players of Demongate. Its primary function is to allow them to imbibe copious amounts of alcohol, though they also influence the fortress' politics.

- The Olympians, a guerilla force who did battle against the bloodkin in the overrun southern regions. They have not been heard from in several years, and may be wiped out.
- The Beast Hunters, a group who hunt the great beasts of the world. They trap the souls of these creatures in gemstones and use them to power magic. This is not morally reprehensible.
- DWEORH was founded by Torvald for purposes unknown. They constructed a large, though as yet unfinished, framework of minecart tracks throughout Demongate.

Link to mask's compilation post of plot related items. (<http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=137030.msg5081838#msg5081838>)

Title: **Re: Demongate, a Succession Fortress Against Evil**
Post by: **Gnorm** on **March 11, 2014, 10:41:47 am**

I'll take the third turn; I'll post a proper profile for a character soon.

Title: **Re: Demongate, a Succession Fortress Against Evil**
Post by: **Rhaken** on **March 11, 2014, 10:44:20 am**

Put me down for turn 4. Fair warning, though: my free time has taken a massive hit, and I may have to postpone my turn. Repeatedly.

Maybe I should stick to write-ups and stories. I could go on about Steelhold's world and history for days.

Title: **Re: Demongate, a Succession Fortress Against Evil**
Post by: **peregarrett** on **March 11, 2014, 12:52:12 pm**

A turn, please. Will delay my dwarfing a bit before first player posts a few tales.

Title: **Re: Demongate**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **March 11, 2014, 04:24:28 pm**

My dwarf's backstory:

Thane is a follower of the god of iron and forges who dreams of becoming a hero to all of dwarfkind. He spent several years trying to forge the perfect weapon to wield into battle, selling the rejected pieces to make a living. He might have fulfilled his dream if a noble hadn't come to him, asking him to design a self swinging sword. Not familiar with the idea of lying, Thane told him exactly what he thought of that idea, and woke up the next day in a caravan headed for the newly founded fortress of Demongate.

Thane should be a weaponsmith, and if he ever makes an artifact, he should join the militia using that artifact.

Title: **Re: Demongate, a Succession Fortress Against Evil**
Post by: **4maskwolf** on **March 11, 2014, 04:50:42 pm**

First player will get to you all shortly. He is currently on an iPod at a Starbucks, but rest assured that I will get to this in an hour or two.

Title: **Re: Demongate, a Succession Fortress Against Evil**
Post by: **MDFification** on **March 11, 2014, 05:16:16 pm**

Can you put me on at the bottom of the heap? I should be able to get a new laptop by then.

Until then, dorfing time? I'd like a male woodcutter/militia dorf by the name of Vladimir Uristovitch. A foreign dwarf who initially signed up as a mercenary, and/or to loot bodies. He comes from a long line of illegitimate children with a family tradition for thuggery and not really knowing precisely who their father was.

EDIT: I'm operating a 'shadow OP' just in case the OP goes down or gets filled. But it's pointless, as I'm gone all summer.

Turns

It's best to read the entire thread rather than just the turns. However...

Asmoth: 1 (<http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=137030.msg5097925#msg5097925>)2
(<http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=137030.msg5098612#msg5098612>)3
(<http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=137030.msg5098927#msg5098927>)4
(<http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=137030.msg5099354#msg5099354>)5
(<http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=137030.msg5099557#msg5099557>)

4maskwolf: 1 (<http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=137030.msg5102728#msg5102728>)2
(<http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=137030.msg5112910#msg5112910>)3
(<http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=137030.msg5115471#msg5115471>)4
(<http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=137030.msg5115498#msg5115498>)5
(<http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=137030.msg5117037#msg5117037>)6
(<http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=137030.msg5123884#msg5123884>)7
(<http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=137030.msg5126115#msg5126115>)

Gnorm 1 (<http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=137030.msg5129270#msg5129270>)2
(<http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=137030.msg5129729#msg5129729>)3
(<http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=137030.msg5135785#msg5135785>)4
(<http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=137030.msg5137313#msg5137313>)5
(<http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=137030.msg5148029#msg5148029>)

Rhaken: 1 (<http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=137030.msg5153749#msg5153749>)2
(<http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=137030.msg5172648#msg5172648>)3
(<http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=137030.msg5173102#msg5173102>)4
(<http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=137030.msg5184762#msg5184762>)5
(<http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=137030.msg5191666#msg5191666>)6
(<http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=137030.msg5207173#msg5207173>)7
(<http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=137030.msg5214454#msg5214454>)

Peregarrett: 1 (<http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=137030.msg5214204#msg5214204>)2
(<http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=137030.msg5215598#msg5215598>)3
(<http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=137030.msg5215736#msg5215736>)4
(<http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=137030.msg5221366#msg5221366>)5
(<http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=137030.msg5222391#msg5222391>)6
(<http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=137030.msg5222391#msg5222391>)7
(<http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=137030.msg5225336#msg5225336>)8
(<http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=137030.msg5233087#msg5233087>)9
(<http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=137030.msg5238769#msg5238769>)10
(<http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=137030.msg5239494#msg5239494>)11

(<http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=137030.msg5239792#msg5239792>)
MDFification: 1 (<http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=137030.msg5239970#msg5239970>)2
(<http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=137030.msg5240268#msg5240268>)3
(<http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=137030.msg5242078#msg5242078>)4
(<http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=137030.msg5242236#msg5242236>)5
(<http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=137030.msg5246890#msg5246890>)6
(<http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=137030.msg5247141#msg5247141>)7
(<http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=137030.msg5248867#msg5248867>)8
(<http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=137030.msg5249017#msg5249017>)
Captain Archmage: 1 (<http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=137030.msg5260464#msg5260464>)2
(<http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=137030.msg5266579#msg5266579>)3
(<http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=137030.msg5268664#msg5268664>)4
(<http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=137030.msg5269964#msg5269964>)5
(<http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=137030.msg5272160#msg5272160>)6
(<http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=137030.msg5282681#msg5282681>)7
(<http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=137030.msg5303303#msg5303303>)8
(<http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=137030.msg5306269#msg5306269>)9
(<http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=137030.msg5308455#msg5308455>)10
(<http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=137030.msg5311734#msg5311734>)11
(<http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=137030.msg5326321#msg5326321>)12
(<http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=137030.msg5326827#msg5326827>)13
(<http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=137030.msg5328398#msg5328398>)14
(<http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=137030.msg5331642#msg5331642>)15
(<http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=137030.msg5335507#msg5335507>)16
(<http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=137030.msg5338855#msg5338855>)17
(<http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=137030.msg5345190#msg5345190>)18
(<http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=137030.msg5345399#msg5345399>)19
(<http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=137030.msg5345599#msg5345599>)20
(<http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=137030.msg5345749#msg5345749>)
TheFlame52: 1 (<http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=137030.msg5352803#msg5352803>)2
(<http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=137030.msg5357831#msg5357831>)3
(<http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=137030.msg5368061#msg5368061>)4
(<http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=137030.msg5371546#msg5371546>)5
(<http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=137030.msg5373369#msg5373369>)6
(<http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=137030.msg5374755#msg5374755>)7
(<http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=137030.msg5375317#msg5375317>)8
(<http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=137030.msg5375896#msg5375896>)9
(<http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=137030.msg5380379#msg5380379>)10
(<http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=137030.msg5381750#msg5381750>)11
(<http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=137030.msg5390792#msg5390792>)
FallenAngel:

Quotes & Madness

Quote from: MDFification
What I can't believe is that we've had adamantine for 3 years now and all we've used it for is building a goddamn trade depot.

Quote from: Deus Asmoth
Steelhold has obtained a vampire baby. A vampire baby who, I suspect, drained his mother of blood when he was a month old. I think he should become our mascot.

Quote from: MDFification
Now I look technically competent, maybe we can forget about the whole albatross civilization/spontaneous bloodkin combustion thing, yes?

Quote from: Rhaken
Everyone on the continent was of unknown parentage, apparently. What gives?

Quote from: FallenAngel
Legs are for cowards.

Quote from: 4maskwolf
READ ALL THE NOTES, GNORM.

ALL 23 OF THEM.

Quote from: Rhaken
RETREAT IS JUST ANOTHER WORD FOR ADVANCE THE OTHER WAY

Quote from: MDFification
Everyone is crazy except Vlad: The Musical

Quote from: CaptainArchmage
Please don't make me write fucking fire regulations for Demongate. Trust me, you have good dwarves and it would be a shame if something were to happen to them.

Quote from: FallenAngel
Seriously, this place makes Boatmurdered look like the house of a perfectly organized person who also bleeds and vomits a lot

Fan Creations

Fan art, fan compositions, fan everything. Although when I say fan, most of them come from people who have/requested a turn here.
(WIP)
The Wiki (http://steelhold.wikia.com/wiki/Steelhold_Wiki) (always in need of an update)
The TVtropes Page (<http://tvtropes.org/pmwiki/pmwiki.php/LetsPlay.Steelhold>) (again, always hopelessly outdated)

Bad photoshops by MDFification
[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)

Steelhold is Yours!

Defend it!

*Report all counter-revolutionary
or cultist activity to your
chosen representative on
the Steelhold
Council*



Gnorm's MSpaint Drawings
[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)



"She advanced slowly into the chamber, wielding two weapons in her hands."

Gnora



He also wrote a song! (<http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=132097.msg4766287#msg4766287>)
Also a poem! (<http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=137030.msg5108709#msg5108709>)
Adventurer's Art
[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)



Atu's Siege



Lenehan, the Day of Reckoning

Title: **Re: Demongate, a Succession Fortress Against Evil**
Post by: **4maskwolf** on **March 11, 2014, 06:02:05 pm**

I am Sir Brenzen, low magebane of the knights of St. Zane. Our founder, Urist McKnight, bravely tried to follow in the footsteps of our patron saint and turn back the tide of the Bloodkin invasion, along with the founders of our order. None survived, but the order has lived on, joined by the bravest dwarves of every generation. As low magebane, it is my role to lead our local group, but this time my superiors have given me a far greater task. The bloodkin have found us, and it is my job to stem the tide of the invasion. To arms, my brothers, to arms!!!!

There are a couple of points I would like to make here:
The knights of St Zane are one of the few groups that still believes in the existence of the bloodkin. Also, the hierarchy of the order will be explained more as time goes on.

The second point is that I don't expect others to actually be members of the order. You can be if you want, but don't take my last sentence of the description to imply that you have to be.

Feel free to establish organizations, everyone. That's one thing the original Steelhold lacked.

Title: **Re: Demongate, a Succession Fortress Against Evil**
Post by: **Gnorm** on **March 11, 2014, 06:52:29 pm**

My Dwarf's backstory:

Gnora grew up in a small fortress on the mainland. This fortress had already been around for some years, despite it never growing into anything impressive. By the time Gnora was a young adult, she had decided that she would take up farming in the fields, a noble profession that would allow her to provide the food for the fortress. Unfortunately for her, the fortress relied mostly on its hunters to obtain food, rather than organized agriculture. Thus, she spent her days working on an atrociously small farm with almost no seeds to plant. This went on for many years, before she caught word of a new expedition; she signed up immediately and joyously -- and with a complete disregard as to the purpose and destination of the expedition.

Gnora should be a planter and a cook/brewer. She's a rather simple-minded one, so one shouldn't expect too many schemes from her yet.

Title: **Re: Demongate, a Succession Fortress Against Evil**
Post by: **4maskwolf** on **March 11, 2014, 07:07:17 pm**

Also, I'm going to have links to all community contributions and overseer posts here, to take that burden off of our fine host Deus Asmoth. Asmoth, if you could link this in the second post, that would be great.

Deus Asmoth:
Thane the Weapon Crafter (<http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=137030.msg5081331#msg5081331>)
Journal Entry 1 (<http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=137030.msg5092794#msg5092794>)
Asmoth's log 1 (<http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=137030.msg5097925#msg5097925>)
Overseer journal one (<http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=137030.msg5098612#msg5098612>)

Overseer journal 2 (<http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=137030.msg5098927#msg5098927>)
Overseer journal 3 (<http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=137030.msg5099073#msg5099073>)
Overseer journal 4 (<http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=137030.msg5099354#msg5099354>)
Overseer journal 5 (<http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=137030.msg5099557#msg5099557>)
Journal Entry 2 (<http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=137030.msg5102566#msg5102566>)
Journal Entry 3 (<http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=137030.msg5106114#msg5106114>)
Song of the Forges + Journal Entry 4 (<http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=137030.msg5113665#msg5113665>)
Response to test of faith (<http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=137030.msg5115748#msg5115748>)
Journal Entry 5 (<http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=137030.msg5117084#msg5117084>)
The Marble Faction (<http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=137030.msg5119183#msg5119183>)
An Educated Discussion (<http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=137030.msg5122410#msg5122410>)
Journal Entry 6 (<http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=137030.msg5126441#msg5126441>)
Uncertainty (<http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=137030.msg5129809#msg5129809>)
"Tell me the oath" (<http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=137030.msg5130282#msg5130282>)
Gnorm:
Enter Gnora (<http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=137030.msg5081795#msg5081795>)
Journal Entry 1 (<http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=137030.msg5093338#msg5093338>)
Journal Entry 2 (<http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=137030.msg5099685#msg5099685>)
The fight (<http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=137030.msg5100044#msg5100044>)
Journal Entry 3 (<http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=137030.msg5102073#msg5102073>)
Letter to Brenzen (<http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=137030.msg5105758#msg5105758>)
Demongate: The Beginning (<http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=137030.msg5108709#msg5108709>)
Journal Entry 4 (<http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=137030.msg5113231#msg5113231>)
Journal Entry 5 (<http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=137030.msg5113882#msg5113882>)
Response to test of faith (<http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=137030.msg5116950#msg5116950>)
Abruptly halted (<http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=137030.msg5117128#msg5117128>)
Journal Entry 6 (<http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=137030.msg5117262#msg5117262>)
Enough is Enough (<http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=137030.msg5124205#msg5124205>)
Overseer Journal One (<http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=137030.msg5129270#msg5129270>)
Overseer Journal Two (<http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=137030.msg5129729#msg5129729>)
Rhaken:
Tarmid, scribe (<http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=137030.msg5092297#msg5092297>)
The Dark Tomes (<http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=137030.msg5117992#msg5117992>)
The Missing Tomes (<http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=137030.msg5121808#msg5121808>)
A Meeting of Minds (<http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=137030.msg5129527#msg5129527>)
The Bad News (<http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=137030.msg5130277#msg5130277>)
Peregarrett:
Brother Cornelius (<http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=137030.msg5082734#msg5082734>)
Why monks don't drink (<http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=137030.msg5097222#msg5097222>)
Back at the barrel (<http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=137030.msg5103094#msg5103094>)
A monk's records (<http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=137030.msg5117814#msg5117814>)
Hospital Journal (<http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=137030.msg5130866#msg5130866>)
4maskwolf:
Sir Brenzen the Bold (<http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=137030.msg5081656#msg5081656>)
The night before departure (<http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=137030.msg5092030#msg5092030>)
The morning of departure (<http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=137030.msg5094433#msg5094433>)
Death of the Parents, part one (<http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=137030.msg5094482#msg5094482>)
Transfer of Power (<http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=137030.msg5102728#msg5102728>)
Codex Arcana excerpt 1 (<http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=137030.msg5102781#msg5102781>)
Codex Arcana excerpt 2 (<http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=137030.msg5102821#msg5102821>)
The Oath of the Knighthood (<http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=137030.msg5105383#msg5105383>)
Overseer Post 1 (<http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=137030.msg5112910#msg5112910>)
Overseer Post 2 (<http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=137030.msg5115471#msg5115471>)
The Test of Faith (<http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=137030.msg5115498#msg5115498>)
The Test of Faith, part 2 (<http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=137030.msg5117037#msg5117037>)
A Lesson to be Learned (<http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=137030.msg5117183#msg5117183>)
St Rhaken's Day/Mystical Powers (<http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=137030.msg5118191#msg5118191>)
Overseer Post 3 (<http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=137030.msg5123884#msg5123884>)
Overseer Post 4 (<http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=137030.msg5126115#msg5126115>)
Transfer of power 2 (<http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=137030.msg5127107#msg5127107>)
Summoning the holy fire (<http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=137030.msg5129575#msg5129575>)
A Peculiar Occurance (<http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=137030.msg5129863#msg5129863>)
MDFication:
Vlad Uristovitch (<http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=137030.msg5081510#msg5081510>)
Journal Entry 1 (<http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=137030.msg5092553#msg5092553>)
Journal Entry 2 (<http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=137030.msg5100341#msg5100341>)
Opinion poll (<http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=137030.msg5102427#msg5102427>)
Journal Entry 3 (<http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=137030.msg5113134#msg5113134>)
Response to test of faith (<http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=137030.msg5115759#msg5115759>)
Journal Entry 4 (<http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=137030.msg5122108#msg5122108>)
Journal Entries 5 and 6 (<http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=137030.msg5128059#msg5128059>)
Danmanthedog:
Dantheman, monster slayer (<http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=137030.msg5081924#msg5081924>)
Single miner proposal (<http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=137030.msg5082932#msg5082932>)
Journal Entry 1 (<http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=137030.msg5092962#msg5092962>)
Response to test of faith (<http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=137030.msg5115529#msg5115529>)
Yelling at Gnora (<http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=137030.msg5117009#msg5117009>)
Discovering the tomes (<http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=137030.msg5118098#msg5118098>)
Sniffing out magic (<http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=137030.msg5121848#msg5121848>)
Following the trail (<http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=137030.msg5122739#msg5122739>)
"I don't like cheese!" (<http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=137030.msg5123931#msg5123931>)
Pondering (<http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=137030.msg5124589#msg5124589>)
Searching for answers (<http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=137030.msg5126843#msg5126843>)
Mocking the newbies (<http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=137030.msg5128346#msg5128346>)
I can sense magic, what of it? (<http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=137030.msg5129603#msg5129603>)
Desperate Search (<http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=137030.msg5130884#msg5130884>)
Who is the thaumateurge? (<http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=137030.msg5131264#msg5131264>)
Senshuken:
Artyom Barkov (<http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=137030.msg5082364#msg5082364>)
Journal Entry 1 (<http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=137030.msg5094011#msg5094011>)
Journal Entry 2: A loner's indifference (<http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=137030.msg5103431#msg5103431>)
Memo to Self (<http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=137030.msg5108792#msg5108792>)
A Polite Reminder (<http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=137030.msg5118315#msg5118315>)
Strange Sightings (<http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=137030.msg5127307#msg5127307>)
TalonisWolf:
And his namesake (<http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=137030.msg5086189#msg5086189>)
Response to test of faith (<http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=137030.msg5115550#msg5115550>)
Horseplay (<http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=137030.msg5129571#msg5129571>)
Sarrak:
Lokast (<http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=137030.msg5093830#msg5093830>)
Route to the fortress (<http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=137030.msg5124648#msg5124648>)
Fractalman:

Return of the Fractal Entity (<http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=137030.msg5096780#msg5096780>)
jrocks50:
Thanatos (<http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=137030.msg5099180#msg5099180>)
Journal Entry One (<http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=137030.msg5099459#msg5099459>)
Journal Entry Two (<http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=137030.msg5113500#msg5113500>)
Response to test of faith (<http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=137030.msg5115804#msg5115804>)
Journal Entry Three (<http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=137030.msg5118985#msg5118985>)
Journal Entry Four (<http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=137030.msg5127004#msg5127004>)
Journal Entry Four, part two (<http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=137030.msg5130189#msg5130189>)

Title: **Re: Demongate, a Succession Fortress Against Evil**
Post by: **Gnorm** on **March 11, 2014, 07:14:33 pm**

Is there already a selected site, or does that still need to be selected?

Title: **Re: Demongate, a Succession Fortress Against Evil**
Post by: **danmanthedog** on **March 11, 2014, 07:57:31 pm**

My back Story
I am Dantheman, I come from a long line of warriors dating back to the first dwarfern fort who found the ways to hunt and survive off Forgotten beasts. My family has always been a noble warriors who each must each pillage to defend one fort chosen by the elder till they kill a Forgotten beast and feast on its flesh in hopes of gaining its strength and knowledge. My great great grandfather choose the fort Steelhold as his fort, unknown to him of the great evil residing there. I was only 17 about to choose my fort pillage when I heard of demon gate. Knowing all to well that this fort would be the site of many battle and wars to come against the Forgotten beast's of old and also the terrible Bloodkin. I decided even against my father's, the Greatest of our people, wishes I boarded the next wagon to Demongate in hopes of finding my glory.
Hows that my first backstory. :P

Title: **Re: Demongate**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **March 11, 2014, 08:16:57 pm**

I'm not sure of the exact timeline, but great grandfather might not be long enough back. Great grandfather would be about two hundred years or so for a dwarf, right?

We could just keep using the Steelhold wiki for character things, it's not like there's all that much there at the moment.

Title: **Re: Demongate**
Post by: **danmanthedog** on **March 11, 2014, 09:37:16 pm**

Quote from: Deus Asmoth on March 11, 2014, 08:16:57 pm
I'm not sure of the exact timeline, but great grandfather might not be long enough back. Great grandfather would be about two hundred years or so for a dwarf, right?
We could just keep using the Steelhold wiki for character things, it's not like there's all that much there at the moment.

I changed it to great great grandfather, also don't forget how old dwarfs can live. My clan of dwarfs do also eat Fb flesh to survive which will maybe increase their strengths and live span for a bit

Edit 1- Have you generated the world yet because if you haven't i was wonder if we could use a monster I made its a megabeast. Heres raws Its up to you but thanks for looking at the raws anyways.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)
[CREATURE:CREATURE_1CLWJZZV_RC]
[NAME:spimmator:spimmators:spimmator]
[DESCRIPTION:A gigantic, flightless predator with tiny, worthless wings and a long neck. It crushes the ground on which it trods and likes learning new things.]
[COLOR:2:0:0]
[CASTE_NAME:spimmator:spimmators:spimmator]
[CREATURE_TILE:'S']
[PREFSTRING:skulls]
[NATURAL][LARGE_ROAMING]
[PETVALUE:400]
[MEGABEAST][DIFFICULTY:15] 11 Or higher does Not Get assigned As adv mode quests
[ATTACK_TRIGGER:80:10000:100000]
[FANCIFUL][LARGE_PREDATOR][LIKES_FIGHTING][NOFEAR][NOEXERT]
[FREQUENCY:5]
[GRASSTRAMPLE:50]
[PETVALUE:10000]
[PET_EXOTIC][TRAINABLE][MOUNT_EXOTIC]
[SPHERE:ORDER]
[SPHERE:STARS]
[SPHERE:COURAGE]
[LAIR:SIMPLE_BURROW:100]
[NOT_BUTCHERABLE]
[PET_EXOTIC]
[NO_PAIN]
[EXTRAVISION]
[NO_DRINK]
[NOBONES]
[POPULATION_NUMBER:10:20]
[CLUSTER_NUMBER:1:4]
[BIOME:ANY_TEMPERATE_FOREST]
[BIOME:FOREST_TROPICAL_MOIST_BROADLEAF]
[BIOME:SAVANNA_TEMPERATE]
[BODY:QUADRUPED_NECK:MOUTH:TRUNK:PROBOSCIS:SPINE:ORGANS:2EYES:NOSE:HUMANOID_JOINTS:BASIC_3PARTLEGS:BRAIN:GUTS:BODY_EYE:NECK:SKULL:5TOES_RQ_ANON:2EARS:RIBCAGE:2WINGS]
[TISSUE:BRONZE]
[TISSUE_NAME:bronze:bronze]
[TISSUE_MATERIAL:INORGANIC:BRONZE]
[MUSCULAR]
[FUNCTIONAL]
[STRUCTURAL]
[RELATIVE_THICKNESS:1]
[CONNECTS]
[TISSUE_SHAPE:LAYER]
[TISSUE_LAYER:BY_CATEGORY:ALL:BRONZE]
[ITEMCORPSE:STATUE:NO_SUBTYPE:INORGANIC:BRONZE]
[ITEMCORPSE_QUALITY:5]
[USE_MATERIAL_TEMPLATE:TALON:NAIL_TEMPLATE]
[USE_TISSUE_TEMPLATE:TALON:TALON_TEMPLATE]

[TISSUE_LAYER:BY_CATEGORY:TOE:TALON:FRONT]
[USE_MATERIAL_TEMPLATE:SINEW:SINEW_TEMPLATE]
[TENDONS:LOCAL_CREATURE_MAT:SINEW:200]
[LIGAMENTS:LOCAL_CREATURE_MAT:SINEW:200]
[HAS_NERVES]
[SPEED:1700]
[USE_MATERIAL_TEMPLATE:BLOOD:BLOOD_TEMPLATE]
[BLOOD:LOCAL_CREATURE_MAT:BLOOD:LIQUID]
[CREATURE_CLASS:GENERAL_POISON]
[GETS_WOUND_INFECTIONS]
[GETS_INFECTIONS_FROM_ROT]
[USE_MATERIAL_TEMPLATE:PUS:PUS_TEMPLATE]
[PUS:LOCAL_CREATURE_MAT:PUS:LIQUID]
[BODY_SIZE:0:0:81941]
[BODY_SIZE:1:0:2540170]
[BODY_SIZE:12:0:10160681]
[MAXAGE:70:100]
[CHILD:7]
[ALL_ACTIVE]
[BODY_APPEARANCE_MODIFIER:LENGTH:80:95:98:100:102:105:120]
[ATTACK:SCRATCH:CHILD_TISSUE_LAYER_GROUP:BY_TYPE:STANCE:BY_CATEGORY:ALL:TALON]
 [ATTACK_SKILL:GRASP_STRIKE]
 [ATTACK_VERB:snatch at:snatches at]
 [ATTACK_CONTACT_PERC:100]
 [ATTACK_PENETRATION_PERC:100]
 [ATTACK_FLAG_EDGE]
 [ATTACK_PRIORITY:SECOND]
 [ATTACK_FLAG_WITH]
[ATTACK:KICK:BODYPART:BY_TYPE:STANCE]
 [ATTACK_SKILL:STANCE_STRIKE]
 [ATTACK_VERB:kick:kicks]
 [ATTACK_CONTACT_PERC:100]
 [ATTACK_PRIORITY:MAIN]
 [ATTACK_FLAG_WITH]
[ATTACK:BITE:BODYPART:BY_CATEGORY:MOUTH]
 [ATTACK_SKILL:BITE]
 [ATTACK_VERB:bite:bites]
 [ATTACK_CONTACT_PERC:100]
 [ATTACK_PRIORITY:MAIN]
 [ATTACK_FLAG_CANLATCH]
[ATTACK:BITE:BODYPART:BY_CATEGORY:PROBOSCIS]
 [ATTACK_SKILL:BITE]
 [ATTACK_VERB:bite:bites]
 [ATTACK_CONTACT_PERC:100]
 [ATTACK_FLAG_EDGE]
 [ATTACK_PRIORITY:MAIN]
 [ATTACK_FLAG_CANLATCH]
 [SPECIALATTACK_SUCK_BLOOD:25:50]
[SWIMS_INNATE][SWIM_SPEED:2797]
[BODY_DETAIL_PLAN:EGG_MATERIALS]
[CASTE:FEMALE]
 [FEMALE]
 [LAYS_EGGS]
 [EGG_MATERIAL:LOCAL_CREATURE_MAT:EGGSHELL:SOLID]
 [EGG_MATERIAL:LOCAL_CREATURE_MAT:EGG_WHITE:LIQUID]
 [EGG_MATERIAL:LOCAL_CREATURE_MAT:EGG_YOLK:LIQUID]
 [EGG_SIZE:90135.1]
 [CLUTCH_SIZE:1:8]
[CASTE:MALE]
 [MALE]
[SELECT_CASTE:ALL]
 [SET_TL_GROUP:BY_CATEGORY:ALL:SKIN]
 [TL_COLOR_MODIFIER:GREEN:1]
 [TLCM_NOUN:skin:SINGULAR]

Title: **Re: Demongate, a Succession Fortress Against Evil**
Post by: **4maskwolf** on **March 11, 2014, 10:40:09 pm**

I suppose I can add this. I can't say that MDF and I didn't take some... liberties with the modding.
Anybody else really want to add anything?

Title: **Re: Demongate, a Succession Fortress Against Evil**
Post by: **Senshuken** on **March 11, 2014, 10:48:19 pm**

I'm pretty sure the founders are full up, but once an opening has been made I'd like to get my dwarf in this hole of a fortress:

The Barkov Clan has been in existence in one form or another since the dawn of time (Or at least so close to it that it doesn't really matter), having branch families spread out over a number of fortresses. Unlike other major families and clans, the Barkov's never felt the need to chain the whole family to a single career, instead preferring to find a niche and becoming as good as possible at their chosen roll as possible on an individual level. As such, the clan has had members ranging from warriors and nobles to farmers and hunters. One way or another, statistically you're likely to find at least one member of the clan in any given fortress.

Taking on the family tradition of finding his place in life in a brand new fortress, Artyom Barkov has joined a number of other dwarfs to help make Fortress 'Demongate' a success.

I don't want to have a turn running the fortress, but I will happily have a dwarf in it, as well as posting stories and what not. I'm happy to have Artyom take whatever role he needs to, just as long as he is male and relatively young (I'm tired of having my dwarf being in his twilight years).

Title: **Re: Demongate, a Succession Fortress Against Evil**
Post by: **Gnorm** on **March 11, 2014, 11:33:23 pm**

Quote from: 4maskwolf on March 11, 2014, 10:40:09 pm

I suppose I can add this. I can't say that MDF and I didn't take some... liberties with the modding.
Anybody else really want to add anything?

I can live with his addition, but let's try to keep this *mostly* vanilla.

Title: Re: Demongate, a Succession Fortress Against Evil
Post by: 4maskwolf on March 11, 2014, 11:35:40 pm

Quote from: Gnorm on March 11, 2014, 11:33:23 pm

Quote from: 4maskwolf on March 11, 2014, 10:40:09 pm

I suppose I can add this. I can't say that MDF and I didn't take some... liberties with the modding. Anybody else really want to add anything?

I can live with his addition, but let's try to keep this *mostly* vanilla.

oh, it is.

Title: Re: Demongate, a Succession Fortress Against Evil
Post by: peregarrett on March 12, 2014, 03:31:56 am

Oh, looks like my dwarf gets into embark party? Well, then I need a backstory...

This dwarf, Brother Cornelius, came from far fortress somewhere in the tundra. There were some kind of Monastery that tried to find the way of fighting bloodkin hordes better than hand-to-hand. Brothers were spending their days in meditation and searching through ancient tomes... till the Monastery was destroyed and Brothers who survived were scattered all over the land. Not many of them survived, though. Cornelius believes there's a weakness in bloodkin's nature that can help us greatly, but what exactly it could be? Oh, and also he's a healer.

Title: Re: Demongate, a Succession Fortress Against Evil
Post by: Senshuken on March 12, 2014, 05:05:45 am

Quote from: peregarrett on March 12, 2014, 03:31:56 am

Oh, looks like my dwarf gets into embark party? Well, then I need a backstory...

This dwarf, Brother Cornelius, came from far fortress somewhere in the tundra. There were some kind of Monastery that tried to find the way of fighting bloodkin hordes better than hand-to-hand. Brothers were spending their days in meditation and searching through ancient tomes... till the Monastery was destroyed and Brothers who survived were scattered all over the land. Not many of them survived, though. Cornelius believes there's a weakness in bloodkin's nature that can help us greatly, but what exactly it could be? Oh, and also he's a healer.

Just looked over the list of dwarfs in the embark party. If there is a full seven dwarfs going, then odds are Artyom will be on the Caravan, provided that the list of already existing dwarfs list is up to date.

Title: Re: Demongate, a Succession Fortress Against Evil
Post by: danmanthedog on March 12, 2014, 05:58:31 am

I kinda fealt like asking to add it for story for my character ha, and wtf bay12 forums activity speeds up when im asleep haa.

Title: Re: Demongate, a Succession Fortress Against Evil
Post by: Deus Asmoth on March 12, 2014, 07:37:31 am

Well, we just hit seven dwarfs now, but I'd prefer to have two miners. Assuming it's ok if Artyom is one of them, we still have another free in the starting seven, with Cornelius to come. Or we could start with one miner, which would certainly be interesting.

Title: Re: Demongate, a Succession Fortress Against Evil
Post by: danmanthedog on March 12, 2014, 07:49:59 am

I say we do one miner for story wise.

Any dwarf can just swing a pick, but true mining is the abilitie to sense where ores are before you strike them. The only dwarf able to use this abiliety was the dwarf clan of ironblood. A clan of dwarfs who were once said was desendits of the male God of Mountins and female goddess of metals. The clan was once a huge part of all forts but when the bloodkin arrived they made sure to slaughter the clan of ironblood to cripple the dwarfs.
Hows that for story wise. This fort is really getting my creativity juices flowing really well. :D

Title: Re: Demongate, a Succession Fortress Against Evil
Post by: peregarrett on March 12, 2014, 09:07:05 am

I don't insist on joining embark party. Give me any medic that comes and that's ok.

Title: Re: Demongate, a Succession Fortress Against Evil
Post by: MDFification on March 12, 2014, 09:11:48 am

Posting the daily reminder that the wiki (http://steelhold.wikia.com/wiki/Steelhold_Wiki) is your needy, needy friend.

Title: Re: Demongate, a Succession Fortress Against Evil
Post by: danmanthedog on March 12, 2014, 10:06:01 am

I never made a wiki page before but I can learn alittle bit and start making a page about the characters if that's okay?

Title: Re: Demongate, a Succession Fortress Against Evil
Post by: MDFification on March 12, 2014, 04:25:41 pm

Quick question. Would everyone be in favor of a little forward planning this time around?
Not that I want to stop the creativity - I'd just want to make things easier to find by constraining our activities to certain levels of the fort. The first person to breach a layer would declare what that layer was for (e.g. bedrooms or organics material processing or hospitals + barracks, etc) and the later players would respect that by not building different industries/functions in that layer. We'd maintain a list of what functions each level accomplishes.
I'm suggesting this because last time we ended up with 2 bedroom complexes, 3 workshop areas, 3 dining rooms, 2 hospitals, a barracks I never found, tombs and offices everywhere, and stockpiles in the corridors. Some of those were intentional, but it might save us time and improve efficiency if we kept those bunched together instead of spread all over the fort? We'd still be able to use our own designs, but we wouldn't create such a pathfinding nightmare and it'd be a lot easier for the next player to find things.
Just a thought.

Title: Re: Demongate, a Succession Fortress Against Evil
Post by: danmanthedog on March 12, 2014, 04:54:43 pm

Okay sounds good to me but really 2 hospitals really was one of them better then the other?

Title: Re: Demongate, a Succession Fortress Against Evil
Post by: 4maskwolf on March 12, 2014, 05:12:36 pm

Quote from: MDFification on March 12, 2014, 04:25:41 pm

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Just a thought.

My dwarf is a soldier, but the order requires that sacrifices will be made for the common good, so he is willing to take up a pick in order to mine out the fortress. I'll try to mine out or designate most important areas, but I think that part of the fun is designing your own things.

Title: Re: Demongate
Post by: Deus Asmoth on March 12, 2014, 08:16:40 pm

I think we actually had four hospitals in Steelhold. I undesignated a pair when I finished the helltower.

As regards designating each level for a certain function, I think we'll end up with a certain amount of anarchy no matter what we do. I'll finish up any rooms Mask misses on my turn and leave notes about their intended purpose if I don't have them functioning.

P.S, we could put Sir Brezen into the military equipped with a pick once he's finished digging the fortress. I don't think I've ever had a miner in the militia before.

Title: Re: Demongate, a Succession Fortress Against Evil
Post by: Gnorm on March 12, 2014, 08:35:12 pm

Quote from: MDFification on March 12, 2014, 04:25:41 pm

Quick question. Would everyone be in favor of a little forward planning this time around?
Not that I want to stop the creativity - I'd just want to make things easier to find by constraining our activities to certain levels of the fort. The first person to breach a layer would declare what that layer was for (e.g. bedrooms or organics material processing or hospitals + barracks, etc) and the later players would respect that by not building different industries/functions in that layer. We'd maintain a list of what functions each level accomplishes.
I'm suggesting this because last time we ended up with 2 bedroom complexes, 3 workshop areas, 3 dining rooms, 2 hospitals, a barracks I never found, tombs and offices everywhere, and stockpiles in the corridors. Some of those were intentional, but it might save us time and improve efficiency if we kept those bunched together instead of spread all over the fort? We'd still be able to use our own designs, but we wouldn't create such a pathfinding nightmare and it'd be a lot easier for the next player to find things.
Just a thought.

No.

Title: Re: Demongate, a Succession Fortress Against Evil
Post by: MDFification on March 12, 2014, 09:01:44 pm

Quote from: Gnorm on March 12, 2014, 08:35:12 pm

Quote from: MDFification on March 12, 2014, 04:25:41 pm

Quick question. Would everyone be in favor of a little forward planning this time around?
Not that I want to stop the creativity - I'd just want to make things easier to find by constraining our activities to certain levels of the fort. The first person to breach a layer would declare what that layer was for (e.g. bedrooms or organics material processing or hospitals + barracks, etc) and the later players would respect that by not building different industries/functions in that layer. We'd maintain a list of what functions each level accomplishes.
I'm suggesting this because last time we ended up with 2 bedroom complexes, 3 workshop areas, 3 dining rooms, 2 hospitals, a barracks I never found, tombs and offices everywhere, and stockpiles in the corridors. Some of those were intentional, but it might save us time and improve efficiency if we kept those bunched together instead of spread all over the fort? We'd still be able to use our own designs, but we wouldn't create such a pathfinding nightmare and it'd be a lot easier for the next player to find things.
Just a thought.

No.

Ok.

Title: Re: Demongate, a Succession Fortress Against Evil
Post by: 4maskwolf on March 12, 2014, 10:18:28 pm

MDF...
DId you not notice during your trials that the special surprise does more damage to itself than to others and that the bloodkin mages set themselves on fire...?

Was your testing done in gameplay or arena?

Title: Re: Demongate, a Succession Fortress Against Evil
Post by: MDFification on March 13, 2014, 07:44:26 am

Quote from: 4maskwolf on March 12, 2014, 10:18:28 pm

MDF...
DId you not notice during your trials that the special surprise does more damage to itself than to others and that the bloodkin mages set themselves on fire...?

Was your testing done in gameplay or arena?

Arena and I never saw that. Maybe I had temperature turned off or something.

Title: Re: Demongate
Post by: Deus Asmoth on March 13, 2014, 08:39:59 am

It could be caused by the mages casting the fire and then running into it. That seems to happen whenever I give fire to things. You could just give them high melting and boiling points on their tissue, which would make sense since they were created with demons and magma.

Just want to check everyone's opinions on danger rooms, by the way. I think it'd fit the story better if we didn't use them, and they kind of defeat the purpose of a challenge race.

Title: Re: Demongate, a Succession Fortress Against Evil
Post by: danmanthedog on March 13, 2014, 11:03:48 am

Quote from: Deus Asmoth on March 13, 2014, 08:39:59 am

It could be caused by the mages casting the fire and then running into it. That seems to happen whenever I give fire to things. You could just give them high melting and boiling points on their tissue, which would make sense since they were created with demons and magma.

Just want to check everyone's opinions on danger rooms, by the way. I think it'd fit the story better if we didn't use them, and they kind of defeat the purpose of a challenge race.

I saw nay to the idea of danger rooms. Have you done all the testing will the bloodkin because if not I got an hour of free time to see what they can do to goblins and other creatures bhaaa :D :D

Title: **Re: Demongate, a Succession Fortress Against Evil**
Post by: **MDFification** on **March 13, 2014, 11:26:21 am**

The thing is I don't recall them casting fire or anything to do with body temperatures. I do remember they kept splashing themselves during a syndrome... maybe that syndrome has temperature weirdness. It certainly wasn't intended too.
As for the special suprise, I have no idea.

Title: **Re: Demongate, a Succession Fortress Against Evil**
Post by: **TalonisWolf** on **March 13, 2014, 02:16:36 pm**

Requesting a dorfing, as Talonis Wolf. Arrested for Heretical Beliefs, Hammering Without Authorisation, Contempt, Public Sobriety, Mild Killing Spree and Defending an Elf (because of it's pet Wolf).

Male, Preferably with Hammer Skill. Has ambition to be a Hammerer, and fanatical belief of numerous Wolf Gods.

And congrats on this piece of insanity! Nice to see Steelhold will have a legacy of likely chaotic per portions.

Title: **Re: Demongate**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **March 13, 2014, 07:27:42 pm**

I think I have everyone in the character post now, plus a link to Mask's post about plot.

By the way, Mask. Will you be genning the world once you finish getting the mod working, or do you want me to? It's just that if I gen the world, I'll probably take the first turn for simplicity's sake.

Title: **Re: Demongate**
Post by: **4maskwolf** on **March 13, 2014, 08:28:42 pm**

Quote from: Deus Asmoth on March 13, 2014, 07:27:42 pm

I think I have everyone in the character post now, plus a link to Mask's post about plot.

By the way, Mask. Will you be genning the world once you finish getting the mod working, or do you want me to? It's just that if I gen the world, I'll probably take the first turn for simplicity's sake.

Ah, yes, I should probably get to updating that post.

I'll send the stuff to you, Asmoth, I don't mind you taking the first turn. Just gimme a little while to finish my junior paper and bugtest.

IN THE MEANTIME, is there anything more anyone wants to establish about their characters/new characters from any lurkers?

Title: **Re: Demongate, a Succession Fortress Against Evil**
Post by: **Gnorm** on **March 13, 2014, 10:20:00 pm**

Speaking of characters, what ever became of Thikut?

Title: **Re: Demongate, a Succession Fortress Against Evil**
Post by: **4maskwolf** on **March 13, 2014, 10:22:07 pm**

Quote from: Gnorm on March 13, 2014, 10:20:00 pm

Speaking of characters, what ever became of Thikut?

DUN DUN DUN!!!!
But in all seriousness, let's leave some stuff to come out during the game itself.

Title: **Re: Demongate**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **March 13, 2014, 11:00:21 pm**

Well, if we're going purely by game terms, she'd stay a child forever so her usefulness would be limited. Storywise, she seems set up to become either an assassin or cult leader, but we'll see how things play out. Her last confirmed movement was joining an elf trade caravan headed north from Steelhold.

Regarding characters, I'd prefer if dwarfs were in the fortress more than a year before they become overseer where possible, just to avoid the strangeness of an unknown person wandering in and taking control of a secure military stronghold that will probably be on the lookout for double agents.

Title: **Re: Demongate**
Post by: **Gnorm** on **March 13, 2014, 11:10:47 pm**

Quote from: Deus Asmoth on March 13, 2014, 11:00:21 pm

Well, if we're going purely by game terms, she'd stay a child forever so her usefulness would be limited. Storywise, she seems set up to become either an assassin or cult leader, but we'll see how things play out. Her last confirmed movement was joining an elf trade caravan headed north from Steelhold.

All right, I just wanted to know whether or not we should presume her dead.

Title: **Re: Demongate, a Succession Fortress Against Evil**
Post by: **Senshuken** on **March 14, 2014, 05:37:24 am**

Do'er of things... I like it. It's an interesting title.

As for the Danger Room, I'm all for having one. Demongate is meant to be a boarder fortress designed to keep unholy horrors at bay, that means new recruits need to be given an ass kicking so that they might live long enough to take some of the invading horrors down.

Title: **Re: Demongate, a Succession Fortress Against Evil**
Post by: **danmanthedog** on **March 14, 2014, 07:38:10 am**

Hmmm I just remebered something about my megabeast ater looking at it... its trainable and its a mount to so there might be bloodkin or gobbos riding them. :P

Title: **Re: Demongate, a Succession Fortress Against Evil**
Post by: **TalonisWolf** on **March 14, 2014, 07:42:51 am**

Quote from: danmanthedog on March 14, 2014, 07:38:10 am

Hmmm I just remebered something about my megabeast ater looking at it... its trainable and its a mount to so there might be bloodkin or gobbos riding them. :P

That actually sounds badass. *Do ittttt!* What's the worst that can happen? :P

Title: **Re: Demongate, a Succession Fortress Against Evil**
Post by: **MDFification** on **March 14, 2014, 08:11:15 am**

Quote from: Senshuken on March 14, 2014, 05:37:24 am

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While danger rooms are really quite dorfy imo, they're still pretty exploit-y. A fort that's almost certainly going to be churning out a massive military really shouldn't be using something that broken or nothing will be a threat any more. Instead we should do mass live training (preferably automated) and just let combat and regular training handle the rest.

Title: **Re: Demongate, a Succession Fortress Against Evil**
Post by: **Gnorm** on **March 14, 2014, 08:38:02 am**

Quote from: MDFification on March 14, 2014, 08:11:15 am

Quote from: Senshuken on March 14, 2014, 05:37:24 am

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As far as training goes, well-regulated hunting is usually a good way to train sharpshooters. As for melee and wrestling, that would depend on how old the world is.

Title: **Re: Demongate, a Succession Fortress Against Evil**
Post by: **danmanthedog** on **March 14, 2014, 10:19:22 am**

IS this a way to make it where most of the races are very low and about to go extinct except for the bloodkin, It make the game interesting because it make it harder to get new dwarfs also make it where pretty much only the bloodkin attacks us always.

Title: **Re: Demongate, a Succession Fortress Against Evil**
Post by: **TalonisWolf** on **March 14, 2014, 10:42:47 am**

Quote from: MDFification on March 14, 2014, 08:11:15 am

Quote from: Senshuken on March 14, 2014, 05:37:24 am

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When you're dealing with modded creatures, sometimes they can get so overwhelming that a danger room is the only way to survive a decent amount of time. Spearbreakers comes to mind, although they tried to avoid it for as long as possible.

Title: **Re: Demongate, a Succession Fortress Against Evil**
Post by: **Sarrak** on **March 14, 2014, 01:53:15 pm**

Oh well, original came to a really interesting and fitting end. And I won't forgive myself if I miss the sequel too (wasn't here for a time).

I'll get biography finished soon. And, if my time allows, may try to oversee things once more.

Hm... I'm totally against danger rooms. Only organizing bloody arena battles, throwing squads of dabbling recruits onto eldritch horrors and sending military against dragons without shields may provide us with sufficiently ~~crippled and burned~~ badass corpses warriors! ;)

Title: **Re: Demongate, a Succession Fortress Against Evil**
Post by: **TalonisWolf** on **March 14, 2014, 02:00:05 pm**

I'm against it *in general*, however, I do believe that it should be allowed in certain situations if it receives a majority vote. Losing is fun, but being utterly powned isn't.

Title: **Re: Demongate, a Succession Fortress Against Evil**
Post by: **danmanthedog** on **March 14, 2014, 02:14:39 pm**

We could do the shaft of enlightenment bug but the dwarfs most survive from it and cant have any grasping or walking prombles for them to join the amry.

Title: **Re: Demongate, a Succession Fortress Against Evil**
Post by: **MDFification** on **March 14, 2014, 02:16:31 pm**

Really, we didn't overpower the Bloodkin in the slightest. I don't want to spoil, but they're actually as squishy as a dwarf in melee. The difficulty lies elsewhere.

I say at least give it a chance before we make that call. I've only used a danger room once in my games, and that forged a squad that could take out 5 sieges before random attrition and megabeasts wore them down. If we're a military settlement the military aspect of the fort should be a tad more challenging than that.

EDIT: Also welcome back Sarrak! A thousand fluffies shall be prepared in your honor.

Title: **Re: Demongate, a Succession Fortress Against Evil**
Post by: **Sarrak** on **March 14, 2014, 02:32:05 pm**

Quote from: MDFification on March 14, 2014, 02:16:31 pm

Also welcome back Sarrak! A thousand fluffies shall be prepared in your honor.

I'm somewhat disturbed, yet internally pleased by this eager sacrifice. It shall keep me occupied for some time... Maybe.

Really, thank you and everyone else for the epic saga, which I have yet to finish reading.

Quote from: danmanthedog on March 14, 2014, 02:14:39 pm

We could do the shaft of enlightenment bug but the dwarfs most survive from it and cant have any grasping or walking prombles for them to join the amry.

I think we can use Shaft to summon a Champion, blessed by Armok himself. If flow of the story demands so. But I'm still against it - Shaft gives just too much experience for nothing

Title: **Re: Demongate**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **March 14, 2014, 03:39:26 pm**

I've never heard of a shaft of enlightenment before. Presumably it involves dropping things onto a dwarf? Or a dwarf onto things? In any case, we'll probably end up using as many traps as possible to avoid contact with the Bloodkin and their interactions.

Title: **Re: Demongate, a Succession Fortress Against Evil**
Post by: **Sarrak** on **March 14, 2014, 03:55:29 pm**

http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=134512.0
It involves dropping sentient things onto spears, driving them absurdly potent fighters. Full-blown research with exact numbers and proper Z-levels begins on seventh page.

Traps... There must be one that drops entire surface directly into magma sea.

Title: **Re: Demongate, a Succession Fortress Against Evil**
Post by: **danmanthedog** on **March 14, 2014, 04:41:38 pm**

Quote from: Sarrak on March 14, 2014, 02:32:05 pm

Quote from: MDFification on March 14, 2014, 02:16:31 pm

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Hmm how about we make it that after they do the spear they must go through a gauntlet of enemies and stuff wearing nothing at all(Also we could have them olny use wood weapons for balance issues.)

Title: **Re: Demongate, a Succession Fortress Against Evil**
Post by: **TalonisWolf** on **March 14, 2014, 04:45:08 pm**

...

Even that may not work. So far, if my memory serves me right, they've gotten some legendaries +2-5. That's almost godlike.

Edit: I have confirmation:

Quote from: Urist Da Vinci on December 21, 2013, 01:07:24 am

If I look at the creatures with DFHack, in one case the dwarf went from rank 1 to **rank 89** in axe skill, where 0 is dabbling, 15 is grand master, and 20 is legendary+5. The other skills that became "legendary" also gained about 89 ranks.

So yes, the bug does appear to convert the creature into a god of war.

So I wasn't even giving it it's due.

Title: **Re: Demongate, a Succession Fortress Against Evil**
Post by: **danmanthedog** on **March 14, 2014, 04:48:50 pm**

oh well was a good idea.

Title: **Re: Demongate, a Succession Fortress Against Evil**
Post by: **MDFification** on **March 14, 2014, 07:40:23 pm**

Quote from: danmanthedog on March 14, 2014, 04:41:38 pm

Quote from: Sarrak on March 14, 2014, 02:32:05 pm

Quote from: MDFification on March 14, 2014, 02:16:31 pm

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I think we can use Shaft to summon a Champion, blessed by Armok himself. If flow of the story demands so. But I'm still against it - Shaft gives just too much experience for nothing

Hmm how about we make it that after they do the spear they must go through a gauntlet of enemies and stuff wearing nothing at all(Also we could have them olny use wood weapons for balance issues.)

I say no. It doesn't matter what weapons they have if they dodge absolutely everything. Wrestling's still broken, remember?

Title: **Re: Demongate**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **March 14, 2014, 07:55:50 pm**

Yeah, unless the fall was long enough for there to be like a fifty per cent chance of dying and we could only do it once a year, I think we should stay away from the shaft.

Title: **Re: Demongate, a Succession Fortress Against Evil**
Post by: **danmanthedog** on **March 14, 2014, 08:06:31 pm**

Okay.... How about forced swimming training?

Title: **Re: Demongate, a Succession Fortress Against Evil**
Post by: **4maskwolf** on **March 14, 2014, 08:20:10 pm**

I'd say avoid all that kind of stuff.

I'm about to finish the modding, maybe by tomorrow it will be ready?

Title: **Re: Demongate**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **March 14, 2014, 08:22:24 pm**

Feel free to do anything that isn't an exploit, as long as it doesn't kill a bunch of dwarfs for no reason. Note that killing a bunch of dwarfs for !!SCIENCE!! is perfectly fine.

Edit: excellent. I'll be busy Sunday, but I should have a reasonable update Monday/Tuesday if you finish this weekend. Is it ok if I try to stay as far as possible from aquifers when setting up the fort? I just don't like them.

Title: **Re: Demongate, a Succession Fortress Against Evil**
Post by: **4maskwolf** on **March 14, 2014, 08:29:55 pm**

Build it near the coast, but other than that it is fair game. And near can be relative.

Title: **Re: Demongate, a Succession Fortress Against Evil**
Post by: **danmanthedog** on **March 14, 2014, 09:09:31 pm**

Hmm If we still going to us my megabeast I should do some testing with it so testing tonight yay. :D

Title: **Re: Demongate**
Post by: **Gnorm** on **March 15, 2014, 12:09:48 am**

Quote from: Deus Asmoth on March 14, 2014, 08:22:24 pm
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Build it near the coast, but other than that it is fair game. And near can be relative.

Let's not built it *too* near the coast. There is that annoying glitch that floods a fortress near the ocean after abandonment, and I personally like to explore them. As for aquifers, I think that they are quite useful, and I vote that we embark with one.

Title: **Re: Demongate, a Succession Fortress Against Evil**
Post by: **TalonisWolf** on **March 15, 2014, 12:12:52 am**

Quote from: Gnorm on March 15, 2014, 12:09:48 am
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Let's not built it *too* near the coast. There is that annoying glitch that floods a fortress near the ocean after abandonment, and I personally like to explore them. As for aquifers, I think that they are quite useful, and I vote that we embark with one.

This, only make sure the aquifer is in a biome that doesn't take up the *whole* embark. Just in case things go wrong.

Title: **Re: Demongate, a Succession Fortress Against Evil**
Post by: **MDFification** on **March 15, 2014, 01:24:47 am**

Quote from: 4maskwolf on March 14, 2014, 08:29:55 pm
Build it near the coast, but other than that it is fair game. And near can be relative.

If you can embark on a relatively flat space, that'd be a boon for surface fortification construction. I got plans for when I get my laptop back. Somehow all my forts gradually morph into giant citadels these days.

Title: **Re: Demongate, a Succession Fortress Against Evil**
Post by: **danmanthedog** on **March 15, 2014, 08:12:54 am**

Whelp the megabeast is very special megabeast. It can only be hurt by adamantium swords and steel weapons, So anything that is stronger then iron will might hurt it. But It likes to wrestle you to the ground and break your bones and then kick your head of almost every time.

Title: **Re: Demongate, a Succession Fortress Against Evil**
Post by: **MDFification** on **March 15, 2014, 09:56:51 am**

Quote from: danmanthedog on March 15, 2014, 08:12:54 am
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Good thing bolts are OP and chances are we won't encounter it more than once.

Title: **Re: Demongate, a Succession Fortress Against Evil**
Post by: **danmanthedog** on **March 15, 2014, 11:15:49 am**

Quote from: MDFification on March 15, 2014, 09:56:51 am
Quote from: danmanthedog on March 15, 2014, 08:12:54 am
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Good thing bolts are OP and chances are we won't encounter it more than once.

Yeah I tested those to it seems the bolts and break bones and fracture them to but it does not die till shot in the head.

Title: **Re: Demongate, a Succession Fortress Against Evil**
Post by: **TalonisWolf** on **March 15, 2014, 11:24:54 am**

Sounds like it'd be great to capture and weaponise.

"Goblins, Bloodkin, and Clowns, of all aggggess-

Let me introoooduce you to the Mighhhhhty Horror!"

Title: **Re: Demongate**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **March 15, 2014, 11:52:50 am**

We should capture one if it ever turns up, then train it for war, then turn it into a vampire somehow.

Title: **Re: Demongate, a Succession Fortress Against Evil**
Post by: **Sarrak** on **March 15, 2014, 12:07:40 pm**

Solution to the possible megabeast problem:

Wait until late autumn/early winter and send a ~~naked unarmed suicidal~~ champion to best it in the fair battle of wits, trickery and endurance on a lake. Nearly-frozen lake. Bonus points for: artificial arena-like pond with optional magma heating, spectator lodge and grand statue of Armok that oversees everything going ablaze under its fiery stare.

Can be done without excessive problems in adventure mod. Also, it would provide a lot more potential fun: you don't have secondaries in case main actor suddenly freezes.

Title: **Re: Demongate, a Succession Fortress Against Evil**
Post by: **danmanthedog** on **March 15, 2014, 12:20:01 pm**

Haa it would be good to weaponize... still havent seen what would win Bronze Colossus or the Spimmator?

Title: **Re: Demongate, a Succession Fortress Against Evil**
Post by: **4maskwolf** on **March 15, 2014, 12:25:13 pm**

I'll test that, since I'm doing tests.

Is there any specific piece of equipment anyone needs/wants? Deus Asmoth is starting the game, but let's all give our requests.

Title: **Re: Demongate, a Succession Fortress Against Evil**
Post by: **danmanthedog** on **March 15, 2014, 12:29:10 pm**

I think bring few seeds of strawberry, tubber, pig tails, and the iron/steel trees, and maybe badger dog for me.

Title: **Re: Demongate, a Succession Fortress Against Evil**
Post by: **4maskwolf** on **March 15, 2014, 12:30:23 pm**

[Quote from: danmanthedog on March 15, 2014, 12:29:10 pm](#)

I think bring few seeds of strawberry, tubber, pig tails, and the **iron/steel trees, and maybe badger dog for me.**

Not masterwork DF, we don't have those.

Title: **Re: Demongate, a Succession Fortress Against Evil**
Post by: **TalonisWolf** on **March 15, 2014, 12:32:01 pm**

Other than the normal trick to get an excess of barrels, nope. Nothing from me.

Title: **Re: Demongate, a Succession Fortress Against Evil**
Post by: **4maskwolf** on **March 15, 2014, 12:37:05 pm**

Also, Sarrak and Rhaken, when do you think you will be able to post character bios, so I know when to update my post of story.

Title: **Re: Demongate, a Succession Fortress Against Evil**
Post by: **danmanthedog** on **March 15, 2014, 12:45:50 pm**

bhaaa sorry been playing masterwork for few weeks bhaa duh, okay then how about the same seeds (not the tree) and maybe a hunting dog for me.

Title: **Re: Demongate, a Succession Fortress Against Evil**
Post by: **TalonisWolf** on **March 15, 2014, 12:51:17 pm**

Dwarf Civs typically don't have those for some reason, so they don't normally show up on the embark menu. You can hope, but chances are...

Title: **Re: Demongate, a Succession Fortress Against Evil**
Post by: **4maskwolf** on **March 15, 2014, 12:52:34 pm**

[Quote from: TalonisWolf on March 15, 2014, 12:51:17 pm](#)

Dwarf Civs typically don't have those for some reason, so they don't normally show up on the embark menu. You can hope, but chances are...

hunting dogs? They usually do for me...

Title: **Re: Demongate, a Succession Fortress Against Evil**
Post by: **TalonisWolf** on **March 15, 2014, 12:54:15 pm**

[Quote from: danmanthedog on March 15, 2014, 12:29:10 pm](#)

I think bring few seeds of **strawberry**, tubber, pig tails, and the iron/steel trees, and maybe badger dog for me.

Should've been more clear, sorry 'bout that.

Title: **Re: Demongate, a Succession Fortress Against Evil**
Post by: **Sarrak** on **March 15, 2014, 01:29:35 pm**

[Quote from: 4maskwolf on March 15, 2014, 12:37:05 pm](#)

Also, Sarrak and Rhaken, when do you think you will be able to post character bios, so I know when to update my post of story.

Hm... Maybe tonight. I had some problems in real and finishing touches require some extensive reading and research.

As for requests? Nothing, really. I think we will get two or three caravans before ~~dying horribly~~ being besieged by hordes of monsters. Still, try to get the most from them.

Title: **Re: Demongate, a Succession Fortress Against Evil**

Post by: **4maskwolf** on **March 15, 2014, 02:02:23 pm**

Sir Brenzen watched the light of the candle, slowly growing dimmer in the depths of night. Tomorrow he would be leaving this place behind, to found a new border fortress. Tomorrow he would be leaving.

The light of the candle slowly grew dimmer, and with it came the memories. He tried to forget that day, but it still haunted him. The hooded dwarf, the dark blades, his parents fighting, the flight through the forest. No matter how hard he tried, he could never forget that day.

The candle flickered, and Brenzen sighed. He pulled a box off of the shelf next to him, opening it to reveal an assortment of trinkets. Touching them one at a time, he recited the prayer he had said so many times before.

"May Armok guide my actions, Modi my blade, Rhaken my mind, and St. Zane my soul. May I have faith and courage, through the will of the ancestors. May I find the strength to fight for what is right. May my light shine eternal, as a beacon for all to see."

At the final word, the candle flickered out.

Title: **Re: Demongate**

Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **March 15, 2014, 02:04:52 pm**

Is it ok if I bring a normal dog and train it in hunting once we arrive? Hunting dogs cost like twice regular ones.

Also, Sir Brezen is dead, replaced by a bloodkin spy. Calling it now.

Title: **Re: Demongate**

Post by: **4maskwolf** on **March 15, 2014, 02:12:55 pm**

Quote from: Deus Asmoth on March 15, 2014, 02:04:52 pm

[1]Is it ok if I bring a normal dog and train it in hunting once we arrive? Hunting dogs cost like twice regular ones.

[2]Also, Sir Brezen is dead, replaced by a bloodkin spy. Calling it now.

[1] Not my call to make, but I'd say sure.

[2] Is this because The Masked Dwarf turned out to be Oku? That wasn't my original idea, Rhaken sent me it as a possibility and I was like "hell yes"

Title: **Re: Demongate, a Succession Fortress Against Evil**

Post by: **TalonisWolf** on **March 15, 2014, 02:16:46 pm**

[2] That's to obvious. We don't even know what the Bloodkin look like, unless I missed something while reading through the whole Steelhold thread...

Perhaps I'll double check.

Title: **Re: Demongate, a Succession Fortress Against Evil**

Post by: **4maskwolf** on **March 15, 2014, 02:18:01 pm**

Quote from: TalonisWolf on March 15, 2014, 02:16:46 pm

[2] That's to obvious. We don't even know what the Bloodkin look like, unless I missed something while reading through the whole Steelhold thread...

Perhaps I'll double check.

Bloodkin are just dwarves. Their fangs can elongate, much like vampires, but they otherwise look close enough that they could theoretically pass themselves off as dwarves.

Title: **Re: Demongate, a Succession Fortress Against Evil**

Post by: **TalonisWolf** on **March 15, 2014, 02:20:44 pm**

So, that's a yes I did miss something. *Sigh* Here I go again, through that turbulent bout of insanity...

Title: **Re: Demongate, a Succession Fortress Against Evil**

Post by: **4maskwolf** on **March 15, 2014, 02:24:12 pm**

Quote from: TalonisWolf on March 15, 2014, 02:20:44 pm

So, that's a yes I did miss something. *Sigh* Here I go again, through that turbulent bout of insanity...

Well, all they are is... SPECIAL... dwarves.

Title: **Re: Demongate**

Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **March 15, 2014, 03:34:35 pm**

The bloodkin only appear at the end of Steelhold, so that's all you'd really have to read.

Regarding Brezen, I just assumed that the candle going out just after him talking about being a beacon was significant.

Title: **Re: Demongate, a Succession Fortress Against Evil**

Post by: **Rhaken** on **March 15, 2014, 03:56:21 pm**

Huzwha. Character bio. Right. Yes. Yes...

Tarmid, Scribe of the Order of St. Zane
Gender: Irrelevant
Profession: Anyone with medical training, or manager/bookkeeper/broker

Tarmid is a Scribe in the Order of St. Zane. The Scribes are usually noncombatants, though many have at least basic training in marksdwarfship. Their primary role within the order is to catalogue any and all events pertaining to the Bloodkin, as well as investigate the Bloodkin for strengths and weaknesses. When necessary, they also serve as medical staff. It is not uncommon for a party of questing Knights to ferry around a Scribe, as long as the Scribe has some combat training.

Tarmid's actual bio will depend mostly on what Legends mode will have to say about him/her. I'd say that worked pretty well last time. :P

Title: **Re: Demongate, a Succession Fortress Against Evil**
Post by: **TalonisWolf** on **March 15, 2014, 04:05:32 pm**

Quote from: Deus Asmoth on March 15, 2014, 03:34:35 pm

The bloodkin only appear at the end of Steelhold, so that's all you'd really have to read.

Regarding Brezen, I just assumed that the candle going out just after him talking about being a beacon was significant.

...

I believe that *might* have been that time I didn't get any sleep for two days. Friggin Insomnia... well, time for this welp to reread the forgotten best left untouched.

Title: **Re: Demongate, a Succession Fortress Against Evil**
Post by: **MDFification** on **March 15, 2014, 05:32:05 pm**

I recommend bring something that lays eggs right off the bat, big advantage. I'd like to get some armor for Vlad and just have him train constantly, but that's probably too expensive.
Once Vlad's gained a bit of axe experience (off chopping trees while people mine) can he be switched to a pure axedwarf? I'd rather not fall victim to the 'woodcutters won't wear armor in the militia' thing.

Man, I am going to *enjoy* writing Vlad after Emdief. A generally amused, rather dim brute of a character is a big step up from 'I-know-everything-and-also-am-constantly-angry' like I did in the last thread.
Liking this Knights of St. Zane stuff. Not sure if the Faction is coming back as well... while the original died during Steelhold's fall they did manage to send a bunch of manifestos out before the end. If it did come back though I don't think my dwarf would be a part of it, so probably we've seen the last of our glorious revolutionaries. :-\

Journal of Vladimir Uristovitch

Vlad, they say, ve pay you good money if you join fortress. Good fightingk! Good booze! Personalized bedroom! Oceanside real estate! Maybe meet pretty Dwarf lady and settle down, yes? So I take job, yes?.
But the dwarf's in the convoy? Hoity-toity foreign dogs, the lot of them. They look down on Vlad. Especially those toy soldiers with St. Zane's. Just because Vlad gets paid to fight they think he some sort of amateur thug, yes? And they complain about Vlad's smell! Do they see a bath around here? And they never, ever shut up about the righteousness of the cause! Vhy you make so much fuss about one fort, I doubt Vlad'll ever find out about, because Vlad doesn't care, yes? I should have stayed with the company. The pay wasn't great, but I had thrivingk boot business on the side, yes? But it is not all bad. Brenzen is funny dwarf. I just say somethingk and he gets and red and swollen. Maybe he is having the allergies.

Organization is a, how you say, clusterfornicate? At least seven expeditions setting out from different forts, they say. If three get there Vlad vill consider himself lucky, methinks. Hopefully some good ol' boys from back home come too, yes? I get tired of the piss they call beer here real quickly.

Title: **Re: Demongate, a Succession Fortress Against Evil**
Post by: **danmanthedog** on **March 15, 2014, 05:39:55 pm**

Sure go ahead with regular dog, just don't let it get tamed by anyone but me. Dang super vampire dwarfs..... How about we make it that every sleeps together in one big dorm but each person gets their own bed.

Title: **Re: Demongate**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **March 15, 2014, 07:00:54 pm**

I was planning to bring back the Marble Faction in a way. They probably wouldn't be major players, at least at the beginning.

Thane's Journal.
I've decided to start putting my thoughts on paper. It helps keep my mind off this splitting headache. Last I remember, some noble whelp was telling me to make a sword that could swing itself. My friends told me I should just hide out until he forgot about it, but I was raised to tell the truth. There were two huge dwarfs waiting for me when I got home, so perhaps I should practice my lying.

In any case, this wagon is apparently headed to somewhere called Demongate. There are only seven of us in the initial team, and most of them don't seem too friendly. I've struck up a rapport with a lad named Vlad, who seems convinced that my headache is booze related. He doesn't talk to the others much either, says they're all stuck up. I'm pretty sure I saw one or two of them in my shop before, and they seemed polite enough then, but I suppose you don't want to annoy the person selling you steel. Vlad says that where he comes from, people don't think they're better than other people just because their father had a castle, except he used more v's and z's to say it.

I'd better sign off now. Brenzen wants us to set up camp, and if I don't work hard enough, he'll tell me about duty and honour and how Vlad is leading me astray again. I'm sure they'd be great friends if they just sat down and talked about it.

Title: **Re: Demongate, a Succession Fortress Against Evil**
Post by: **4maskwolf** on **March 15, 2014, 07:04:09 pm**

Quote from: Deus Asmoth on March 15, 2014, 07:00:54 pm

he'll tell me about duty and honour and how Vlad is leading me astray again. I'm sure they'd be great friends if they just sat down and talked about it.

And the fact that my name has a n in it :P.

Title: **Re: Demongate**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **March 15, 2014, 07:10:00 pm**

Huh. How did I miss that every time?

Title: **Re: Demongate**
Post by: **4maskwolf** on **March 15, 2014, 07:13:01 pm**

Quote from: Deus Asmoth on March 15, 2014, 07:10:00 pm

Huh. How did I miss that every time?

Dunno. I missed the typo on the characters page you set up, so I'm no better at it than you are.

Title: **Re: Demongate, a Succession Fortress Against Evil**
Post by: **danmanthedog** on **March 15, 2014, 07:52:17 pm**

Journal Of Danman

To think I finally have proven my self worthy of the pilgrimage of forgotten times. Seems a lot of people are going to this Demongate

place like me... Mostly are warriors or hired goons. To think that the time of ending is happening... anyone of these guys could be one of them in disguise, but could they stoop to that low of a level. They already killed the my cousin clan the ironbloods... proud race of dwarfs. I hope I can complete this pilgrimage and get back before they start attacking.

Title: **Re: Demongate, a Succession Fortress Against Evil**
Post by: **4maskwolf** on **March 15, 2014, 07:59:50 pm**

Also, I think that the starting team is Thane, Vladimir, Sir Brenzen, Gnora, Dantheman, Artyam, and Brother Cornelius.

Title: **Re: Demongate, a Succession Fortress Against Evil**
Post by: **MDFification** on **March 15, 2014, 08:00:27 pm**

I was browsing the internet and I found a picture that basically sums up Steelhold.
[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)
I had to download the image and reupload it to imgur so you could see it so it better be funny to someone other than me.

EDIT: So the first embark has a hopeful/determined pioneer, a warrior out to prove himself and seek revenge, a honest and hard working smith, a somewhat naive farmgirl, a pious monk who's had it kind of rough, a zealous honorable knight... and then there's Vladimir, the oddly cheerful, thuggish, morally bankrupt cynic. Who to make matters worse is totally lacking in subtlety, shame and basic decency.

This should be fun.

EDIT2: NEVER RESPOND IN ANOTHER POST. ONLY EDITS. BWAHAHAHAHAHAHA.

Title: **Re: Demongate, a Succession Fortress Against Evil**
Post by: **TalonisWolf** on **March 15, 2014, 08:08:00 pm**

...the image says:
[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)
Please do not inline
Project Gutenberg images.
See: www.gutenberg.org/howto-link

Just a heads up. Is it just me?

Title: **Re: Demongate, a Succession Fortress Against Evil**
Post by: **4maskwolf** on **March 15, 2014, 08:10:02 pm**

[Quote from: MDFification on March 15, 2014, 08:00:27 pm](#)
I was browsing the internet and I found a picture that basically sums up Steelhold.
**Please do not inline
Project Gutenberg images.
See: www.gutenberg.org/howto-link**

MDF: Could you just give us a link to the pic?
Still not working. Go to the link they give, maybe?

Title: **Re: Demongate, a Succession Fortress Against Evil**
Post by: **MDFification** on **March 15, 2014, 08:32:49 pm**

It's actually super weird. When I click my links, I wind up at the image and its associated page. When I click TalonisWolf's link, it takes me to a 'This domain for sale' page... with the exact same name as the original hosting website.
I tried to joke and I accidentally broke the internet.

Title: **Re: Demongate, a Succession Fortress Against Evil**
Post by: **4maskwolf** on **March 15, 2014, 08:34:06 pm**

[Quote from: MDFification on March 15, 2014, 08:32:49 pm](#)
It's actually super weird. When I click my links, I wind up at the image and its associated page. When I click TalonisWolf's link, it takes me to a 'This domain for sale' page... with the exact same name as the original hosting website.
I tried to joke and I accidentally broke the internet.

What... is that picture...

Title: **Re: Demongate, a Succession Fortress Against Evil**
Post by: **TalonisWolf** on **March 15, 2014, 08:38:18 pm**

...strangely enough, I didn't even use the URL tag. At all. Yet there is *still a link!* HOW!?

Ninja'd:

[Quote from: 4maskwolf on March 15, 2014, 08:34:06 pm](#)
What... is that picture...

That picture is standard Steelhold Procedure, which is to say, incredibly messed up. Move along.

Title: **Re: Demongate, a Succession Fortress Against Evil**
Post by: **MDFification** on **March 15, 2014, 08:44:33 pm**

>tfw magic.
I believe it's standard procedure to blame Fractal any time something goes awry. I wonder how he got into my router.

I guess I shall describe the picture for you. It features a dwarf in ill-fitting cloths. His top had and twirlable mustache are reminiscent of villains in westerns. The dwarf seems to be making a plaintive gesture, but his face is all screwed up in a way that somehow makes him look like a slightly-angry con man.
On the image is a picture of the internet. The internet is weeping. This refers to the breaking of the internet by Steelhold in the third thread.

EDIT: After about an hour of it working for me, it suddenly reverted to what Talonis described. Armok.
EDIT2: I fixed it by downloading it and reuploading it. Weh.

Title: **Re: Demongate, a Succession Fortress Against Evil**
Post by: **4maskwolf** on **March 15, 2014, 08:46:33 pm**

Quote from: MDFification on March 15, 2014, 08:44:33 pm

>tfw magic.
I believe it's standard procedure to blame Fractal any time something goes awry. **I wonder how he got into my router.**

It's better not to ask. It'll help you keep your sanity.

Title: **Re: Demongate, a Succession Fortress Against Evil**
Post by: **TalonisWolf** on **March 15, 2014, 08:55:11 pm**

Well, I found a way to post the image, for those who are suspicious of links:

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)
(http://tnypic.net/vz3nu.jpg.html)

And that's one less bit of Eldritch to worry about. I hope.

Title: **Re: Demongate, a Succession Fortress Against Evil**
Post by: **MDFification** on **March 15, 2014, 09:06:14 pm**

Just bask in the glow of my technical genius. Mages that light themselves on fire. Non-euclidean image links. I once accidentally replaced the Kobold civ with Albatross. Weirdly thought the turn that was actually playable I got in Steelhold was one of the few that didn't result in utter chaos and the death of 50% of the currently named dwarves.

EDIT: Once I opened photoshop I just couldn't resist.
[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)
Your Dwarves:



Vlad:



Title: **Re: Demongate, a Succession Fortress Against Evil**
Post by: **Gnorm** on **March 15, 2014, 09:53:19 pm**

Sorry about my lack of activity; I am quite busy with sports.

Gnora's Journal
The Caravan
--

Well, I'm finally on my way. When the lee-a-sawn came to my old fortress and made the announcement that a new fortress was going to be established, I was so happy I could hardly hear anything else that he said! As soon as he displayed the volunteer-sheet, I made my way right up and signed it without a second thought. For whatever reason, that seemed to confuse the old noble.

Right now, I'm on the caravan heading to the new site. I'll tell ya', it's quite a group we have. There's one that appears to be some sort of smith; he has the same sweaty-look to his hair that I did see on the ones in my fortress. He was making conversation to an odd foreign dwarf with a thick accent; had a loose-tongue too, and said more than a couple things that made me blush. I decided to give them their space.

A couple of the other ones were of a more noble-type. I don't think that they were true nobles, but they had that educated and trained look to them. One was dressed in a robe, the other in simple clothing, though he had an iron weapon on his belt and what appeared to be a holy-symbol stitched onto his cloak. I tried to make light discussion, but they just glared at me when I began to speak. I don't think that they like me very much, so I'm just going to stay silent.

With nothing else to do, I've just been sitting here for a while, writing my thoughts into this little book given to me when I got into the wagon. Apparently, it's "standard practice to record one's thoughts in writing on such an expedition." I don't know what use that'll be to them, because I'm certainly not letting anyone else read this. But right now, all I can think of are the sprawling farms I'll plant when we arrive. There'll never be a shortage of plump helmets or cave wheat; we'll be set for life. No matter what the dwarves are like, I'll be content in my work.

Title: **Re: Demongate, a Succession Fortress Against Evil**
Post by: **Sarrak** on **March 16, 2014, 02:37:07 am**

It was an uneventful early winter day in the fortress Muraknazush. Shorast and Olon sat on the top of the wall playing dice, ever-watchful for any enemy who would try to pass.

"You tu'n, lad", - croaked Shorast with broken smile on his half-paralyzed face. Speaking was hard for him and doubly hard for anyone who tried to understand, yet he was still alive after all these years of neverending battles.

"Oh, sorry, thought I heard something", - apologized Olon.

" 'at, lad? Nothing - and I mean nothing! - 'ould c'eeep he'e on it's o'n"

"Well... If you say so"

With a profound creak, old watchtower door opened, revealing captain Urist, clad in black mail, with a look of concentration on face.

"How's the watch?"

"Une'entful, si'e", - stood Shorast, dice long gone from the view. He threw a glance onto white-clad earth outside and suddenly freezed. -

"Said too soon"

Down there was a figure clad in rags. It somewhat resembled a dwarf, which it was long ago. Now, it was a wild madman, with tangled hair and a forlorn look of half-dead eyes.

"So, watching the surface, eh?", - spitted captain.

"He 'asn't e'e a moment ago!"

"What's your business here?", - cried Urist on the top of his lungs, forgetting about his subordinates for a moment.

Silence.

"Hey, do you hear us?", - tried Olon after a minute of awkward silence.

No sound came. Stranger stood still, ignorant to the shouts and snowflakes that fell on him.

" 'at a c'eeepy ello' ", - grumbled Shorast.

"Yeah, indeed...", - Urist once again tried to receive any reaction from a ragged dwarf.

"A zombie, maybe? Or that blood-something?"

Shorast's face blackened and he groaned:

"Don't lis'en to these anites, Olon. Thei ole bunch is stuffed 'ith mad ools dep'i'ed of eality and subme'ged in sel'-induced d'eams o e'oism..."

Old warrior had long relations of hate and even more hate with knights of St Zane. And even Urist, who firmly believed in their cause, tried not to argue with his subordinate every time Shorast went on about "anites".

"So, what we do?", - said captain, cutting short possibly endless speech.

"Just 'ait. Soone o late e 'ould eeze to death. O gone om ou 'alls"

"I say we take him to the manager", - proposed Olon.

Dwarves looked at each other.

"Yea, g'eat idea, lad"

"Let's go"

That day was like a first in a life of Lokast, a mute dwarf found on the outskirts of a fortress. He somewhat regained his sanity after seeing paper, writing on it and being properly fed. He could not remember anything that happened before seeing a wall of a fortress, yet possessed calligraphic writing style someone could only expect from a expert record keeper or historian.

Little of use firstly and under constant surveillance - naturally being suspected as a spy - Lokast soon proved himself in the eyes of fortress manager and was allowed to live quietly on the outskirts, doing what was needed, but mostly left to himself. Dwarves, firstly interested in him due to uniqueness, soon forgot that he even existed. Lokast was perfectly fine alone - and everyone else was perfectly fine without him.

For six years he lived at Muraknazush, but time has come to leave it behind. Lokast travelled far and wide in next four years, never standing for long anywhere, gathering information about the world and tiny bits he could remember and record about his previous self. Now, his path leads him straight to the Demongate.

Personal traits:

Lokast is polite and well-written, quite aware to the things around him, self-conscious and quite secluded. He rarely tries to converse with anyone, but if he does, his writing speed can prove to be capable of sustaining normal speed of discussion.

' I'm less. Yet I'm more. Neither sane nor mad. Dead but living forevermore. Or so says the first page of my diary... I'm Lokast. The Silent Scribe '

Specifics:

Any gender, but male if multiple variants are available (I still presume that Lokast would be female with my luck)
Profession is absolutely irrelevant, I'll go in direction the fortress most requires.

- + Gold eyes (~~if not present in civilization genes, go for "prefers being alone"/"reserved"~~)
- + Prone to rage
- Pathetic intellect

So, raging golden-eyed intellectual male dwarf is a perfect candidature. Raging/golden-eyed normality is acceptable, but not preferred.

EDIT: I managed to gen a gold-eyed berserker in a migrant wave. So, Lokast must arrive somewhere in the second year. Just wait a bit and don't hurry to dwarf the first idiot you get ;)

Title: **Re: Demongate, a Succession Fortress Against Evil**
Post by: **Senshuken** on **March 16, 2014, 05:32:19 am**

Ah yes, I forgot to give information on Artyom himself...

To whomever is reading this,

WHAT ARE YOU DOING READING OTHER PEOPLES DIARIES YOU SNOOPING ELF LOVER?!!

Still, if you're read this far I might as well give you something of a tale to read. My name is Artyom Barkov, and as of this moment I'm apart of a caravan with six other dwarves on route to strike the earth of a brand new fortress by the name of 'Demongate'. Its primary purpose, as far as I am aware, is to act as a first line of defense against unspeakable horrors from across the sea. While the whole thing is rather daunting, success or no history will recall that a Barkov was present at the founding of this vital fortress... unless of course history is completely lost under a tide of unspeakable horrors, in which case at least no one will remember how much we all screwed up, so silver lining.

Honestly, I'm not really sure what I'm going to be doing once we get things underway just yet. Many of the dwarves with us are warriors, solders or some kind of fighter (I'm not sure which to call them without insulting them) so there are going to be plenty of different jobs that need to be filled. Honesty, we're just going to have to wait and see what our new land is like and the challenges that present themselves to us. I only hope we're fit for the challenge.

Title: **Re: Demongate**
Post by: **danmanthedog** on **March 16, 2014, 06:34:08 am**

So i'm going to be in the migrants when they come or am i going to be in the starting group.

Title: **Re: Demongate**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **March 16, 2014, 07:33:04 am**

You'll be in the starting group unless you don't want to be.

Title: **Re: Demongate, a Succession Fortress Against Evil**
Post by: **danmanthedog** on **March 16, 2014, 10:32:25 am**

I'm fine with it :D. I was just confused about who was in the starting group.

Title: **Re: Demongate, a Succession Fortress Against Evil**
Post by: **4maskwolf** on **March 16, 2014, 10:39:28 am**

Quote from: MDFification on March 15, 2014, 09:06:14 pm
Just bask in the glow of my technical genius. Mages that light themselves on fire. Non-euclidean image links. I once accidentally replaced the Kobold civ with Albatross. Weirdly thought the turn that was actually playable I got in Steelhold was one of the few that didn't result in utter chaos and the death of 50% of the currently named dwarves.

The fire lighting mages are actually my fault, and I figured out what was happening. They were actually melting themselves with their own acid, because it was set to 12000 degrees Urist. Now the albatross... that was impressive. Also, I managed to make a civ of gremlin several times.

The next morning, Sir Brenzen awoke to the sound of a pounding on his door. He sighed and rolled out of his bed. "Yes, who is it?" "The rest of the caravan is waiting for you." said the voice of Tarmid, one of the scribes, from outside. Brenzen sighed, "Just give me enough time to finish the morning rituals, please." "Of course. May Armok speed your expedition on its way." Brenzen slowly pulled on traveling clothes, then settled down in a meditative position. "May the grace of our lord Armok and his servant St. Zane be upon me. May they help me bring the greatest glory upon them and wreak havoc upon their enemies. May my light shine eternal, a beacon for all the world to see." He paused for a moment, then added, "And with the grace of Armok, may the bloodkin fall before us. The knights shall prevail."

Title: **Re: Demongate, a Succession Fortress Against Evil**
Post by: **MDFification** on **March 16, 2014, 10:59:11 am**

Quote from: 4maskwolf on March 16, 2014, 10:39:28 am
Quote from: MDFification on March 15, 2014, 09:06:14 pm
Just bask in the glow of my technical genius. Mages that light themselves on fire. Non-euclidean image links. I once accidentally replaced the Kobold civ with Albatross. Weirdly thought the turn that was actually playable I got in Steelhold was one of the few that didn't result in utter chaos and the death of 50% of the currently named dwarves. The fire lighting mages are actually my fault, and I figured out what was happening. They were actually melting themselves with their own acid, because it was set to 12000 degrees Urist. Now the albatross... that was impressive. Also, I managed to make a civ of gremlin several times.

Aren't duplicate raw glitches wonderful? I liked those pesky, airborne thieves so much I brought them back in the form of a harpy civ. I really should start updating Freehold again... life is busy. I think we actually did note that the mages splashed themselves in the PMs, but again, temperature must have been turned off.

Title: **Re: Demongate, a Succession Fortress Against Evil**
Post by: **4maskwolf** on **March 16, 2014, 10:59:49 am**

As Brenzen made to stand, he felt a sudden rush as the memories returned in full force, driving all other thought from his mind.

He sat on the ground, examining the miniforge his parents had bought for him. He heard the door open, the pounding of feet, and looked up to see his mother sprint into the house, slamming the door. "They are here!" she cried, racing for the back room. From behind him, Brenzen heard his father curse under his breath, "Then we must flee quickly. There is no time." "They're too close. Take Brenzen and run. I will hold them here." Brenzen looked back and forth between his parents, confusion on his face. What was going on here? "That's preposterous. If you are fighting, then so will I!" "Then who will take care of Brenzen?" His mother asked, walking over and kissing his father on the cheek, "You must go, now, before they get here." His parents stared into each other's eyes for a moment, then his father nodded. His father pulled a small lever in the wall behind him, and the wall hissed open to reveal two sets of armor, one metal and one studded leather, along with a sword, shield, bow, and a quiver of arrows. His dad grabbed the bow and arrows off of their hanging place while his mother pulled on the steel armor. As they finished, a low explosion echoed from outside. His mother cursed. "They are here. Go, now!" As his father guided Brenzen out the back door, Brenzen caught a glimpse of his mother standing in front of 10 robed figures, all of whom held daggers in their hands. HE slowed, resisting his fathers efforts to pull him. "MOM!!!!" The figures attacked, and Brenzen watched as his mother cut down one, then another. "Son, we must go!" His father pleaded, but Brenzen refused to move. Another figure approached the house, and even from a distance Brenzen felt a chill go down his spine. His mother hand finished killing all of her assailants, but she was exhausted, barely able to hold her sword upright. His father's grip on his shoulders tightened, "you have to run, son. I will buy you as much time as I can." His father ran past him, knocking an arrow into his bow and firing it at the figure. With impossible speed, the a dark iron sword flashed from beneath the figure's cloak, slashing the arrow in two.

PPE: It may have been, that would explain how you missed many of the bugs.

Title: **Re: Demongate, a Succession Fortress Against Evil**
Post by: **4maskwolf** on **March 16, 2014, 11:23:45 am**

MDF: Which version of DF hack did you use, because it doesn't recognize some of the syntax I'm using for a permanent transformation.

Title: **Re: Demongate, a Succession Fortress Against Evil**
Post by: **MDFification** on **March 16, 2014, 12:32:16 pm**

Quote from: 4maskwolf on March 16, 2014, 11:23:45 am
MDF: Which version of DF hack did you use, because it doesn't recognize some of the syntax I'm using for a permanent transformation.

I believe I'm using 0.34.11 r3

Title: **Re: Demongate, a Succession Fortress Against Evil**
Post by: **4maskwolf** on **March 16, 2014, 01:49:16 pm**

Quote from: MDFification on March 16, 2014, 12:32:16 pm
Quote from: 4maskwolf on March 16, 2014, 11:23:45 am
MDF: Which version of DF hack did you use, because it doesn't recognize some of the syntax I'm using for a permanent transformation.
I believe I'm using 0.34.11 r3

mhmm...
I see. I'll try to get it in to you later today, Deus Asmoth.

Title: **Re: Demongate**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **March 16, 2014, 04:22:25 pm**

How long should I world gen for, by the way? I was thinking somewhere in the region of 600/700 years on a medium or small world.

Title: **Re: Demongate, a Succession Fortress Against Evil**
Post by: **TalonisWolf** on **March 16, 2014, 04:24:33 pm**

Wouldn't that kill off most of the megabeasts and kobolds? Although it would certainly ensure vampires, were beasts and necromancers.

Title: **Re: Demongate**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **March 16, 2014, 04:31:45 pm**

I usually get a lot of megabeasts surviving after the 500 year mark.

Title: **Re: Demongate, a Succession Fortress Against Evil**
Post by: **Gnorm** on **March 16, 2014, 04:36:52 pm**

Quote from: TalonisWolf on March 16, 2014, 04:24:33 pm
Wouldn't that kill off most of the megabeasts and kobolds? Although it would certainly ensure vampires, were beasts and necromancers.
A fort only really needs so many megabeasts to visit for *fun* to ensue; kobolds are mostly just a nuisance. Vampires are practically Steelhold tradition by this point, and were-beasts were only touched upon. As for necromancers, I think that we should avoid them, for the combination of goblins, bloodkin, and zombies would probably be too much. I say seven hundred fifty years is appropriate.

Title: **Re: Demongate, a Succession Fortress Against Evil**
Post by: **Sarrak** on **March 16, 2014, 04:42:29 pm**

I'll vote for 550~650. But if you need the higher date for plot - go for it.

Also, beasts actually can perfectly survive if you get their population settings up a bit. Lots of eggs and baby dragons, anyone?

Title: **Re: Demongate, a Succession Fortress Against Evil**
Post by: **danmanthedog** on **March 16, 2014, 04:47:38 pm**

But does size matter when it comes to combat, because of cave dragons. I say 400 to 650 range because its going to be maybe a gb of space and the ram need wow.

Title: **Re: Demongate, a Succession Fortress Against Evil**
Post by: **Gnorm** on **March 16, 2014, 04:56:29 pm**

We'll need at least five hundred years; more things to find in Legends mode and more seasoned warriors in the migration waves come with longer histories.

Title: **Re: Demongate**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **March 16, 2014, 05:15:17 pm**

I think I'm going to say 700 years of history and a few hundred megabeasts to ensure a reasonable amount of them survive.

Presumably, everyone is fine with staying out of evil biomes? This should be enough of a challenge without death rain or insta-zombies.

Also, how scarce should minerals and such be? I usually go around 1000.

Title: **Re: Demongate**
Post by: **Gnorm** on **March 16, 2014, 05:23:15 pm**

Quote from: Deus Asmoth on March 16, 2014, 05:15:17 pm
Presumably, everyone is fine with staying out of evil biomes? This should be enough of a challenge without death rain or insta-zombies.
Also, how scarce should minerals and such be? I usually go around 1000.
Evil biomes are not the purpose of this story, so we'll avoid those. As for mineral scarcity, there should be enough for us to prosper, but not so many that they are sticking out of the mountains in great clusters.

Title: **Re: Demongate, a Succession Fortress Against Evil**
Post by: **MDFification** on **March 16, 2014, 05:30:10 pm**

You can just set the worldgen to auto-terminate when a certain percentage of megabeasts is dead if you want to preserve their numbers. And a longer worldgen is a good thing on the basis that we'll get more migrants with military stats.

Title: **Re: Demongate, a Succession Fortress Against Evil**
Post by: **Gnorm** on **March 16, 2014, 05:31:47 pm**

I was thinking about my character just a minute ago, and I soon discovered that "farm-girl" is *not* something that should be searched for on Google.

Title: **Re: Demongate, a Succession Fortress Against Evil**
Post by: **TalonisWolf** on **March 16, 2014, 06:44:05 pm**

...I'm a moron for going on google to see why. I am a friggin Dummkopf.

Title: **Re: Demongate, a Succession Fortress Against Evil**
Post by: **danmanthedog** on **March 16, 2014, 07:21:56 pm**

.....I have seen hell it self and it has raped my mind!!

Title: **Re: Demongate, a Succession Fortress Against Evil**
Post by: **MDFification** on **March 16, 2014, 07:26:58 pm**

I didn't google it.



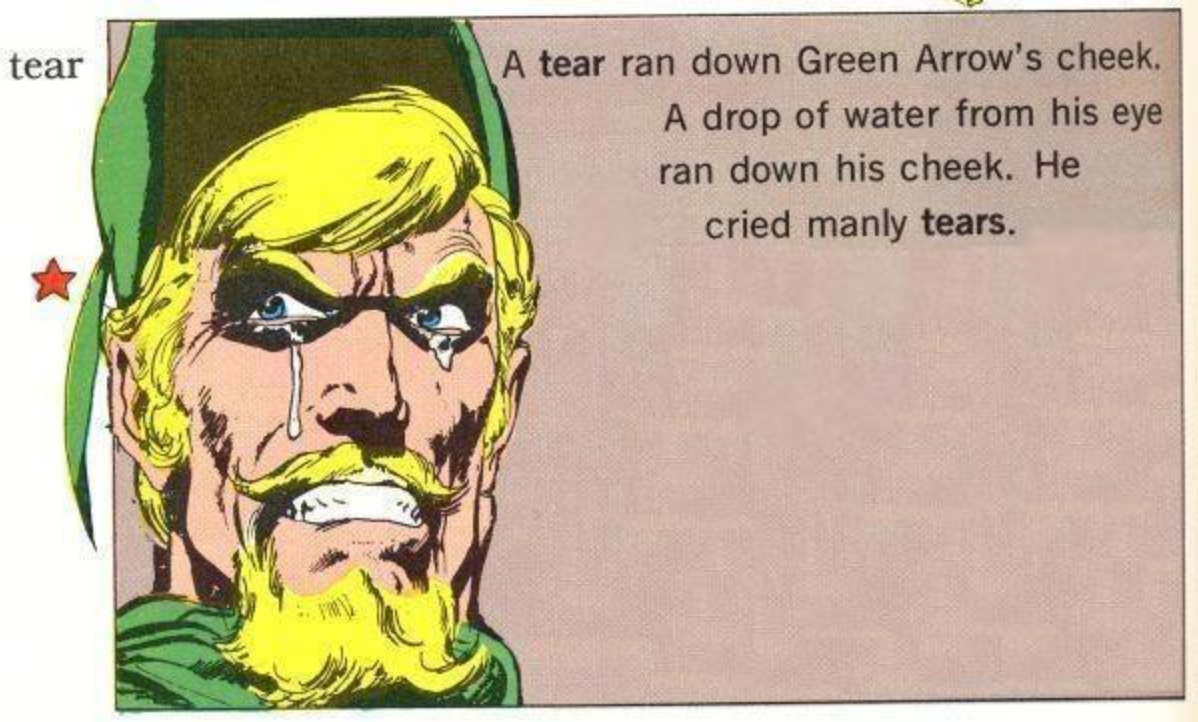
Title: **Re: Demongate, a Succession Fortress Against Evil**
Post by: **TalonisWolf** on **March 16, 2014, 07:29:20 pm**

You made my lungs *implode*, that's how long as I was laughing for.

Title: **Re: Demongate, a Succession Fortress Against Evil**
Post by: **MDFification** on **March 16, 2014, 07:38:29 pm**

Quote from: TalonisWolf on March 16, 2014, 07:29:20 pm

You made my lungs *implode*, that's how long as I was laughing for.



Title: **Re: Demongate, a Succession Fortress Against Evil**
Post by: **Gnorm** on **March 16, 2014, 07:54:46 pm**

Let's put this thread back on track. How long until everything is put together and ready for some gameplay?

Title: **Re: Demongate, a Succession Fortress Against Evil**
Post by: **4maskwolf** on **March 16, 2014, 07:56:56 pm**

Bluh huh wha?

Okay, I'll get something up to Deus soon.

Title: **Re: Demongate, a Succession Fortress Against Evil**
Post by: **TalonisWolf** on **March 16, 2014, 07:57:25 pm**

Seeing as we ære were already talking about how to gen the world, I'd say quite soon.

Title: **Re: Demongate, a Succession Fortress Against Evil**
Post by: **4maskwolf** on **March 16, 2014, 08:04:37 pm**

<http://dffd.wimbli.com/file.php?id=8477> (<http://dffd.wimbli.com/file.php?id=8477>)
Have fun.

Title: **Re: Demongate, a Succession Fortress Against Evil**
Post by: **Gnorm** on **March 16, 2014, 08:12:28 pm**

Quote from: 4maskwolf on March 16, 2014, 08:04:37 pm

<http://dffd.wimbli.com/file.php?id=8477> (<http://dffd.wimbli.com/file.php?id=8477>)
Have fun.

You mis-named it.

Title: **Re: Demongate, a Succession Fortress Against Evil**
Post by: **4maskwolf** on **March 16, 2014, 08:15:18 pm**

Quote from: Gnorm on March 16, 2014, 08:12:28 pm

Quote from: 4maskwolf on March 16, 2014, 08:04:37 pm

http://dffd.wimbli.com/file.php?id=8477 (http://dffd.wimbli.com/file.php?id=8477)

Have fun.

You mis-named it.

LALALALALALALA I'M NOT LISTENING!!!

...fine. I'll rename it.

Title: **Re: Demongate, a Succession Fortress Against Evil**

Post by: **fractalman** on **March 16, 2014, 11:01:08 pm**

Dwarf please. Big vacation approaches, though, so i'm not signing up for an overseer turn.

I honestly have no idea how I slipped out of steelhold near the end.

Except that it involved some schist blocks, a couple dozen barrels rolling down a staircase, a friendly demon (or maybe just so much drink it overwhelmed my artificial body...), and an unnecessary sacrifice by my skeletal pets. oh, and a banana. There was...an elephant parade. My memory is particularly fuzzy regarding the banana.*

*...
I was never a vampire. My body wasn't compatible. It was artificial through and through. Yet it aged, if slowly. A few streaks of grey appeared in the beard, and I was placed under watch. Untill my harrowing escape, of course. Perhaps an observer would have found it hilarious.*

*...
It is hard to say how long this body will last. another year? another century?*

*...
I don't feel like bothering to open up an actual portal to leave, or going through the effort of seperating body and soul again. But neither shall I feel inclined to make a new one if this one gets destroyed.*

For I feel numb, the way one feels numb if watching a train wreck, or a pickaxe about to mine through the last of the addy between the fort and a demon mob...

Am I the source of the problem, in the end? would that fort have simply imploded upon itself had I not foolishly tried to prop up a wellspring of evil?

I cannot say.

Just call me the crazy one. It's easier to call me so than to believe I'm telling the truth.

*ooc: a reference to elephant-parade's game.

Quote from: danmanthedog on March 12, 2014, 04:54:43 pm

Okay sounds good to me but really 2 hospitals really was one of them better then the other?

There was a bed shortage. I didn't want to have wounded without a bed to put them in, so I didn't destroy the previous hospital. And then I accidentally included some graves in the new hospital zone.

Title: **Re: Demongate, a Succession Fortress Against Evil**

Post by: **peregarrett** on **March 17, 2014, 06:16:40 am**

*After ages of refuging at the wilderness (a few years actually, but that were really harsh years) Brother Cornelius made to the Mountainhome. Having nothing but a worn backpack with a small part of his library records, he settled there for some time. He tried to go on with his studies, but the library there were poor in comparison with Monastery, and no progress were made. That depressed him and day by day he ended spending more time in the tavern than in his study room.
And one day there was an enlister looking for the new outposts crew.*

*- Y'knw, the's bloodkin who des.. dstroyed mah home! Brthers wer' al' ded, hall fild wis blood and worst part their hissing and laugh! Yo nver frget it when you herd it!... Hey, Lad, one more rum!! Cheers, beard.
- Cheers, bro... About bloodkin - I heard the's new outpost about to set against them. Not a beautiful site, but think of it. You'd be a one of founders and get a lot of... well.. material to study! You won't need a library, you'll write that library yourself! That's your chance, Cornelius, think of it!
- What? You ask me to join the fort that sonnn be attaked by bloodkin hordes?! Never ever again, dude. Never ever again. Shit, it gives me shiver even thinking of it!.. Lad, double rum, I hellfrozn here. Do not ever tell a word about that frotress, beard. Cheers.
- Okay, bro, up to you...*

*.....
- Hey, wake up, bro! Your wagon is about to leave! Grab you ass and hurry!!
- What the hell... my head... it's like the Armok's anvil...
- No time to waste, hurry up!*

*.....
- Where am I? Who the hell you are?
- In the wagon, dude. Welcome to Demonsgate Founders Club!
- *vomits over the wagon board* ... Holy carp...*

Title: **Re: Demongate, a Succession Fortress Against Evil**

Post by: **TalonisWolf** on **March 17, 2014, 07:59:04 am**

Monks really can't hold their liquor, can they? :)

Title: **Re: Demongate, a Succession Fortress Against Evil**

Post by: **Senshuken** on **March 17, 2014, 10:24:32 am**

Quote from: TalonisWolf on March 17, 2014, 07:59:04 am

Monks really can't hold their liquor, can they? :)

Oh they can, normally. Not so much when the dwarves around them are sick and tired of hearing them bitch and moan while drinking all the brew whom happen to know what combo you need to mix into a drink to knock a dwarf out for long enough to shove him on a wagon.

Title: **Re: Demongate, a Succession Fortress Against Evil**

Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **March 17, 2014, 12:20:11 pm**

Title: **Re: Demongate, a Succession Fortress Against Evil**
Post by: **MDFification** on **March 17, 2014, 12:25:07 pm**

Ho boy, the Fractal Entity survived, didn't it?
It'll make an interesting wiki page.
EDIT: Steelhold also breaks your puny file format.

Title: **Re: Demongate, a Succession Fortress Against Evil**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **March 17, 2014, 12:27:12 pm**

I can't seem to extract the files. It claims the folder is empty whenever I try to open or extract from it. Is it meant to be titled Steelhold, by the way?

Edit: never mind, it's working now. Is there anything I need here besides the raw folder?

Asmoth's Log.

It took some leveraging, but eventually I got the others to see things from my point of view. If we are to cross the seas in search of new lands, we need to scout the lands before us. Who knows, there may be something even more dangerous than us waiting on the shores of the place we attempt to conquer. Imagine my disappointment, then, when we landed the boat and found nothing but more of the same waiting for us. I sent Thikut to find out about the area, as she has always found it easier to integrate with mortals, probably because of her youthful looks. Apparently, they call this land Alabelina, or the Momentous Land. The lands to the north seem well fortified, so it would be best for our invasion to begin in the south. From there, our army will have to advance up a narrow pass between the Adventurous Ocean and the Famous Sea, but it will be easier to conquer the north with the supplies we can plunder from the south rather than travel overseas for months and attempt to take a well armed foe. Unfortunately, our soldiers are still somewhat... volatile, but they are a fierce fighting force in spite of this.

Stodir Melbillegon leaned back in her throne, patiently waiting for her general to finish the report. She had been queen for nearly six hundred years, but somehow the heads of her army always seemed to be windbags. She held up a hand, and Kol finally stopped talking. "So, essentially, there are unsubstantiated reports of a vampire army assaulting the lands to the south and you're advising me to send help before they are overrun," she snapped. "Yes, my lady," said Kol. "No." "What!? My queen, if we don't send help to the south-" "Then what? We'll lose hundreds, thousand of dwarves and even if we win, what would we get out of it? A few thank yous, and empty promises of help when we get invaded because of our loses." "Your grace, if we do nothing, then the invaders will turn north eventually," Kol protested. "So we shall stop them at the pass. A single well equipped fortress will be enough to stop them at the cost of only a hundred or so dwarves. Tell me why that isn't a better option," Stodir said. "Thousands will die!" the general shouted. "And what does that mean to us? If you truly mean to oppose me on this, feel free."

Kol sighed, defeated. The queen had ruled longer than anyone else, and her enemies had a habit of vanishing mysteriously. The priests claimed she had been blessed with long life by Zas, but her opponents that were smart enough to survive whispered darker tales. "What is this fortress to be called, then?" she asked. "Demongate. I'll leave it up to you to make the arrangements."

Title: **Re: Demongate, a Succession Fortress Against Evil**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **March 17, 2014, 04:25:16 pm**

Thane's Journal, 1st of Granite, 653.

We've finally arrived at the place that they call Demongate. Once the wagon stopped, everyone started looking at me, and it turns out that I'm supposed to be leading this expedition. I can only assume that the noble I annoyed intended me to fail so that I would have to return to the mountainhomes in disgrace. I shall not let that get me down, though. We are hard workers, and apparently the fate of the world rests on our shoulders. For such an important area, Demongate doesn't actually look too bad, though the embark team isn't really well designed for founding a fortress. I've sent Vlad and Dan to deforest the surrounding area, and Brezen and Artyom are learning how to handle a pickaxe. In the meantime, Gnora and I will be starting some farms. Brother Cornelius doesn't have much to do at the moment, but I've told him that he'll be handling our stoneworking requirements until we get a proper mason.

Last night, Vlad and Gnora had a massive fight. I don't think that anyone remembers what it was about, but they're both holding a grudge about it. Hopefully, time will make them friends again, but in the meantime, I'll have to keep them apart. In the meantime, we have bigger problems. Brenzen tells me that Demongate lies right on top of an aquifer, so I've started designing a way to force past it.

Title: **Re: Demongate, a Succession Fortress Against Evil**
Post by: **MDFification** on **March 17, 2014, 04:42:17 pm**

If you need to swap Vlad's profession, go nuts. I'm just trying to get his axedwarf skill trained so he can get drafted into the militia early on. Alternative, he makes a fine hauler!
... I can't imagine what would have to happen to make Vlad hold a grudge against Gnora. I can't imagine Vlad holding grudges. I can easily imagine him being incredibly lewd to Gnora though.



Title: **Re: Demongate**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **March 17, 2014, 06:10:51 pm**

That could happen. It seems my intro was inaccurate as well. Somehow the civilisation got changed between checking the rulers and starting the game, so no vampire queen.

Thane's journal, Granite.

9th
Dan has finally finished training his dogs. He says they're ready to hunt, but I doubt that'll be much good since we lost our bolts on the journey here.

19th
Bren and Art seem annoyed at me for some reason. Apparently I forgot to tell them that my plan for getting past the aquifer involved collapsing the earth into it.

Slate
7th
Artyom tells me they've found lignite, which should be helpful once we can establish a metalworking industry.

Felsite
12th
The dining room is finished, as well as some workshop space. Hopefully we'll be able to get enough bedrooms dug out to accomodate any migrants that come our way.

Title: **Re: Demongate**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **March 17, 2014, 07:00:53 pm**

Thane's Log.
Malachite
11th
Three migrants arrived today. Among them was Tarmid, who claims to be a scribe in the order of St Zane. Brenzen certainly seems to know him, so I've made him the fortress manager.

29th
The bedrooms and officer are finished, so I've sent the miners to try find some ores. Brenzen must have misheard me, because he told me Vlad would be better at that job. Vlad doesn't even have a pick though.

Title: **Re: Demongate, a Succession Fortress Against Evil**
Post by: **Rhaken** on **March 17, 2014, 07:14:23 pm**

That was fast. :o

Asmoth, you mind flinging the genned world my way? I intend to commence snooping around Legends mode immediately. LET THE CONSPIRACIES BEGIN.

Title: **Re: Demongate, a Succession Fortress Against Evil**
Post by: **jrrocks05** on **March 17, 2014, 07:36:36 pm**

i would like a male swordsdwarf named Thanatos.

he wears all black clothing including hood and cloak. the hood only allows you to see his mouth. he is a smoker and has a cigarette in his mouth at all times. he is not a social person and he has a very dark personality. he is a very calm person and the only expresses his pent up emotions on the battlefield were he goes berserk in combat. he does not have bad motives in fact his only goal is to help stop the bloodkin.

he grew up in a bad environment. his mother and two sisters were killed by bloodkin at 3 years old. his father brought him to safety but in his grief he began to viciously abuse his son. he was a soldier in the new town and the place before. he taught his son how to use a sword. at the age of 18 he killed his father and ran away. he comes to Demongate now to avenge his mother and sisters. he is badly scarred under his clothes.

he heard of this place while on the run and decided for a fresh start. he promised himself he would fight to the last breath for this fortress. he promised that he will put the good of the fortress before himself in the name of freedom.....

Title: **Re: Demongate, a Succession Fortress Against Evil**
Post by: **4maskwolf** on **March 17, 2014, 07:40:41 pm**

Jrock: there are no bloodkin on this continent yet.

Title: **Re: Demongate, a Succession Fortress Against Evil**
Post by: **jrrocks05** on **March 17, 2014, 07:45:45 pm**

they will be soon though right?

Title: **Re: Demongate**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **March 17, 2014, 07:46:50 pm**

In fairness quite a few people's backstorids seem to involve them in one way or another.

Rhaken, I don't have a copy of the world before starting the fort, but I should be uploading the save tomorrow, and you could look through that.

Title: **Re: Demongate, a Succession Fortress Against Evil**
Post by: **Rhaken** on **March 17, 2014, 07:50:33 pm**

The current save would do fine. I'll just do what I did with Steelhold: abandon, then wade through Legends for an hour or two and let my imagination run wild. Seriously, you could write entire novels from the stuff in Legends mode.

Title: **Re: Demongate**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **March 17, 2014, 08:09:31 pm**

After the autumn migrants, I think I have everyone except Lokast dwarfed.

Title: **Re: Demongate**
Post by: **4maskwolf** on **March 17, 2014, 08:21:46 pm**

Quote from: Deus Asmoth on March 17, 2014, 07:46:50 pm

In fairness quite a few people's backstorids seem to involve them in one way or another.

Rhaken, I don't have a copy of the world before starting the fort, but I should be uploading the save tomorrow, and you could look through that.

That I know of, the only other back stories involving them are about militant orders from before the evacuation.

Title: **Re: Demongate**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **March 17, 2014, 08:37:18 pm**

Thane's Journal, Autumn 653.
Limestone
18th
Art tells me they've found cassiterite in the mines. Tin won't be all that useful on its own, but maybe we can find some copper and clad our warriors in bronze.

24th
Apparently there's bismuthinite on the same level. I really hope there's some copper here.

Sandstone
5th
We have some new kittens and puppies. Maybe we can create an army of war dogs to fight the bloodkin?

28th
Another group of migrants has arrived, bringing our numbers up to fifteen. Among them is someone who calls himself the Fractal Entity, another by the name of Talonis Wolf and one called Thanatos, who seems very eager not to let anyone see his face. Perhaps he's a fugitive?

Timber
13th
We found a pair of kobold thieves trying to rob us, but they were sacred away by the puppies.

19th
The caravan from the mountainhome has arrived, which reminds me that we don't have a broker. Fractal seems to best with dealing with people, so I'll let him have the job for now.

28th
After a week long drinking session with Vlad, Fractal finally spoke with the traders. We got some food and drink, a fair amount of cloth and enough copper goods to make three or four bars when we melt them down.

In the meantime, I've had the liaison following me around while I'm trying to work and refusing to talk if I'm doing anything else.

Title: **Re: Demongate, a Succession Fortress Against Evil**
Post by: **Gnorm** on **March 17, 2014, 08:39:39 pm**

I think that the Bloodkin armies would attack various small islands around the old island from the days of Steelhold, leading up to the current attack on the mainland. Thus, I don't think it's entirely unreasonable to have the back-story include the bloodkin.

EDIT: Remember to post the character profiles when your turn is over.

Title: **Re: Demongate, a Succession Fortress Against Evil**
Post by: **MDFification** on **March 17, 2014, 08:50:22 pm**

Quote from: 4maskwolf on March 17, 2014, 07:40:41 pm
Jrock: there are no bloodkin on this continent yet.

Oddly enough, though, we do have at least one other character who's had a run in with the bloodkin and an entire organization dedicated to defeating it. I think it would be better to assume that the Bloodkin have been doing small attacks to test defenses and destabilize the south for at least a couple of years before the full invasion hit. So the timeframe of when his family got killed would have to be revised, but it should be possible to have Jrock's character be a survivor of a previous bloodkin attack.

Title: **Re: Demongate, a Succession Fortress Against Evil**
Post by: **Gnorm** on **March 17, 2014, 08:59:32 pm**

I'm going to do some write-ups about this first year; MDF, what should I make the reason behind Gnora's fight with Vlad be?

Title: **Re: Demongate, a Succession Fortress Against Evil**
Post by: **TalonisWolf** on **March 17, 2014, 09:04:29 pm**

Quote from: jrrocks05 on March 17, 2014, 07:36:36 pm
i would like a male swordsdwarf named Thanatos.

Mythological Ancient Greek Reaper of Souls? Nice touch.

As for the Bloodkin, well, perhaps there are refugees coming from the other side of the pass? That'd explain the backstories with Bloodkin in them.

Edit: I just checked, and the sword is actually one of Thanatos Emblems. Along with butterflies, poppies, the "Theta" symbol and an inverted torch. That's right. BUTTERFLIES. ???

Title: **Re: Demongate, a Succession Fortress Against Evil**
Post by: **jrrocks05** on **March 17, 2014, 09:16:20 pm**

that will do...

Thanatos journal entry one

WHAT ARE YOU DOING IN MY JOURNAL YOU ELF LOVER!!!! IF I FIND YOU I WILL RIP YOUR GUTS OUT CAUTERIZE THEM WITH FIRE THEN BURY YOU ALIVE. YOU \$\$\$%%%#@#%#%#%. SERIOUSLY RUN ELF LOVERS!!!

i have arrived at Demongate. the place is small though i hope that it continues to evolve. it seems we have many religious men in this fortress. i don't mind them as long as they don't force their beliefs upon me. you see i am an atheist. i lost belief in armork after my mom and sisters were killed. i have to explain to the overseer that my face is heavily scarred thus i do not show it. though i am a criminal but i do not believe i would be recognized. the Vlad guy is ok he is a straightforward guy. just want money and fighting. i think one of them were complaining about my cigarettes. well guess what i don't care!

Title: **Re: Demongate, a Succession Fortress Against Evil**
Post by: **jrrocks05** on **March 17, 2014, 09:18:44 pm**

thats right i reap souls in this case it shall be DEMON souls!!!!!! yeah i love greek mythology did not know about butterflies though..... ok somebody right now find or make pictures of DEMON butterflies!!!

Title: **Re: Demongate, a Succession Fortress Against Evil**
Post by: **Gnorm** on **March 17, 2014, 09:31:13 pm**

It seems that it became somewhat popular within the past few centuries to begin one's journal with a warning towards those who read it, usually involving the incredibly derogatory comment "elf-lover."

Title: **Re: Demongate, a Succession Fortress Against Evil**
Post by: **danmanthedog** on **March 17, 2014, 09:41:15 pm**

do Journal later playing to many games time went by fast. :P But I demand more hunting creatures.

Title: **Re: Demongate, a Succession Fortress Against Evil**
Post by: **MDFification** on **March 17, 2014, 09:43:59 pm**

Quote from: Gnorm on March 17, 2014, 08:59:32 pm
I'm going to do some write-ups about this first year; MDF, what should I make the reason behind Gnora's fight with Vlad be?

Well, Vlad is a fairly loathsome guy in general. You've got a wide array of options.
I'm going to go with her just getting sick of Vlad's shit. The way he treats everything like a big joke and is utterly insensitive would work. Maybe he is very vocally contemptuous of farmers, and mocks her choice to spend her life digging holes and waiting for plants to pop out of the ground?
I don't really know why Vlad would hold a grudge - probably the fact that she goes out of her way to screw him on a frequent basis. If she stopped hating him he'd probably stop caring.

Title: **Re: Demongate**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **March 17, 2014, 09:46:16 pm**

Thane's Journal, Winter.
Moonstone
10th
I've closed the mines for the time being. I want to get a few more bedrooms and other essentials dug out before we start getting larger migrant waves next year.

In other news, I'm slightly worried about that scribe. He's the manager of the fortress, but he doesn't seem to need to validate any orders I give him, nor does he build skill from those orders. Perhaps he's cheating somehow...

20th
The miners have finished digging out rooms for any nobles we may have visit. At the moment, they're still just holes in the wall, but I'm sure we can fill them with gold and other sparkly things before someone goes insane due to lack of weapon racks.

Opal
5th
One of the woodworkers finally made a crossbow, so Dan can go hunting with the bolts I made.

20th
We're going to need a militia in Demongate, and I've finally started to equip them. We only had enough copper for four bars of bismuth bronze, but we only have three dwarfs with military experience at the moment, so I guess it works out.

27th
The miners finished digging a barracks and some stockpile room today. It's Brenzen's last job as a miner, for tomorrow he will become the militia commander of the Demon's Gate. Of course, he'll still be using a pick, but now he'll be digging for blood and organs.

Obsidian
11th
The liaison cornered me in my office, demanding we finish our meeting. Then he stared at me for a few hours before telling me we have much to discuss.

29th
It seems I'm going to be side-tracked for a lot longer than I hoped. The liaison and I have only gotten around to agreeing that we would like copper and steel in the next caravan, and once we eventually finish, I was planning to get our stockpile records up to scratch. As such, I'm turning leadership of Demongate over to Sir Brenzen for the foreseeable future. It will probably be good for the fortress, I don't have all that much experience in military matters anyway.

ooc: First years sure do go by quickly. The rate and images should be up later today.

Title: **Re: Demongate, a Succession Fortress Against Evil**
Post by: **4maskwolf** on **March 17, 2014, 09:47:50 pm**

Fine, fine, I'll post an update later.

Asmoth, do you want me to keep track of overseer posts or do you want to do that?

Title: **Re: Demongate, a Succession Fortress Against Evil**
Post by: **TalonisWolf** on **March 17, 2014, 09:51:01 pm**

Quote from: jrrocks05 on March 17, 2014, 09:18:44 pm
thats right i reap souls in this case it shall be DEMON souls!!!!!! yeah i love greek mythology did not know about butterflies though..... ok somebody right now find or make pictures of DEMON butterflies!!!

Not mine, but it works.

(http://tnypic.net/wssgi.jpg.html)

Nothing says demonic to a Dwarf Fortress player like a friggin Cat.

Title: **Re: Demongate**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **March 17, 2014, 09:55:18 pm**

Eh, you can if you don't mind. I'd probably miss a few.

Title: **Re: Demongate, a Succession Fortress Against Evil**
 Post by: **jrrocks05** on **March 17, 2014, 09:55:51 pm**

A DEMONIC BUTTERFLY CAT!!!!. YOU SIR ARE A GENUIS! though seriously that may just be the most dwarfy demon i have ever seen.

Title: **Re: Demongate, a Succession Fortress Against Evil**
 Post by: **TalonisWolf** on **March 17, 2014, 09:56:42 pm**

I try. 8)

Title: **Re: Demongate, a Succession Fortress Against Evil**
 Post by: **jrrocks05** on **March 17, 2014, 09:58:17 pm**

you sir have my dwarfiest respect!!!! :o :o :o :o :o :o :o :o

Title: **Re: Demongate, a Succession Fortress Against Evil**
 Post by: **Gnorm** on **March 17, 2014, 10:29:32 pm**

Gnora's Journal
The Arrival

--
We just arrived our destination about an hour ago and I must say that this place is absolutely beautiful. Trees outside and fertile dirt inside; what more can a girl ask for? The farms have been commissioned and are being dug out as I write this. I'll finally have a nice plot of land to grow some food: plump helmets and some cave wheat. Stills should be set up soon as well, and we'll be brewing our own beer. Back at my fortress, the nobles just only purchased imported sunshine for themselves while we settled on that sewer brew the humans drink; downright uncivil. Well, as soon as this is all sorted out, it will be like Heaven on Earth here.

On another note, I seem to have slightly misjudged the monk in my previous entry. Practically as soon as I finished writing it, he began to look nauseous, as if he had far too much to drink. Well, I suppose you can't expect the boys to be too holy on an expedition like this.

Title: **Re: Demongate, a Succession Fortress Against Evil**
 Post by: **Gnorm** on **March 18, 2014, 02:44:37 am**

The events of 28th Obsidian, 652:
 --

The Sun had set two hours ago; the entire expanse of land was in the middle of a cool night. The stars twinkled above, and the moon provided a beacon for Thane -- who had the duty of driver that night -- and the horses. A light breeze flowed about the land, but the only noises at the moment were the murmurs and stirrings of the dwarves within the wagon. Tired, yet restless, each one was relaxing by the glow of a the lanterns, minding his own business or chatting with another dwarf. The peacefulness was broken rather abruptly by Vladimir, whose practically non-existent sense of restraint was weakened even further by the flask of Dwarven rum he had recently consumed.

"Vut an interesting group we have, really," he began. "Ve have Vlad, ve have holy monk and varrior, ve have the veaponsmith, ve have the hunter and ve have the pioneer. Then ve have the little farm-girl; vut good group."

By this point in time, most of the caravan had simply begun to tune out Vladimir's ramblings, but Gnora found herself consistently pestered by his words. After all, she had spent most of the trip drawing crude sketches of farm-layouts, though her concentration was always broken by that odd dwarf. This time, she finally decided to speak up, albeit somewhat mildly.

"You know," she hissed, "this 'farm-girl' has a name. She would also thank you kindly if you would be quiet for more than a minute at a time!"

"Vut does it matter anyway," Vladimir retorted, "Vunce ve arrive at site, ve von't see other one much. You vill toil in the fields vith the plants, whilst me and the vorkers get fortress moving."

"What exactly do ya' mean by 'vorkers?' Do you think that farming isn't as important as mining and wood-cuttin'?"

"Allow Vlad to repeat self. You vill vork vith the plants."

"I'll be feeding ya'll your meals! Food doesn't just come out of nowhere you know! As for you, you're not a 'vorker!' You've been rambling non-stop about your work as a mercenary; you're nothing but a hired-axe."

"You show interest, perhaps Vlad demonstrate axedwarfship at lights-out."

What followed was a long stream of incoherent insults and accusations from Gnora. Vladimir calmly retorted to each one with an off-handed remark or lewd comment, greatly worsening the situation. Try as they might, the other members of the caravan -- that is, the ones that were not watching in amusement -- couldn't manage to calm Gnora down. Noticing the conflict, Thane brought the wagon to a halt and ordered Vladimir to take his place; the mercenary smiled and happily rose to the top of the wagon and let the wagon continue on its way. Gnora, fully exhausted from the fight, fell into a tearful sleep.

Thus, the caravan continued on its way. In the morning, the dwarves would reach their destination.

Title: **Re: Demongate, a Succession Fortress Against Evil**
 Post by: **Sarrak** on **March 18, 2014, 04:09:54 am**

I think I'll dig into history depths alongside Rhaken. We're scribes, after all :D
 Maybe I will be pressed into changing my dwarfing conditions if I discover we have no possible candidates at all.

Also, some graphical images are mandatory. Let the future generations learn how bad/mad/bizarre/genius architecture was at the start!

Title: **Re: Demongate, a Succession Fortress Against Evil**
 Post by: **danmanthedog** on **March 18, 2014, 07:41:26 am**

Journal of Danman.

We finally arrived to the new to my new home... It's kinda lovely lots of trees and plants meaning more animals for me to train on. It already seems that two of our forts members already hate each other, but i don't really care that much about these people i only want to kill my tasked forgotten beast and then settle down. At least the leader knows good hunting pets when he sees one so know i got pet hunting badgerdogs.... sweet. WHY did he forget bolts, I can't do anything with my bare hands only the elders could hunt with hands.

Title: **Re: Demongate, a Succession Fortress Against Evil**
 Post by: **MDFification** on **March 18, 2014, 07:56:16 am**

I'm going to go ahead and assume Vlad got drafted as otherwise he's pretty useless.

Title: **Re: Demongate, a Succession Fortress Against Evil**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **March 18, 2014, 03:26:21 pm**

So, ve manage to be the first group here. Vlad is glad ve vorked so hard in order to get here in time to do all the rest of the vork. Vlad's back is not killing him. Vlad is not going to complain about how long it took to get Vlad a bed. This is because Vlad is used to it, and Vlad can't stand all the vhining the rest of the dwarves make.

Still, is good to have home, yes? I have my own room, just like promised. I do not have pretty dwarf lass just like promised, and on that note I'm pretty sure Gnora spits in my food and drink, but hey! Life is good! Ve finally have time to get training and prepare for battle. I vas vorried all I'd take my axe too vas the trees, yes? They make the edge so blunt.

Brenzen is also in charge of militia now, which makes me glad, because Brenzen should know that ve need armor to keep our extremities attached to our bodies, and shields too if ve are really serious about that. Brenzen also should know to keep us out of trouble until ve're actually ready, yes? Brenzen isn't all that bad a guy to take orders from, except vhen he try to make inspirational speech. But Vlad tries to keep his mouth shut about commandingk officer, because dwarfs who do that have habit of going scoutingk and *actually finding enemy* frequently in my experience.

Anyway, survival odds looking alright. Vlad has never fought vampire before, but I assume they don't enjoy axe to skull more than anyone else, yes? Encouragingly, ve appear to have a marksdwarf squad in our future, and maybe one day someone get around to building fortifications, yes? This is good, because enemies passed out from pain after arrow in gut much easier to kill, and if Vlad gets hurt than I cannot stick around battlefield to look for carelessly misplaced boots of mine, yes?

Title: **Re: Demongate, a Succession Fortress Against Evil**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **March 18, 2014, 03:26:21 pm**

So, the embark team actually had 5 men and 2 women in it. I made Thane the extra woman and assumed it wouldn't end up all that important, but it turns out she and Vlad became romantically involved sometime during the winter. Anyway, my connection is being somewhat slow at the moment, so this is just the file. I have pictures saved, so I'll post them once my internet improves.

Also, yes. Vlad got drafted. He's also a pretty reasonable carpenter, since we only got another one in autumn.

Demongate, turn 2 (<http://dff.d.wimbli.com/file.php?id=8482>)

Title: **Re: Demongate, a Succession Fortress Against Evil**
Post by: **MDFification** on **March 18, 2014, 03:29:44 pm**

Aaaaaaand Vlad seduces the overseer.
Nice.

Title: **Re: Demongate, a Succession Fortress Against Evil**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **March 18, 2014, 03:53:38 pm**

Thane probably doesn't find him as offensive as Gnora does after working in the forges, I suppose.

Title: **Re: Demongate, a Succession Fortress Against Evil**
Post by: **Gnorm** on **March 18, 2014, 06:14:57 pm**

Gnora's Journal
The End of 653
--
As of today we have been together in this fortress for exactly one year; amazing, when you begin to think about it. Little over one year ago I would have never thought that I would be here, planting my crops and fermenting the wine. The farms are fairly small as of now, but I don't got a doubt that they'll grow with this fortress. Speaking of which, it turns out that we embarked on a site with quite a few ores, so the forges have been set up in large clusters, which has kept Thane busy. Speaking of Thane, it turns out that he is a she! I do declare that she had me downright fooled! I suppose it was her boyish attitude and attire, but maybe I just haven't been paying enough attention.

We actually have several new faces in the fort; I suppose everybody's eager to migrate for a little adventure. One fellow goes by the name of Tarmid, and I believe that he works with the knight on whatever they do. Another one calls himself Thanatos, and he's surely a strange one. Never says a word, wears thick cloaks and wrapping, and always brooding about with a cigarette in his lips. I've smoked from a corn-cob before, but the rate that he goes through those things is incredible. I ought to keep my distance from him; he seems dangerous somehow.

There is one last thing I should say: I think that this fortress is changing overseership. I went to see Thane just yesterday to see if we could have the entrances trapped, and she tells me that she's actually letting the knight take control of the place. All I have to say is that as long as it doesn't interfere with my work, that doesn't bother me.

Title: **Re: Demongate, a Succession Fortress Against Evil**
Post by: **Rhaken** on **March 18, 2014, 07:35:41 pm**

Oh wow. Oh wowee wow.

This world has some deep conspiratorial shit going on.

I'm honestly not sure whether to put up the juicest bits up here for all to see or not. What do you folks think?

Title: **Re: Demongate, a Succession Fortress Against Evil**
Post by: **4maskwolf** on **March 18, 2014, 07:42:47 pm**

Quote from: Rhaken on March 18, 2014, 07:35:41 pm

Oh wow. Oh wowee wow.

This world has some deep conspiratorial shit going on.

I'm honestly not sure whether to put up the juicest bits up here for all to see or not. What do you folks think?

Either way. Bring it out in character or just tell us now, whichever works.

Title: **Re: Demongate, a Succession Fortress Against Evil**
Post by: **Rhaken** on **March 18, 2014, 07:46:50 pm**

Quote from: 4maskwolf on March 18, 2014, 07:42:47 pm

Quote from: Rhaken on March 18, 2014, 07:35:41 pm

Thane
Thane makes weapons and armor for fort, and is responsible for good start! Is pretty, honest and spunky. If Vlad catches you makingk the moves on Thane, I vill be cuttingk you. Enjoys Vlad, forging, people who accept simple realities. Dislikes nobbs, considerations of personal safety, Vlad cuttingk people.

Vladimir Uristovitch
Yes, is Vlad. Vlad is militia member. If you know vhere to find decent booze, tell Vlad right away. Vlad vill be gettingk you nice new pair of boots.

Title: **Re: Demongate, a Succession Fortress Against Evil**
Post by: **danmanthedog** on **March 18, 2014, 08:18:31 pm**

Journal of Danman.
It comes to my attention that this Vlad character who once was a boy is now a FEMALE... hmm is it possible that this Vlad has the parents of a clownfish man. If so ?I would dearly love to hunt this dwarfish thing, or it could be that she/he is mistake about being a female and is still a male. I saw watch her closely or send my lovely cutey little badger doggy to follow her.

Title: **Re: Demongate**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **March 18, 2014, 08:21:48 pm**

Regarding Demongate being on top of hell, there's an upright adamantine sword in the rooms list.

Title: **Re: Demongate, a Succession Fortress Against Evil**
Post by: **Rhaken** on **March 18, 2014, 08:24:02 pm**

Quote from: danmanthedog on March 18, 2014, 08:18:31 pm
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I'm pretty sure it was Thane what had the gender mishap. This was only discovered when we found out Vlad was tapping that.

Quote from: Deus Asmoth on March 18, 2014, 08:21:48 pm
Regarding Demongate being on top of hell, there's an upright adamantine sword in the rooms list.

CONSPIRACY!

Title: **Re: Demongate, a Succession Fortress Against Evil**
Post by: **Gnorm** on **March 18, 2014, 08:24:54 pm**

I must say, the bio on Gnora made me laugh.

Quote from: danmanthedog on March 18, 2014, 08:18:31 pm
Journal of Danman.
It comes to my attention that this Vlad character who once was a boy is now a FEMALE... hmm is it possible that this Vlad has the parents of a clownfish man. If so ?I would dearly love to hunt this dwarfish thing, or it could be that she/he is mistake about being a female and is still a male. I saw watch her closely or send my lovely cutey little badger doggy to follow her.

I believe that Thane is the female, not Vlad.

Quote from: Deus Asmoth on March 18, 2014, 08:21:48 pm
Regarding Demongate being on top of hell, there's an upright adamantine sword in the rooms list.

Yes! we shall connect the fortress to its entry-point. Interestingly, there is already some lore on the wiki regarding demon fortresses.

Title: **Re: Demongate, a Succession Fortress Against Evil**
Post by: **danmanthedog** on **March 18, 2014, 08:29:24 pm**

Quote from: Rhaken on March 18, 2014, 08:24:02 pm
Quote from: danmanthedog on March 18, 2014, 08:18:31 pm
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CONSPIRACY!

IGNORE THIS POST NOW!!!!!!

Crap I hit stinking quote instead of modfiy.... MY bad

Title: **Re: Demongate, a Succession Fortress Against Evil**
Post by: **MDFification** on **March 18, 2014, 08:42:43 pm**

Quote from: danmanthedog on March 18, 2014, 08:29:24 pm
Quote from: Rhaken on March 18, 2014, 08:24:02 pm
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Quote from: Deus Asmoth on March 18, 2014, 08:21:48 pm
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CONSPIRACY!

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Well I can't because the font is so big.

Title: **Re: Demongate**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **March 18, 2014, 08:44:56 pm**

Thane's Journal.

I should have known that it was going to be a bad idea disguising myself, but back home a lot of people acted weird about buying their weapons from a woman. At least I can get rid of that fake beard now, it was very itchy (though the look on Vlad's face when he woke up and saw me wearing it was worth it. For all that he says he hates our booze, he sure drinks a lot of it). At least I wasn't foolish enough to expect him to keep it secret for long, and he's certainly more fun to be around than the followers of St Zane.

Title: **Re: Demongate, a Succession Fortress Against Evil**
Post by: **Rhaken** on **March 18, 2014, 08:46:44 pm**

Holy fuck the rabbit hole runs deep. I could be at this all night. It just gets juicier and juicier. And I'm still at year 47.

Title: **Re: Demongate, a Succession Fortress Against Evil**
Post by: **Gnorm** on **March 18, 2014, 08:49:19 pm**

Quote from: Rhaken on March 18, 2014, 08:46:44 pm
Holy fuck the rabbit hole runs deep. I could be at this all night. It just gets juicier and juicier. And I'm still at year 47.
You're very talented Rhaken. When the time comes, I trust that you weave us an history so complex that it will completely change the direction of the story.

Title: **Re: Demongate**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **March 18, 2014, 09:05:43 pm**

I know that the vampire in charge of the other dwarf civilisation in the north only took control in the year 70, so perhaps things started calming down after that (and she had over eleven thousand notable kills, so I'm a bit disappointed I changed the civilisation.)

Title: **Re: Demongate**
Post by: **Rhaken** on **March 18, 2014, 09:08:17 pm**

Quote from: Deus Asmoth on March 18, 2014, 09:05:43 pm
I know that the vampire in charge of the other dwarf civilisation in the north only took control in the year 70, so perhaps things started calming down after that (and she had over eleven thousand notable kills, so I'm a bit disappointed I changed the civilisation.)

I won't be revealing much yet, but I will say this:

That vampire has got NOTHING on us. NOTHING.

EDIT: Found a bloodkin attack dating back to 156. Investigated said bloodkin. A farmer (with all the terrible implications that brings) with 228 kills.

Also, one thing I should mention about the original Steelhold that went completely under the radar since I couldn't shoehorn it in (and I might be able to now, if I find something that resembles a connection): Remember that one god everyone and their grandma worshipped? Bobrur Fragranceglitter the Bodices of Romancing? Worshipped by such notable dwarves as Rhaken, Emdief, Corley, and, well, *everyone in Steelhold*?

She's the one who cursed Tun and Likot with vampirism.

Title: **Re: Demongate**
Post by: **Gnorm** on **March 18, 2014, 09:23:39 pm**

Quote from: Rhaken on March 18, 2014, 09:08:17 pm
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She's the one who cursed Tun and Likot with vampirism.

Could she be... *one of the Old Gods in disguise*!

EDIT: I do like the "terrible implications" that Legends mode can bring.

Title: **Re: Demongate**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **March 18, 2014, 09:31:04 pm**

Speaking of old gods, it's entirely possible that survivors of Steelhold could be posing as gods now. It's hundreds of years after Steelhold, so they've been around a long time, the gods of DF mostly do nothing except create vampires (which pretty much any survivor of the prison would be capable of) and werebeasts (more difficult, but there was a lot of magic flying around) and there's plenty of demons that get away with posing as human shaped gods even though they're made of vomit. All they'd need would be the occasional blood sacrifice and they're pretty well set up. Just a possible plot point.

Title: **Re: Demongate, a Succession Fortress Against Evil**
Post by: **4maskwolf** on **March 18, 2014, 09:33:59 pm**

*1 Granite:
"Consider this the announcement of my resignation from the position of overseer, and passing it on to..." Thane choked on the words, "passing the mantle on to Sir Brenzen, on account of... military needs."
Sir Brenzen stepped forward, turning to face the assembled dwarves,
"It is with humility that I accept this appointment. There are many changes that need to be made around here, specifically regarding certain... unethical practices benefiting of followers of Armok. But fear not, fellow dwarves, this will be a time of righteousness and peace for all of dwarvenkind."*

Title: **Re: Demongate, a Succession Fortress Against Evil**
Post by: **danmanthedog** on **March 18, 2014, 09:36:36 pm**

Hmm could it be possible that a dwarf evolved to elder god status in a short time? I say that we must search more into the history, also has any of my megabeasts still alive?

Edit- mother trucker ninjaed me

Title: **Re: Demongate**
Post by: **Gnorm** on **March 18, 2014, 09:40:55 pm**

Quote from: Deus Asmoth on March 18, 2014, 09:31:04 pm

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I think all of the non-confirmed survivors became bloodkin, and some of them were probably killed when the fort collapsed. Speaking of which, were the heroes modded into the shapes-files?

Title: **Re: Demongate, a Succession Fortress Against Evil**
Post by: **Rhaken** on **March 18, 2014, 09:43:45 pm**

One thing we never settled on was how active the Ascended of Steelhold are. My money is on them stay distant but watchful, though having them collectively take up the mantle of godhood would be an interesting turn.

Sidenote: sixth monarch now, year 258. I swear this world was written up by a bizarre mix of George R. R. Martin and Steven Erikson. While high.

I see this as a good thing.

EDIT:

Quote from: Gnorm on March 18, 2014, 09:40:55 pm

Quote from: Deus Asmoth on March 18, 2014, 09:31:04 pm

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I hope they were. Also, a confirmed survivor of Steelhold was Rhaken's son, Stinthad Abbeylanced. He was busy being possessed by mysterious forces at the end.

Title: **Re: Demongate, a Succession Fortress Against Evil**
Post by: **4maskwolf** on **March 18, 2014, 09:56:21 pm**

Deep beneath the crust of out world, beyond the great blue seal and the fiery tomb, lies a place of destruction and horror. Dwarves fear this place, for they know the evil that lurks beneath the world, even while the humans and elves remain oblivious to the danger. Beneath the earth is a realm of unspeakable horrors, where terror and death rule supreme over all else. To the dwarves, this is the final hell.

Legend tells that the greatest warriors of Steelhold were struck down in a valiant attempt to purge hell. Few believe the old stories any more, but those who do view it as a cautionary tale: even the greatest of heroes can succumb to the darkness. Even the noblest of warriors can falter.

What the legends forget is that hell does not simply exist beneath the earth. The powers behind hell, far more powerful than any mere demon, plot the downfall of the gods and the destruction of dwarven civilization. For the dwarves, created of the blood of Armok himself, represent the greatest challenge to they and their progeny, and it is for this that they wish them dead. These powers can extend their reach past the great blue seal, twisting the minds of the angry, the confused, the grieving. And yet Armok does not come to aid us, does not fight these powers in their own game. For Armok cares little for his progeny, for he considers them weak and expendable.

This is why, my brothers and sisters, we must submit to the darkness below, for in them we can find true power. In them, we can strike back against our traitorous creator who leaves us here to die. In them, we shall know peace once more.

Excerpt from the Codex Arcana

Title: **Re: Demongate, a Succession Fortress Against Evil**
Post by: **4maskwolf** on **March 18, 2014, 10:04:48 pm**

Quote from: Rhaken on March 18, 2014, 09:43:45 pm

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I hope they were. Also, a confirmed survivor of Steelhold was Rhaken's son, Stinthad Abbeylanced. He was busy being possessed by mysterious forces at the end.

Possessed by mysterious forces, eh. That sounds fun for story.

Title: **Re: Demongate, a Succession Fortress Against Evil**
Post by: **Rhaken** on **March 18, 2014, 10:07:37 pm**

I have a half-finished story about him and his brother somewhere. Might get around to finishing it. For now, back to digging through Legends.

Title: **Re: Demongate, a Succession Fortress Against Evil**
Post by: **4maskwolf** on **March 18, 2014, 10:14:36 pm**

For, brothers and sisters, the minds of those touched by these powers are not driven mad. They are told the truth of their existence, as I am telling you now. The secrets the false ones would hide from them are revealed, and to some dwarves, the strain is too much to bear. But to those who survive, my brothers and sisters, the reward is great. For the true gods reward their followers, both here and in the next life. Think on this: what has Armok ever done for you? He has done nothing for you, nothing to help any of dwarvenkind.

This may be confusing to you, and I can understand. I did not want to believe the truth when I first heard it, but in time the truth became unavoidable. To help you in your journey, let me tell you a story of greatness, of honor, of loyalty, of truth. This is also a story of treachery, of disbelief, and of heathens, and the one mortal who overcame it all. Her name has been purged from the histories, for she was the greatest speaker of truth of any time.

This is the story of Oku Constructcudgel.

Excerpt from the Codex Arcana

Title: **Re: Demongate**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **March 18, 2014, 10:33:06 pm**

I wouldn't say Thane has much of a problem with giving control of the fortress to Brenzen, by the way. She doesn't understand why he's so serious, but she doesn't dislike him.

Title: **Re: Demongate**
Post by: **4maskwolf** on **March 18, 2014, 10:33:58 pm**

Quote from: Deus Asmoth on March 18, 2014, 10:33:06 pm
I wouldn't say Thane has much of a problem with giving control of the fortress to Brenzen, by the way. She doesn't understand why he's so serious, but she doesn't dislike him.
She probably knew it wouldn't go over well with the others. That's the effect I was going for, but it didn't come across clearly.

And yes, I do plan on having written the entire codex arcana by the end of this.

Title: **Re: Demongate**
Post by: **Gnorm** on **March 18, 2014, 10:56:24 pm**

Quote from: 4maskwolf on March 18, 2014, 10:33:58 pm
And yes, I do plan on having written the entire codex arcana by the end of this.
That's great, just don't forget to play your turn as well.

Title: **Re: Demongate, a Succession Fortress Against Evil**
Post by: **Rhaken** on **March 18, 2014, 10:56:58 pm**

Presenting: Yet Another Peek at Nearly Irrelevant Findings

A quick overview of our civilization: The First Iron Shit, that name is awesome

Mountainhome: Bitebronze

Other Settlements: Wiretrusses, Paddlewash, Tradedtaken, Standardecient, the rest coming when I get some friggin' sleep in me.

On another note, do I have some volunteers to visit these places in Adventure mode and toss me a description? Maybe even put up an adventurer log for all to marvel at.

Title: **Re: Demongate**
Post by: **4maskwolf** on **March 18, 2014, 10:57:39 pm**

Quote from: Gnorm on March 18, 2014, 10:56:24 pm
Quote from: 4maskwolf on March 18, 2014, 10:33:58 pm
And yes, I do plan on having written the entire codex arcana by the end of this.
That's great, just don't forget to play your turn as well.

Yes, yes, I know the rules. I just probably won't start for a little while.

Title: **Re: Demongate**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **March 18, 2014, 11:09:42 pm**

As far as I know, dwarf sites still don't actually get generated, they're just markers on the world map. So when you visit in adventure mode, it's just wilderness with the occasional dwarf.

Title: **Re: Demongate, a Succession Fortress Against Evil**
Post by: **peregarrett** on **March 19, 2014, 12:50:33 am**

Quote from: MDFification on March 18, 2014, 08:10:16 pm
Cornelius, Brother
Cornelius is best monk! Cornelius makes religion tolerable by, like your author, attending services so drunk on local piss 'beer' that inhaling near him cures alcohol deprivation, and is member of old, dead monastery. Enjoys alcohol, research. Dislikes immediately post-alcohol, trying to decipher research notes made while still drunk.
Nice!

- Hey, Cornelius, what're you doing?
- Me? Just checking the barrels with booze.... Y'know, I need some strong stuff... for the hospital. Yes, the hospital. It's disinfection, and so on.
- Dude, there's nobody in your hospital.
- So what? You never know when the disaster happens! And without proper disinfection you could lose your leg? or arm, or just die, believe me, I'm the doctor.
- Cornelius, all we got is plump helmet wine. And there's no treats right now, so you'd better get back to your mason work.
- I'm not the mason! I'm a healer and scientist! And a cleric too. Speaking of... you seem very nervous and anxious. Does something disturbs you? I think you should visit me in my room and do your confession... aha, found it! A barrel of dwarven rum! So, you know where to find me when you need to take that burden off from your soul. See ya!

Title: **Re: Demongate, a Succession Fortress Against Evil**
Post by: **jrrocks05** on **March 19, 2014, 06:46:08 am**

Are you guys nocturnal? For one night I don't look at this. I come back 30 something updates.

Title: **Re: Demongate, a Succession Fortress Against Evil**
Post by: **peregarrett** on **March 19, 2014, 06:53:16 am**

Quote from: jrrocks05 on March 19, 2014, 06:46:08 am
Are you guys nocturnal? For one night I don't look at this. I come back 30 something updates.
blinks with reddish eyes Who? We? Not at all!

Title: **Re: Demongate, a Succession Fortress Against Evil**
Post by: **Senshuken** on **March 19, 2014, 07:56:54 am**

Dear elf lover reading my personal journal,

Time sure flies when you're tunneling through dirt and rock. I've recently heard that we've been here for a bit over a year now when leadership was passed over to Sir Brenzen, whom made promises of 'bringing us into an age of righteousness and peace' while putting an end to 'unethical practices benefiting of followers of Armok'. I'm fully aware that whatever Brenzen has planned is going to be hard for some dwarves to handle, but I should hopefully get through this period of time unharmed provided I keep my head down and continue to do my job. Even if he is slightly hard to get along with, I'm confident that I've shown Sir Brenzen the respect due to someone of his position on the few occasions in which we've talked. 'Don't piss off the people whom could be your boss tomorrow' as my grandfather always said.

There isn't really that much to say really. Vlad and Thane hooked up at some point (Turns out Thane is a woman. Bit of a surprise for everyone that) but that's about all I know on the matter. I guess I've write in this thing more when I have more to talk about. Hopefully nothing to interesting, since interesting is almost certainly bad in some way.

Title: **Re: Demongate, a Succession Fortress Against Evil**
Post by: **Sarrak** on **March 19, 2014, 08:51:16 am**

Quote from: jrrocks05 on March 19, 2014, 06:46:08 am
Are you guys nocturnal? For one night I don't look at this. I come back 30 something updates.

I think about 1/3 of us is from another time-zome, 1/4 learned their dwarves to sit in the Internet, 1/6 is self-aware AI run amok... And I completely forgot to mention one or two red-eyed specimen... The last part was about vampirephobic daemons, if you didn't get.

Title: **Re: Demongate**
Post by: **MDFification** on **March 19, 2014, 08:55:22 am**

Quote from: Gnorm on March 18, 2014, 10:56:24 pm
Quote from: 4maskwolf on March 18, 2014, 10:33:58 pm
And yes, I do plan on having written the entire codex arcana by the end of this.
That's great, just don't forget to play your turn as well.

I'm excited to see more details on the true gods. I just hope that if I have to bring Emdief's influence back into the story at all (I probably won't) I won't have to do it until the fort is very, very much older. And since Emdief is basically Armok's primary instrument against the demonspawn at this point, if things get too serious it'd be strange if he didn't do *something*. Hopefully that something can be a simple message to one of the forts current characters.

Title: **Re: Demongate, a Succession Fortress Against Evil**
Post by: **danmanthedog** on **March 19, 2014, 11:22:46 am**

I think everybody here is a bunch of vampires because of mass posting. My character is nota sissy! >:(

Title: **Re: Demongate, a Succession Fortress Against Evil**
Post by: **MDFification** on **March 19, 2014, 12:26:44 pm**

Quote from: danmanthedog on March 19, 2014, 11:22:46 am
I think everybody here is a bunch of vampires because of mass posting. My character is nota sissy! >:(

Talk to the Vlad.

Title: **Re: Demongate, a Succession Fortress Against Evil**
Post by: **jrrocks05** on **March 19, 2014, 02:02:12 pm**

Probably diffrent time zones I'm a New Yorker

Title: **Re: Demongate**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **March 19, 2014, 05:57:04 pm**

It's weird. Three of our monarchs were married, but they still didn't have any children. Maybe someone had a vested interest in destabilizing our government.

By the way, I was right about the north being a tougher enemy than the south. We've been at was with the bloodkin civilization in the north since 153, and we've been winning. There were also four wars against the elves.

Title: **Re: Demongate**
Post by: **MDFification** on **March 19, 2014, 06:25:29 pm**

Quote from: Deus Asmoth on March 19, 2014, 05:57:04 pm
It's weird. Three of our monarchs were married, but they still didn't have any children. Maybe someone had a vested interest in destabilizing our government.

By the way, I was right about the north being a tougher enemy than the south. We've been at was with the bloodkin civilization in the north since 153, and we've been winning. There were also four wars against the elves.

There's only one explanation: We've been ruled by a succession of kings/king consorts who's balls were too large for feasible procreation.

Title: **Re: Demongate, a Succession Fortress Against Evil**
Post by: **TalonisWolf** on **March 19, 2014, 07:00:13 pm**

No, the former Steelholdians went power mad and saw them as a threat when the monarchy became that badass.

Title: **Re: Demongate, a Succession Fortress Against Evil**
Post by: **danmanthedog** on **March 19, 2014, 07:07:45 pm**

ARHHHHH my spimators all died of old age... they only live for at most 65 years and die arhhhhh hmmm is there a way to increase the age limit of a creature?

Title: **Re: Demongate, a Succession Fortress Against Evil**
Post by: **Rhaken** on **March 19, 2014, 07:27:25 pm**

Quote from: danmanthedog on March 19, 2014, 07:07:45 pm
ARHHHHH my spimators all died of old age... they only live for at most 65 years and die arhhhhh hmmm is there a way to increase the age limit of a creature?

So THAT'S what that was! I spent some odd 10 minutes today trying to figure out what in all hells a spimmator is. Without an internet connection.

Title: **Re: Demongate, a Succession Fortress Against Evil**
Post by: **danmanthedog** on **March 19, 2014, 07:37:37 pm**

Quote from: Rhaken on March 19, 2014, 07:27:25 pm

Quote from: danmanthedog on March 19, 2014, 07:07:45 pm

ARHHHHH my spimmators all died of old age... they only live for at most 65 years and die arhhhhh hmhhh is there a way to increase the age limit of a creature?

So THAT'S what that was! I spent some odd 10 minutes today trying to figure out what in all hells a spimmator is. Without an internet connection.

It's a bronze creature here is the raws of it.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

```
[CREATURE:CREATURE_1CLWJZZV_RC]
  [NAME:spimmator:spimmators:spimmator]
  [DESCRIPTION:A gigantic, flightless predator with tiny, worthless wings and a long neck. It crushes the ground on which it trods and
likes learning new things.]
  [COLOR:2:0:0]
  [CASTE_NAME:spimmator:spimmators:spimmator]
  [CREATURE_TILE:'S']
  [PREFSTRING:skulls]
  [NATURAL][LARGE_ROAMING]
  [PETVALUE:400]
  [MEGABEAST][DIFFICULTY:15] 11 Or higher does Not Get assigned As adv mode quests
  [ATTACK_TRIGGER:80:10000:100000]
  [FANCIFUL][LARGE_PREDATOR][LIKES_FIGHTING][NOFEAR][NOEXERT]
  [FREQUENCY:5]
  [GRASSTRAMPLE:50]
  [PETVALUE:10000]
  [PET_EXOTIC][TRAINABLE][MOUNT_EXOTIC]
  [SPHERE:ORDER]
  [SPHERE:STARS]
  [SPHERE:COURAGE]
  [LAIR:SIMPLE_BURROW:100]
  [NOT_BUTCHERABLE]
  [PET_EXOTIC]
  [EXTRAVISION]
  [NO_DRINK]
  [NOBONES]
  [POPULATION_NUMBER:8:17]
  [CLUSTER_NUMBER:1:4]
  [BIOME:ANY_TEMPERATE_FOREST]
  [BIOME:FOREST_TROPICAL_MOIST_BROADLEAF]
  [BIOME:SAVANNA_TEMPERATE]

[BODY:QUADRUPED_NECK:MOUTH:TRUNK:PROBOSCIS:SPINE:ORGANS:2EYES:NOSE:HUMANOID_JOINTS:BASIC_3PARTLEGS:BRAIN:G
UTS:BODY_EYE:NECK:SKULL:5TOES_RQ_ANON:2EARS:RIBCAGE:2WINGS]
[TISSUE:BRONZE]
  [TISSUE_NAME:bronze:bronze]
  [TISSUE_MATERIAL:INORGANIC:BRONZE]
  [MUSCULAR]
  [FUNCTIONAL]
  [STRUCTURAL]
  [RELATIVE_THICKNESS:2]
  [CONNECTS]
  [TISSUE_SHAPE:LAYER]
[TISSUE_LAYER:BY_CATEGORY:ALL:BRONZE]
[ITEMCORPSE:STATUE:NO_SUBTYPE:INORGANIC:BRONZE]
[ITEMCORPSE_QUALITY:5]
[USE_MATERIAL_TEMPLATE:TALON:NAIL_TEMPLATE]
[USE_TISSUE_TEMPLATE:TALON:TALON_TEMPLATE]
[TISSUE_LAYER:BY_CATEGORY:TOE:TALON:FRONT]
[USE_MATERIAL_TEMPLATE:SINEW:SINEW_TEMPLATE]
[TENDONS:LOCAL_CREATURE_MAT:SINEW:200]
[LIGAMENTS:LOCAL_CREATURE_MAT:SINEW:200]
[HAS_NERVES]
[SPEED:1700]
[USE_MATERIAL_TEMPLATE:BLOOD:BLOOD_TEMPLATE]
[BLOOD:LOCAL_CREATURE_MAT:BLOOD:LIQUID]
[CREATURE_CLASS:GENERAL_POISON]
[GETS_WOUND_INFECTIONS]
[GETS_INFECTIONS_FROM_ROT]
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[PUS:LOCAL_CREATURE_MAT:PUS:LIQUID]
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[BODY_SIZE:1:0:2540170]
[BODY_SIZE:12:0:10160681]
[MAXAGE:37:450]
[CHILD:4]
[ALL_ACTIVE]
[BODY_APPEARANCE_MODIFIER:LENGTH:80:95:98:100:102:105:120]
[ATTACK:SCRATCH:CHILD_TISSUE_LAYER_GROUP:BY_TYPE:STANCE:BY_CATEGORY:ALL:TALON]
  [ATTACK_SKILL:GRASP_STRIKE]
  [ATTACK_VERB:snatch at:snatches at]
  [ATTACK_CONTACT_PERC:100]
  [ATTACK_PENETRATION_PERC:100]
  [ATTACK_FLAG_EDGE]
  [ATTACK_PRIORITY:SECOND]
  [ATTACK_FLAG_WITH]
[ATTACK:KICK:BODYPART:BY_TYPE:STANCE]
  [ATTACK_SKILL:STANCE_STRIKE]
  [ATTACK_VERB:kick:kicks]
  [ATTACK_CONTACT_PERC:100]
  [ATTACK_PRIORITY:MAIN]
  [ATTACK_FLAG_WITH]
[ATTACK:BITE:BODYPART:BY_CATEGORY:MOUTH]
  [ATTACK_SKILL:BITE]
  [ATTACK_VERB:bite:bites]
  [ATTACK_CONTACT_PERC:100]
```

[ATTACK_PRIORITY:MAIN]
[ATTACK_FLAG_CANLATCH]
[ATTACK:BITE:BODYPART:BY_CATEGORY:PROBOSCIS]
[ATTACK_SKILL:BITE]
[ATTACK_VERB:bite:bites]
[ATTACK_CONTACT_PERC:100]
[ATTACK_FLAG_EDGE]
[ATTACK_PRIORITY:MAIN]
[ATTACK_FLAG_CANLATCH]
[SPECIALATTACK_SUCK_BLOOD:25:50]
[SWIMS_INNATE][SWIM_SPEED:2797]
[BODY_DETAIL_PLAN:EGG_MATERIALS]
[CASTE:FEMALE]
[FEMALE]
[LAYS_EGGS]
[EGG_MATERIAL:LOCAL_CREATURE_MAT:EGGSHELL:SOLID]
[EGG_MATERIAL:LOCAL_CREATURE_MAT:EGG_WHITE:LIQUID]
[EGG_MATERIAL:LOCAL_CREATURE_MAT:EGG_YOLK:LIQUID]
[EGG_SIZE:90135.1]
[CLUTCH_SIZE:1:4]
[CASTE:MALE]
[MALE]
[SELECT_CASTE:ALL]
[SET_TL_GROUP:BY_CATEGORY:ALL:SKIN]
[TL_COLOR_MODIFIER:GREEN:1]
[TLCM_NOUN:skin:SINGULAR]

Title: **Re: Demongate**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **March 19, 2014, 07:43:42 pm**

Just change the maxage tag to be higher. Their highest age now is 61.

Title: **Re: Demongate, a Succession Fortress Against Evil**
Post by: **jrrocks05** on **March 19, 2014, 07:53:27 pm**

A royalty that is so badass it can not have children

Title: **Re: Demongate, a Succession Fortress Against Evil**
Post by: **Rhaken** on **March 19, 2014, 08:01:04 pm**

I've noticed something strange.

Everyone on the continent was of unknown parentage, apparently. What gives?

Title: **Re: Demongate**
Post by: **danmanthedog** on **March 19, 2014, 08:06:35 pm**

Quote from: Deus Asmoth on March 19, 2014, 07:43:42 pm
Just change the maxage tag to be higher. Their highest age now is 61.

thanks didn't noticed that.

Title: **Re: Demongate, a Succession Fortress Against Evil**
Post by: **MDFification** on **March 19, 2014, 08:15:15 pm**

Quote from: Rhaken on March 19, 2014, 08:01:04 pm
I've noticed something strange.
Everyone on the continent was of unknown parentage, apparently. What gives?

Remember how I said Vlad had a family history of nobody knowing who their father was?
I didn't mean for that to be universal.

EDIT: I thought of an explanation.
All the dwarves on this continent share one weird cultural trait; all children are raised communally. Heredity wasn't even a concept among the dwarves here until the mass-migration from the old world, which has gradually replaced the old ways continent-wide. This explains the lack of hereditary monarchs or recorded parentage, until Demongate times when old-world traditions become dominant, which they would as families who got to inherit wealth would become naturally dominant over families who just distributed their wealth around upon death.

Fun with Vlad's backstory, since Vlad is apparently a dwarf of nigh-infinite relevance to everything in Demongate: Vlad is a dwarf from the backwaters that still practice the old ways, explaining the accent and his disdain for 'foreigners' who come from the same kingdom as him.

But seriously though, as of right now Vlad has been at the center of every interesting plot development to date, which means he must be about to die pretty ingloriously if I remember how Steelhold typically went correctly. Watch him die from an infected smashed toenail before the first siege arrives.

Title: **Re: Demongate**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **March 19, 2014, 08:17:41 pm**

Everyone? Mask, you didn't accidentally sterilise the entire world when you were modding, did you?

Title: **Re: Demongate, a Succession Fortress Against Evil**
Post by: **jrrocks05** on **March 19, 2014, 08:18:06 pm**

Maybe armok is all of our fathers

Title: **Re: Demongate**
Post by: **MDFification** on **March 19, 2014, 08:29:01 pm**

Quote from: Deus Asmoth on March 19, 2014, 08:17:41 pm
Everyone? Mask, you didn't accidentally sterilise the entire world when you were modding, did you?

I don't even think that's possible to do. If some removed the ability of dwarves to have children, you'd just get an original and final generation. I think worldgen was on long enough that that generation would be gone by now, and there's no known way to affect listed parentage. Although there *was* some mucking about in the raws which I know nothing about.

Title: **Re: Demongate**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **March 19, 2014, 08:47:47 pm**

Hmm. Perhaps it's just because the have been so many wars going on, so everyone gets killed before having children then?

Title: **Re: Demongate**
Post by: **MDFification** on **March 19, 2014, 08:58:08 pm**

Quote from: Deus Asmoth on March 19, 2014, 08:47:47 pm

Hmm. Perhaps it's just because the have been so many wars going on, so everyone gets killed before having children then?

It's probably that the world was genned with the 'only show important persons' or whatever it's called on. That's an option that deletes people who had extremely boring lives. So just by chance, no interesting person has gone on to have an interesting child.

Title: **Re: Demongate, a Succession Fortress Against Evil**
Post by: **danmanthedog** on **March 19, 2014, 09:02:34 pm**

maybe we all are sponges and we bud of from the women or the males beards like little beardslings.

Title: **Re: Demongate**
Post by: **4maskwolf** on **March 19, 2014, 09:04:17 pm**

Quote from: Deus Asmoth on March 19, 2014, 08:17:41 pm

Everyone? Mask, you didn't accidentally sterilise the entire world when you were modding, did you?

Actually, I had to remove the dwarf raw file modification because it wasn't working properly. So no, I didn't screw with that.

Title: **Re: Demongate**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **March 19, 2014, 09:13:40 pm**

Actually, now that I think of it I do usually have the cull unimportant figures option on to save space, so that's probably what it is. My bad.

Title: **Re: Demongate, a Succession Fortress Against Evil**
Post by: **Gnorm** on **March 19, 2014, 09:32:40 pm**

That might slightly hinder Rhaken, though he seems to be doing quite fine anyhow. Also, it gives us a little more freedom if we want to write more complex histories for our characters' families and histories.

Title: **Re: Demongate, a Succession Fortress Against Evil**
Post by: **4maskwolf** on **March 19, 2014, 09:38:13 pm**

Yes, I will be playing my turn. Later. In the meantime, here is a little tidbit for you:

I hereby accept the position as a knight of St. Zane. I swear on my warriors honor to place my duty before all else, even my life. I pledge undying service to our lord Armok, placing my soul in his power. I reject the dark callings of the false gods and shun their greatest tool: magic. I swear to hunt down the cults of the false ones and destroy them, for those who bow to false gods can be shown no mercy. I accept the duties and dangers of my position, and express my willingness to die for my beliefs as the great St. Zane did long ago. I am the sword and the shield, and I accept my calling.

The Knight's Oath

Edit: Asmoth, the turns are in the wrong order.

Title: **Re: Demongate, a Succession Fortress Against Evil**
Post by: **Gnorm** on **March 20, 2014, 01:58:23 am**

Letter from Gnora to Sir Brenzen

Defenses

--

Dear Sir Brenzin,

Now, I know that you've probably got a lot of things to deal with, and if not, you certainly look busy. But now that you're the overseer of this place, I reckon that I need to bring up this issue.

Our fortress is completely exposed, I'm sure that you're aware. Miss Thane never did anything about it, and we're left with nothing more than a big hole in the side of the hill to get inside. I don't mean to doubt that you boys in the militia could take on whatever animals wander these areas, and I haven't seen anything too dangerous, but once the goblins find us, they're bound to attack. All I ask of you is that you round up the mechanics and have them mechinize some traps; it would simply make me less nervous as I work in the farms.

Sinsereely,
Miss Gnora

Title: **Re: Demongate, a Succession Fortress Against Evil**
Post by: **Cinder** on **March 20, 2014, 03:46:10 am**

PTW

Title: **Re: Demongate**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **March 20, 2014, 08:16:09 am**

Thane's Journal.

I'm a bit worried about leaving Brenzen in charge now. He seemed sane enough, but the last time I heard someone talking about peace and righteosness for all dwarfkind, a lot of people got burned at the stake. Perhaps I'm just reading too much into this.

Title: **Re: Demongate, a Succession Fortress Against Evil**
Post by: **Dark Archon** on **March 20, 2014, 01:24:43 pm**

I would like to have a turn, if that is possible.

Title: **Re: Demongate, a Succession Fortress Against Evil**
Post by: **MDFification** on **March 20, 2014, 03:36:05 pm**

Quote from: Dark Archon on March 20, 2014, 01:24:43 pm
I would like to have a turn, if that is possible.

I'm pretty sure you have to make a character before you can get a turn, although its entirely possible they wont' survive until that point and you'll have to make a new one. :-\

Title: **Re: Demongate, a Succession Fortress Against Evil**
Post by: **4maskwolf** on **March 20, 2014, 08:19:28 pm**

Holy crap we have 25 non-overseer plot related posts. Already.

Title: **Re: Demongate**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **March 20, 2014, 08:22:57 pm**

Yeah, you have to have a character present in the fortress to take a turn.

In any case, I was wandering around in adventure mode, and dwarf sites are currently just empty space. I accused the leader of the human civilisation of being a vampire, killed him and then retired on a mountainhome

Title: **Re: Demongate, a Succession Fortress Against Evil**
Post by: **TalonisWolf** on **March 20, 2014, 08:50:43 pm**

Your retiree *founded* the Mountainhome! :)

Title: **Re: Demongate, a Succession Fortress Against Evil**
Post by: **MDFification** on **March 20, 2014, 08:58:59 pm**

Quote from: 4maskwolf on March 20, 2014, 08:19:28 pm
Holy crap we have 25 non-overseer plot related posts. Already.

To be fair, some of that is just Vlad-related tomfoolery that can easily be ignored by the reader without missing out on what's happening.

Title: **Re: Demongate, a Succession Fortress Against Evil**
Post by: **jrrocks05** on **March 20, 2014, 09:03:24 pm**

Oh and demonic butterfly cat tomfoolery

Title: **Re: Demongate, a Succession Fortress Against Evil**
Post by: **TalonisWolf** on **March 20, 2014, 09:07:09 pm**

Quote from: jrrocks05 on March 20, 2014, 09:03:24 pm
Oh and demonic butterfly cat tomfoolery

Guilty. But I was a mere accomplice!

Title: **Re: Demongate**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **March 20, 2014, 09:38:54 pm**

That reminds me, have I missed anyone asking to be overseer besides Archon?

Title: **Re: Demongate, a Succession Fortress Against Evil**
Post by: **4maskwolf** on **March 20, 2014, 10:00:42 pm**

Alright, expect the first game update tomorrow or Saturday. I'm busy until then, my apologies.

Title: **Re: Demongate, a Succession Fortress Against Evil**
Post by: **Gnorm** on **March 21, 2014, 02:33:16 am**

Wrote a little poem about the fortress so far.

"Demongate - A Beginning"

Seven dwarves on this journey came
To build an outpost in the ground.
To strong metal they've set their claim
To fight their foe when it is found.
When will their teethéd foe be found?
When will their teethéd foe be found?

By Thane's will they did strike the earth,
She pierced the water in the sand.
They could then rest in Dwarven mirth,
'til against their foe they must stand.
When will they meet that monstrous band?
When will they meet that monstrous band?

Tables have been built, trees cut down,
And more will come with future turns.
But ne'er shall Gnora cease to frown
At Vladimir whom she will spurn.
When will that farm-girl ever learn?
When will that farm-girl ever learn?

Now a new leader in this land
Who leads his life in holy oath
Shall take this fort in his command
To lead us from our Dwarven sloth.
When will we fall to Dwarven sloth?
When will we fall to Dwarven sloth?

Title: **Re: Demongate, a Succession Fortress Against Evil**
Post by: **Senshuken** on **March 21, 2014, 04:07:50 am**

Memo: Ask around subtly to see if anyone is running a betting book for how the new management is going to play out. Need to learn how to calculate probability so that I may set up such a book myself.

Title: **Re: Demongate, a Succession Fortress Against Evil**
Post by: **MDFification** on **March 21, 2014, 08:25:35 am**

Alright. Having looked over the fort, a few brief suggestions:

- We should get started on a defensive palisade, and make the entrance seal-able before the first thieves start to show up.
- A surface barracks would also be a good idea to prevent military cave adaptation.
- That aquifer can be harnessed to make a good reservoir for a prospective hospital if you build a drain.

That is all.

Title: **Re: Demongate, a Succession Fortress Against Evil**
Post by: **Senshuken** on **March 21, 2014, 09:01:18 am**

Here is an idea for defenses for you:

Step 1: we dig a a large, moat like tench but we don't fill it with water... yet.

Step 2: We fill that tench with as many sharp, pointy things that we can produce. An important factor for this step is that they need to be made out of things that don't rust.

Step 3: We fill our spike filled tench with water... and if possible, small meat eating fish. Helps keep our death moat clean and all.

Thoughts?

Title: **Re: Demongate, a Succession Fortress Against Evil**
Post by: **MDFification** on **March 21, 2014, 09:10:19 am**

Quote from: Senshuken on March 21, 2014, 09:01:18 am

Here is an idea for defenses for you:

Step 1: we dig a a large, moat like tench but we don't fill it with water... yet.

Step 2: We fill that tench with as many sharp, pointy things that we can produce. An important factor for this step is that they need to be made out of things that don't rust.

Step 3: We fill our spike filled tench with water... and if possible, small meat eating fish. Helps keep our death moat clean and all.

Thoughts?

The thing is that in this game fall damage is pretty broken. We can't dig the trench very deep here because we'll hit the aquifer, so fall damage won't be that significant. So we could build it as a drowning trap, but the spikes are kind of superfluous. You'd still have to build a wall though to block arrows, so I prefer to just though that. In my experience my militia has a bad habit of dodging into the trench and drowning themselves. I do like to use trenches to force enemies to path into optimal range of archery towers though.

Title: **Re: Demongate, a Succession Fortress Against Evil**
Post by: **jrrocks05** on **March 21, 2014, 09:17:07 am**

as much as my dwarf hates the sun we should probably build the barracks outside. i like the wall idea better.

Title: **Re: Demongate**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **March 21, 2014, 01:33:26 pm**

Yeah, the inside barracks was just intended as a placeholder until we can build one outside. We could also power a lot of water wheels using the river, though I'm not sure if there's anything useful we could do with the power they could produce. Maybe we could pump up some magma once we find it, or get a defensive ring of supersonic minecarts.

Title: **Re: Demongate, a Succession Fortress Against Evil**
Post by: **TalonisWolf** on **March 21, 2014, 01:53:37 pm**

Quote from: Senshuken on March 21, 2014, 09:01:18 am

...

Step 3: We fill our spike filled tench with water... and if possible, small meat eating fish. Helps keep our death moat clean and all.

Thoughts?

One word: Carp.

Title: **Re: Demongate, a Succession Fortress Against Evil**
Post by: **jrrocks05** on **March 21, 2014, 06:15:57 pm**

That's a carptastic idea

Title: **Re: Demongate, a Succession Fortress Against Evil**
Post by: **MDFification** on **March 21, 2014, 08:15:18 pm**

RIP Carp of yore.

Title: **Re: Demongate, a Succession Fortress Against Evil**
Post by: **4maskwolf** on **March 22, 2014, 11:58:43 am**

An update for everyone:
The game is going to be played, it just may take me a while. I'm going to start on the first update once I figure out what I want to do with this fort.

Title: **Re: Demongate, a Succession Fortress Against Evil**
Post by: **4maskwolf** on **March 22, 2014, 01:12:22 pm**

The diary of Sir Brenzen the Bold, Knight of St. Zane,
1 Granite:
Today, Thane announced her resignation and asked me to take charge of the fortress. I humbly accepted the honor, and promised change to the dwarves who have come here. Tarmid was the only one who seemed happy about it, but the others will come around in time.
I have gotten many concerned notices about the state of our current defenses, and I must say that this fortress must improve in order to become the great citadel it is meant to be. The first order of business will be an outdoor barracks as one of the only entrances into the fortress as a whole, in order to restrict hostiles from coming in and out. I personally am going to take up the pick once again and dig out an area to process all of this gypsum we have lying around into useful plaster powder, as well as the creation of a safe area to get water from. As is, the fortress is a big mess. The pastures have been moved closer to the entrance of the fortress in order to prevent invading forces from killing our livestock.
4 Slate:
More dwarves have come to join our great colony. Normally I would welcome them in, but resources are pinched right now. I only hope that they come with useful skillsets.
7 Slate:
Well there sure were a lot of them. None of them particularly stood out, almost all of them were farmers, rangers, or fishers of some sort or another.
14 Felsite:
An Elven caravan has arrived. While I have no love for the elves, it would be good of us not to get them on our bad side. We do not need more enemies than we already have. We must always maintain hope that the elves will someday see the light we have, and join us in peace and harmony.
19 Felsite:
The Fractal guy decided to trade with the elves quickly, and we exchanged dwarven made crafts for a wide assortment of items, ranging from food to cages animals. I also order quite a bit of cloth and other hospital supplies be purchased, in order to plan for the future.
7 Hematite:
The defenses are partially complete, but the barracks needs to have a ceiling put over it before the other military members will enter it. Cowards. Why fear the sun when there are so many other things to fear?

Title: **Re: Demongate, a Succession Fortress Against Evil**
Post by: **MDFification** on **March 22, 2014, 03:42:23 pm**

Journal of Vlad, Number 3
Vlad still is not understandingk how Brenzen means to give us the honor and the dignity he seems so concerned about, as I am hazy on subject, but Brenzen is doingk bang up job! Demongate finally has the makingks of a fortress now, yes? Valls and gates and so on. Ve also seem to be stockpiling medical supplies, which Vlad appreciates very much, thank you, because I like to be keepingk my body in single piece, yes? Brezen does not seem to have the *discretion*; maybe it is because he is fancy Knight, but he barely even lowers voice to discuss plans and strategy vith that scribe of his. Maybe where he comes from you would just be expectingk people not to listen?

Ve also have new barracks. Vlad is not sure vhat Brenzen is thinkingk, but I for one need a roof above my head, yes? Knight seems to be very different from soldier from vhat I can tell right now. Ve will no doubt be sleeping in the barracks frequently; keepingk the sun, rain and snow off us is an important part. He really just needs to give us a roof over the beds.

Anyway important thingk to be notingk is that Knights seem a little less savy than us soldiers, and that is not good trait in commandingk officer. Not that Vlad vill be sayingk anythingk - unless Vlad finds good alcohol - but vorrying, yes? Ve vill have to see how his instincts are in battle. At least he is good at fightingk with pick - good sign. If he insisted on sword or something fancy, Vlad would be thinkingk he is some sort of *noble*, yes?

Title: **Re: Demongate, a Succession Fortress Against Evil**
Post by: **Gnorm** on **March 22, 2014, 04:37:00 pm**

Gnora's Journal
Brenzen's Army
--
This Brenzin fellow certainly is an hard working type; I ask him to trap the entrance to this fortress and he moves the entire militia outside. I'm not sure I knowed a fellow with such devotion to the defense of a fort. Back at home, our militia was usually late coming out of their barracks down bellow. Still, I'm not certain that this knight's all right in the head. He seems awfully tense about this whole thing, even with all those goblins that come to ruin ever'thing, I don't know of too many threats. I'll make a point to talk to him as soon as my current batch of beer is finished.

Title: **Re: Demongate, a Succession Fortress Against Evil**
Post by: **jrrocks05** on **March 22, 2014, 06:43:33 pm**

JOURNAL ENTRY 3 Thanatos

This brenzin fellow seems to have the right idea in mind. Defenses are needed and he has begun making them. The focus of this fortress was to block any bloodkin attacks we must remember that. While i don't mind the idea of outdoor barracks i in fact wanted them we still need a ceiling. we are in fact all dwarves...i hope. If thane can faked being male could somebody fake being a dwarf?

Title: **Re: Demongate, a Succession Fortress Against Evil**
Post by: **TalonisWolf** on **March 22, 2014, 06:58:17 pm**

You forgot to capitalize that last sentence. Nicely done otherwise.

Edit: 'i' instead of 'I' as well. Opps, indeed.

Title: **Re: Demongate, a Succession Fortress Against Evil**
Post by: **jrrocks05** on **March 22, 2014, 07:19:40 pm**

Oops

Title: **Re: Demongate**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **March 22, 2014, 07:41:40 pm**

*Pound your steel until it fits,
But bash your foes to bloody bits.*
-from the Song of the Forges, Verse of the Hammer.

Brenzen is planning to move the militia above ground. Presumably, that means we'll be getting more recruits, so I'll get to practice my craft properly. Of course, for that we'll need copper or iron, but our defences are more important than exploration I guess.

Vlad seems to approve of him so far, which is a pleasant enough surprise. I was half expecting him to try annoy Brenzen for fun, but he seems happy enough with how the knight is handling things. I haven't seen much first hand, what with updating our records and smelting ores.

Title: **Re: Demongate, a Succession Fortress Against Evil**
Post by: **4maskwolf** on **March 22, 2014, 07:51:15 pm**

Does anyone mind if I take on a kind of named NPC? It'll make sense for the story.

Title: **Re: Demongate, a Succession Fortress Against Evil**
Post by: **jrrocks05** on **March 22, 2014, 08:06:35 pm**

no not really but only use the NPC when you absolutely **need** him

Title: **Re: Demongate, a Succession Fortress Against Evil**
Post by: **danmanthedog** on **March 22, 2014, 08:12:22 pm**

Hmm it seems that the army is moving topside for training... good for them everybody need some sun energy. Not everybody knows this but we came from plants so we need the sun to work right, also it seems that I checked the history book and it look like the legendary Spimmator is extinct which is indeed a shame I heard they were born from the god of metals himself gifted with bronze skin.

Title: **Re: Demongate**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **March 22, 2014, 08:33:03 pm**

Yeah, naming an npc should be fine just as long as we don't end up with a fortress full of them.

Title: **Re: Demongate, a Succession Fortress Against Evil**
Post by: **4maskwolf** on **March 22, 2014, 08:41:12 pm**

That awkward moment when everyone realizes that all of the PC's have been dead for 10 years, but their deaths were lost amidst the named NPC's.

Title: **Re: Demongate, a Succession Fortress Against Evil**
Post by: **Gnorm** on **March 22, 2014, 08:55:33 pm**

Gnora's Journal
Dantheman
--
Now, I was off work recently, and I happened to run into Dantheman. I reckoned that I could get a good conversation out of him, so I tried to make some small-talk with him. It went well for a little while, but then he began to say some odd things like, for example, that dwarves were actually desendents of plants and that we need to photosinthesize. I love watching plants grow, but I am certainly not a plant! I like to ran away in horror from hearing his crazy ramblings. I'll have to make sure to avoid him from now on.

Title: **Re: Demongate**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **March 22, 2014, 09:51:48 pm**

By the way, if you have Brenzen in the army with mining enabled, doesn't that mean he'll keep dropping his weapon before following any orders?

Title: **Re: Demongate**
Post by: **4maskwolf** on **March 22, 2014, 09:56:04 pm**

Quote from: Deus Asmoth on March 22, 2014, 09:51:48 pm
By the way, if you have Brenzen in the army with mining enabled, doesn't that mean he'll keep dropping his weapon before following any orders?
Probably. When I give him full time military duties he will have mining disabled.

Title: **Re: Demongate, a Succession Fortress Against Evil**
Post by: **4maskwolf** on **March 23, 2014, 01:10:32 pm**

*25 Hematite:
The barracks is complete, and soon I will be making the announcement. Today, however, my plans were interrupted by Brother Cornelius, who burst into my office babbling something about a great plan and divine inspiration. He demanded a mason's workshop, and while I am loath to lose the production of building materials I eventually acquiesced to his demands. Divine inspiration from Armok himself cannot be denied.*
*1 Malachite:
Today I was informed that Brother Cornelius has initiated work on his project. I am told that he has gathered various stones in addition to some cloth and rough gemstones. We are truly blessed that he did not require any materials we did not have access to.*
*5 Malachite:
Brother Cornelius has completed a most wonderful statue to grace our fortress. Truly, this is a sign of Armok's blessings he intends to bestow upon us. I have had it placed at the entrance to the dining hall for all to see.*
*20 Malachite:
Today is the day of the announcement. The time has come for this fortress to be held accountable for its flaws and find forgiveness. Today the Knighthood shall establish a new chapter here, in the wilderness, as a beacon against the darkness. Today, we shall rise, together, into a new age of prosperity.*

Title: **Re: Demongate, a Succession Fortress Against Evil**
Post by: **4maskwolf** on **March 23, 2014, 01:23:24 pm**

*"Dwarves of Demongate!"
Brenzen's voice boomed over the silent crowd of dwarves.
"I don't suppose any of you understand why you were called here today?"
Brenzen paused for a moment, the silence providing all the answer he needed.
"I see. As some of you will recall, when I took charge of the fortress I made a promise to all of you. I promised to bring this fortress into righteousness and glory, to purify this fortress of the evil that taints the world. And now I am here to fulfill my promises.*

In order to obtain Armok's blessing, he must be pleased with a great sacrifice by us. But what do we have to sacrifice? One of you, and only one, shall submit to a ritual in which you will die for the good of the fortress. In doing so, we shall claim Armok's blessing and bring the world into a new age of glory and righteousness.
I must warn you, only one with pure heart and beliefs shall be deemed worthy by Armok.
Now, decide. Who shall volunteer themselves for this glorious cause?"

Title: **Re: Demongate, a Succession Fortress Against Evil**
Post by: **danmanthedog** on **March 23, 2014, 01:37:29 pm**

Quote from: 4maskwolf on March 23, 2014, 01:23:24 pm

"Dwarves of Demongate!"
Brenzen's voice boomed over the silent crowd of dwarves.
"I don't suppose any of you understand why you were called here today?"
Brenzen paused for a moment, the silence providing all the answer he needed.
"I see. As some of you will recall, when I took charge of the fortress I made a promise to all of you. I promised to bring this fortress into righteousness and glory, to purify this fortress of the evil that taints the world. And now I am here to fulfill my promises.
In order to obtain Armok's blessing, he must be pleased with a great sacrifice by us. But what do we have to sacrifice? One of you, and only one, shall submit to a ritual in which you will die for the good of the fortress. In doing so, we shall claim Armok's blessing and bring the world into a new age of glory and righteousness.
I must warn you, only one with pure heart and beliefs shall be deemed worthy by Armok.
Now, decide. Who shall volunteer themselves for this glorious cause?"

"Are you insane you crazy fool, we must do sacrifice do the goddess of metals, she will bless us with the almighty blue steel it self.

Title: **Re: Demongate, a Succession Fortress Against Evil**
Post by: **TalonisWolf** on **March 23, 2014, 01:48:24 pm**

"What is this 'task' we be volunteering for? Imma not gonna do annathing unless I know what you are askin' us to give our life for!"

Title: **Re: Demongate**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **March 23, 2014, 02:58:01 pm**

Thane drew back silently. It was just as bad as she had feared, and the knight was soon going to lose patience with the crowd. Then blood would be spilled, and she wasn't sure whose. Pushing through the crowd, she grabbed Vladamir before he could say anything and tried to pull him out of the room.

Title: **Re: Demongate, a Succession Fortress Against Evil**
Post by: **MDFification** on **March 23, 2014, 03:04:09 pm**

Vlad made no objection as he was hustled away from the scene. If Thane's hand hadn't been over his mouth, his suggestion that Brenzen do it himself might have caused trouble Vlad didn't want. Armokdamned Knights.
In hindsight, asking if he could have the sacrifice's cloths probably wouldn't have gone over well either. Vlad thanked his luck for giving him Thane yet again.

Title: **Re: Demongate, a Succession Fortress Against Evil**
Post by: **jrrocks05** on **March 23, 2014, 03:21:24 pm**

Thanatos quickly moved back in to the shadows. Moving like the very darkness itself moving away from the crowd. He knew that having a man of religion as a leader was a bad idea. If he forces someone into this there will be consequences. I may kill people but this is MADNESS. The type of madness that must be stopped. If he forces someone into this he better sleep with one eye open..... for i reap the lives of the unjust.....

Title: **Re: Demongate, a Succession Fortress Against Evil**
Post by: **danmanthedog** on **March 23, 2014, 03:26:59 pm**

Spoiler (click to show/hide)
Is Vlad the girl who was thought to be a guy or was that Thanatos?
Hmm I still don't just that Thanatos he is to sneaky and I once read a book back at my village in the shaman's tent. It said that Thanatos was once a unholy creature of death incarnated itself who brought the end of the hobbogoblin race. If this story is true then he must be watch every second of the day.

Title: **Re: Demongate, a Succession Fortress Against Evil**
Post by: **jrrocks05** on **March 23, 2014, 03:28:26 pm**

It was thane who was secretly a girl.

Title: **Re: Demongate, a Succession Fortress Against Evil**
Post by: **MDFification** on **March 23, 2014, 08:06:43 pm**

Spoilers; He's going to kill the NPC.

Title: **Re: Demongate**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **March 23, 2014, 08:24:26 pm**

I think that the sacrifice may end up possessed instead of dead.

Title: **Re: Demongate, a Succession Fortress Against Evil**
Post by: **Gnorm** on **March 23, 2014, 08:36:45 pm**

Gnora stood amidst the crowd gathered before Sir Brenzen. She could hardly believe the words that had come from his mouth, that he was willing to kill a working dwarf to satisfy assuage his bizarre paranoia. Was *this* what all of the strange movements in the militia was leading up to? Gnora had no reason to think that this fortress was any more corrupted than her old one; the knight was, quite clearly, mad.

"This is murder!" she cried, "Why sacrifice a dwarf when you could sacrifice an animal!"

Title: **Re: Demongate, a Succession Fortress Against Evil**
Post by: **danmanthedog** on **March 23, 2014, 08:57:34 pm**

"Quiet Gnorm how dare you think that the goddess of the metals will take a lowly animal soul instead of a being.... unless... yes that could work well for her. I propose that we try to capture a Forgotten one for the sacrifice then both Armok and the goddess will both be pleased with us!"

Title: **Re: Demongate, a Succession Fortress Against Evil**
Post by: **4maskwolf** on **March 23, 2014, 09:06:50 pm**

Amidst cries of protest, Sir Brenzen stood unflinching, holding his pickaxe out to hold the other dwarves at bay. He steadfastly ignored the cries and complaints of the dwarves around him, watching the crowd with a dispassionate face. Finally, over the hubub, a voice was heard,
"I will."
Everybody turned to the speaker. They knew her by the name of Olin, an expert dyer who had immigrated to the fortress with her husband recently. The dwarves watched in horrified silence as she strode forward, her head bowed.
Sir Brenzen looked down at her, "You would be willing to sacrifice yourself for the good of the fortress."
Olin swallowed hard, but nodded.
"Then kneel."
Olin kneeled on the ground, and Sir Brenzen strode forward, placing the point of his pick on her head. In an emotionless voice, he proclaimed, "By the power invested in me as a low magebane by the grand master of my order, I find you worthy."
He lifted his pickaxe as every dwarf watched in horror.
"With the power bestowed in me, I pronounce you..."
He brought the pickaxe down hard, then stopped, placing it gently to the top of her head once more.
"...worthy of the honor of the knighthood. Rise, Lady Olin, and if you wish, you may take the vows of the knighthood."
Olin rose to her feet, a look of awe and wonder on her face. Brenzen extended his pick towards her, saying, "If you take these vows, you have bound yourself to protect this fortress at all costs. You will almost certainly perish in the heat of combat eventually, but your life will save the lives of many others. Are you willing to accept this burden and take on the mantle of Knight of St. Zane?"
The look of awe never leaving her face, Olin nodded, placing one hand on the outstretched pick.
"Then repeat after me the oath of the order.
I hereby accept the position as a knight of St. Zane..."

Edit: You all totally fell for it.

Title: **Re: Demongate, a Succession Fortress Against Evil**
Post by: **MDFification** on **March 23, 2014, 09:19:52 pm**

Quote from: 4maskwolf on March 23, 2014, 09:06:50 pm
Edit: You all totally fell for it.

A man can hope for a fortress christened in (someone else's) blood, Mask. A man can hope.

Title: **Re: Demongate**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **March 23, 2014, 09:24:00 pm**

Thane's Journal.
Just when I thought it couldn't get any worse. At least if he'd killed the woman, it'd all be over and done with. Now, Brenzen's going to raise an army of zealots, loyal to this 'St Zane' of his. And of course, they'll be loyal to Zane's mouthpiece as well. Damn it all. Vlad says I'm just thinking too much about it all, and he's probably right, but the look on Olin's face was frightening.

I can't do anything about it at the moment, but I also can't let Demongate turn into a den of madmen. Why can't they see that we don't need kings or gods, just people willing to fight for each other?

Title: **Re: Demongate, a Succession Fortress Against Evil**
Post by: **Gnorm** on **March 23, 2014, 09:33:51 pm**

Gnora was about to respond to the crazy dwarf that had yelled in response to her outburst -- who had also mispronounced her name -- but she was cut off by the volunteer's voice. Gnora was trembling; she did not want this to happen, but she couldn't find her voice again. She covered her eyes in anticipation for the sacrifice, but quickly found out that Brenzen had no intention of murdering the dwarf. She felt her face turn red with embarrassment, and she wished that she could withdraw her earlier statement. All she could hope for was a legitimate reason for this selection, for she did not want the experience to be for nothing.

Title: **Re: Demongate, a Succession Fortress Against Evil**
Post by: **4maskwolf** on **March 23, 2014, 09:49:12 pm**

After the oath was finished, Brenzen asked Olin to return to the crowd and addressed the other dwarves,
"You may wonder the reason behind what you have just seen. For surely, you think, I could have just appointed another knight, should they have wanted it. This may be so, but this was an example to you all. In the face of danger, only one of you was willing to die so that the others would live. Only one of you had the courage to do what all dwarves boast about. Only one of you could work past your fear and offer yourself up, convinced you were going to die.
A time of darkness is upon us, I fear, and it will take the courage of many to maintain the light of dwarvenkind. In time, many of you will answer the call to protect, whether as a knight or a guard or a member of the militia. How, and when, is up to you. But when you do, remember this day. Remember the courage of Olin here, who was willing to die for all of you, even those she did not know. Remember your family and friends, those who are worth dying to protect. For while our fortress might fall before the onrushing darkness, we must make it so that if that happens, our sacrifice will be the one that breaks the back of the darkness, that ensures that the light of dwarvenkind will shine for all generations. This is the task set forth for us by forces both mundane and mystical, and at this task we must not fail. Remember that I am one of you, and that I will die to protect the fortress and all of its inhabitants.
May the light of Armok light your paths."
With that, Brenzen signaled that the meeting was over, and the crowd began to disperse.

Title: **Re: Demongate, a Succession Fortress Against Evil**
Post by: **danmanthedog** on **March 23, 2014, 10:09:40 pm**

Quote from: Gnorm on March 23, 2014, 09:33:51 pm
Gnora was about to respond to the crazy dwarf that had yelled in response to her outburst -- who had also mispronounced her name -- but she was cut off by the volunteer's voice. Gnora was trembling; she did not want this to happen, but she couldn't find her voice again. She covered her eyes in anticipation for the sacrifice, but quickly found out that Brenzen had no intention of murdering the dwarf. She felt her face turn red with embarrassment, and she wished that she could withdraw her earlier statement. All she could hope for was a legitimate reason for this selection, for she did not want the experience to be for nothing.

Hmm I didn't know that sorry for that also really I want to sacrifice something to please the Great goddess!

Title: **Re: Demongate, a Succession Fortress Against Evil**
Post by: **Gnorm** on **March 23, 2014, 10:10:36 pm**

Gnora's Journal
Brenzen's Stunt
--
That confounded Brenzin! Today he called us all into the meeting hall and told us that one of us was to become a sacrifice. A small fight was breaking out, but one dwarf stepped up to offer herself. I do declare that I was downright frightened for her life, but just then Brenzin simply knights her instead! He then begins to go on about how "she was the bravest" and that "we all must give our lives to fight the darkness." I think that knight is a nervous wreck; he ought to have some beer and a long rest.

Actually, I have begun to fear that knight. He moves the soldiers to the entrance of the fortress, constantly warns us about some

imagined darkness, and now he pulls this stunt. Now that I think about it, I realize that the he was just trying to recruit another body-guard. In fact, I wouldn't be surprised if he set the dwarf's volunteering up himself. But what could he possibly want? There's no money to steal and the gobs ain't here yet. Perhaps...

No, I cannot dream such a thing. Surely Brenzin at least believes that he's doing the fort good. Banish those thoughts of your's or you going to get yourself hurt!

Title: **Re: Demongate, a Succession Fortress Against Evil**
Post by: **peregarrett** on **March 24, 2014, 04:16:41 am**

Where am I? Who am I?... well, it's overreaction, I think. I am me, Brother Cornelius. And I'm here, in the masonry workshop. And what am I doing here? Aha, the statue. I must have been asked to carry the statue somewhere.. no? Have I made it myself? Wow. Don't remember anything... what was that - an old-matured dwarven wine with a handful of quarry bush leaves? Or rum coctail with emeral dye powder? Shit, I have to recall! Should try every stuff I drank yesterday and record the effect...

What does the statue describes, btw?

What's thre? I'm busy exprmntin on myself.. hic! Ser Brenzn is calln for metng? Ookay... Got to record it for the chronicles
"Dwarves of Demongate!"
writing dorfes of Dmengate
"I don't suppose any of you understand why you were called here today?"

writing why we ur her tday
Oh, a srprize! I llike srprizes! Cheers!
"As some of you will recall, when I took charge of the fortress I made a promise to all of you. I promised to bring this fortress into righteousness and glory, to purify this fortress of the evil that taints the world. And now I am here to fulfill my promises."
writing in chrgе to glory evil take over the wrld, my promise. Eh.. wut?
In order to obtain Armok's blessing, he must be pleased with a great sacrifice by us. But what do we have to sacrifice? One of you, and only one, shall submit to a ritual in which you will die for the good of the fortress. In doing so, we shall claim Armok's blessing and bring the world into a new age of glory and righteousness.

writing s-a-c-r-i-f-i-c-e only 1 ritual for the god Armok new age glory. Is he crazy?!
I must warn you, only one with pure heart and beliefs shall be deemed worthy by Armok. Now, decide. Who shall volunteer themselves for this glorious cause?"
slaps the writing plaque Hey Bretzn, what's al the action about? Ar ur crazy?! *steps on someone's cat and falls upside down causing a disorder in the crowd* Hey, Shut up ever'one I don't hear a word!
Olin nominates herself and Bretzen knights her
Ah, that's was it. Not a great deal. Got to pr'pare the hosptal, 'cause the's gonna be some woundies soon. *writes* Olin is a new knight of St. Zane. Armok help us all.

Title: **Re: Demongate, a Succession Fortress Against Evil**
Post by: **Rhaken** on **March 24, 2014, 07:19:32 am**

"It is said that in the latter days, no dwarf could have bested St. Rhaken in the ring of honor. Yet it is known that St. Zane had slain scores of enemies, far more than the Elder Saint. In some accounts, it is recorded that the Divine Priest routed entire sieges single-handed. Divine inspiration, you say. Yet if that is true, why did St. Zane perish in demonfire, as did St. Rhaken?"

Cilob Helmedswallow, 23rd Grandmaster of the Knights of St. Zane
Knight's Folly, Ch. 17, Discourse III, vv. 1-2

Tarmid set the tome down. Grandmaster Cilob was a point of contention for many of the Knights. The more devout numbers denounced his writings as borderline heretical, while the more practical took his lessons to heart. Tarmid could not bring himself to agree with either party. Especially since most of them never read past the second verse.

Rising from his chair, he moved to the neat stacks of books in the corner of his office - feeling the need for some filing cabinets - to pick up another volume, one the Order had been kind enough to procure for him and send along in the caravan. As he reached the pile, there was a knock on his office door.

"Come in."

It was Thane, founder of Demongate, here to pick up the work orders. After exchanging pleasantries, Tarmid handed her a stack of papers. After some small talk, Thane left the office, leaving Tarmid to his own devices. A pity she was involved with Vladamir. She was a comely lass, and intelligent to boot. Oh well. He would have to fish elsewhere. At least Vlad was in good hands.

Back to the books. He bobbed around the stacks to the ones at the very back, just far enough from the wall to avoid dampness or damage. He carefully lifted an armful of books, revealing a small but sturdy granite coffer. The scribe heaved the coffer into his arms and carried it back to the center of the room, laying it upon his desk after clearing it of papers.

Tarmid's shoulders slumped. He lit the sacred candle, warmed his hands in its flame. Then he knelt and prayed, as is mandatory before tackling this particular type of literature. Only faith and a will of steel could shield his mind from the temptations of knowledge such as this.

His prayers over, he opened his eyes and rose, watching the stone box as one would watch a violent madman. The flickering candlelight played upon its ornate surface. The signet of the order on the lid cast a quavering, unstable blackness. On the front, below the lock, carven figures danced in shadows, writhing in the glow. Their twisted features sneered at Tarmid, their shifting maws almost talking to him, beckoning, insulting, baying for his immortal soul.

The scribe took a deep breath, waiting for his stomach to settle. Then he unsealed the lock and lifted the lid. Inside the chest was a single tome, bound in moonstone, as the original was said to be. Tarmid lifted the book and laid it down on his desk like it was made of crystal glass. He opened it to the title page, doing all he could not to stare at the flickering abominations at the corner of his vision.

He read the title, written in the human language.

My Thoughts on Death
by Amsan Jestedbow
Uncensored Replica
Custody of the Order of St. Zane
For Higher Scribes Only

Added preface by Solon Entryboots,
14th Grandmaster of the Order of St. Zane

After a short prayer, Tarmid turned to the preface, the only section of the book written in dwarven. A call for caution and discretion lasting three pages, wherein the Grandmaster warned against putting anything within the book into practice, under pain of execution. A similar preface could be found in all such forbidden tomes. It invariably ended with a quote attributed to St. Rhaken, patron of strategists.

'Know your enemy. Know yourself. Or you may never know victory.'

Tarmid turned to the first page of the book proper, once again in the human tongue. He steeled himself, shoulders tensing, and began to read.

It was time to know the enemy.

Title: **Re: Demongate, a Succession Fortress Against Evil**
Post by: **danmanthedog** on **March 24, 2014, 08:53:00 am**

"I know we must have more information about thanatos in the fort some where but I just can't walk up to the overseer and ask him, hmmm wait maybe the bookkeep has one." Knock, Knock. " Tarmid you in there, hello. Dang hes not he... that smell and this feeling.... black tomes! t]The deepest sealed books of black magic and nightmare creatures, if Tarmid has one then something is really going on in the fort. I got to find out more information."

Title: **Re: Demongate, a Succession Fortress Against Evil**
Post by: **4maskwolf** on **March 24, 2014, 09:38:14 am**

Sir Brenzen sat in his room, pondering the ritual candle in front of him. Even though he was not privy to the going's on in the world, he knew the bloodkin were coming. Something deep in his bones told him that this mission was certain death, and yet he had faced this mission like any other. The others, however... how did they not know. Today was the St. Rhaken's day, a day for planning and setting plans into motion. That was why he had chosen this day, the 20th of Malachite, to make his announcement. The fortress would have to be strong to face the oncoming darkness, and for that the military had to be expanded. There were many who would hate him for the stunt he just pulled, many who would call him mad, but everythinig he did was for the good of the fortress. With a sigh, he lit the candle that sat on the table before him. He bowed his head and prayed, "St. Rhaken, great leader, please assist your followers. Guide them, instruct them, and most of all, teach then, for without you they are disorganized and unsteady." Sir Brenzen paused for a moment, then deviated from the script of the prayer, "I know you are the patron saint of the scribes, but we will soon find ourselves at the crossroads of history, a time when darkness clashes against light. By you and all of the other saints, we will fight, but without guidance we will fall." Sir Brenzen sat back, then began reciting the nightly rituals...

Olin descended into the fortress, seeking out Tarmid. The duties of the knighthood felt overwhelming, and she needed to talk to someone associated with the knighthood who wasn't Sir Brenzen. Sir Brenzen was a good teacher, but he was not the most understanding dwarf, and she felt like Tarmid was a dwarf she could rely on for help. Tentatively, she knocked on his door, "Tarmid?" There was no response from the other side, and she slowly pushed the door open. The room was bigger than she had thoughts, desks and bookshelves scattered around the room haphazardly. Tarmid did not seem to be present. She turned to leave, but a faint glow from the other side of the room caught her eye. She cautiously approached the source of the glow, a book on a small shelf in the corner of the room. The books around it were covered in horrific pictures, and she dared not look at them, but this one... there was something special about it. She pulled it from the shelf, looking at the cover. In dwarven, the title said:
The Codex Arcana: Ancient Secrets of Dwarvenkind
She stared, fascinated, for some time, then put the book in her backpack and left the room. Surely there was no harm in borrowing this book for a while...

Title: **Re: Demongate, a Succession Fortress Against Evil**
Post by: **Senshuken** on **March 24, 2014, 10:21:25 am**

Ooohh boy... Where to begin here...

Sir Brenzen pulled off one hell of a stunt yesterday. I personally wasn't there since I need to ensure that one of the tunnels wasn't going to just randomly collapse but from what I heard of it... This is the sort of thing you only get to get away with once!

Still, seemingly unlike any of the others, I do remember why Demongate was founded. We're here in order to act as a first line of defense against horrors from across the sea and I must confess that the fact that Sir Brenzen is taking that duty seriously despite the current lack of mind shattering monsters from the depths of hell itself is comforting but that didn't stop me from managing to work a few minutes into my day to speak with our knightly overseer about yesterdays event.

I was respectful towards him because I honestly do get what he was trying to do and I told him as such, but I was rather blunt when I warned him that if he tried to pull some bullshit like this again with the dwarves of this fortress, it would do more harm then good. I'm not quite sure how he took it, since he should have a lot of training to fall back on to remain calm even when angered and I needed to get back to work, but hopefully I'm not going to find myself impaled in my sleep for speaking my mind to him.

Well, only one way to find out...

Title: **Re: Demongate**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **March 24, 2014, 10:35:30 am**

How do you all want to handle the turn list here, by the way? Should we just cycle through the list again once we reach the last player, or have everyone request additional turns again?

Title: **Re: Demongate: Battling Blood**
Post by: **Sarrak** on **March 24, 2014, 11:20:58 am**

It's better to request in my opinion. Some other players, who don't have a lot of time for now, may try when they have a free week or two, and it can be otherwise for someone on the list.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Battling Blood**
Post by: **danmanthedog** on **March 24, 2014, 01:07:49 pm**

I also agree on requesting.

Title: **Re: Demongate**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **March 24, 2014, 01:44:03 pm**

Ok then. Oh, Tarmid's not the bookkeeper, Dan. Unless Mask changed the nobles, Tarmid's the manager and Thane's the bookkeeper.

Title: **Re: Demongate**
Post by: **4maskwolf** on **March 24, 2014, 01:44:45 pm**

Quote from: Deus Asmoth on March 24, 2014, 01:44:03 pm

Ok then. Oh, Tarmid's not the bookkeeper, Dan. Unless Mask changed the nobles, Tarmid's the manager and Thane's the bookkeeper.

No changes to the existing hierarchy have been made.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Battling Blood**
Post by: **jrrocks05** on **March 24, 2014, 02:05:30 pm**

Thanatos journal entry 4

Brezin how dare he the religious bastard. They say I am a heretic for not believing in armok. He walks in scares the entire fort then trusts a random dwarf with their precious knighthood. Does your title even matter if he can not fight. What if the dwarf is suicidal. What if this was planned before hand. Dang I need to reconnect to the Olympians to see if they have found out anymore about the bloodkin or if their being pushed back. I wish Hermes would show up with the next caravan

Title: **Re: Demongate: Battling Blood**
Post by: **jrrocks05** on **March 24, 2014, 02:07:03 pm**

Who are the olympians? Who is Hermes? Ooooooooooooooh secrets!!!!!!

Title: **Re: Demongate: Battling Blood**
Post by: **danmanthedog** on **March 24, 2014, 02:26:05 pm**

Dangit I keep misreeading you posts, hmm should I change my post about the dark tomes to thane instead of tarmid.

Title: **Re: Demongate**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **March 24, 2014, 02:58:46 pm**

Tarmid seems a much better candidate to have books like that, especially with how the plot seems to be sharing up. If you need to know how many lignite rocks we have, on the other hand, Thane's your girl.

The Marble Faction were one of the least known groups that arrived with the eastern refugees. Due to a combination of their controversial political views and a schism between two sides- one with strong socialist beliefs and the other with more militaristic views- they never gained strength in the mainland. Their unifying beliefs were of the equality of all dwarfs and that we should be ruled by an elected council rather than any one individual. Their origins are unknown, though the Faction's oldest documents bear the signature of Emdief, a figure heavily associated with the legends of Steelhold and later declared a saint by the knights of St Zane...
Thane leaned back, yawning. She'd found the ancient looking book in the stack of paper Tarmid had given her. She was nearly certain she shouldn't be reading it since she didn't remember becoming a High Scribe recently, but the Marble Faction had caught her attention. If she could find some others who shared her views, who knew what they might accomplish. In the meantime, though, she needed to sleep. Heaving the book into her arms, she set out to give it back to Tarmid, hoping that he wouldn't ask if she'd read it.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Battling Blood**
Post by: **4maskwolf** on **March 24, 2014, 05:34:59 pm**

How much time do I have left?

Title: **Re: Demongate: Battling Blood**
Post by: **danmanthedog** on **March 24, 2014, 05:46:12 pm**

I don't know but for god sakes man we need more information of the game to make more story!

Title: **Re: Demongate: Battling Blood**
Post by: **jrrocks05** on **March 24, 2014, 06:10:30 pm**

Schemes must be made, society's woven, plots and magic must appear. welcome too DEMONGATE

Title: **Re: Demongate**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **March 24, 2014, 06:54:32 pm**

Well, I uploaded the file on the 18th, so your week would be over tomorrow. If you're having problems, you could take an extra day.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Battling Blood**
Post by: **MDFification** on **March 24, 2014, 07:42:00 pm**

I was really tempted to just make a single journal entry that read "Everyone confirmed batshit crazy except Vlad and Thane" but then I realized how much of a clusterfuck this thread already is.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Battling Blood**
Post by: **jrrocks05** on **March 24, 2014, 08:23:37 pm**

So true

Title: **Re: Demongate: Battling Blood**
Post by: **danmanthedog** on **March 24, 2014, 08:49:04 pm**

Indeed good pal, pip pip cherryo old governor.
Spoiler (click to show/hide)
Im British so i'm allowed to make fun of myself haa.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Battling Blood**
Post by: **Rhaken** on **March 25, 2014, 10:59:11 am**

Tarmid set his quill down and rubbed at his tired eyes. The forbidden tome he had just finished had been an ordeal and a half to comprehend. They were the writings of a madman, confused, disjointed and rambling, yet containing far more practical knowledge than any self-respecting person would ever want. Forbidden rites and secrets, some mentioned in passing, others described in excruciating detail. At least he had the will to purge many of the details from his mind, keeping temptation at bay.

Of greater interest to him were the references. Mentions of other tomes, many by the same human, as well as some by a dwarf sometimes mentioned in the text, yet never by name. Mention of a mysterious slab, with no name given, and frequent calls to the human goddess of death, Olo the Death of Tombs. More material to cross-reference with existing literature, some of which he probably had amid the more mundane items in his collection.

He shut the grimoire, set it back into its hideous container, closed the lid and recited the Prayer of Sealing. He dripped wax from the sacred candle onto the seal and snuffed the flame between thumb and forefinger. On his way back to the corner, box in his arms, he noticed something amiss.

A book was missing from its shelf.

Once the box was back in place, Tarmid ran through the shelf, a deep scowl sinking his brow, going through the catalogue in his head to determine what was missing. The scowl only deepened when he realized what was missing. Someone had absconded with his copy of the Codex Arcana.

This was not good. The Codex contained far too many secrets to be seen by the unordained. Even the Knights were only allowed to read certain chapters, leading to countless abridged copies. His, however, was an edition meant for Higher Scribes such as himself, sworn to utter secrecy, forbidden from discussion until a proper historical investigation could be funded. Even Sir Brenzen, being a low magebane, had only access to the historically confirmed chapters, and the first of the Chapters of Secrets.

A knock on the door wiped the scowl from the scribe's face. Furious or no, he had to remain calm, especially when performing his duties around the fortress. He went to the door and pulled it open, seeing Thane standing beyond the threshold, a book in her arms. One that was definitely not the Codex.

"Ah, hello Thane," he said, a business smile on his lips. What brings you here?"

"Uhm, I found this book in the work orders you handed me. Thought I'd return it," she said, clearly a bit nervous. She held the book out to him, cover-first.

**Essays on Old-World Politics:
Historical Findings and Theories
by Szum Sombertone**
Uncensored Edition
For High Scribes Only

The scribe furrowed his brow. "Come in, Thane. I would like to talk to you."

Twice in one day. Was Tarmid becoming careless, or was some unseen force conspiring against him? No matter. He had another book to recover. He would take the matter to Sir Brenzen later, if need be.

Title: Re: Demongate: Battling Blood
Post by: danmanthedog on March 25, 2014, 11:15:42 am

I got to find some one who will listen to me about Thane or Tarmid but no one belives me except formy pet demon rat but he doesn't count, hmm think who will listen to me? Huh it's Thane, what she doing? *Sniff* That smell again no what it's differnt something more.....Magical not dark but desturtive magic. It's a Arcane tome! Only high scribes or the high noble family can learn arcane magic. This has to at least put seeds of doubt in peoples hearts about her!

Title: Re: Demongate: Battling Blood
Post by: MDFification on March 25, 2014, 01:06:27 pm

Journal of Vlad, Number ?

Is boring in Barracks. Nothingk of any significance has been happeningk. Ve vas goingk to be teachingk poor Olin how varfare really works, yes? Before she goes and gets herself killed, yes? Brenzen is funny dwarf, but not funny vhen people listen to him. Dying for fortress makes for good song, yes, but the thinkk is that dead people cannot be fightingk. Vlad vas very thoroughly briefed on our objective vhen they hired me - ve hold the pass and don't let the enemy through. Vhat part of dyingk stops enemy? If anythingk the military & supportingk personnel need to be alive to continue to hold the pass. Dyingk in the process is just symptom of bad luck or incompetence on behalf of command. Never enter fight you cannot vin - cardinal rule of battle. If necessary, you should be shuttingk the gates and letting attrition do the vork for you, yes? Anyway, Olin has not been reportingk for duty very often, and is very tired, yes? Strange, yes? Now Vlad does not want to pry - especially into life of someone vho actually believes dwarf like Brenzen - but not good. Brenzen of course does not seem to be noticingk - probably thingks his knight can do no vrong on basis of beingk a knight rather than soldier?

Vlad looked into this knight thinkk, since Vlad doesn't thinkk Thane would be willingk to leave Demongate even if sensible, which means I vould be stayingk here too. All it really means is you agree to take orders from the Order over local commanding officer and agree to do anythingk stupid they suggest without tryingk to do silly thingks like not die or choose to not vork for pointless objective. And you vould not even be gettingk payed for this! And yet Brenzen is *proud* of his knighthood. It's like being proud of not thinkingk for yourself, yes?

Thane is agreeingk with Vlad, which is nice. She raises good point - vhat basis do ve choose vho be leadingk thingks like that? Vlad told her that it was because a) they tend to be possesingk sharp axes and b) because vhen you got tired of governingk Demongate you have to be pickingk Brenzen, but that does not be seemingk to dull her enthusiasm for askingk questions like that, yes? Except askingk questions like that can be gettingk one sent to dig latrines if lucky, hammered (in bad way) if not lucky. Solution: Vlad needs to get a lot better at fightingk if Vlad needs to bail out Thane. Vhich means more trainingk! Vhere the hell is Olin?

Title: Re: Demongate: Battling Blood
Post by: Deus Asmoth on March 25, 2014, 02:48:12 pm

Thane glanced around before following the scribe into his office. She thought she'd heard someone sniffing behind her, but couldn't see anyone. Tarmid was already seated behind his desk by the time she'd closed the door behind her. "Did you read the book?" Tarmid asked. "Well..." Thane licked her lips, thinking. "I was going to, and then I saw that only scribes should read it." Tarmid nodded slowly. He seemed satisfied. "There is another book I seem to have... misplaced. I don't suppose it ended up on your desk as well?" "I haven't seen any others," Thane shook her head. "What does it look like?" "You'll know it if you see it," the scribe told her. "In any case, there's something else I need to talk to you about." "Just a moment," Thane said, crossing the room and throwing the door open. The hall outside was empty. Frowning, she sat back down. "I keep thinking I can hear someone. I'm sorry, what were you going to say?"

Title: Re: Demongate: Battling Blood
Post by: danmanthedog on March 25, 2014, 03:51:43 pm

Crap, crap, whew he/she almost caught me I must really be rusty with stalking. Hmm I wonder if thane likes animals if she does I can spy on her. But what will I do with tarmid and those tomes.

Title: Re: Demongate: Battling Blood
Post by: 4maskwolf on March 25, 2014, 07:42:20 pm

Well, crap, can I have that extra day? I should be able to get part of the rest of the year up tonight, but idk about the rest of it.

Title: Re: Demongate: Battling Blood
Post by: **MDFification** on **March 25, 2014, 07:50:51 pm**

Quote from: 4maskwolf on March 25, 2014, 07:42:20 pm
Well, crap, can I have that extra day? I should be able to get part of the rest of the year up tonight, but idk about the rest of it.

I say go nuts and take the extra day, because I need closure after the Year of Brenzen.

Title: Re: Demongate: Battling Blood
Post by: **4maskwolf** on **March 25, 2014, 07:53:18 pm**

Out of curiosity, why does everyone think Brenzen is insane?

Title: Re: Demongate: Battling Blood
Post by: **danmanthedog** on **March 25, 2014, 07:54:16 pm**

Yup one more day sounds good, also can you post the character sheets of Tarmid and Thane please.

Ninjaed because I think he is a nut job.

Title: Re: Demongate: Battling Blood
Post by: **jrrocks05** on **March 25, 2014, 07:55:51 pm**

We think he is insane because he scared the crap out of the fortress and is a religious NUTJOB.

Title: Re: Demongate: Battling Blood
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **March 25, 2014, 08:17:33 pm**

I'm not worried about Brenzen so much as what inevitably goes after him. You start with one well meaning and devout person who builds a devoted and powerful group, then they become more fanatical, then harsher and more hypocritical, and finally you end up with a group who go around burning people with impunity, especially when they already keep as many secrets as the Knights. Plus, in character Thane just doesn't like religion, nobility, secrecy or magic, and the Knights seem to have all of those in spades.

Take the day if you need it.

Title: Re: Demongate: Battling Blood
Post by: **MDFification** on **March 25, 2014, 09:01:59 pm**

Quote from: 4maskwolf on March 25, 2014, 07:53:18 pm
Out of curiosity, why does everyone think Brenzen is insane?

Brenzen is totally sane, just not by Vlad standards.

Title: Re: Demongate: Battling Blood
Post by: **4maskwolf** on **March 25, 2014, 09:08:59 pm**

Quote from: MDFification on March 25, 2014, 09:01:59 pm
Quote from: 4maskwolf on March 25, 2014, 07:53:18 pm
Out of curiosity, why does everyone think Brenzen is insane?

Brenzen is totally sane, just not by Vlad standards.

I see.

NEW UPDATE!!!! YEAR NEARLY OVER! BRENZEN IS PARANOID ABOUT BLOODKIN!

23 Malachite:
Work on the new trade depot is going well, as is the defensive wall. Perhaps most importantly, however, is the new migrants who just arrived. The first of them introduced himself as an engraver, one of the fortresses first, and offered to begin engraving his new home to make it more livable for dwarves. I immediately agreed, and he set to work smoothing the stone with incredible speed.
16 Galena:
Little of import has happened, until now. A human caravan that was passing through decided to stop at the fortress, allowing us to trade our dwarven goods for food and booze. The real question is how they plan on getting out again with all the construction going on.
19 Galena:
Sneaky kobold tried to slip into the fortress through the yet unguarded trade entrance, but scampered off when it was discovered.
4 Limestone:
The defensive wall is complete, and work has begun on a storehouse to hold large amounts of trade goods near the depot. Other projects for the betterment of the fortress will follow.
11 Limestone:
The FractalEntity finally got around to trading at the depot. I never trusted that dwarf, but he got the job done, trading for all of the various exotic cheeses the traders carried, such things as are not seen in dwarven meals normally. Every dwarf will dine well for the next few weeks.
17 Sandstone:
Work has begun on the emergency shelter, should our military be overrun. I will oversee it being stocked with food and booze of the highest quality, should the need arise that we must flee from the darkness.
26 Sandstone:
More migrants have arrived. Most excellent. Soon the fortress will be swelling with life.
1 Limestone:
One of the stonecrafters was taken by a fey mood. I wonder what will come of this.

Title: Re: Demongate: Battling Blood
Post by: **Gnorm** on **March 25, 2014, 09:12:55 pm**

Quote from: 4maskwolf on March 25, 2014, 07:53:18 pm
Out of curiosity, why does everyone think Brenzen is insane?

Gnora lived in a rather isolated fortress. Although she knows about the legends of Steelhold and venerates some of its heroes as demigods, she knows neither of the bloodkins' continuing existence nor of their imminent threat.

Title: Re: Demongate: Battling Blood
Post by: **danmanthedog** on **March 25, 2014, 09:22:27 pm**

Looking at a piece of cheese What in holy demon anus is this strange food! *Throws strange yellow holed food at wall nearly missing Gnora head* I demand the forts meals made out of 100% meat or at least 60% with some plants thrown in with it, But I am not

eating this yellow block, don't you agree with me gnorm?

Title: **Re: Demongate**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **March 25, 2014, 09:54:06 pm**

Wait, nearly missing?

In any case, that strange mood reminds me of something: if a weapon/armorsmith gets into a mood, can we try to ensure that they use a metal that's actually useful in warfare (Thane instantly gets possessed and produces a lead halberd).

Title: **Re: Demongate**
Post by: **4maskwolf** on **March 25, 2014, 10:05:23 pm**

Quote from: Deus Asmoth on March 25, 2014, 09:54:06 pm

Wait, nearly missing?

In any case, that strange mood reminds me of something: if a weapon/armorsmith gets into a mood, can we try to ensure that they use a metal that's actually useful in warfare (Thane instantly gets possessed and produces a lead halberd).

nearly missing where?

Title: **Re: Demongate**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **March 25, 2014, 10:35:50 pm**

I just thought that Dan put it strangely when he said that the bit of cheese he threw nearly missed Gnora

Title: **Re: Demongate**
Post by: **Gnorm** on **March 25, 2014, 11:11:42 pm**

Quote from: Deus Asmoth on March 25, 2014, 09:54:06 pm

In any case, that strange mood reminds me of something: if a weapon/armorsmith gets into a mood, can we try to ensure that they use a metal that's actually useful in warfare (Thane instantly gets possessed and produces a lead halberd).

Thane's favorite metal happens to be brass, and I believe that metalsmiths will demand their favorite metal if available. If there are adamantine wafers smelted, I think that they will automatically choose those.

Gnora glared intensely at Dantheman after he finished asking his question. She was not at all pleased that he had decided to throw his food at her, and she was even less pleased at his continued mispronunciation of her name.

"My name is Gnora," she huffed, "Frankly, you've been a real pain lately, always snooping around and making a fuss." Gnora made a face to indicate her disgust, then turned began to clean the globs of cheese from the walls behind her.

Dantheman shrugged and began to walk away; all that he really wanted was some fresh meat. As his foot-steps began to sound, Gnora began to collect herself and think about the Sir Brenzen's current actions. Could he, like the nobles in her old fortress, be attempting to phase agriculture out of Demongate? Would her migration be for nothing? She turned and quickly began to run in the direction of the other dwarf.

"Dantheman!" she called, "Wait up!"

Dantheman hesitantly turned to face her; he was not eager to be yelled at again. He noticed, however, that Gnora no longer appeared to be mad, but rather concerned.

"I think that you're right -- not about the meats but the cheeses. I came over here itchin' to make my work meaningful, and now instead of drinkin' my home-made beer, this Brenzin fellow is importin' everything from the humans. I do declare that this behavior is downright... noble."

Gnora paused and began to ponder for a short time, leaving Dantheman quite confused as a consequence.

"Listen, I don't know much about this 'order' of his, but I think that Brenzin is up to somethin'. I reckon that he's eager to turn this expedition into his own little duchy, and his 'knights' are just the force he needs to accomplish such goals.

"Don't repeat any of this; it's still a little early. Still, I think that we best both keep up our guards, in case Brenzin tries to pull another stunt."

Gnora left the bewildered dwarf in a hurry, hoping to return to her work.

Dantheman shrugged again, and began to leave.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Battling Blood**
Post by: **Sarrak** on **March 25, 2014, 11:38:18 pm**

Just to clarify: did I get dwarfed yet or not? Some flavor bits in texts depend on it.

Quote from: Gnorm on March 25, 2014, 11:11:42 pm

Quote from: Deus Asmoth on March 25, 2014, 09:54:06 pm

In any case, that strange mood reminds me of something: if a weapon/armorsmith gets into a mood, can we try to ensure that they use a metal that's actually useful in warfare (Thane instantly gets possessed and produces a lead halberd).

Thane's favorite metal happens to be brass, and I believe that metalsmiths will demand their favorite metal if available. If there are adamantine wafers smelted, I think that they will automatically choose those.

Dwarves pretty much ignore everything in order preference > distance > mood swings. In other words, Thane would take a dozen additional steps to her favorite brass or something like that. Good option might be forbidding every inferior metal on several floors for a moment to ensure a proper base for artifact. Failing that, if dwarf needs some other ingredients, it's possible to forbid already gathered items. Well, I think you know all those little tricks yourself.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Battling Blood**
Post by: **4maskwolf** on **March 25, 2014, 11:57:26 pm**

Your requests are... Difficult to meet. To say the least. So no, not dwarfed yet.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Battling Blood**
Post by: **Gnorm** on **March 26, 2014, 12:04:19 am**

Quote from: 4maskwolf on March 25, 2014, 11:57:26 pm

Your requests are... Difficult to meet. To say the least. So no, not dwarfed yet.

What's this about requests?

Title: **Re: Demongate: Battling Blood**
Post by: **Sarrak** on **March 26, 2014, 12:24:52 am**

Quote from: 4maskwolf on March 25, 2014, 11:57:26 pm

Your requests are... Difficult to meet. To say the least. So no, not dwarfed yet.

Well... I thought I stated that I don't absolutely need all three of them. It would be interesting, but quite impossible to get (though I got such an individual).

Clarifying up a bit: Gold eyes OR raging (both? - perfect! dwarf at once!). No chronic stupidity (red analytical ability - green is perfect, but NOT needed).
Gold eyes are genned quite often, as well as raging. Well... Maybe, it depends on a row of numbers you get for migrants. I got like... Four and three respectively with one crossover? The only condition left is intelligence. Which has ~25% to be red ::)

Sorry for installing such conditions, but I really want to tie some facts and get actual in-game representation of my future ramblings.

EDIT: Added some more info on Wiki. It's still really far from complete, so you may want to come and add some facts/opinions/whatever. Especially if you was an Overseer of the crazy place ;)

Title: **Re: Demongate: Battling Blood**
Post by: **danmanthedog** on **March 26, 2014, 06:26:17 am**

Huh looks like Gnora thinks like me..... good maybe she will listen about the tomes and about thane. Hmm I wonder if we will dig to the deep caverns, the wild animals have more spunk then these top sided animals plus their meat has more muscle. I should go talk to Gnora about the cheese wall indecent.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Battling Blood**
Post by: **Sarrak** on **March 26, 2014, 07:27:32 am**

Moved from previous post

Our path now lies to fortress Demongate
there is a crude, schematic world map with a big bold X in a proper place
Take best possible route. Ensure early arrival. IT'S VERY IMPORTA...

I stare at the runes for a minute or two. They're hypnotizing. Written in bizarre style, in what appears a great haste, varying in size and declivity. Written by my own hand... I have no recognition of ever doing that.

I trace my fingers on paper - and runes smear, becoming a bit less readable. Such a vivid red color... Blood, obviously. It escapes my logic why would anyone write with it while having a full bottle of first-class ink at hands length. But it's the style of something that governs my pen in rare moments of black-out. Perhaps, it doesn't have time, hm? Doesn't really matter.

Sharpening my pen, I patiently wait until the last runes dry. So, where to start?

"It happened again. While I was doing some record research in the archives of Paddlewash citadel - permission denied twelve times previously, but finally given - the same sudden blackout. Now it suggests... No, more correctly - orders - to move to the fortress of Demongate. If think I heard that name somewhere. It certainly rings a bell... Yes. An attempt by Knights of Saint Zane to build a new fortification to protect borders of the kingdom. That brings me to an interesting, although illogical assumption that there might be something (or will be something in near future) to shed light on my previous life. While giving another stab to a theory that sudden outbursts of nearly incoherent blood-writing belong to my previous self. I could not have known where to go - especially if that settlement have not even existed a year or so ago..."

My thoughts trail, but I expertly return them on the proper track. Smooth, calligraphic letters of modern-days handwriting are bestowed onto paper by pen and a bit of fine, nearly weightless sand.

"So, why follow the intended course of action? Hm... Yes, refusal can lead to some...interesting things, just like when I got the second message..."

My thoughts trail once again, but before being able to continue, I'm interrupted by a husky, mirthless voice:
- Hey, lad, time t' go!
Obok T3rdugfer, leader of our small traveling group, is grim as usual. I'm not sure if someone other than goblin will ever see smile on these lips. Cruel, emotionless smile. That dwarf is like shell, devoid of content. I could only pity him. And respect. Greatly respect...

Title: **Re: Demongate: Battling Blood**
Post by: **4maskwolf** on **March 26, 2014, 04:59:12 pm**

12 Timber:
The outpost liason has arrived, along with a dwarven caravan. I see no need to exit the fortress to greet them, the others can do that. I must be prepared for the oncoming darkness, to defend those within this fortress.
15 Opal:
Olin did not tell me that she was pregnant when she joined the knighthood. This brings up an unforeseen complication, as she cannot be expected to fight alongside the knights until her baby grows up, out of respect for the child. While she is avidly training, she seems... remarkably calm about this fact, spending most of her time in her room with the child. What is happening, I am not sure.
20 Obsidian:
The vault was sealed off today, all of its contents closed off from the rest of the fortress. The key is only to be taken in a time of great need, to unlock the contents of the vault and allow retreat into it. Hopefully, that day will never come.
23 Obsidian:
As my time in charge draws to a close, my final project has been completed: an archer tower, to stand forever next to the barracks. I will order ammunition stored at its base, but I am uncertain of how quickly those orders will be accomplished.
1 Granite:
Spring has arrived, and with it, the end of my time as overseer. I must train now, for the fate of the fortress rests on the shoulders of its military.
(I'll post the transfer of authority post soon, along with the save.))

Title: **Re: Demongate: Battling Blood**
Post by: **jrrocks05** on **March 26, 2014, 05:13:11 pm**

Has the caravan left yet

Title: **Re: Demongate: Battling Blood**
Post by: **4maskwolf** on **March 26, 2014, 05:14:52 pm**

Technically, but feel free to do any interactions that happen during the course of my update, not just at the end. Also, I suppose you can say that someone stays behind, if you prefer.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Battling Blood**
Post by: **jrrocks05** on **March 26, 2014, 05:24:03 pm**

I will I'll probably have my largest entry yet and it Will add a new society to the mix. I'll probably do it tonight

Title: **Re: Demongate**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **March 26, 2014, 06:24:16 pm**

Thane's Journal, Granite 1st

Apparently, Brenzen is stepping down as the leader of the fortress. Frankly, I'm a bit relieved. I've been regretting choosing him as my successor since that stunt he pulled with Olin. On the other hand, I can't deny that he's done an excellent job of turning Demongate into a fortress, so perhaps I just overreacted. He hasn't said who will be replacing him yet, but I've seen him having lengthy discussions with Gnora lately.

I've been looking for the book that Tarmid mentioned he was missing, but it appears to have vanished without a trace. I haven't told Tarmid that I'm still looking for it, but perhaps I should ask who could get into his office undetected. In spite of my attempts at subtlety, someone seems to know about my search. I keep thinking that I see someone following me around. Sometimes I even hear them breathing. It's getting to the point where I only feel safe when I'm in the glow of a forge or Vlad is in the room with me, preferably holding an axe. Perhaps it's not even related to the book. It may be that someone disapproves of me reading about the Marble Faction and Vlad was right about keeping quiet. Or it might even be that it's just someone with nothing better to do than follow me around. Surely the mountainhomes wouldn't have sent someone like that on such a vital mission, though?

Title: **Re: Demongate: Battling Blood**
Post by: **danmanthedog** on **March 26, 2014, 08:10:51 pm**

breathing..... What is she looking for she keeps looking for something, but even so I can't let out of my sights for to long. I still can't seem to find Tarmid every time I go to his office no answers. I must find a way to catch him in the act of reading the tomes or at least find them. It also seems that the overseer is stepping down which is at least some good news about this place so far..... still this place is a trap even for my standers, if I knew what I was getting into I would have went wit a different place.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Battling Blood**
Post by: **jrrocks05** on **March 26, 2014, 08:59:39 pm**

Journal entry 5 Thanatos

A few days ago a caravan arrived guess who was with them? Hermes, his apprentice, one of Pan's pigeon handlers and a few of Ares men as guards. I guess I should explain again my last journal with an explanation was used as kindling for a fire on the way here.

Soon after my family was lost to a bloodkin raid I talked to people about the bloodkin and nobody believed me. They could not even believe bloodkin existed. I knew there had to be people like me that lost mothers, fathers, siblings, wives and husbands to the bloodkin. I had no doubt all I had to do was find them. I decided we would create a group this group would be designed to combat the bloodkin. I decided the names of the leaders and others of the group would be names of gods from an old forgotten religion. I chose Thanatos god of death a God who stays in the shadows killing men and women. Soon others joined Poisedon and his sailors. Ares and his beserkers. Artemis and her enternal maidens of the hunt. Apollo and his mounted archers. Hecate and her magicians. Many more joined and each had a role.

I must go I will explain everything tonight journal you just wait.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Battling Blood**
Post by: **jrrocks05** on **March 26, 2014, 09:01:13 pm**

Feedback? I will put the rest up tonight.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Battling Blood**
Post by: **4maskwolf** on **March 26, 2014, 09:34:01 pm**

Sir Brenzen walked into the dining room, noting the tensing throughout the hall. Apparently his lesson on humility and loyalty had gone over badly. He sighed. In time, they would learn, though not today. Today he had only one goal. He walked over to the table where Gnora was sitting, placing himself opposite her. He raised his hand to forestall whatever rant she had on her mind (she always had one) and spoke directly to the point. "The fortress is yours. Do with it as you will." Brenzen stood up and walked away.

THE SAVE, THE SAVE!!!! (<http://dffd.wimbli.com/file.php?id=8498>)
READ ALL THE NOTES, GNORM.

ALL 23 OF THEM.

Title: **Re: Demongate**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **March 26, 2014, 09:52:09 pm**

Twenty three notes seems slightly excessive. We don't even have magma flowing through the dining hall yet.

jrrocks: It's an interesting plot, but we're avoiding nicknaming non-avatars, so that would make it difficult for your group to show up, and having them as purely plot characters would kind of ring false in the 'anyone can die at any time' vibe that goes on. I'm not entirely sure about the backstory either; the bloodkin aren't a particularly subtle group, both from the previous plot and what I can tell from their raws. If they were killing people, they'd be killing a *lot* of people, so there's no reason no one else would have heard of the blood crazed murder dwarfs going around. If it's the dwarf civilisation covering it up for some reason, why did they let Thanatos get away with trying to convince people they were real? It could just be I'm missing something, but it all sounds like the opening to a generic action film.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Battling Blood**
Post by: **jrrocks05** on **March 26, 2014, 09:54:56 pm**

Its only a matter of time :) :) :)

Title: **Re: Demongate**
Post by: **4maskwolf** on **March 26, 2014, 10:27:41 pm**

Quote from: Deus Asmoth on March 26, 2014, 09:52:09 pm
Twenty three notes seems slightly excessive. We don't even have magma flowing through the dining hall yet.

6 were for the vault, three for the archer tower, the three lever notes, the two corresponding bridge notes and the gatehouse note, the barracks note, the hospital note, the gem stockpile note, the dormitory note, the artifact note, the food stocks note, the forges note, and the storehouse note.

Title: **Re: Demongate**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **March 26, 2014, 10:34:03 pm**

That seems reasonable. In any case, is there any objection to me removing Dark Archon from the overseer list on account of not posting a character?

Title: **Re: Demongate**
Post by: **4maskwolf** on **March 26, 2014, 10:35:57 pm**

Quote from: Deus Asmoth on March 26, 2014, 10:34:03 pm
That seems reasonable. In any case, is there any objection to me removing Dark Archon from the overseer list on account of not posting a character?

None. I haven't seen DarkArchon before or since.

Edit: He/she hasn't been on for two days, has only made 33 posts in his/her two years on the forums, and that was his/her first post in this portion of the forums. Move him/her to a "possibles" section, and I'll shoot him/her a pm about it.

Edit 2: On the other hand, this must mean we are doing something right. He/she spends almost all of his/her forum time on the modding section of the forums.

Yes, I'm a stalker in a way. Get over it.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Battling Blood**
Post by: **Senshuken** on **March 26, 2014, 10:47:31 pm**

Thane's been on edge lately. Always looking over her shoulder as if looking for something following her whenever I see her. I was going to just ignore all this as just another case of a dwarf nearing the edge but then I saw someone stalking along behind her a couple of seconds after she had passed by. I'm not really sure who it was since there are just so many new faces walking around these days, but I've gone and had a word with Vlad about it. I've know Vlad and Thane since we got here and they deserve to know if Thane's getting stalked by some strange weirdo.

Another year has passed and Overseer Brenzen has stepped down to resume full time training. All hail Overseer Gnora, ect.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Battling Blood**
Post by: **MDFification** on **March 27, 2014, 08:42:51 am**

Journal of Vlad, Number ?

FUCK.

Journal of Vlad, Number ?+1

So Gnora is Overseer now. And ve vere just on the verge of gettingk the good beer, I could feel it. And to make matters worse, someone is followingk Thane. Vlad is goingk to have to cut someone, and Gnora vill probably be consideringk that a crime. Still, am glad Barkov decided to tell me. Olin does not be showingk up to trainingk, Brenzen is actingk all depressed because fort not goingk along with knighthood, and ve'll probably all be forced to farm. And Brenzen is showingk up at trainingk again, vchich means more inspirational speeches, yes? Vlad might have to be takingk matters into own hands, yes? So Vlad has gotten together group of axemen to form own squad. Ve vill be trainingk soldiers to be real soldiers! However, is problem! Brenzen has neglected to provide us all with armor! Thane, please make us armor. Ve vant to keep our appendages!

With the Olympians thing, I see no reason for them not to exist, but introducing that many NPCs to the fort is something I really can't see as being a good thing. Previous factions worked because named characters fit in them or we used nameless, purposeless mooks. Organizations also generally appeared as they became relevant - for example, the Cult wasn't a serious thing until Maskwolf was the Overseer, the Faction didn't exist until Fractal was overthrown and proceeded to loose relevance after that... basically they were just an easy way to keep track of Steelhold's rapidly changing politics. As a matter of personal taste I like to keep things centered around the fort, but so far really nothing's happened except inter-character junk. Of course as soon as something happens it'll probably kill off Vlad, so whatevs.

EDIT: I'm downloading and checking out this save. I've kind of gotten bored of my own forts at the moment. Oooh, Vlad has his own squad? Also, Gnorm: We need some armor, stat. Even if we have to make it out of leather (which we should have plenty of) or get us some wood bucklers, as of right now the majority of our forces will get destroyed in a melee. You also might want to consider drafting some archers, we have plenty of dwarves skilled with a crossbow. Eh, we might survive.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Battling Blood**
Post by: **danmanthedog** on **March 27, 2014, 09:43:35 am**

Post later in this post im just at school.

Title: **Re: Demongate**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **March 27, 2014, 10:22:23 am**

It might be better to assign the crossbow dwarfs as hunters until they turn legendary. It takes less time than when they're training in the military in my experience. We should be able to start training an army of war dogs soon as well.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Battling Blood**
Post by: **Sarrak** on **March 27, 2014, 10:59:38 am**

Downloaded save, checked dwarves, etc, etc...

First thing to discover after vault: we have an interesting hunting practice. With horses running on the newly-built walls and dwarves running after them, shooting. As if it could get even more ridiculous.

Gnorm, if you find my dwarf request too difficult to achieve/damn bizarre - feel free to ignore all specifics and just dwarf someone in the next wave. If you're not against profile-searching, still please dwarf me until the end of your year. Or else I'll spam a whole complex story about why I'm not in Demongate yet :)

Title: Re: Demongate
Post by: 4maskwolf on March 27, 2014, 11:01:22 am

Quote from: Deus Asmoth on March 27, 2014, 10:22:23 am
It might be better to assign the crossbow dwarfs as hunters until they turn legendary. It takes less time than when they're training in the military in my experience. We should be able to start training an army of war dogs soon as well.

What do you think all out 10 hunters have been doing?

Title: Re: Demongate
Post by: MDFification on March 27, 2014, 11:03:09 am

Quote from: Deus Asmoth on March 27, 2014, 10:22:23 am
It might be better to assign the crossbow dwarfs as hunters until they turn legendary. It takes less time than when they're training in the military in my experience. We should be able to start training an army of war dogs soon as well.

I'd say it'd be more important to just get them drafted in time for the first ambushes/sieges. Our military isn't really capable of handling anything right now, so softening up the enemy (maybe by focusing fire on their legendary fighters if possible?) would greatly reduce the amount of casualties we'll be taking. Also, experience in things like dodging and armor use isn't built up by hunting. Good thing there's no rule against backseat playing, eh?

Title: Re: Demongate
Post by: Deus Asmoth on March 27, 2014, 11:11:59 am

Running around shouting "I CANNOT FIND ANY BOLTS IN SPIE OF STANDING ON SOME RIGHT NOW." It's what they usually do.

Title: Re: Demongate: Battling Blood
Post by: danmanthedog on March 27, 2014, 11:21:28 am

Haaaa! Looks like thoses newbie hunters don't know the ways of true hunting. I asked around if people saw tarmid latley to which each anwser is always the same "Oh you just missed him he going to the blahblah" arhhh if I can get a small animal from the carevn then I could spie on both tarmid and thane. Also looks like that gnora girl is finally the overseer maybe now we can get this fort to the true mountin defence fort. I should get her a pet to thank her.

Title: Re: Demongate
Post by: 4maskwolf on March 27, 2014, 11:24:27 am

Quote from: Deus Asmoth on March 27, 2014, 11:11:59 am
Running around shouting "I CANNOT FIND ANY BOLTS IN SPIE OF STANDING ON SOME RIGHT NOW." It's what they usually do.
Yeah, there's a bug in the code where they only collect ammunition while on duty and only shoot at targets while off duty. That's why I have so many hunters. That and a ton of them migrated here, for some unknown reason.

Title: Re: Demongate
Post by: Deus Asmoth on March 27, 2014, 11:27:16 am

Interesting note: Tarmid can actually move pretty quickly when he wants to. He got ambushed by an entire squad of hammer goblins in the save I'm using and outran all of them.

Title: Re: Demongate: Battling Blood
Post by: jrrocks05 on March 27, 2014, 02:02:46 pm

I am not right now planning to have NPCS introduced. Those people i mentioned will leave with the caravan except for two who will not stay in the fort. The others are either farther north or fighting bloodkin in the south.

Title: Re: Demongate
Post by: Deus Asmoth on March 27, 2014, 02:13:52 pm

That seems like a lot of effort writing with very little bearing on the actual plot, to be honest. Plus, the point of Demongate is as a first line of defense against an invasion of the north. If there's already an entire society of people successfully fighting them further south, why have the fortress at all?

Title: Re: Demongate: Battling Blood
Post by: jrrocks05 on March 27, 2014, 02:25:16 pm

They can not hold them off for the entire time eventually they break through. Plus i like writing and it adds more things for me to work with. Our fort is made on the orders of a queen.

Title: Re: Demongate: Battling Blood
Post by: 4maskwolf on March 27, 2014, 02:30:16 pm

I'm going to side with jrrocks on this one. The impression I get is that small squads of bloodkin have been slipping in in the south, devastating villages down there. Most people chalk it up to wild beasts or goblins, but there are a few who managed to avoid the destruction who know the truth. I don't have a problem with him creating this group and writing about them, personally.

Title: Re: Demongate: Battling Blood
Post by: jrrocks05 on March 27, 2014, 02:36:26 pm

yea that's the idea the people who believe me or survived want to stop the blookin but they manage to beak through and attack here soon.

Title: Re: Demongate: Battling Blood
Post by: 4maskwolf on March 27, 2014, 02:38:07 pm

Quote from: irrocks05 on March 27, 2014, 02:36:26 pm
yea that's the idea the people who believe me or survived want to stop the blookin but they manage to beak through and attack here soon.

The idea of the fortress is that this is the site of the main bloodkin attack, but in including your story there are so many bloodkin they split some of their forces down south to disrupt the rear lines in advance of their primary attack.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Battling Blood**
Post by: **jrrocks05** on **March 27, 2014, 02:46:19 pm**

Plus they cant leave their rear open to attack by the southern kingdoms. They would want to get rid of those kingdoms as well.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Battling Blood**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **March 27, 2014, 02:53:49 pm**

From what I understood, the south is already pretty much overrun. I can see how there'd still be a few strongholds down there doing what they can to fight them, and I don't have a problem with the Olympians being a group of those people, but I don't see why they have to be a secret society if that's the case.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Battling Blood**
Post by: **4maskwolf** on **March 27, 2014, 02:59:38 pm**

Quote from: Deus Asmoth on March 27, 2014, 02:53:49 pm
From what I understood, the south is already pretty much overrun. I can see how there'd still be a few strongholds down there doing what they can to fight them, and I don't have a problem with the Olympians being a group of those people, but I don't see why they have to be a secret society if that's the case.
Two words: bloodkin spies.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Battling Blood**
Post by: **MDFification** on **March 27, 2014, 03:01:55 pm**

As long as it's not messing up the fort, go nuts.
Also someone might want to pick up all those used bolts that are just lying around the place forbidden.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Battling Blood**
Post by: **jrrocks05** on **March 27, 2014, 03:02:11 pm**

Also nobody believed them when they said bloodkin existed. So it was made in secret. Why give up the secret now. Also maybe people labeled them heretics for believing in the bloodkin or delusional.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Battling Blood**
Post by: **4maskwolf** on **March 27, 2014, 03:03:32 pm**

Quote from: MDFification on March 27, 2014, 03:01:55 pm
As long as it's not messing up the fort, go nuts.
Also someone might want to pick up all those used bolts that are just lying around the place forbidden.
oh hell no nobody touches those bolts. I do NOT want my archers wasting their time toting around single bolts into battle/to hunt.

Sorry, that was the Sir Brenzen in me speaking. Do what you will, it is your fortress.

Title: **Re: Demongate**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **March 27, 2014, 03:57:21 pm**

You could just turn off hauling for your archers, or melt down the bolts once they become seperated from the stack.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Battling Blood**
Post by: **jrrocks05** on **March 27, 2014, 04:11:29 pm**

Or you could burn the archers they can't pick them up if their dead!!

Title: **Re: Demongate: Battling Blood**
Post by: **danmanthedog** on **March 27, 2014, 04:51:33 pm**

"I can't believe so that's why Thane is called Thane, she's part of the Olympians! The fabled bloodkin exterminators, to think one of their kind is here. They say that the Olympians were survive rs of attacks from the bloodkin one the villages in the south but the problem is the bloodkin don't leave survivors, EVER! So there is stories of the Olympians actuary making a pact with demons to save their lives but how do you save you self from the bloodkin when they themselves can smell the soul of all creatures? BY selling your whole soul away for both protection and power from the demon you made the deal with. But you believe me Gnora about thane?"

Title: **Re: Demongate: Battling Blood**
Post by: **jrrocks05** on **March 27, 2014, 04:55:42 pm**

You mean Thanatos. Those are RUMOURS!!!

Title: **Re: Demongate: Battling Blood**
Post by: **danmanthedog** on **March 27, 2014, 05:25:24 pm**

Rumors are always started for a reason so what is the reason?!

Title: **Re: Demongate**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **March 27, 2014, 05:33:57 pm**

Well, Dan's been following Thane around for the better part of a year now for no apparent reason other than not being sure if she's female or not, so it's not beyond the bounds of possibility that he'd steal Thanatos's journal and read it.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Battling Blood**
Post by: **Gnorm** on **March 27, 2014, 05:36:21 pm**

Chapter I: A Naïve Leader

Gnora’s Journal
1st of Granite, 655

--
I don’t know how or why it happened, but today Brenzin came up to me and straight up gave me control of the fort. Why me? I never studied any politics or histories or any of that; I’ve always just focused on my work. My only guess is that Brenzin – who I still don’t trust – is trying to find a leader who knows how a fortress works from a worker’s view; I reckon that that’s it. I guess I should do the best job

as overseer as possible.

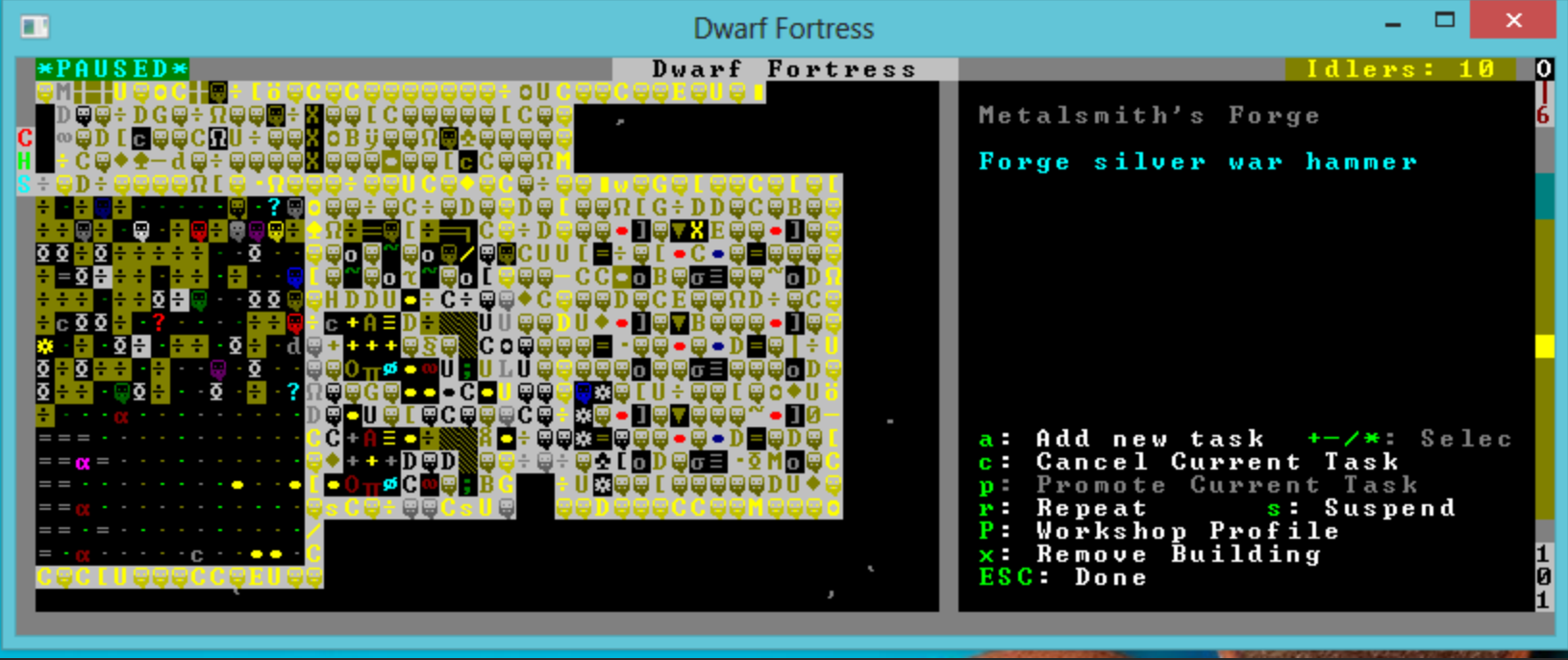
I picked up a report on our stocks from Miss Thane, and I do declare that Brenzin's spent all his time in some cushy barracks in the Mountainhome if he thinks that cooking our tallow is a good idea.



The next time I see him, I'll be sure to inform him that tallow is rendered fat, 'cause I don't know if he knows that. It doesn't taste good, and it can be used to make soaps. I made it my first order of business to fix this.



With Brenzin acting weird, I've decided that it's high-time we bring some justice into this fort. We need law and people to keep it; cages are indispensable as well. As much as I would hate to see it happen, I've asked Miss Thane to forge a hammer, which will be used if necessary.



I've had enough of Brenzin and his "order" taking command of things. For this reason, I've appointed a commoner to be hammerer of the fortress. I, myself, will be sheriff until I can find someone better; I have no intention of being captain as of now.

cheese right here, and that it'll taste better than the humans' anyway. Last, there are plenty of seeds with no bags, and there's plenty of leather in the fort. That Fractalentity fellow claims to have vague knowledge as to how these bags are made, though he doesn't have any experience that is shown in the files. If he wants to do it, I'll let him.



That's all the work I feel like doing in one day. I'll be sure to get back to this journal as soon as possible, but I need to sleep for now.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Battling Blood**
Post by: **MDFification** on **March 27, 2014, 06:49:23 pm**

Just noticed - we seem to have a bunch of silver axes. Not sure why. It might have been better to go with silver warhammers and just switch Vlad over. Too late now I guess.

Title: **Re: Demongate**
Post by: **danmanthedog** on **March 27, 2014, 06:50:14 pm**

Quote from: Deus Asmoth on March 27, 2014, 05:33:57 pm
Well, Dan's been following Thane around for the better part of a year now for no apparent reason other than not being sure if she's female or not, so it's not beyond the bounds of possibility that he'd steal Thanatos's journal and read it.
Well that and because I smelled the ancient arcane magic on her/him plus I remembered a old legend in my old times of my camp about a avatar of death it self killing the hobgoblins called Thanatos or Thane.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Battling Blood**
Post by: **4maskwolf** on **March 27, 2014, 06:53:34 pm**

Quote from: MDFification on March 27, 2014, 06:49:23 pm
Just noticed - we seem to have a bunch of silver axes. Not sure why. It might have been better to go with silver warhammers and just switch Vlad over. Too late now I guess.
ah, that.

That was because I needed a battle axe to put in the vault, and the only weapons-grade material I had left was silver. The one copper bar was used for a pickaxe for the vault.

Title: **Re: Demongate**
Post by: **Rhaken** on **March 27, 2014, 06:55:24 pm**

Quote from: Deus Asmoth on March 27, 2014, 11:27:16 am
Interesting note: Tarmid can actually move pretty quickly when he wants to. He got ambushed by an entire squad of hammer goblins in the save I'm using and outran all of them.

RETREAT IS JUST ANOTHER WORD FOR ADVANCE THE OTHER WAY

Tarmid pulled away from the shelves, finally finished cataloging the new books. They had arrived with the caravan, as he knew they would; a whole cartload of books and writing supplies. Mostly harmless volumes of history, science and mathematics. Of particular note were a handful of tomes written by Karius Durtis, a dwarf from before the journey across the seas, said to have been present during many crucial events of fabled Steelhold.

The Codex Arcana was still missing, however. Tarmid's many inquiries into the matter had turned up nothing. The book would have to be found soon. There was no telling how much harm it could do in the hands of the irresponsible. Perhaps it was time to bring this to Sir Brenzen's attention. Worse yet, he could not shake the feeling that he was being followed half the time he left the office. Footsteps half-heard in his wake, whispers of breath, the hairs standing on the back of his neck. And this had been going on for months.

A knock at the door. It was Gnora, who had taken over Demongate at the turn of the year at Brenzen's behest. A hardworking lass, yet another who could have benefited greatly from proper schooling. She handed him some work orders to fill out. Tarmid took the papers and set them down at a small desk.

"Thank you, Gnora," he said, smiling. "Say, could you do me a favor and call Thane to my office? I would like to talk to her."

A name had come up in his tomes. Another book by the mad human Amsan Jestedbow, this one a lengthy autobiography titled The Fair Immortal and the Warlord. Though it contained no forbidden or arcane secrets, the pages were rife with interesting tidbits of the early years of the colonization of the New World. The artifact Walledcoasts featured prominently in many chapters, the details finally revealed. He did not have time to commit them to memory, however. Thane would be coming around soon.

Tarmid had just finished hiding the book away when the knock came. He opened the door and ushered the lass in, motioned for her to take a seat. He took the chair opposite her, and laid down a thin, featureless book on the tabletop between them.

"You'll be glad to know that I sent a request for a Writ of Schooling back to the mountainhomes with the caravan," he told the bookkeeper. "If it gets approved by my superiors, I will be empowered to teach history and basic mathematics to the dwarves of Demongate. I'd like to know how you feel about this."

He measured her reply, taking in the weight of every word. He would be asking the same of Sir Brenzen and Gnora soon. Perhaps Vlad as well. The mercenary's opinion might give him some unique insights.

"One more thing, dear Thane", *he grinned*. "Would you like to know more about the book you started reading?"

His hands rested on the leather cover of the book between them. Within was an abridged version of the Primer of Political Ideologies, one he had transcribed himself for such an occasion. Writ or no Writ, he was still permitted to take an apprentice.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Battling Blood**
Post by: **MDFification** on **March 27, 2014, 06:56:58 pm**

I am incredibly confused by this whole Olympians thing and I think I'll just never have Vlad get involved with anything. Also stop following Thane or get cut. Is varning, yes?

Title: **Re: Demongate**
Post by: **Rhaken** on **March 27, 2014, 06:57:38 pm**

Quote from: danmanthedog on March 27, 2014, 06:50:14 pm

Quote from: Deus Asmoth on March 27, 2014, 05:33:57 pm

Well, Dan's been following Thane around for the better part of a year now for no apparent reason other than not being sure if she's female or not, so it's not beyond the bounds of possibility that he'd steal Thanatos's journal and read it.

Well that and because I smelled the ancient arcane magic on her/him plus I remembered a old legend in my old times of my camp about a avatar of death it self killing the hobgoblins called Thanatos or Thane.

Your nose must be off-kilter. What Thane stole was a history book. :P

Title: **Re: Demongate: Battling Blood**
Post by: **TalonisWolf** on **March 27, 2014, 07:08:44 pm**

Quote from: Sarrak on March 27, 2014, 10:59:38 am

Downloaded save, checked dwarves, etc, etc...

First thing to discover after vault: we have an interesting hunting practice. With horses running on the newly-built walls and dwarves running after them, shooting. As if it could get even more ridiculous.

Hehehe...

Me and da boys were bored and decided to create a new sport, which I dubbed 'Horseplay'. It is becoming a sensation, with dwarves coming to place bets on which dwarf will hit which horse, where, and whatnot... never'd thought I'd become a athelete. Meh, the rations are good.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Battling Blood**
Post by: **4maskwolf** on **March 27, 2014, 07:09:47 pm**

urk. One of these days I'll get around to actually recording all of the plot things that have happened recently.

Within her chambers, Olin examined the book in her hands. The cover had stopped glowing soon after she removed it from the shelf, and she had gone through many parts of the book by now. She had heard that Tarmid was asking around for a missing book, but surely it would do no harm if she borrowed it for a little while longer. She knew the vows of the knighthood, but something told her that there was something off about the way the book presented magic. Perhaps most knights believed that magic was exclusive to demons, but something told her that it was a fallacy. The knighthood was hiding something, something major, and this was the best way to find out. Already she could sense the magical currents of the fortress. She knew things nobody else did: the dwarf who followed Thane from the shadows, the books Thane kept within his room. But most of all, she could sense the presence of one far more powerful than herself within the fortress.

She sighed, then settled into a position to practice. If the bloodkin were real, the fortress would need all the help it could get, and her learning to channel magic into physical form would be a major boon in any battle. She opened the book to the page on summoning fire and read it, frowning as she went along. The book spoke of calling demonic power, but surely there were other ways to channel power. Armok himself was a powerful being, perhaps she could channel it through her belief in him.

She focused hard, feeling the core of power and life within herself. She focused on the great Armok, the lord of dwarvenkind here and in the afterlife. She could feel the power flowing through her, out into her hand. She opened her eyes, and to her delight a bloodred flame was dancing across her fingertips. She smiled, then fell to the ground, unconscious.

When she came to, she found herself exactly where she had fallen. The Codex was still next to her, and nothing in the room had changed. She felt drained, yet exhilarated: she had done it. She had channeled the holy fire of Armok.[/i]

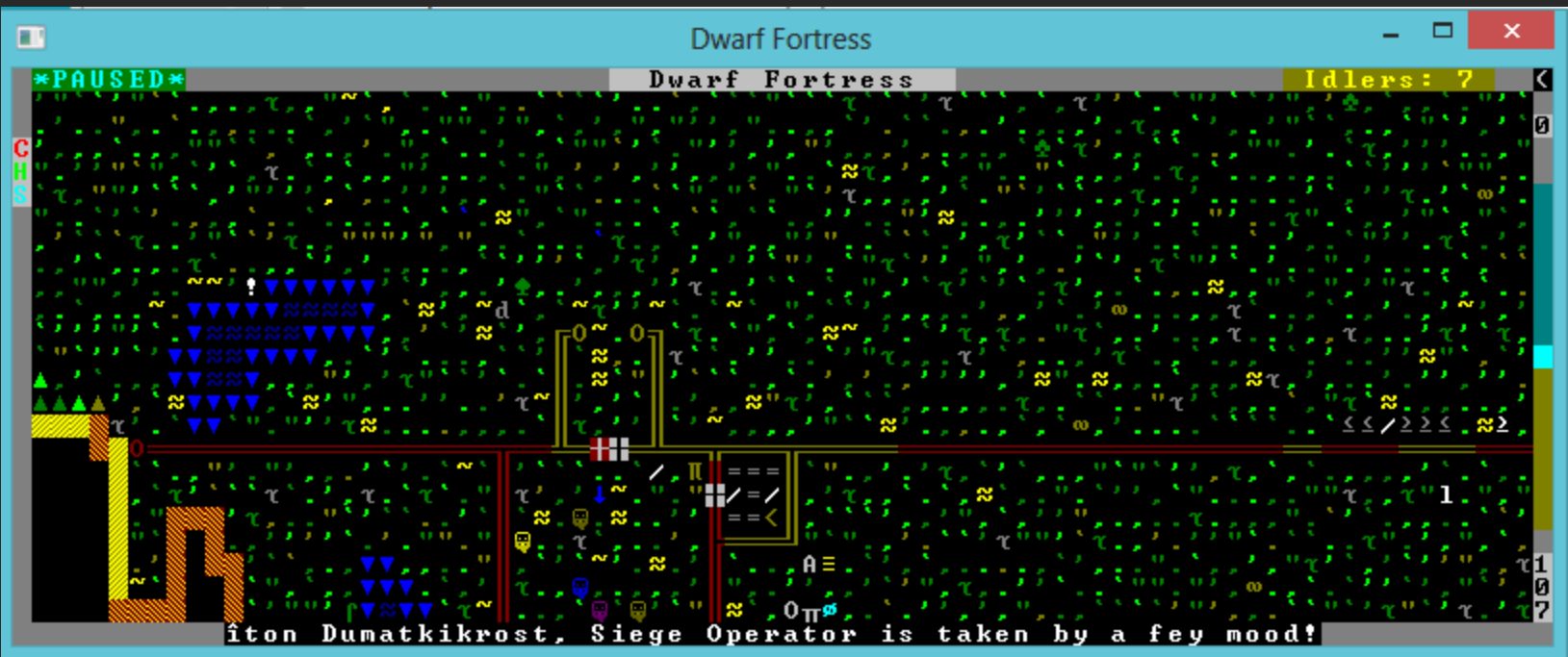
Title: **Re: Demongate: Battling Blood**
Post by: **danmanthedog** on **March 27, 2014, 07:17:30 pm**

SNIFFFFFFF That smell it can't be! The all devouring flame, who would summon so dangerous or even read about it?! It can't be thane I been watching her for the past hour and she hasn't done any thing strange yet.... then my nose was wrong!!!! *Kneels and cuts the palm of hand so to drip blood on to the floor* "Oh great lord of the hunt please forgive me for my failure and please give me the strength to stop the mighty flame."

Title: **Re: Demongate: Battling Blood**
Post by: **Gnorm** on **March 27, 2014, 07:48:24 pm**

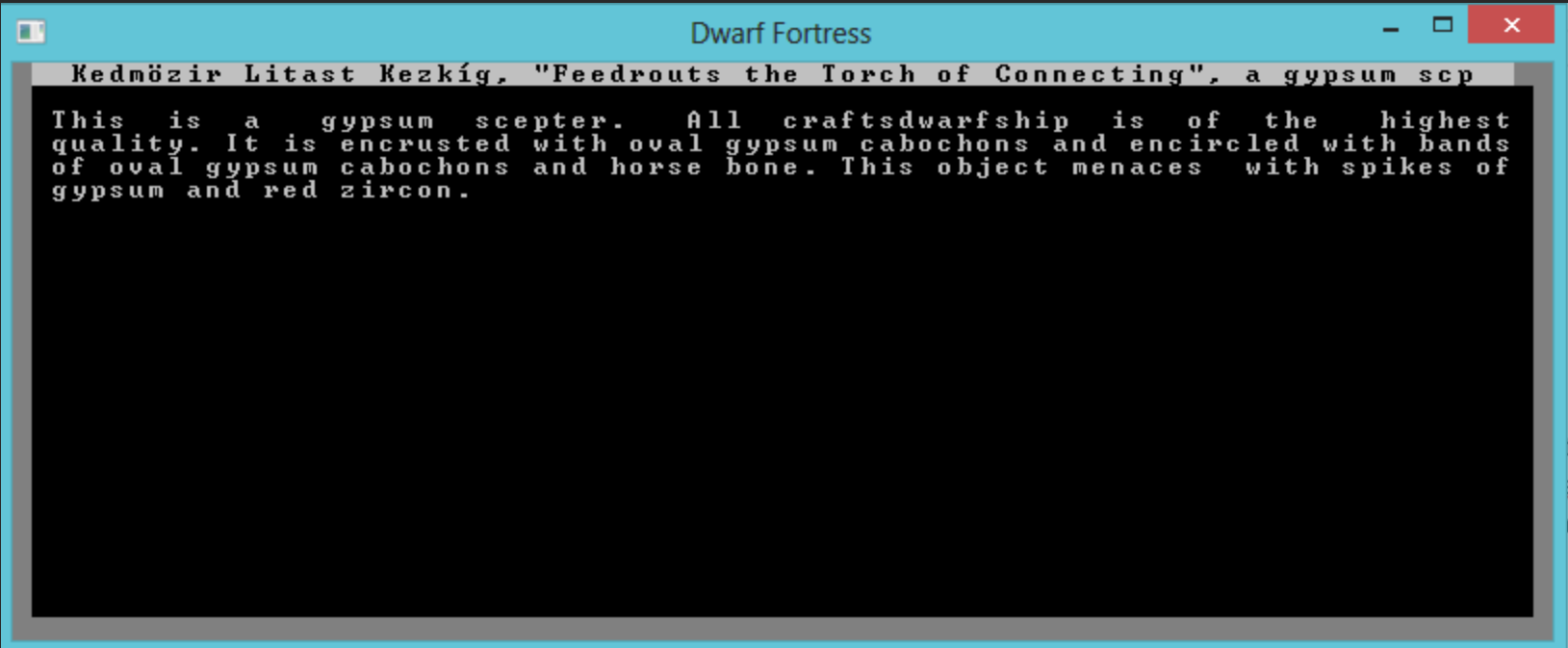
Chapter II: The Spring-time Surprise

Gnora’s Journal
19th Granite, 655
--
Our siege operator, probably out of boredom with not being able to operate any sieges, has gone into one of those creative spurts. He’s gone off to one of the craftsdwarf’s workshops and is running about to find the items that he wants. I wonder if he’ll make anything of use.



4th Slate, 655

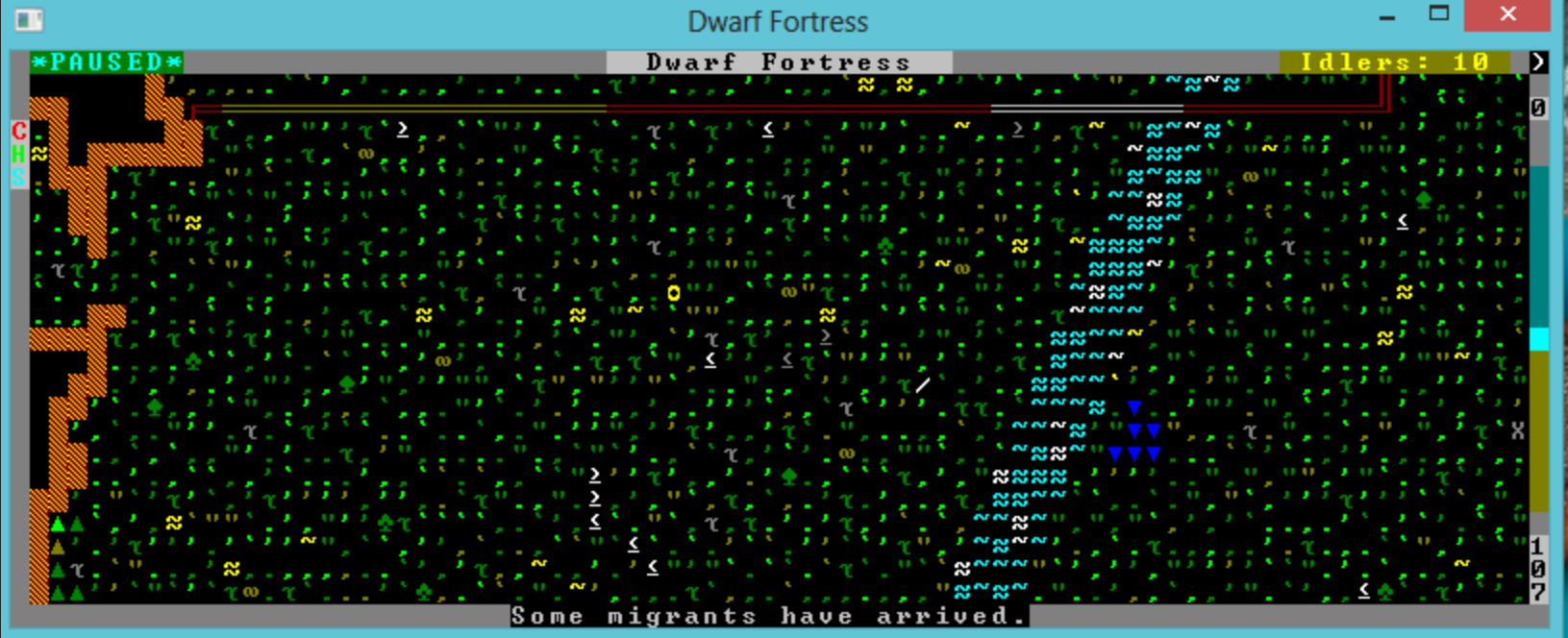
The siege operator finished his project today: a rock scepter with some bones and gems for decoration. It's apparently worth thirty-thousand, according to Fractalentity at least, but I can't see anyone finding any use of it. Brenzin maybe, but I'm trying to keep his noble attitude in check.



25th Slate, 655

One of our miners broke right into an enormous cavern system, much to the joy of Dantheman. It will require some work in order to actually reach the bottom, but some of our dwarves was eyeballing the ores and gems to be found down there.

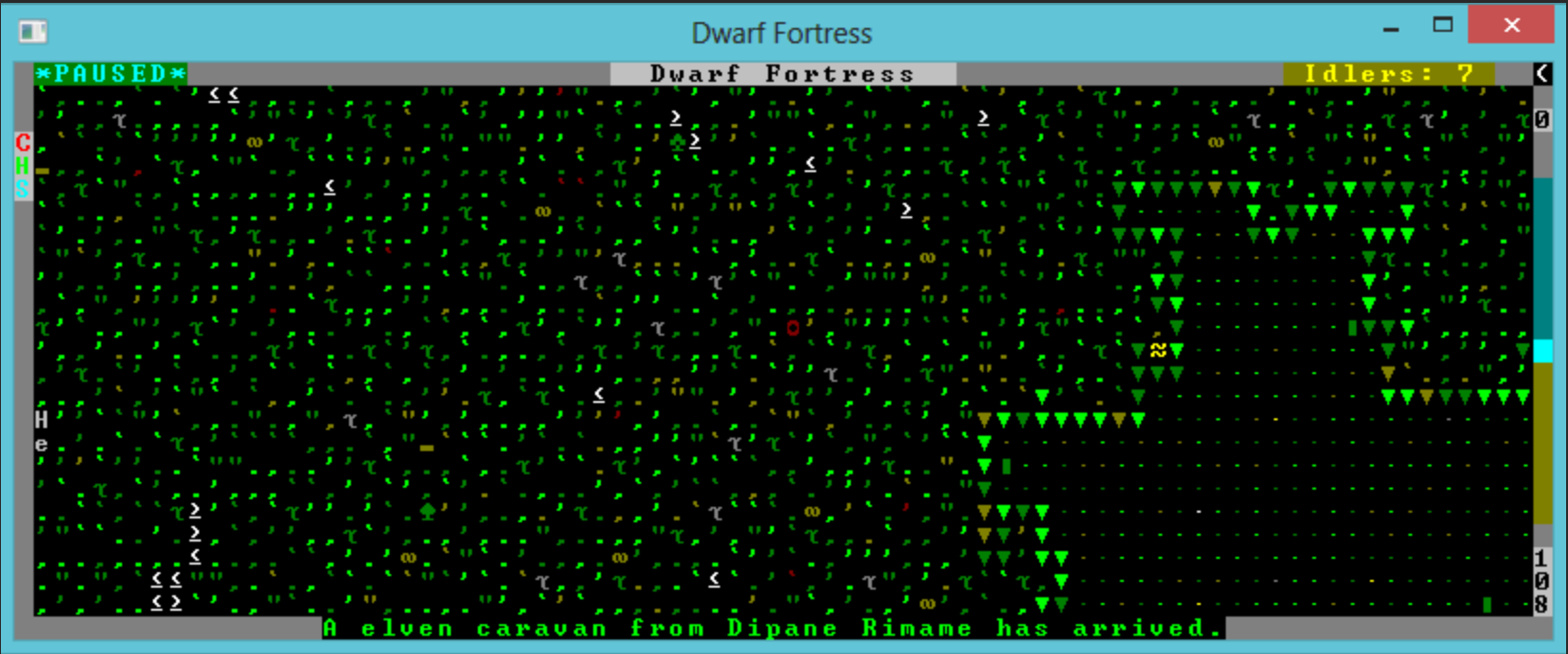
27th Slate, 655



Some more migrants were attracted to this fortress, and being the overseer, I went out to greet them. A pretty standard bunch, though there was one dwarf that struck me as odd. A gold-eyed dwarf, wouldn't strike any sort of conversation with me. Instead, he actually wrote out everything that he wanted to say. I certainly hope that he's not an assassin or a spy.

18th Felsite, 655

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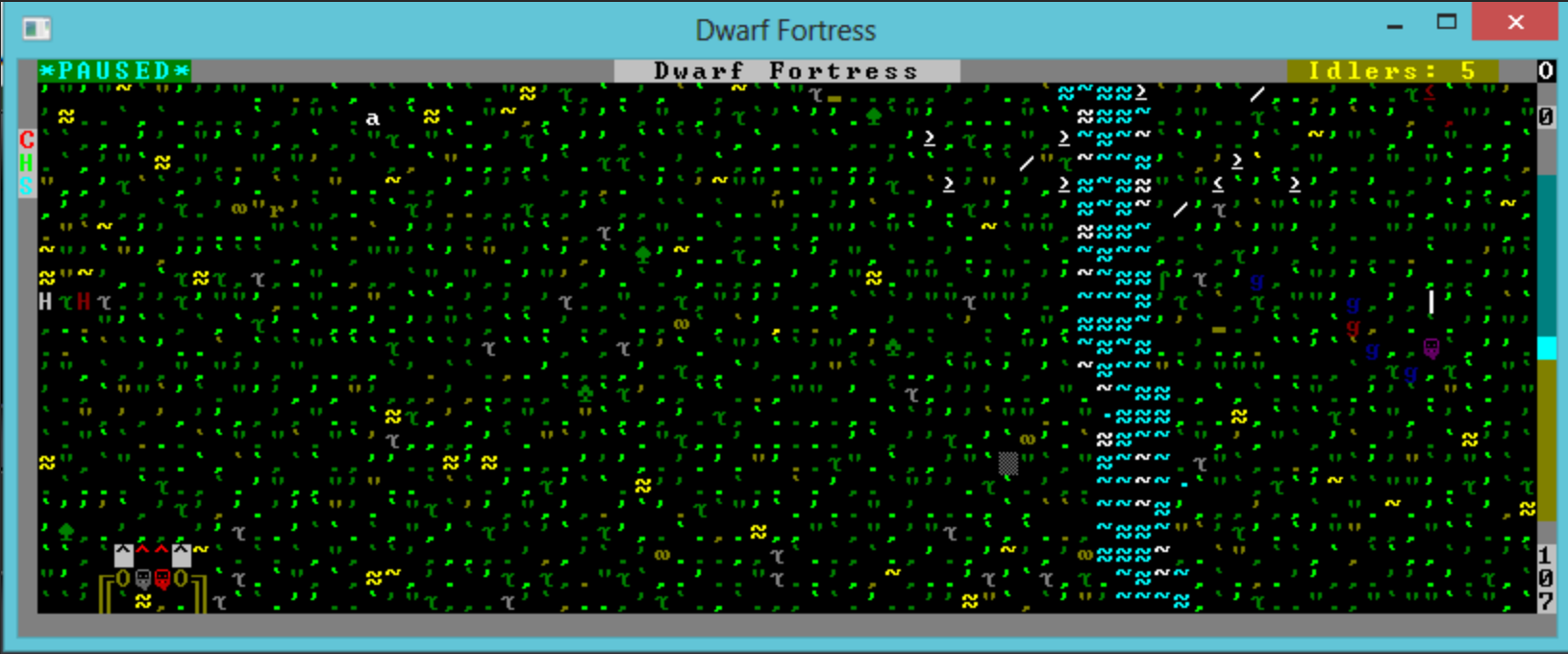


The elves have arrived in their caravans to trade with us. They might have some useful supplies, but I hope they don't plan on selling us their fancy exotic drinks.

23rd Felsite, 655

--

The gobs made their ambush on us today, thinking that we was unprepared for them. The good news: two hunters forced them into a retreat, and Brenzin was able to kill all of the ones that weren't shot down with his pick. The bad news: both of the hunters died. We'll have to set up some proper graves to commemorate them, and we'll hold services in the dining hall tonight.



Title: **Re: Demongate: Battling Blood**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **March 27, 2014, 08:09:10 pm**

Thane hesitated. On one hand, she was worried that the history taught by a member of the Knights would be far more abridged than she would like, but on the other, many of the dwarfs in Demongate weren't even able to read, and any sort of education was better than none.

"It seems like a good idea to me," she nodded. "You'll have to clear it with Gnora first though."
"Of course," Tarnid nodded. Thane stood up. "One more thing, dear Thane," he grinned, pulling out a familiar tome. "Would you like to know more about the book you started reading?"

Thane's eyes widened. It was a tempting offer, but ever since she'd read that book...
"First, tell me who you've had following me for the last six months," she growled.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Battling Blood**
Post by: **4maskwolf** on **March 27, 2014, 08:26:53 pm**

It was certainly a rare occurrence. Since Gnora had been given the reigns of power, Brenzen rarely had reason to enter the fortress proper, spending most of his time in the outdoors barracks. This was not the only unusual thing: Brenzen walked hurriedly, a scowl on his face, as if some thing major had gone wrong. He pushed open the door to Tarmid's room, gave a salute, and entered, closing the door behind him.

"Well, Tarmid? You said something was wrong. What happened?"

Title: **Re: Demongate: Battling Blood**
Post by: **jrrocks05** on **March 27, 2014, 10:07:04 pm**

Going from where I left off

Journal entry

"Its good to see you Hermes" says Thanatos. "You as well my friend" says Hermes. "What's the plan Hermes" says Thanatos. " ok here's the deal the pigeon handler and three of Ares men as guards will stay hidden outside of the fortress. You will place any letters going out in the hollow tree outside during the day. At night a guard will take the letters and place any letters going in inside as well" says Hermes. "Ok give me an overview on what's going on and what's happened" says Thanatos. "Ok one of our reconnaissance boats from first fleet spotted the invading fleet and managed to get a message off. First, second and third fleet went to intercept. Due to procedure bravo fourth fleet with Persesus in command of the sailors, the hound of war in command of the vikings went to northern naval safehouse foxtrot. As well as the fishing fleets and all other non fighting naval personnel including a few shipbuilders from Hephaestus. The other fleets as well as the other vikings and Poseidon fought to the death killing and drowning many bloodkin but their was too many. They will begain rebuilding the fleets and will not be discovered. The ground forces are still fighting but many have died. Ares and the band of men he had with him fought on the beaches again killing many but soon they were all killed including Ares. We have still fight but we keep on getting pushed back. Though it was funny when that one group fell in the drowning trap you designed" says Hermes. " Here is new orders ill give the basis, all non fighting personnel are to fall back for evac at evacuation point delta as well as a garrison to defend it. Begain setting up bases near the naval safehouse.All the ships we have are to evacuate the non fighters. All other groups are to begain complete guirella warfare. If a group falls to 13 people or lower they are to evacuate" says Thanatos. "Ok stay alive and be prepared I must leave" says Heremes. " Semper Fi" says Thanatos. "Hurrah" says Hermes as he walks away.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Battling Blood**
Post by: **Rhaken** on **March 27, 2014, 10:49:16 pm**

Tarmid arched an eyebrow. "You too? I've felt like I'm being followed for months now. Every time I leave the office, something shadows my footsteps. Whoever it is has given no sign of themselves, left no trace that I can identify."

Tarmid began to pace around the room, hands clasped behind his back. "I am beginning to think we have an enemy within these halls, though who it might be I haven't the slightest clue. Best ask Vlad to keep watch over you, lass. Who knows, he might get lucky."

"Don't you worry about old Tarmid. I don't think our stalker will be able to catch me."

"Now, about the book." *He paced back toward the desk, hands once more upon the small volume sitting on it.* "This tome, while abridged from a larger text, still contains many details regarding political regimes and factions dating all the way back to the Old World. It leaves out some things which are pure conjecture in favor of historically confirmed facts. If you are to read this, you must first take the Student's Oath. It is not exactly a binding contract, but is merely there to ensure you do not betray my trust or go babbling to all your friends when you learn something you shouldn't."

"So. What say you, Thane?"

Not one hour after Thane had left, and already someone outside was running for the entrance of his office. Such a busy day, the scribe reflected. Before he could move to open it, the heavy door swung inwards, and in stepped Sir Brenzen, looking none too pleased.

Tarmid bowed his head, set down his quill.

"Blessings be upon you, Sir Brenzen. Before I deliver the bad news, I should tell you that my research has been going along faster than I'd planned. I have dug up a few names and was cross-referencing them just before you entered."

"Now, the unfortunate part." *Tarmid scowled, began to pace.* "A copy of the Codex has been missing for some time now. Specifically, my copy. Uncensored and unabridged."

"I would have gone to you earlier with this, were you not so busy. The problem is, six months have gone by. I'm not sure if you're aware of this, but six months is the amount of time necessary for the dwarven mind to begin to adapt to thaumaturgical flux."

"We need wood opals, Sir Brenzen," *the scribe intoned, urgency dripping from every syllable.* "The sooner, the better."

Title: **Re: Demongate: Battling Blood**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **March 27, 2014, 10:51:03 pm**

Thane frowned. There was a part of her that didn't fully trust Tarmid yet, allied with the much larger part of her that didn't trust the Knights at all. And then there was the certain knowledge that Vlad wouldn't like her getting involved with the Knights. But the knowledge in those books was definitely something she couldn't obtain acting alone, and she couldn't help but remember the fantasy that was nearly as old as she was, of striding into battle in shining armour, smiting the forces of darkness.

"And if I learn something about the Knights that I don't agree with..." she began.

"As I said, it's not a binding contract," Tarmid shrugged.

"But there won't be any repercussions?"

"There are always repercussions, Thane. But the Knights don't kill people just for disagreeing with them."

Thane nodded. "Tell me the oath," she said. On the way back to her room, Thane heard the footsteps again. She ran, afraid to look back in case it was something other than a dwarf behind her. Vladamir found her three hours later, huddled in the corner with an axe clutched in her hands.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Battling Blood**
Post by: **Senshuken** on **March 28, 2014, 06:33:55 am**

Just of out pure interest, what has Barkov been doing all this time? I would like to know how he is doing, what he has become good at... that sort of thing.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Battling Blood**
Post by: **peregarrett** on **March 28, 2014, 07:11:15 am**

Hospital journal of Brother Cornelius
1st Granite, 655
Gnora, the new overseer, insists on writing hospital journal, so I have to do it. Well...
Current state: patients - 0, deaths - 0, discharges - 0. Fort is healthy. Tallow roasts are barred - they have way to much cholesterine that is bad for your health
We have a hammerer and a sheriff that is good for the law, but beating can be bad for dwarven health.

And meanwhile I'm doing all masonry things, because I'm the greatest mason ever.

27th Slate, 655
New migrants have shown up, I did a quick inspection on their health. All are healthy except one who's mute. Don't think I can help him, but I'll try. Let's start with longland beer to "untie his tongue"

23rd Felsite
Deaths: 2. Hunters spotted the ambush and perished.
Had to put on my priest mantle and serve their burial. Let the Earth Lap take care of you.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Battling Blood**
Post by: **danmanthedog** on **March 28, 2014, 07:34:44 am**

What do i do, what do i do..... Can't think straight the smell it's warping my senses. Got to find cause of the flame, yes the flame the evil flame. *then a slip of paper is put under my door* Huh whats that. Oh good we broke into the cavern... the cavern new hunting ground that might take my mind off the flame.... also some hunters were killed in the line of the duty I shall propose a tome for each one.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Battling Blood**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **March 28, 2014, 08:18:35 am**

Barkov's a legendary miner, and possibly a dabbling architect. I can't remember if I told him to do the second one.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Battling Blood**
Post by: **danmanthedog** on **March 28, 2014, 08:24:10 am**

Is my character coming out okey? First time doing this much role playing. :D

Title: **Re: Demongate: Battling Blood**
Post by: **Sarrak** on **March 28, 2014, 09:01:51 am**

Quote from: danmanthedog on March 28, 2014, 08:24:10 am
Is my character coming out okey? First time doing this much role playing. :D
Only time will tell ;)
Relax and just have fun

Title: **Re: Demongate: Battling Blood**
Post by: **MDFification** on **March 28, 2014, 09:12:51 am**

All I know is that Vlad is still a dabbling axedwarf. If he's still on carpentry take him off, he needs to stop being useless in a melee.

EDIT: Also, most of Vlad's squad is using axes instead of the weapons they're actually competent with. Might want to fix that, cross-training be damned.
We also have quite a few people that can be drafted at the moment. If we want to go for a sword/axe squad and a mace/hammer squad, we can get quite a few soldiers on the battlefield. Also those silver weapons would be actually good with a squad like that.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Battling Blood**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **March 28, 2014, 10:25:28 am**

How many weapons do we have at the moment? We could melt down all those silver axes and turn them into hammers.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Battling Blood**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **March 28, 2014, 10:25:48 am**

How many weapons do we have at the moment? We could melt down all those silver axes and turn them into hammers.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Battling Blood**
Post by: **4maskwolf** on **March 28, 2014, 10:27:15 am**

Something like 10 or 11 silver axes.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Battling Blood**
Post by: **danmanthedog** on **March 28, 2014, 10:48:17 am**

Who could be the demonmancer, Thane, Tarmid, or is it Vlad..... Vlad he could be the one? The smell that horrible smell, got to get it rid of it. Maybe gnora can help... I should go see her.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Battling Blood**
Post by: **jrrocks05** on **March 28, 2014, 01:56:52 pm**

Make sure Thanatos is in the sword squad.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Battling Blood**
Post by: **Gnorm** on **March 29, 2014, 11:54:24 pm**

Chapter III: An Uneventful Period

Gnora’s Journal
2nd Hematite, 655
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A cave crocodile wandered up from the caverns down below and made a snack out of one of our dogs. The boys in the militia managed to kill the beast – minus Vlad, who was happily drinking away my wine.

Miss Thane and Mister Tarmid seem to be quite tense lately. Both of them are always looking over their shoulders in the hallways and jumping at their own shadows! I say they’re being downright silly. Next thing you know they’ll be seeing the will-o-the-wisps at night.

25th Hematite, 655
--

Not too long ago, our fort officially became recognized as a town, and we’ve elected a mayor to lead us. I’m no longer the sheriff, and I’ve

elected a new dwarf to serve as captain. Seems to be an odd sort, but I'm sure he'll come around to be a good leader.



5th Malachite, 655

The silent fellow called Lokast has begun to act funny. He's begun to speak in tongues and has claimed one of the workshops. Tarmid and some of the others call it possession, but I think he's just crazy.

Unfortunately, he lost one of our hunters to one of the giant cave spiders in the depths. He will be buried and will have his memory drunk to.

7th Malachite, 655

The traps I've set in the caverns work! A giant rat tried to come into our fortress and was promptly cut open by a glass disc. I'll have to see about installing more.

17th Malachite, 655

Lokast seems to have snapped out of his mood, and has a toy as well. Not too fancy; only worth thirty-six hundred. If I was him, I'd want to at least make something useful.



25th Malachite, 655

Some more migrants have arrived, and none of them are anything spectacular. Still, the more the merrier when it comes to workers. Meanwhile, someone decided to memorialize the giant spider that did kill the hunter a while back.



17th Galena, 655

--
Them humans have arrived to trade; I suppose that this is an opportunity to get some more metals for miss thane and her co-workers.

Meanwhile, I recently placed an order to Tarmid for coin-minting. I’m not exactly the money-making type, but I figured that it’s best to keep the noble-types – Brenzin! – happy. Tarmid actually came up with some nice designs, all historical and such:



Title: **Re: Demongate: Battling Blood**
Post by: **Sarrak** on **March 30, 2014, 04:39:45 am**

"Fortress Demongate. 18th Malachite. Year 655.

My memories are blurred. It is hard to remember most recent events. I looked through my journal entries, but found nothing at all, as if three months were teared off from it. Maybe I used another book in the meantime?"

Lokast straightened his back and signed heavily.

"Oh well, who am I kidding? Three months ago, after receiving an order from my consciousness, I promptly ignored it, thinking that there was plenty of time ahead to sort everything out. The next morning, I was no longer in control of my own body. Taking only most needed supplies I - or, more correctly, my body - managed to run back to the caravan before its arrival. Obok grumbled, but asked no questions. He was completely uninterested why wise scholar, who stayed behind to study, suddenly run back with wide eyes and messy clothes, painfully griping his backpack as if demons were following in his steps.

The journey is less than complete in my memory. After first days, my sensitivity waned and I stepped back, unable to struggle for control anymore. Pictures of different places: deep forest a lake, jungles, snowy mountain... We have travelled quite far indeed and overcame many difficulties. But my arrival to Demongate is complete mystery. I cannot remember anything from it.

Unknown force that guided me here, finally waned within a month, leaving me staring at toy anvil in my hands, mouth agape. Thankfully, everyone was fine with me not remembering anything - it was quite normal for dwarf to be inspired and guided by forces unknown. But... I know that it is not so. Long trek here, only to make an anvil? Improbable. Spirits are not so organized and temporizing to pull something like it. Perhaps, anvil was just deception. Or hidden sign for me. Maybe I had some metallurgy skills back there? Or can it mean something about my ancestry? I must study it more thoughtfully."

Scribe paused to wipe sweat from his brow. Sitting beside fireplace was, perhaps, not the best idea after all.

"It remains to be seen if I can discover anything. In the meantime I want to borrow and study some books from my fellow scribe. Maybe I will find something of importance to my quest there."

Title: **Re: Demongate: Battling Blood**
Post by: **MDFification** on **March 30, 2014, 08:05:45 am**

RIP Giant Spider, may he web in peace.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Battling Blood**
Post by: **danmanthedog** on **March 30, 2014, 10:07:02 am**

breathing heavily Still no leads to the flame but it looks like the fellow Lokast had a mood.... good for him. My body is growing heavy and I seem to be getting more ill the longer that smell is around, why is no one else smelling it? Can I only smell true magic in this crummy fort? God do I miss my old home. Thane and tarmid are acting paranoid lately... weak minded fools.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Battling Blood**
Post by: **MDFification** on **March 30, 2014, 01:30:19 pm**

Urge to kill Danetheman... rising.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Battling Blood**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **March 30, 2014, 04:15:05 pm**

Thane's journal.

I've been having a strange feeling lately. Well, two strange feelings. The first is, obviously, that whoever it is that was following me is still following me, and if it's not one of the Knights, I don't know who it is. If Tarmid really is being followed as well, then it's probably not a stalker, unless we're being followed by different people. In any case, the second feeling is that we should be digging deeper. Apparently it's pretty common for metalworkers to feel like that, since we feel more comfortable near the blood of the earth, but this feels different. It's as if there's something calling out to me from below.

In any case, Demongate is making its own coins now. I had to have the idea explained to me a couple of times, but apparently it's like giving someone a mug or toy anvil in exchange for something that's actually of some use. Frankly, I can think of better things to do with our metal, like make weapons out of it.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Battling Blood**
Post by: **Gnorm** on **March 30, 2014, 05:12:42 pm**

Chapter IV: Invaders and a Visitor

Gnora's Journal
17th Limestone, 655



Well, bless my soul! Adamantine in the caverns. The miners was going absolutely crazy about this find. I had to very sternly tell them that they were not to dig it out; I don't want any curses coming here.



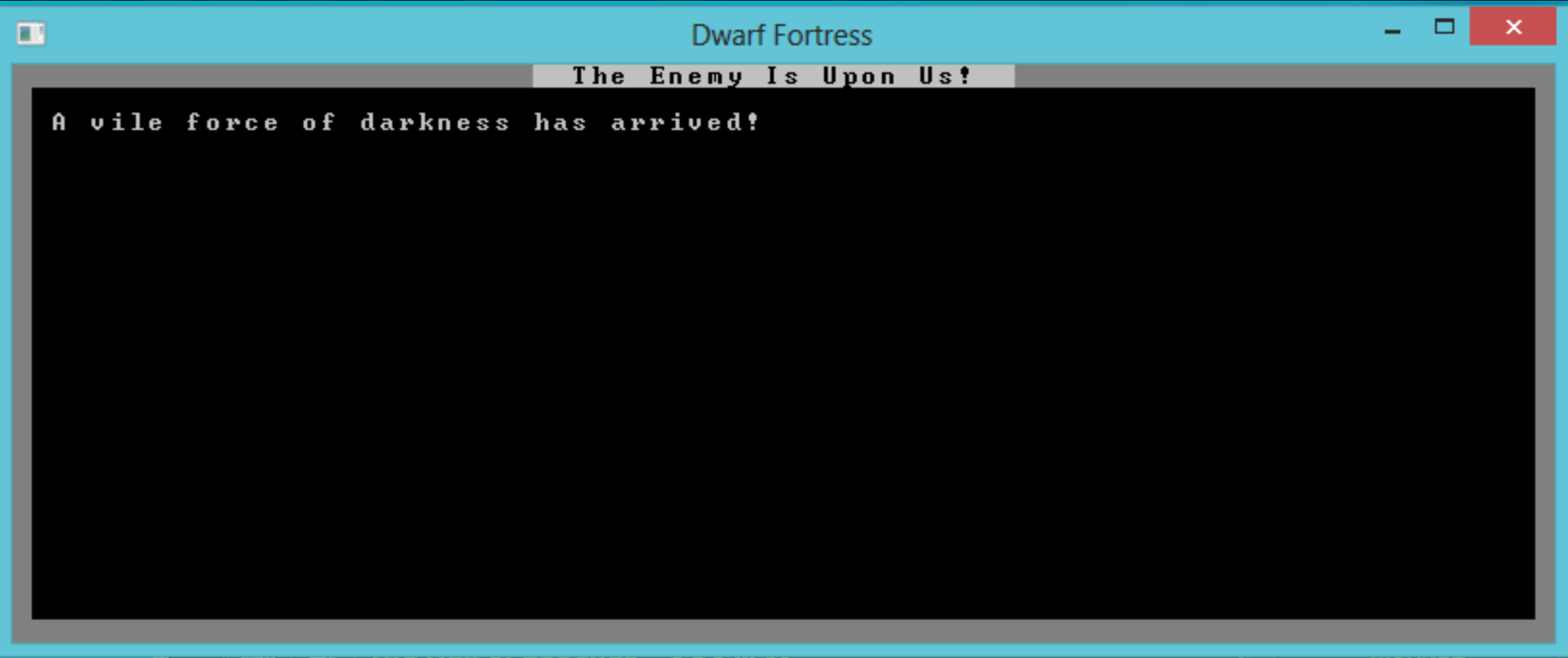
A little while later, a miner came running up into the fortress crying madly about demons and devils and all of that type of thing. I don't know what to do about this, so I've put extra traps in the lower areas. Nobody's going down there on my watch.

3rd Timber, 655

Ushrir Fikodlek, Armorer has been found dead, completely drained of blood!

It's finally happened! Every fortress gets one of these eventually, and ours is no exception. The fortress is on high alert, and if all goes well one of our tin cages will have a new owner.

Undated Entry



The gobs came back, and this time with a formal army. Everyone was ordered inside, though the lingering hunters managed to put a few bolts in the advancing lashers. Their leader was mounted on a cave crocodile, and came marching up to our gates as if he owned the place. Naturally, our troops took the soldiers out with ease, though the leader managed to narrowly escape unharmed. Everyone was there fighting, except for Thanatos, who was asleep. Brenzin actually took out the most with his pick, and I was actually impressed. Unfortunately, his disciple – Olin, I believe – was caught up in the fighting, and was killed with her child. We will hopefully have all of the dead buried soon.

Meanwhile, one of our newer weaponsmiths, no doubt inspired by the carnage outside, was inspired to claim one of our forges and has begun to design a new weapon. I wonder what he'll make.

26th Timber, 655

I don't really know what to do with this.



28th Timber, 655

An interesting dwarf came to visit our fortress today. A hunter spotted him coming towards us at a slow pace, lugging a wooden cart behind him. As he came closer, I could see his worn leather armor and his old iron sword hanging from his belt. His black beard was long and dirty, and I don't think he's been in a fort in a while.

He called himself Blackmore, and he was lugging around a sterling silver sarcophagus that he found in the desert on one of his travels. He wanted to sell it to us, and I figured that such an artifact could go nice in our fortress, so I paid him in the silver coins we made. I tried to open it, but it's tightly locked shut.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Battling Blood**
Post by: **danmanthedog** on **March 30, 2014, 06:04:55 pm**

Those cursed green bloods thought it was a good idea to attack us.... well they thought wrong and we beat them back. *Cough horrible* Shit that cursed flame is making me weaker... I need to ask gnora if we could buy some sunberrys or at least feather wood, I can make a purification potion and hope that it helps fight back the flame's evil. We also have a vampire... I hope its just a vampire instead a bloodkin. Still nothing about the flame's master but it seems that thane is a lazy one not even fighting during the seige.. I hope shes the demonmancer.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Battling Blood**
Post by: **Gnorm** on **March 30, 2014, 09:59:48 pm**

Chapter V: The Youth Cometh

It was a cold, mid-winter's night, and all the torches in Demongate had been extinguished. The snow fell heavily upon the surface stained with the blood of dwarf, goblin, and animal alike; buildings -- finished or otherwise -- were cloaked in a white expanse. All who had property huddled into their beds, whilst those who did not slept in the dormitory. Only a select few were still awake, some working quietly in their candle-lighted offices, others training alone in the barracks. In this quiet time, the intruder managed to slip inside the fortress with ease.

Cloaked in black spider-silk, the dwarf moved stealthily through the halls. He passed the farms, the forges, and the workshops. He passed the offices, the dormitory, and the hospital. He passed the bedrooms, the graves, and the mines, until he finally came to his destination. It was a small chamber, sealed only with a silver door. His prize lay on a suspended platform over a small pit; the sterling silver sarcophagus was as good-looking as when he had sold it almost two months heretofore.

Blackmore removed his hood; he was sure that no one had followed him here. The callow peasant-girl was so easily convinced, and now he was about to have his prized possession back, plus the sum of silver he obtained for it. He took the object in his arms and began to carry it slowly out of the chamber. It was incredibly heavy, and he did not have his cart with him. The first few steps went smoothly, but with five more his legs began to quiver intensely. After fifteen steps total he could no longer hold onto it and the sarcophagus went plummeting into the pit with a loud crash. Blackmore knew that *someone* must have heard such a crash, so he ran quickly into the pit and -- with the strength granted by fear and adrenaline -- carried the object back to its original position.

Blackmore began to leave, but stopped when he noticed that the lock -- to which he had never truly paid any mind -- had broken. He knew, by basic logic, that little more than a corpse could be inside, however curiosity got the better of the conman and he opened the lid. Inside was a small dwarf's corpse, looking to be about two hundred years dead. It was shriveled, gray, and the skin had begun to rot and peel in certain areas. Blackmore was slightly disgusted by the sight, but he was nearly given a heart-attack when the corpse suddenly began to move.

The corpse gripped Blackmore's shoulders with its weak grasp and began to bite at his neck. Blackmore could feel that it was drinking his blood, and just barely managed to break himself out of shock for long enough to force the creature off of him. To his horror, the vampire appeared to be growing younger, for now it appeared to be an incredibly aged dwarf; it was now incredibly wrinkled and feeble, though it was no longer in a state of rot. Blackmore was determined to fight this creature off, and drew his sword from his belt. He lunged at the monster, though the blood loss made it much heavier in his hand and the vampire pushed it aside with ease. The vampire then took its chance to lunge *itself* at Blackmore, and began to feed with a voracious appetite.

After almost all the blood in his system was gone and Blackmore was almost dead, the vampire assumed a new appearance. He was now a young, strong dwarf with incredible carriage. His red beard was well-groomed; his eyes looked at his meal with prideful amusement. Corley reached down and tore the cloak and sword from the decrepit dwarf's weak body. He no longer held any desire to feed off of this particular dwarf, so he decided to dispose of him in a manner deemed amusing by him. Taking Blackmore in his grasp, Corley deposited him in the very sarcophagus in which he himself was sealed and placed the lid atop it. Any dwarf could lift it, though the lack of blood -- combined with the lack of oxygen inside -- made it impossible for Blackmore.

Corley glanced down at himself; he was nearly naked, and had only an iron sword with him. He began to wonder where exactly he was when he heard the sound of stirring and footsteps coming from the levels above.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Battling Blood**
Post by: **jrrocks05** on **March 30, 2014, 10:08:09 pm**

Corely is back and inside the fortress..... shit

Title: **Re: Demongate: Battling Blood**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **March 31, 2014, 05:09:20 am**

Dan, why would Thane have been fighting? She's not even in the militia.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Battling Blood**
Post by: **danmanthedog** on **March 31, 2014, 07:38:28 am**

.....okay so there is a thantos and a thane....hmm just pretend that my character is slowly losing his mind necausw of the flame.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Battling Blood**
Post by: **MDFification** on **March 31, 2014, 07:39:22 am**

Quote from: danmanthedog on March 31, 2014, 07:38:28 am
.....okay so there is a thantos and a thane....hmm just pretend that my character is slowly losing his mind necausw of the flame.

That's definitely where it started.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Battling Blood**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **March 31, 2014, 07:48:45 am**

Great. I'm being stalked by someone who doesn't even know who I am.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Battling Blood**
Post by: **Sarrak** on **March 31, 2014, 11:11:55 am**

It gets from weird to hilarious and back to weird again :o

Title: **Re: Demongate: Battling Blood**
Post by: **danmanthedog** on **March 31, 2014, 11:16:13 am**

Well in the beginig I thought you named thane after thanetos to which is why my guy got paranoid by her/him.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Battling Blood**
Post by: **Rhaken** on **March 31, 2014, 11:56:01 am**

The year marched ever onwards, and Tarmid found himself taking time from his research in favor of regular meetings with the notables of Demongate. Most common were the two-hour meetings with Thane, two to three times per week, to further her education. There were meetings with Sir Brenzen to further the investigation into the missing Codex and the resident vampire, and discussions on strategy. Finally, the occasional meeting with Gnora regarding Tarmid's Writ of Schooling.

It was during one of Thane's late night lessons that they heard the noise. They were going over a chapter on elective monarchies, such as the one in effect in The First Iron.

"The concept of the elective monarchy first came about when our first king, Fikod Trumpettrammel, chose to abandon his duties as monarch in the year 24 without leaving a descendant. For several months afterwards, the nobles of Paddlewash, Bitebronze and Anvilape convened in the Sanctuary of Rims to decide who would inherit the throne." *Tarmid turned the page.* "Ultimately, they concluded that none among them were willing to abandon their own positions to rule an unstable kingdom still in its infancy."

"I could bore you with the specific names and details, but let's not." *The scribe gave Thane a knowing smile. The details were there on the paper. All three pages of them.* "In the end, the position fell to Eral Lensthunder, daughter of the baron of Paddlewash. Her rule was a time of stability and growth, though her dedication gave her little time to consider her many suitors. When she passed away, slain by the cyclops Spospo Cloudcontrolled, she was yet unmarried, leaving the First Iron once again without a monarch. So the election was held once again."

A crash deep within the fortress.

"What in blazes was that?"

Tarmid put an ear to the office's mudstone door. Hearing nothing, he peeked through the keyhole. All clear. He opened the door an inch, peeked outside. The stillness was quickly broken by the booming rasp of metal dragging on stone, as if someone was moving furniture. Could it be the sarcophagus?

He motioned for Thane to remain still, and she complied. Tarmid shut his eyes, blocking out his sight in favor of his hearing. Far beneath him, dim through the distance and silence, came the faint sounds of a struggle. There were many possible explanations for the sound, and none of them were pleasant. The safest course of action was to stay inside and barricade the door. But Tarmid knew full well that such a course of action could have a tremendous cost in dwarven life in the worst-case scenario.

He shut the door, slow and silent. He approached Thane, and spoke in a library whisper.

"Thane, something is going on down below. I propose we go find someone to help. Preferably, someone heavily armed."

He moved to the door, Thane on his heels. Though he could no longer hear the struggle, Tarmid felt certain that it wasn't over yet. Nothing bad ever ends quickly.

"We'll sneak through the halls as quick and quiet as we can. First Vlad, if he's sleeping in his bedroom. Then Sir Brenzen."

"Take no risks," *he admonished.* "I don't know what we're dealing with here, but I doubt it's as simple as a late night tantrum."

On his signal, the scribe opened the door and stalked outside, moving as silent as a cat on the prowl. He thought on the sarcophagus, how he had tried to examine it yet found nothing of particular interest. A quote sprang to mind, one believed to have been uttered by Grandmaster Cilob Helmedswallow himself.

If faith alone sufficed, *the cynical knight had said,* we would charge into battle naked.

The hairs stood on the back of Tarmid's neck. He felt naked in his light civilian garb, devoid of all protection in his midnight blue cloak. He mouthed a silent prayer of protection.

For tonight, faith would have to be enough.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Battling Blood**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **March 31, 2014, 12:30:56 pm**

The night was dark and full of terrors. Thane crept behind the scribe, pausing as he held up a hand. Tarmid motioned towards Vlad's room, then headed towards Brenzen's office. Thane sneaked up the stairs to her forge before she woke Vlad. Tarmid might be satisfied to face the unknown armed with nothing more than a quill, but she knew that she'd feel better with metal in hand. The weapons that she'd made had all been taken by the militia, but there was a sword she hadn't finished on the anvil. It didn't have an edge yet, but it would serve as a club. Comforted by the weight of the bronze, Thane walked quietly down the hall, shaking Vladamir awake once she reached him.
"Vell, zis is a pleasant surprise," he began, grinning, but stopped once he'd seen her expression and the weapon in her hand.
"There's someone fighting downstairs," she whispered. "We need some help."

Title: **Re: Demongate: Battling Blood**
Post by: **Sarrak** on **March 31, 2014, 12:37:26 pm**

Lokast slowly walked through the sleeping fortress. Pretty much everyone ignored him during daytime - and it rarely bothered him. Night was not an exception. Dwarves had much more important places to be - kitchens, watchtower and walls, their own studies or bedrooms... Lokast started to love such midnight walks. Alone and free to roam everywhere, he ended up in many different places. Some recent excavations. Artwork on the wall - a bit of stone dust still in the air. New stockpile. Fortress lived and reorganized itself.

Empty halls were silent. Perhaps, another dwarf would be less eager to walk here alone, but not Lokast. For some reason, unknown to him, fear of death never crossed his mind. He could worry a bit about lasting hands injuries, being scribe - but not death. It was just too simple and obvious to worry about.

Today, he was going to visit more active parts of the keep. Vampire threat had nothing to do with it - Lokast was fine about such risks. He just wanted to pass a letter to Tarmid and request a few books. They have seen each other in dining room or corridors from time to time, but never talked - or written - more than a few pleasantries. Tarmid was preoccupied with some research, while Lokast himself worked hardly on a theories centered around Dark Times, and was too raptured with them to continue on his quest. Well, there are personal things and passions, you know?

Longing sound of something heavy crashing onto stone interrupted his thoughts. Pausing for a moment, intrigued Lokast looked around and rushed to his destination. Strange sound was from there, anyway.

Passing Tarmid door - slightly opened, but empty, he slowed to pin down his request on some spiked furniture and, notebook in hands, hurried onwards.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Battling Blood**
Post by: **danmanthedog** on **March 31, 2014, 01:26:06 pm**

Hmm I wonder how do I catch a demonmancer... *crash* what in gods sake was that? That sounded like it came from yhe sacaphogas... oh no, oh noo! VAMPIRE!!!!!!!!!!!! Everybody grab your weapons or at least a blunt *hack cough*object!!!!

Title: **Re: Demongate: Battling Blood**
Post by: **Sarrak** on **March 31, 2014, 01:59:46 pm**

Quote from: danmanthedog on March 31, 2014, 01:26:06 pm
Hmm I wonder how do I catch a demonmancer... *crash* what in gods sake was that? That sounded like it came from yhe sacaphogas... oh no, oh noo! VAMPIRE!!!!!!!!!!!!
Everybody grab your weapons or at least a blunt *hack cough*object!!!!
You're absolutely paranoid :)
We're trying to investigate, while you're already calling fortress to arms to fight ancient eldritch horrors. Although everything is great, please, hear a piece of advice - don't just bluntly state: "Oh, crash! It must be from sarcophagus! Ancient vampire was unleashed!". Try something different even if you're paranoidal homicide. Also, not everyone even knew about sarcophagus first-hand...

Title: **Re: Demongate: Battling Blood**
Post by: **jrrocks05** on **March 31, 2014, 02:00:25 pm**

Journal entry

Since my nightmares I have never been much of a sleeper. Being a warrior does that to you. So when I hear a huge crash I get curious. I am walking towards the sound with my sword when I see thane and vlad heading there too. Maybe I can offer my help.....

Title: **Re: Demongate: Battling Blood**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **March 31, 2014, 02:31:35 pm**

Surely if you thought that something was escaping from a coffin, your first thought should be of a mummy? I mean, in the dwarf fortress universe, vampires don't appear to do anything involving coffins that I've seen.

Ps. If a vampire gets raised as a zombie, do the strength multiplers stack? Because that would be kind of terrifying.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Battling Blood**
Post by: **Sarrak** on **March 31, 2014, 03:08:36 pm**

As practice showed, different thralling effects stack. So, if reviving vampire as a zombie is possible (I think it id), he will get everything multiplied once more.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Battling Blood**
Post by: **MDFification** on **March 31, 2014, 06:25:03 pm**

Eh, enough dice rolls and it'll go down. In the meantime, though, it'll crush everything that gets within melee distance. Also, Corley's back? I have no idea where this is going. I'm a little frightened that he'll screw up the fort again with his mere, purely plot presence. Vlad'll just do whatever Asmoth wants for now I guess.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Battling Blood**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **March 31, 2014, 07:03:25 pm**

Well, hopefully he'll just pretend to be the guy who sold the coffin and join the fortress, since in character he'd have had ample time to go legendary in his combat skills, which would leave everyone except maybe Brenzen a bit screwed. I'm guessing he ended up in the coffin via infighting, or perhaps plan gone awry (or plan gone correctly).

By the way, isn't it a bit odd how no one in Demongate aside from Vlad and, presumably, Gnora sleeps at night?

Title: **Re: Demongate: Battling Blood**
Post by: **Rhaken** on **March 31, 2014, 07:05:36 pm**

Quote from: Deus Asmoth on March 31, 2014, 07:03:25 pm
Isn't it a bit odd how no one in Demongate aside from Vlad and, presumably, Gnora sleeps at night?

Why would Tarmid sleep at night? That's the only time he isn't getting work orders to sign. Only time he can do some actual research.

Is Tarmid suffering from sleep deprivation? We shall see.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Battling Blood**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **March 31, 2014, 07:10:49 pm**

It's not looking good for Thane in any case. Sleep deprivation+stalking+regularly working with red hot metal= !!fun!!

Title: **Re: Demongate: Battling Blood**
Post by: **danmanthedog** on **March 31, 2014, 07:15:51 pm**

Blaaa!!!! *breathing deeply* Oww my head.. stinky nightmares. What was it about a pig.... no wait it was about a sausage and a vampire. *Hack cough* Got to stop eating cheese before breakfast. *Crash* What, who, when, how? It must be thane or tarmid!

Title: **Re: Demongate: Battling Blood**
Post by: **4maskwolf** on **March 31, 2014, 07:28:57 pm**

Quote from: Deus Asmoth on March 31, 2014, 07:03:25 pm
Well, hopefully he'll just pretend to be the guy who sold the coffin and join the fortress, since in character he'd have had ample time to go legendary in his combat skills, which would leave everyone except maybe Brenzen a bit screwed. I'm guessing he ended up in the coffin via infighting, or perhaps plan gone awry (or plan gone correctly).

By the way, isn't it a bit odd how no one in Demongate aside from Vlad and, presumably, Gnora sleeps at night?
Brenzen sleeps...

Title: **Re: Demongate: Battling Blood**
Post by: **Rhaken** on **March 31, 2014, 07:34:13 pm**

Quote from: danmanthedog on March 31, 2014, 07:15:51 pm
Blaaa!!!! *breathing deeply* Oww my head.. stinky nightmares. What was it about a pig.... no wait it was about a sausage and a vampire. *Hack cough* Got to stop eating cheese before breakfast. *Crash* What, who, when, how? It must be thane or tarmid!

Yep, us scholarly types are famed for being loud and throwing heavy objects around. Yeeeeep.

Quote from: 4maskwolf on March 31, 2014, 07:28:57 pm
Quote from: Deus Asmoth on March 31, 2014, 07:03:25 pm
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By the way, isn't it a bit odd how no one in Demongate aside from Vlad and, presumably, Gnora sleeps at night?
Brenzen sleeps...

Not for long!

Title: **Re: Demongate: Battling Blood**
Post by: **danmanthedog** on **March 31, 2014, 07:36:51 pm**

Quote from: Rhaken on March 31, 2014, 07:34:13 pm
Quote from: danmanthedog on March 31, 2014, 07:15:51 pm
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Quote from: 4maskwolf on March 31, 2014, 07:28:57 pm
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By the way, isn't it a bit odd how no one in Demongate aside from Vlad and, presumably, Gnora sleeps at night?
Brenzen sleeps...

Not for long!

They are very loud those tricky book readers always being loud.
Spoiler (click to show/hide)
I just did it to make up for the terrible earlier post.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Battling Blood**
Post by: **MDFification** on **March 31, 2014, 07:39:18 pm**

Quote from: Deus Asmoth on March 31, 2014, 07:03:25 pm
By the way, isn't it a bit odd how no one in Demongate aside from Vlad and, presumably, Gnora sleeps at night?

Well, Vlad sleeps in the barracks most of the time, so that makes sense. For everyone else, day/night isn't really a thing, because they're all underground.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Battling Blood**
Post by: **jrrocks05** on **March 31, 2014, 07:41:39 pm**

Also Thanatos has had a hard life many battles ect. He gets nightmares often so he does not sleep as much

Title: **Re: Demongate: Battling Blood**
Post by: **Rhaken** on **March 31, 2014, 07:42:54 pm**

Don't sweat it. Live and learn. :)

Title: **Re: Demongate: Battling Blood**
Post by: **jrrocks05** on **March 31, 2014, 07:49:56 pm**

Exactly

Title: **Re: Demongate: Battling Blood**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **March 31, 2014, 07:53:19 pm**

Or get horribly killed by vampire zombies.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Battling Blood**
Post by: **jrrocks05** on **March 31, 2014, 08:19:28 pm**

True in dwarf fortress anything can happen :) :) :)

Title: **Re: Demongate: Battling Blood**
Post by: **Gnorm** on **March 31, 2014, 10:11:22 pm**

Gnora was suddenly aroused by the sound of many footsteps moving about the halls. After taking a moment to collect herself, Gnora came to the realization that she was still in her office, going over her plans for the spring harvest. It was a difficult task for her, especially considering that she was unable to make use of any mathematics more complex than counting in "hands" and "fingers," a fact that she could recall caused Tarmid to become genuinely saddened. The task of overseeing the fort was beginning to weigh upon her as well, and she was actively trying to find a reasonable successor.

More movement could be heard from outside, and Gnora decided to investigate the reason for this commotion. Exiting her office, Gnora walked towards the source of the sounds. They lead her down through the mines and into the small chamber where the sarcophagus was kept. Inside she saw several other dwarves -- including Thane, Tarmid, Dantheman, and Vladimir -- all faced intently towards a young, nearly naked dwarf. Noticing the number of people in the area, the intruder swept a bow and looked towards his company with a smile.

"Is there anywhere here where a dwarf may find a tailor?" he asked.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Battling Blood**
Post by: **CaptainArchmage** on **March 31, 2014, 11:01:31 pm**

Hey guys, do you think I could have a turn please? Sign me up with a dwarf too...

Male (if possible)
Name: Captain + Dwarf’s first name
Profession title: Wizard
Actual profession: Crossbowdwarf, Siege Engineer, Weaponsmith, or Armoursmith.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Battling Blood**
Post by: **Gnorm** on **March 31, 2014, 11:36:41 pm**

Quote from: CaptainArchmage on March 31, 2014, 11:01:31 pm
Hey guys, do you think I could have a turn please? Sign me up with a dwarf too...

Sure thang! I'll get to that by the end of my turn.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Battling Blood**
Post by: **Sarrak** on **April 01, 2014, 12:06:59 am**

Lokast, despite being in hurry, managed to scribe some observations in his book. It was probably that what impeded him, as he arrived on the scene in time with Gnora - only to hear something about the tailor. The sight that greeted his sleep-deprived eyes was interesting from every point of view - from social and up to, strangely enough, historical. Something told him that. Something... Lokast felt his leg moved on its own, bringing his paralysed body into the room, while his hand mechanically scribed.

*"Something tells me that scene here is of utmost significance. Truly, unlucky moment to get caught into one of my blackouts... **At last, IT's here**"*

Title: **Re: Demongate: Battling Blood**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **April 01, 2014, 05:17:45 am**

So, are we going to have a vampire wandering around the fortress freely now? I imagine that would be counter-productive.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Battling Blood**
Post by: **MDFification** on **April 01, 2014, 10:25:02 am**

Quote from: Deus Asmoth on April 01, 2014, 05:17:45 am
So, are we going to have a vampire wandering around the fortress freely now? I imagine that would be counter-productive.

If Gnorm chooses not to deal with them, I'm sure the next Overseer will.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Battling Blood**
Post by: **TalonisWolf** on **April 01, 2014, 10:30:27 am**

The plot thickens once more, like coagulating blood upon stone...

Title: **Re: Demongate: Battling Blood**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **April 01, 2014, 11:55:38 am**

Thane frowned as she watched the dwarf speak. His accent was strange, nothing she had heard before, but she knew the attitude of a noble when she saw one- utterly self assured, polite, and always ready to use violence when politeness was refused. "We probably don't have anything up to your standards, m'lord," she said. "We could arrange an escort to the mountainhomes for you, there'll be plenty of clothes to suit your tastes there. Perhaps you'd be kind enough to tell us your name and where you're from so our leaders can arrange a proper welcome for you?"

Tite: **Re: Demongate: Battling Blood**
Post by: **danmanthedog** on **April 01, 2014, 12:01:28 pm**

"Who in the great hunters name are you and why are you naked like a newborn pup?" *Enters gnora* "Ah good your here miss gnora look what we caught in the buff."
ninjad

Title: **Re: Demongate: Battling Blood**
Post by: **jrrocks05** on **April 01, 2014, 02:03:52 pm**

Why are you naked? Why do you have the coffin? How did you get in ? Says Thanatos

Title: **Re: Demongate, a Succession Fortress Against Evil**
Post by: **fractalman** on **April 01, 2014, 10:17:48 pm**

Quote from: TalonisWolf on March 17, 2014, 09:51:01 pm

Quote from: jrrocks05 on March 17, 2014, 09:18:44 pm

thats right i reap souls in this case it shall be DEMON souls!!!!!! yeah i love greek mythology did not know about butterflies though..... ok somebody right now find or make pictures of DEMON butterflies!!!

Not mine, but it works.

(http://tnypic.net/wssgi.jpg.html)

Nothing says demonic to a Dwarf Fortress player like a friggin Cat.

it's sooo cyuuuute! *twisted grin*

Title: **Re: Demongate: Battling Blood**
Post by: **jrrocks05** on **April 01, 2014, 10:36:38 pm**

Exactly somebody must mod in demonic butterfly cats :) :) :)

Title: **Re: Demongate: Battling Blood**
Post by: **fractalman** on **April 01, 2014, 11:53:49 pm**

a cloaked figure approaches danthedog in an out of the way corridor...(pick a time for this to happen; like after the above conversation is finished.)

"meta-balefire. Fascinating. But deadly. I believe I can slow it down, eventually stop it, maybe even reverse some of the damage if you let me. But there is a risk; if I make a mistake, it could wipe you out of history; you'd never have been born, and I alone would remember you. "*

*It was funny, really. Perhaps what I needed was a scientific** challenge to snap me out of my melancholy.*

*meta-balefire: wheel of time's balefire erases objects from recent history, except people still remember them. The Meta means it produces balefire. Presumably, the amount in danth's system is miniscule, but it wouldn't take much, given enough time. note: this is only what my CHARACTER thinks it is based upon a brief inspection, but it fits with the "all-consuming-fire" description.

**as my character is largely "what would I be like if I got stranded in minecraft for a couple milenia or so, etc.", my character is a FIRM believer in clarke's law and its corallary: sufficiently advanced technology is indistinguishible from magic, and sufficiently analyzed magic is indistinguishible from technology.

edit:
Wait a second, wasn't there a problem with the graphics a while back?
Remember how my character was all "for once, it wasn't my fault."

well...
Draw and lightly shade a really tall rectangle. that's danth's timeline.

Draw a bunch of points near the bottom of the rectangle. Attach super tiny arrows pointing at between 45 degrees and 0 degrees.

Erase any parts of the rectangle beneath the arrows.

Now, extend the arrows to the top of the page. if an arrow tip hits within the rectangle, shrink it to twice the original size, erase from within the rectangle.
If it hits the top of the page, however, erase the part of the arrow within the rectangle except for the starting dot...and fill in the rectangle below the erased portions. But, where the arrow strikes the top of the page, start drawing 100 dashed, red rays in all directions.

The more concentrated the dashed red rays, the worse the damage.

SUMMARY: I WILL CURE DANTH. DOING SO CAUSES THE GRAPHICS GLITCH BACKWARDS IN TIME.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Battling Blood**
Post by: **Gnorm** on **April 02, 2014, 01:30:56 am**

Corley looked up at the dwarf that had requested his name. She clearly neither liked nor trusted him, but Corley did not expect as much from any dwarf these days. Being an ancient vampire with a few crimes to his name didn't exactly make Corley many friends, and introducing himself by his true name likely wouldn't go over well.

"My name..." mused Corley thoughtfully. For just a brief moment, an observant dwarf might have observed a twinge of familiarity cross the young intruder's face, as he began to smile in a way that was almost nostalgic. "My name is Joyce."

"Joyce" peered thoughtfully around the chamber. He didn't really know where he was, yet he there was something about it that—aided by his many years of experience—told him that he wasn't in just *any* fortress. He clicked his tongue lightly as he tried to come up with a good story.

"You see friends, I have been travelling for a while now, trying to find my own way in life. My family-ties have given me a large sum of wealth, so I've been able to travel fairly comfortably. I recently, however, came to rest at a human fortress, intending to stay for a few months. Unfortunately, my modest wealth attracted a heinous thief, who sneaked into my chamber in the dead of the night and made off with this precious family heirloom, containing the remains of my great-grand-father.

"I spent several months tracking down the thief, and I managed to trace him to this fortress. I found out from an interrogation with one of his lackeys that he had sold it to you good people, so I knew that I would have to take it back stealthily. I apologize for this surreptitious behavior, but I was quite desperate at the time. Thus, I tried to move to sarcophagus myself, resulting in the noise that you recently heard.

"I am perfectly willing to repay you whatever the thief may have demanded for this treasure. I'll need to get back to civilization soon, so I'll leave on the next caravan. Until then, I could use a room and a new suit—pig-tail cloth is fine."

Thane eyeballed the young one suspiciously, "That doesn't explain why you aren't wearing any—"

"Don't worry too hard about it Miss Thane," interrupted Gnora, "I think it's just another noble being funny."

Corley raised an eyebrow in amusement. "Right you are, mi'lady."

When the group began to disperse, Corley barely noticed a cloaked figure pass by in the corridor. Just the very presence of him set Corley on-edge. His appearance was different, his voice changed, but his method of speaking was that of the same crazed anomaly that Corley had so resented about four hundred years ago. Corley began to twitch nervously, turning his face away immediately. When he noticed that he was being observed by the others, he attempted to relax slightly, and resumed his noble attitude.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Battling Blood**
Post by: **danmanthedog** on **April 02, 2014, 05:59:49 am**

What you mean you can stop it? You mean the fires effects on me *Hack wheeze* so what do i do to stop it?

Title: **Re: Demongate: Battling Blood**
Post by: **fractalman** on **April 02, 2014, 10:53:38 am**

"just sit down, and let me work. it's simply a matter of drawing upon saidar from another world, and creating microscopic amounts of, er, a backfire with the flame of tar valon. Of course, as saidar is not meant to be drawn upon by male minds, I'll have my work cut out for me setting up a double-no, triple buffer, getting the dosage correct, and not "forcing" saidar-it reacts very badly to being forced...oh, dear, I'm rambling, aren't I...just sit down and let me trace some glyphs with my fingers."

i trace about 20 glyphs in the mining dust, pull out the fabled das ebal, and do my best to relax.

2 minutes later, a tiny white flame dances in my hand, occasionally flickering whenever my mind tries to "force" the flows to stay in place. Oh. yeah. 2 weeks later and I'd probably be getting really sick for a couple days. I suppose I could pass THAT off as a side effect of getting drunk with the scientifically minded drunkard, whatever his name was...

"here, put your hands over this for a few seconds. I can't cure you all at once, or you could turn into a crystal, but this session will keep you from getting worse."

(a full description of the penalty for abusing saidar: the first time, ther'es roughly 2 weeks between use and symptoms. by the hundredth time or so, the window is a lot less. 10 more uses later, and the symptoms vanish entirely. Three years after the symptoms vanish, death results. Saidin is actually worse, despite being ~~easier~~ simpler to learn to control. hello even more insanity and horrible rotting disease.)

Title: **Re: Demongate: Battling Blood**
Post by: **danmanthedog** on **April 02, 2014, 01:43:48 pm**

sniff that magic your using its, pure, but at the same time dark. *cough* Well it kinda feels better then before.... I don't think your doing this out of goodness of your heart right?

Title: **Re: Demongate: Battling Blood**
Post by: **MDFification** on **April 02, 2014, 03:28:18 pm**

Someone just read Wheel of Time. I really hope you don't intend that description of magic to wind up on the wiki.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Battling Blood**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **April 02, 2014, 03:54:42 pm**

Double post, ignore please.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Battling Blood**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **April 02, 2014, 03:54:55 pm**

Thane's journal.

I should probably go apologise to Gnora for the way I've been acting. I haven't spoken to her since we met Joyce, but I've been annoyed about how easily she accepted that ridiculous story the coffin thief told us. There were at least six of us there, what was she afraid would happen? Perhaps I'm just on edge. I keep thinking I hear someone behind me, and I'm not sure whether I'm imagining it or not any more. There's something about the name Joyce as well, it's as if I know it from somewhere. It's no excuse for being rude to Gnora, though. I'll say sorry to her tomorrow.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Battling Blood**
Post by: **danmanthedog** on **April 02, 2014, 04:44:19 pm**

Ohhhh double posts haaa, also i have not read the wheel of time but my brother did.. sorry im not really book reader. Last book was Jam.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Battling Blood**
Post by: **jrrocks05** on **April 02, 2014, 05:10:11 pm**

Damn I am a big book reader game of thrones all the way!!!! WINTER IS COMING!!!!

Title: **Re: Demongate: Battling Blood**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **April 02, 2014, 05:46:58 pm**

Hmm, I'm not entirely sure why that double posted. It said it couldn't load the page the first time, so I guess it posted the reply and then couldn't go to the next page.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Battling Blood**
Post by: **fractalman** on **April 02, 2014, 09:23:08 pm**

ooc: my character is not going to use saidar again. Getting 10x sicker than expected is gonna inspire him to figure out a different way to cure danth.

sniff that magic your using its, pure, but at the same time dark. *cough* Well it kinda feels better then before....
I tilt my head.

"The dark you...smelled?...could have been any of three or four things. or maybe all of them. we can figure out which before your next session, if you'd like."

I don't think your doing this out of goodness of your heart right?

"In two weeks time the backlash from saidar is going to hit me and it will NOT be pleasant. If I prefered to cause harm to others, I'd have satisfied my curiosity by watching the symptoms progress...I suppose you are half correct, for curiosity motivates me far more consistently than the goodness of my heart. On that note, I'd like you to answer a simple question as payment for each treatment..."

"My first question is this: What happened the day you got poisoned?"

Title: **Re: Demongate: Battling Blood**
Post by: **Spear** on **April 03, 2014, 12:06:42 am**

Id like to join in and take a turn :D
I would like to be a farmer "Jim the 5th"

Jim Zonmat Akgoskeskal the 5th comes from a long line of quiet farmers in the mountainhomes, With big dreams of becoming a Master Engraver/Wrestler that he never expected to achieve.
Jim made an engraving(a vary poor engraving of the fall of steelhold, which was taken to be an engraving of "image of a dwarf eating cheese"), and his parents have always thought him to be a fool and a mistake of a child, but this was the last straw, so they volunteered him to migrate to the fortress of Demongate. Never wanting to see him again.

Hopefully I can make this a interesting story but im a noob to every aspect of this besides the game itself..

Title: **Re: Demongate: Battling Blood**
Post by: **Gnorm** on **April 03, 2014, 12:37:48 am**

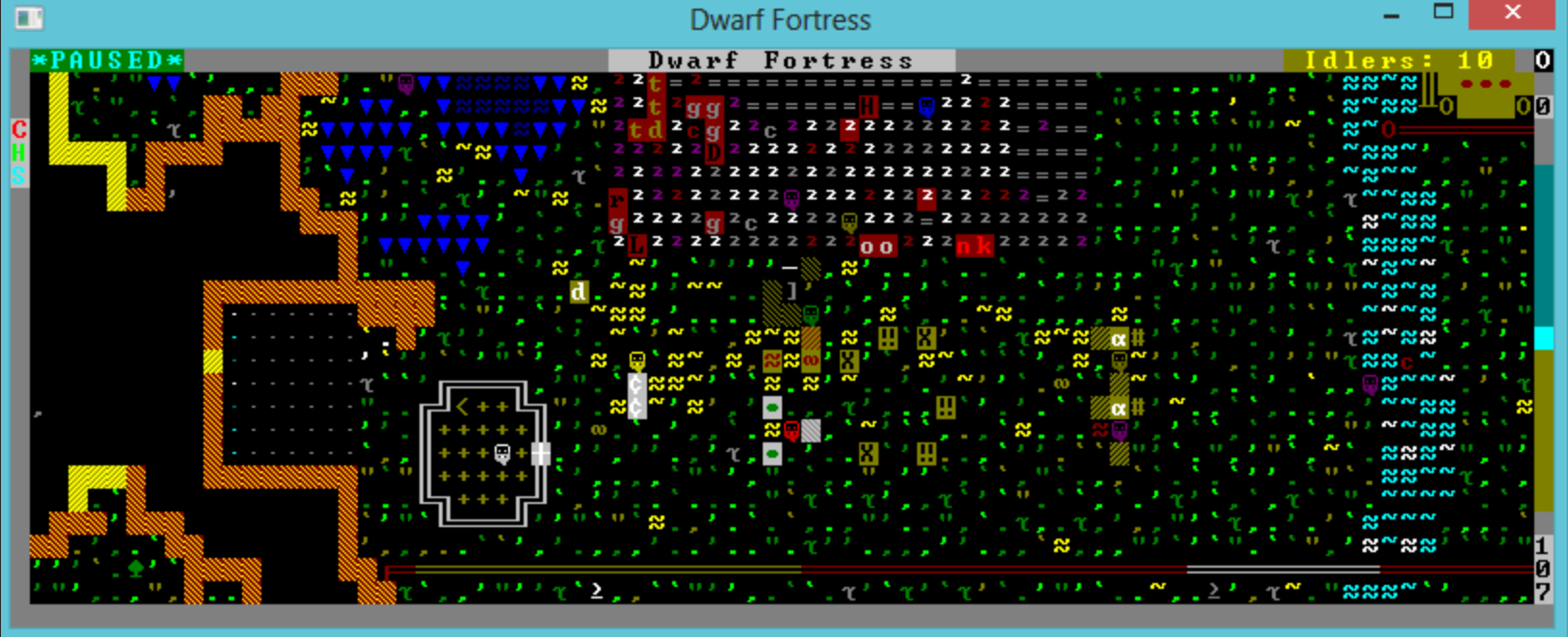
Chapter VI: Return to the Fields

Gnora's Journal
28th Obsidian, 655
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It's the end of the year, and frankly I'm tired of overseeing this fort. I want to get back to the fields, to the workshops, to the stills. It's just too much stress for me at the moment; perhaps when I've grown a little older. I'm turning command over to Tarmid to-night; maybe that'll free me up for some of his educational lessons. I frankly don't see where knowing the kings of old cities will come in handy, but hand-writing and math is useful. I still don't trust this "order" of Brenzin's, but Tarmid at least seems like he won't back-stab me without a fair warning; he just seems like that kind of gent.

One of our siege engineers, Uvash, recently came up to me. He revealed that he was actually "a wizard" and had achieved the rank of "captain." I told him to get back to work in constructing our arrows, but he kept insisting that he was indeed a wizard. I reckon that he's mad as a legless goat, and I've had him reported to the monk.

The outdoor chapel is almost complete. I'll let Tarmid know that it could use some decoration once it is fully constructed.



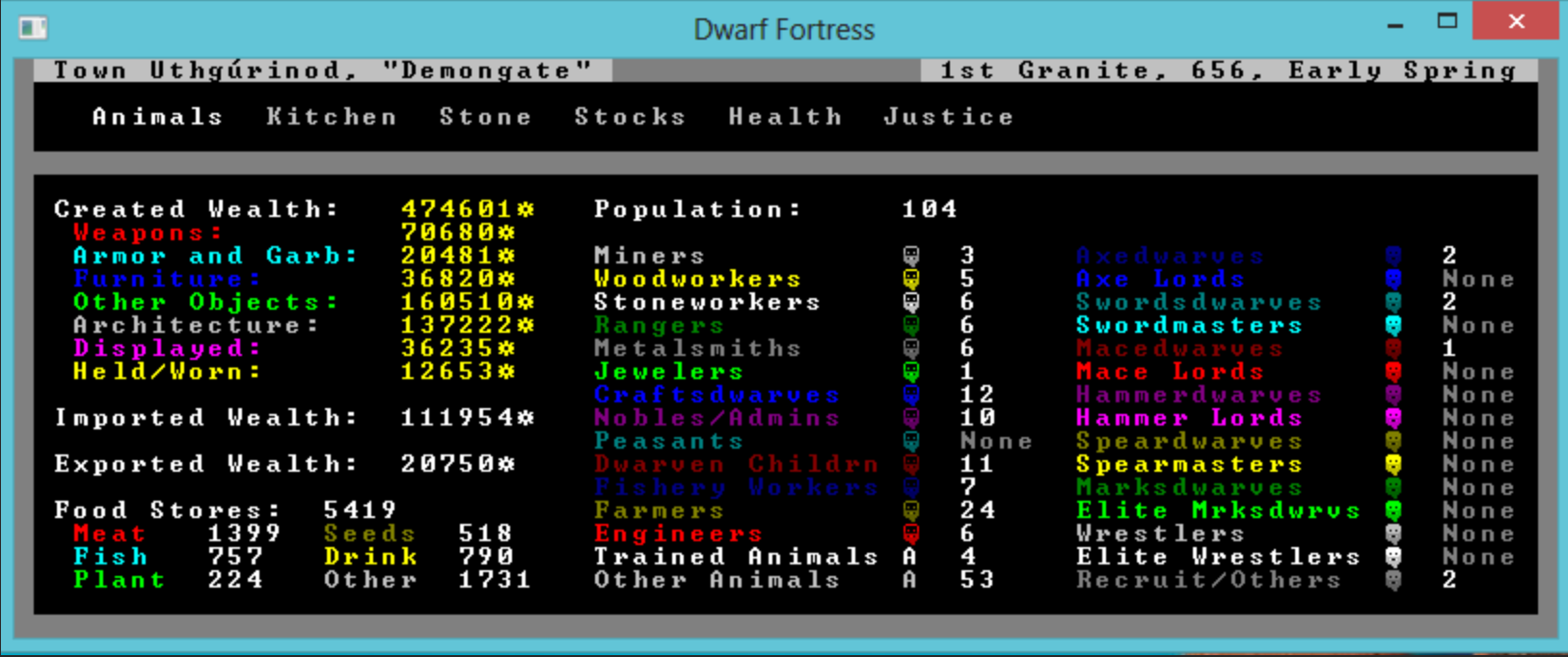
Miss Thane seemed pretty unhappy about me accepting Joyce into the fortress. I don't think she trusts him at all, but I don't see any reason not to trust him. He's re-paid the coins that we spent, he doesn't seem to be bothering anyone, and he generally stays out of sight. All he's needed so far has been the suit and a blank journal with some ink and pens. Occasionally he'll smoke outside, but he usually just hangs around in the deep caverns; I hope he doesn't get himself hurt. Miss Thane recently apologized to me about her anger, but I reckon that she still has her eye on Joyce.

Talking of Miss Thane, it seems that she too has come to be "possessed" and is working on securing materials for her artifact. Hopefully she'll come out with something that we can actually use, but I somehow doubt it.

I've left one last production order to Tarmid, as detailed below:



Lastly, I have my final report here:



Have fun! (<http://dff.wimbli.com/file.php?id=8506>)

Title: **Re: Demongate: Battling Blood**
Post by: **fractalman** on **April 03, 2014, 02:34:29 am**

"a new overseer? at the moment, I wouldn't care if the new overseer gave orders to find out what's at the bottom of the adamant'. "
retching

yeah. vomiting.

I knew i'd wind up getting sick, but vomiting wasn't in the list of symptoms for abusing saidar!

Just goes to show that maybe, just maybe, reconstructing the properties of saidar from a work of fiction, and the breaking the rules set forth in said work of fiction...was not such a good idea.

"CURSE THAT DRUNKARD AND HIS CRAZY -HURK"

Poor fellow scientist, even if he was a drunkard. I'd have to make it up to him. like by teaching him my top-secret blend of booze-y'know, the one that resulted in a horse with a name of "dragon"...

In the meantime, poor me and my stomach.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Battling Blood**
Post by: **danmanthedog** on **April 03, 2014, 06:04:05 am**

Post later and shit so don't move the story to far. ;D

Title: **Re: Demongate: Battling Blood**
Post by: **MDFification** on **April 03, 2014, 07:47:57 am**

If anyone finds legendary quotes, please make sure to point them out to the rest of the thread! That way they can be preserved for future generations.
That is all.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Battling Blood**
Post by: **4maskwolf** on **April 03, 2014, 09:10:00 am**

lolz something I found in original Steelhold. It made WAY more sense in context, though:
Quote from: MDFification on February 12, 2014, 10:27:30 am
Also to boost our FPS I have to order the deaths of hundreds of chicks.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Battling Blood**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **April 03, 2014, 09:39:25 am**

Excellent, she's making an artifact. Probably made of zinc or something, but nonetheless. Has Captain Archmage been dorfed yet?

Title: **Re: Demongate: Battling Blood**
Post by: **fractalman** on **April 03, 2014, 11:29:11 am**

your conversation with me is reasonably isolated from the rest of the plot for now, so you can still add your reply...but my dwarf kinda couldn't delay the symptoms of saidar-backlash. he can be kept under the weather in the present untill our conversation in the past is finished.

character: *i hate you.*
me: *sweatdrop.*

epic quotes from the previous fort.
Quote from: TalonisWolf on February 13, 2014, 07:11:12 pm
Quote from: MDFification on January 02, 2014, 10:08:53 pm
What I can't believe is that we've had adamantine for 3 years now and all we've used it for is building a goddamn trade depot.

...I have NEVER encountered a fortress which had this problem at ANY point. EVER.

Also, marvellous story-telling, I can see how this fortress earned it's place in the Hall of Legends.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Battling Blood**
Post by: **danmanthedog** on **April 03, 2014, 04:03:02 pm**

"I was.... I was stalking two people, I smelt the aura of dark tomes on one of them and arcane magic on the other. If you wondering why I can smell magic its because I'm part of the forgotten hunters, we live of the meat of Forgotten beasts, but unlike other forts that might eat the flesh of them we learned how to eat the true strength of the Beasts. It gives us the power to track the Beasts by smelling the magic auras they give off."

Title: **Re: Demongate: Battling Blood**
Post by: **MDFification** on **April 03, 2014, 04:26:30 pm**

Another Journal of Vlad

Dear diary. Today everyone in fort but Vlad and Thane is crazy.
That's it. Everyone is just insane. Nothingk else to say.

(don't actually link this to your post, 4mask; I'm trying to only do journals when I have something to talk about.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Battling Blood**
Post by: **danmanthedog** on **April 03, 2014, 05:41:50 pm**

Just to let you guys know a good tip about posting...*Whispering* Don't post when you have asleep you will make lots of mistakes. Ha

Title: **Re: Demongate: Battling Blood**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **April 03, 2014, 06:30:09 pm**

Er, I was just looking at the save and... well, is Tarmid *supposed* to be in the middle of being drained by a vampire?

"I am tellink you," Vlad said. "Everybody here is either mad or insane. We should get out while we can, yes? I will not even steal anyone's shoes."
Thane.
"But Demongate is important, we can't- Did you hear that?"
Thane!
"Hear vot? Of course they say 'Demongate, she is important, do not leave her,' because they need suckers to guard it. We can be back to the mountain homes before anyone knows we are gone, then catch ship back to home country and Vlad will show you what real beer tastes like."

THANE!
"What?" shouted Thane, looking around wildly.
"No need to be like that," Vlad began.
"Not you, him!" Thane said.
It is time to make it.
"Who?" Vlad asked.
"Who do you think? The man who's shouting at me! Make what?"
You must make Ob Kat.

"I don't hear anyone," Vlad frowned.
"This isn't funny, Vladamir," Thane told him. "What is it? What do I need?"
I will show you how. You must gather metal and stone, gems, shining. You must go now.
Thane ran from the room, shouting wildly. Vladamir watched her go, then sighed, opened his journal and crossed one of the names out of his latest entry.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Battling Blood**
Post by: **MDFification** on **April 03, 2014, 06:34:28 pm**

Quote from: danmanthedog on April 03, 2014, 05:41:50 pm
Just to let you guys know a good tip about posting...*Whispering* Don't post when you have asleep you will make lots of mistakes. Ha

We have now surpassed the Drunk Fortress thread in terms of sheer WTF posts.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Battling Blood**
Post by: **fractalman** on **April 03, 2014, 07:41:58 pm**

Quote from: danmanthedog on April 03, 2014, 04:03:02 pm
"I was.... I was stalking two people, I smelt the aura of dark tomes on one of them and arcane magic on the other. If you wondering why I can smell magic its because I'm part of the forgotten hunters, we live of the meat of Forgotten beasts, but unlike other forts that might eat the flesh of them we learned how to eat the true strength of the Beasts. It gives us the power to track the Beasts by smelling the magic auras they give off."

"Oh. Well in that case, my advice to you is: don't get too close to books of magic without an instructor. Since you can sense magic, you have a higher coupling constant and so trigger them sooner. Well, I'd better analyze the data I recorded before it deteriorates. Perhaps next time you can tell me more about how your people draw strength from forgotten beasts."

*A pity. I had thought, for a moment, that she had created her own curse by sheer accident, but the one to create the fire, somehow, but it seemed I needed to obtain those books for myself; whether I destroyed them, studied them in depth, or sealed them away...I could decide later. As things stood, a passive source of meta-balefire lying around would probably wipe the fortress from history within 3 years of my experience. *grumble temporal grammer grumble**

....
ooc: I'm quite aware that my character has just jumped to completely the wrong conclusion.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Battling Blood**
Post by: **Gnorm** on **April 03, 2014, 08:49:11 pm**

I made *sure* that Thane grabbed the bismuth bronze we had, so the weapon will be legitimately dangerous in the right hands. She was pretty determined to use copper, though. As for Tarmid, that was not my plan; I completely forgot about the vampire. The criminal listed in the justice menu *is* the vampire, though, so you need not search wildly.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Battling Blood**
Post by: **Rhaken** on **April 03, 2014, 09:02:18 pm**

Okay ladies and gents, here's the deal. I have a deadline to meet by tomorrow night. After that, I have a slightly less pressing deadline to meet on monday. Once all of that is over and done with, I'm all yours. I might even have the time to begin my turn during the weekend.

I'm going to see what I can do to save Tarmid from dying 30 seconds into my turn. I believe burrowing the vampire elsewhere will interrupt his feeding. If that fails, well. I'll think of something.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Battling Blood**
Post by: **Gnorm** on **April 03, 2014, 09:26:24 pm**

I did some brief testing, and it seems that setting up a burrow and having the inactive population from the militia screen go to it *will indeed* save Tarmid. I haven't tested it with assigning only the vampire to the burrow, but in my experience it can be a little buggy, and that's with non-vampires.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Battling Blood**
Post by: **MDFification** on **April 03, 2014, 10:00:51 pm**

Quote from: Gnorm on April 03, 2014, 09:26:24 pm
I did some brief testing, and it seems that setting up a burrow and having the inactive population from the militia screen go to it *will indeed* save Tarmid. I haven't tested it with assigning only the vampire to the burrow, but in my experience it can be a little buggy, and that's with non-vampires.

And we were *this close* to yet another victim of Gnorm, the Overseer Killer.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Battling Blood**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **April 03, 2014, 10:03:35 pm**

There's still time. Thane night want shells or something else we don't have for the artifact.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Battling Blood**
Post by: **Gnorm** on **April 03, 2014, 10:37:15 pm**

Quote from: Deus Asmoth on April 03, 2014, 10:03:35 pm
There's still time. Thane night want shells or something else we don't have for the artifact.

I think that we have plenty of shells from all the fishing.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Battling Blood**
Post by: **Rhaken** on **April 04, 2014, 10:20:19 pm**

Tarmid groaned, rubbed his blood-shot eyes. He hadn't slept in two days now. Not since the mysterious Joyce had arrived in the fort, highly persuasive despite his nakedness. Tarmid had yet to receive any news of Joyce's activities. In part because he had locked himself in his study ever since, forgoing food and sleep and relying on his now near-empty flask for alcohol.

Joyce. He had read that name before, decades ago. His mind had somehow associated it with mysterious Steelhold. But where had he read it? Though thousands of texts had been written on the subject of the ancient fortress, many were naught but conjecture or religious drivel. There were seven different tomes called The Truth of Steelhold, all by different authors, all wildly contradicting. The volumes entitled Lives of the Dwarven Saints were grounded in fact, but were twisted into tales of morality.

He had spent most of his time so far digging through these texts, searching for mention of a Joyce. He knew he had seen it before. Tarmid almost had the presence of mind to mock himself. If there truly had been a Joyce in Steelhold, how could it possibly be the same dwarf that had appeared before them two nights previous? Over seven hundred years had gone by since then. No dwarf lived that long.

But what if it wasn't a simple dwarf?

Tarmid shut the book on his tabletop, put it aside in a pile as tall as he was. He had reread dozens of volumes already, some spanning a half-thousand pages. No mention of a Joyce. Two days of research, and nothing gained. Nothing unusual in his line of work. He was about to start on the next tome when a knock came to his office door.

It was Thane, ready for another lesson. Tarmid led her in, took her to her seat, and opened the book they had been studying.

Then he collapsed onto the desk.

The scribe sat up, stunned and groggy. He was on a bed in the fortress hospital, Brother Cornelius by his side. On a small bedside table lay several empty flasks and plates housing nothing but crumbs.

"How long was I out?"

"Four days," the monk replied. "You really burned yourself out, Tarmid."

"Hogwash," Tarmid said, dismissive. "I've had worse. I went a week without sleeping for the sake of research once."

"Did you go into a coma afterwards?"

"...Yes."

"Well there you go." Cornelius picked up the scribe's medical chart. "You were dehydrated and a bit malnourished, so I fed you while you slept. You should be fine to move about soon, though I suggest taking it easy."

"Oh, by the way," the doctor continued, "The caravan from the mountainhomes came by. One of them said he had something for you. A pile of books and something about a Writ of Schooling or somesuch-"

Tarmid had sped out of the room before Cornelius could finish that sentence.

Winter drifted by Demongate as if in a hurry to meet someone, and the dwarves within the fort barely acknowledged that the cold season was coming to an end. The larders were full, and winter's chill ensured that the wine was naturally chilled in its casks.

For Tarmid, winter was a time for work. With the dwarven caravan had come enough books to fill half a wagon, as well as a signed Writ of Schooling. It had taken him an entire day to move everything into his office. The day after, he had met with Gnora to discuss the school. The lass was all for the idea, but had no time to organize it. However, they had cut a deal. At the turn of the year, she would pass control of operations over to Tarmid, to do as he saw fit. The scribe wasn't sure he'd make much of a leader for the entire settlement, but this might prove to be his best chance at starting a school.

In the meantime, he continued his research. Dozens more books had arrived, and he'd been digging through them all winter, though much slower than before. He didn't want to burn himself out again. Unfortunate, then, that this also meant that he would take forever to finish. There were too many tomes, and not enough time to sift through them all. And still no mention of Joyce.

Thane's lessons had continued through the winter, and the lass was showing great promise. After one of her lessons on political history, Tarmid asked her to walk with him. She followed the aging scribe through the halls, curious about his motives.

"I think I've already said that the Order approved and signed my Writ of Schooling. I can start bringing education to the dwarves of Demongate as soon as I have the facilities."

"Well, yes, you told me," Thane said. "Several times. I congratulated you and everything."

Tarmid shrugged. "Forgive my forgetful mind then. However, there's something I'd like to ask of you."

He turned to his apprentice, a glint in his eyes. Out of the corner of his vision, Tarmid could swear he saw Joyce flash him a mischievous grin, pipe in hand. He did his best to ignore that.

"How would you like to help me teach in Demongate?"

It was the turn of the year, and all the dwarves of Demongate had assembled in the meeting hall, gathered to witness Gnora passing control of the fort to Tarmid. That is, every dwarf except Thane, who had forgone this momentous occasion in favor of running all over the place, hauling metal bars and gemstones and talking to herself far more often than a healthy dwarf should.

Tarmid's mind wasn't fully centered on the proceedings. Countless thoughts battled for dominance in his head. His Codex Arcana had yet to turn up. Joyce remained a mystery. Disturbing new evidence had turned up in the writings of Amsan Jestedbow, and Tarmid was beginning to think he knew who the necromancer's dwarven apprentice was. And worse still, there was a vampire loose in the fortress. It would have to be captured, interrogated and executed as soon as possible. The link between vampires and bloodkin was still an unknown variable, even after centuries of the Order's research.

Gnora's voice pulled the scribe's mind back to reality.

"...from this day, Demongate is in the hands of our friend, Scribe Tarmid." She flashed him a nervous smile, and he stepped up to the podium.

"I thank you for this opportunity, Gnora," he said, voice steady from years of teaching in front of audiences. "I will do everything in my power to improve the lives of the residents of Demongate, and help protect them from evil."

He glanced at the assembled dwarves, taking in their general apathy. To most of them, it didn't matter who was in charge, so long as there was food, booze and socks. That attitude suited Tarmid perfectly. It meant there wouldn't be a whole lot of resistance.

"So, my first act as overseer of Demongate." He projected his voice with practiced precision. "Come tomorrow, we will begin construction of a new area. An area of knowledge and learning, open to all residents of the fortress. A place where you may go after work to discover new things. A place to send your children and hone their minds. A place for language, numbers, history and science."

"Tomorrow begins construction of Demongate's schoolhouse."

--

Gods above! how long have I been out? I have no idea whatsoever what year it may be; have a been asleep for one hundred years, or one thousand! Asleep isn't the most accurate term, I suppose. I can't quite remember when I was nearly killed, but I think it was sometime in the fifth-century. Nearly killed by an ambush from those bastards, and I would be dead now if they hadn't sealed me in that sarcophagus and left me in their fortress. I had just enough thaumateurgical energy to sustain my bodily functions—I'll have to remember that sterling silver is a great insulator for containing these magicks. In essence, I kept my necessary functions going for all these years whilst comatose and slowly rotting away—thank the gods I wasn't conscious!

I don't know how, but when that con-man brought me here—Demongate, as the locals call it—something aroused me and I awoke. I could sense a strong source of magickal energy, but I have been unable to pin-point or ascertain the source. Whatever it was that caused it, I was still awake in that coffin for about a month-and-a-half before I was able to finally get a drink—a drink! how I miss the wines of the old days—from my rescuer. When the people of the fort arrived, I was fortunately able to convince one of them that I was harmless, though the others seem to doubt it greatly.

From what I can make of this fortress, it appears to be a military base of sorts. From what I can gather from the citizens, very few of them know the true purposes of this fort. Some say that its to keep the enemy out, but when I ask what this enemy is, they respond that they themselves do not know. It seems that the peasantry hasn't changed in these years. As far as location, I'm still on the mainland, and it seems that the others are still trying to take this land for themselves; could that be the danger against which this fort is trying to defend?

There's something else that disturbs me here: Fractal is back! I suppose that—in retrospect—it was foolish to think that he would be killed so easily when the fort fell, but I figured that even he had an expiration date. He's no vampire, so he should be dead, right? He looks nothing like he once did, but I know the old gobshite when I see him, and it's definitely him. I'm not sure what to do with him, half of me wants to kill him, but the other actually views him as an old friend. I'll need to avoid him either way, lest I be recognized.

The overseer of the fortress seems to trust me; she's a nice, stupid one, and I like her for that. She's given me what I've wanted—this quarto, pens, ink, my new three-piece-suit, pipes, tobacco, et cetera—and all because she thinks I'm some transient that'll be gone forever in about a month. Well, with all this kindness, it wouldn't be gentlemanly of me to stay too long, so I'll just remain the quiet nobleman for a short while, and I'll leave as soon as I've found what I've wanted. I'm keeping this journal safely hidden in the meantime; it might stimulate some awkward conversation, to say the least.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Battling Blood**
Post by: **Sarrak** on **April 05, 2014, 04:21:50 am**

"And to think I was this close... Hah. Close to the Joyce. James Joyce, Esq. Corley. Legend of his own name... How long it was, again? Several centuries? Yeah, probably. It's hard to count time while being dead and not quite sane... Anyway, preplanned meeting went awry. Poor Lokast. He has too much willpower for his own good. Sooner or later, he would wander too close to the fire. And I won't have chance to intervene.

Probably, I should try to find an ink and write normally, without bloodletting him. But my condition is still very unstable, even despite constant magic flow and Fractal's disturbing presence. Probably, I should take action only at night. Trying to wrestle with Lokast consciousness proved to be too exhausting and demanding task. I failed utterly to control his body even for a mere minute! Oh well... Why I'm writing this, anyway?.."

Lokast has waken on the floor near his workplace, a bit light-headed and still clutching blood-stained paper in his hand. Sadly, any symbols, if they even were there, became unrecognizable. Pausing only to bandage his injured appendage, he scrambled back to his desk, passing few heaps of books and manuscripts beside it. Tharmid was kind enough to give him several, naming him "brother", "Gnora" and "friend", while looking like being not quite here. Information gathered from them was quite resourceful and interesting, but still there was nothing important. Perhaps, new portion of manuscripts would hold more things of an actual interest. One can hope, after all.

"If I am not lost in time, today is the day Gnora will give her position to Tharmid. Not sure what kind of overseer he will become, but he is a decent fellow. Quite carried away sometimes, just like me. I heard that he even dehydrated himself while doing research... Well, it is good, but counter-productive in my opinion..."

Looking at the last words, dwarf smiled, closed the book and went in search of a kitchen. Maybe he would even catch a glance of a ceremony. Who knows?

Looked at the save. A bit of bizarre architecture, vampire running wild (bonus points, Gnorm - you nearly killed future overseer. On **his** own turn), hunters running around in search of a prey...
Looked at my character. He has both hands scarred. And not yet healed. I think DF played it straight for me - I never expected bloodletting to "affect" actual game :D

Title: **Re: Demongate: Battling Blood**
Post by: **MDFification** on **April 05, 2014, 07:10:20 am**

I *really* want to know what kind of moral lesson they tried to make the story of Emdief teach. It's ok to be a transgendered, ends-justify-the-means tyrant so long as you oppress the hell out of other religions and Armok likes you?
I get the feeling that even Venerated, Emdief's one of those saints they don't like to talk about. Or, if you're one of the cultists, the antiOku. I think it'd be best if he didn't show up anytime soon, or ever. IDK.

Also, if you want to suggest new names for Vlad's squad, go nuts. This'll be fun.

Journal of Cptn. Vlad, Forget Year

Gnora is not overseer! Is good! Another Knight is overseer now, but Thane seems to be likingk him, so Vlad is ok with this. I vish they didn't spend so much time together but Vlad is strong believer in individual freedoms and vhatnot. Also, Thane beingk happy is good, yes? Vlad does not have much experience vith relationships you don't be payingk for.
Anyway life is good here in militia. Vlad's squad is kitted out as best as can be right now, yes? All havingk weapon of choice and full armor. Vish ve had better metal than bronze, but it'll do. Only vish ve had archers to provide fire support, as the best enemy is enemy with broken limbs who is also unconscious. Brenzen does not like sense like that, so despite not havingk any knights he still trains vith nobody and calls it a squad. I guess he does not be wantingk to let me outrank him?
Anyway squad vas named 'Oily Jaws' by Brenzen and name hasn't ever been changed. Ve could make up better name but nobody here is creative. Ask other dwarves in fort maybe?

Speaking of in fort, vwhatever is going on in there, Vlad is glad to be outside. Except that Thane is inside. Seems to be lots of thingsk being done with books. Vlad does not read or vrite foreigner language. Tarmid offer to teach, but Vlad doesn't want to risk gettingk ideas like honor, glory and knightlyness stuck in his head.
Joyce try to get information out of Vlad the other day. He obviously is thinkingk that Vlad is dull, just because Vlad isn't takingk on airs about being Captain! So Vlad is havingk fun vith him. Vlad is tellingk him that the rumors of vampire armies in the south is actually false! Vlad remembers Thane told him about some outlander rock faction, so I is tellingk Joyce it is them. And that their leader is 12-foot tall hermaphrodite. This is makingk Joyce very frightened! Is amusing! Good thingk poor dwarf is a noble. Doesn't seem right in the head, and probably wouldn't survive in Vlad's country. Vlad misses the outlands, but outlands probably don't be missingk Vlad, yes?

Anyway, Vlad'll ask Thane to be gettingk Tarmid to form crossbow squad, and maybe be gettingk us better name, yes? Vlad is happy to be

lootingk veapons and armor off goblins, as maybe ve can be gettingk steel if ve harvest enough iron, and Thane gettingk lots of practice can only be good, yes? And maybe Vlad can ask for very own tomb! Being Captain is good!
... eh, you know vhat, maybe I'll just go find Brother Cornelius and 'pray' vith him, pass out and get to doingk it tomorrow.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Battling Blood**
Post by: **danmanthedog** on **April 05, 2014, 07:45:34 am**

Hmm likes like tarmid is going to be the new scribe... Ha this makes it easy to follow and maybe corner. That joyce character, I don't trust him he has the stench of undead on him but I can't smell any thing else from him. *Cough hack* The symptom are coming back stronger, what ever that sorcerer did it seems to help for a little bit. I wonder if tarmid has any books or tomes about my clans history.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Battling Blood**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **April 05, 2014, 01:19:17 pm**

I would say that Thane would agree to teach things, but she wouldn't necessarily be very good at it. Plus, she'll be wanting to join the military once she finishes her mood, so her time would be taken up by weapons training (and looting training).

Title: **Re: Demongate: Battling Blood**
Post by: **MDFification** on **April 05, 2014, 03:18:32 pm**

Quote from: Deus Asmoth on April 05, 2014, 01:19:17 pm
I would say that Thane would agree to teach things, but she wouldn't necessarily be very good at it. Plus, she'll be wanting to join the military once she finishes her mood, so her time would be taken up by weapons training (and looting training).

Shame to expose our smith to combat. Make sure you kit her out in armor first.
Also, looting training is very simple. *Very* simple. Maybe we should rechristen the squad Vlad's Vultures.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Battling Blood**
Post by: **jrrocks05** on **April 05, 2014, 03:35:54 pm**

Vlads boot thieves

Title: **Re: Demongate: Battling Blood**
Post by: **Gnorm** on **April 05, 2014, 04:14:40 pm**

I think that Vlad would name it one of two things: something that he likes, or something that he dislikes. Also, remember your good friend: the wiki.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Battling Blood**
Post by: **fractalman** on **April 06, 2014, 01:16:59 am**

"I heard that."
danth jumped and looked around.

"sorcery is the enlisting of other spirits to do one's bidding. I do not enlist other spirits to help me, therefore I am not a sorcerer...oh don't worry, it's a common enough misconception."

I pause for a moment.

"There's...a problem. What you have been poisoned with...is not meta balefire. It's incredibly similar, but...my first analysis of what happened suggested...that you should've turned into a massive crystal pillar. Only you didn't. Then I realized that the source of the poison-er, curse-might not have been a book, but a botched ritual of some sort...only I'm one variable short. I can't compute the correct frequency...er, "angle", at which to apply my willpower to safely remove the curse unless I can find out exactly what gave you the curse. either way, you lucked out."

"I do not know, or really care, if you were lying to me, or honestly do not know how it happened...but if the latter, then you can help me track down where the ritual took place; for if I have any weakness, it is that many forms of magic are...invisible to me, unless I have a good idea of what I'm looking for."

Title: **Re: Demongate: Battling Blood**
Post by: **MDFification** on **April 06, 2014, 06:35:49 am**

Quote from: Gnorm on April 05, 2014, 04:14:40 pm
Also, remember your good friend: the wiki.

THE WIKI IS LOVE. THE WIKI IS LIFE.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Battling Blood**
Post by: **Sarrak** on **April 06, 2014, 06:50:46 am**

Quote from: MDFification on April 06, 2014, 06:35:49 am
Quote from: Gnorm on April 05, 2014, 04:14:40 pm
Also, remember your good friend: the wiki.

THE WIKI IS LOVE. THE WIKI IS LIFE.

LONG LIVE THE WIKI!

Title: **Re: Demongate: Battling Blood**
Post by: **MDFification** on **April 06, 2014, 07:37:35 am**

Quote from: Sarrak on April 06, 2014, 06:50:46 am
Quote from: MDFification on April 06, 2014, 06:35:49 am
Quote from: Gnorm on April 05, 2014, 04:14:40 pm
Also, remember your good friend: the wiki.

THE WIKI IS LOVE. THE WIKI IS LIFE.

LONG LIVE THE WIKI!

TEXT FOR THE TEXT GOD! PLOT FOR THE PLOT THRONE!

EDIT: Actually I'm going to make the Demongate hub page today.
Also, is anyone else wondering where the 'kin are? Not to jinx anything. Perhaps they're programed to come later.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Battling Blood**
Post by: **danmanthedog** on **April 06, 2014, 09:49:17 am**

"Hmmm? Well if I knew the type of magic your looking for, I could find it easy.... but so far all I smelled was dark magic tomes, arcane magic tome, and lastly a demonology spell." *Deep in thought* "Other then that *Hack cough* sorry but that's all I smelt so far. I can maybe be able to boost my magic tracking if we had Forgotten beast flesh.... other then that we would need a high up shaman in my clan."

Title: **Re: Demongate: Battling Blood**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **April 06, 2014, 06:36:36 pm**

It could just be that the Bloodkin need a high population or wealth to invade.

Fun fact, by the way. Vladamir sticks out his tongue while thinking, while Thane licks her lips while thinking. Clearly, their mouth based habits drew them together.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Battling Blood**
Post by: **MDFification** on **April 06, 2014, 08:38:26 pm**

Quote from: Deus Asmoth on April 06, 2014, 06:36:36 pm

It could just be that the Bloodkin need a high population or wealth to invade.

Fun fact, by the way. Vladamir sticks out his tongue while thinking, while Thane licks her lips while thinking. Clearly, their mouth based habits drew them together.

Seeing as the current canon is 'they got drunk and boned', maybe it did.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Battling Blood**
Post by: **fractalman** on **April 06, 2014, 08:45:30 pm**

"Then until we get a forgotten beast, I cannot treat you."

At danth's crestfallen expression, I hastened to add: "But you can still apply generic curse-slowng procedures; spend an hour each day focusing on your will to live and your will to get better. Follow it up with at least a short period of productive activity, even if you're feeling exhausted-faith without works is dead and all that. Drink sunberry wine if you can get it, and avoid whip-vine flower...

"It will complicate things on my end, as i'll have to deal with the...fog of war, but you need to buy yourself some time. "

I wasn't about to mention my initial estimate of 1 year to live. After all, she'd likely believe it. By believing it, she'd make it magically come true.

ooc: now think about how that last line would sound in real life.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Battling Blood**
Post by: **danmanthedog** on **April 06, 2014, 09:00:38 pm**

"Well if we could get a barrel of blood from at least 5 different wild creatures I could use a low shaman spell that I learned before leaving my village, what it should do is cast a anti magic shield around the caster but we need also some bones, meat, venom and finally a live sacrifice. I could ask the ov*Hack, hack cough.*overseer to trade some. Hmm with your spells or magic... that reminds me what magic do you use but nerveless *cough cough* it could at least help.. right?"

Title: **Re: Demongate: Battling Blood**
Post by: **Gnorm** on **April 06, 2014, 09:09:12 pm**

Joyce's Journal
Magicks and Alliances
--
It's queer; it took so many years for the thaumateurgical concentration to reach notable levels last time, yet this new fortress already as enough of one to wake me from a century-spanning coma. I'm not sure how many of the citizens notice it, but in my years I've grown to learn that—hidden amidst the peasantry—crazy sorts of figures prowl. Perhaps there's an artifact somewhere here—the scribe carries several ancient tomes on him. I'll be sure to find the source eventually.

In the meantime, I've sought to compile information regarding the groups of this fort; the more groups there are the more discord can occur within.

The Order of the Knights of St. Zane: *What an history these ones have. Founded by Urist McKnight, they dedicate their lives to fighting the bloodkin. I had a run-in with them a while back, and nearly lost my life in the process. It was fun whilst it lasted, though—got a few drinks here and there. The very presence of the order in this place lays credence to my theory that I am in a fortress designed to stop the invasions. The local leader, Sir Brenzen, is the current low magebane of the order, and the current commander of the militia here. Apparently, he's not too popular here; pulled some crazy stunts and lost a lot of approval, or something along those lines.*

The scribe—Tarmid, I believe—is an active sort of dwarf. He's always buried in some dusty tome, studying and trying to teach mathematics to the peasantry. I think that he suspects my true identity, and he's poured over countless tomes on Steelhold within the past day alone. Through Gnora, he has provided me with this book, as well as my pens and ink.

The Olympians: *A reasonably-sized group of anti-Bloodkin troopers lead by a edgy chain-smoker named Thanatos. Threat: minimal.*

No doubt more will arise after I leave, but these are all that exist here as of now. I have grown slightly bored in my searches for the source of the magick, and I believe that I will take up a new project in between investigations. I'll send Gnora to pick me up a blank folio from the scribe.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Battling Blood**
Post by: **Rhaken** on **April 06, 2014, 09:11:14 pm**

Before I start playing for real, I'm testing the aesthetics of different classroom and library designs. I have yet to decide on cluttered or spacious. What do you folks think?

And another thing. Anyone interested in seeing a couple story posts from Shank's perspective?

Actual first update coming tomorrow.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Battling Blood**
Post by: **Gnorm** on **April 06, 2014, 09:11:58 pm**

Quote from: Rhaken on April 06, 2014, 09:11:14 pm
And another thing. Anyone interested in seeing a couple story posts from Shank's perspective?
Of course.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Battling Blood**
Post by: **jrocks05** on **April 06, 2014, 09:34:16 pm**

Thanatos journal entry

The reports coming in from the men are bad to say the least. The kingdoms down south have been annihilated and we can only make hit and run attacks on the main column. On a better note the magic detecting device Hephaestus and Hecate were making has been created something about an opal apparently. It should be here tommorow. Also Apollo has created a tasteless liquid thats allows me to poison bloodkin or detect vampires. A shipment will come tommorow as well. Ill probably put it in tommorows dinner then ill see if anyone starts coughing for the rest of the night. That coffin incident was weird and what happened to the guy who brought the coffin? I have not seen him in a while. I still make my nightly strolls it allows me to think. Soon we will have to reveal the threat of the bloodkin to the people but when? Should we wait for scouts to start showing up or earlier? Also who does this overseer think he is all Olympians are educated as well as any scribes or royalty. How do you think I read my report's, write my orders and learn tactics. I shall inform him that I shall not participate in learning. If he asks for proof Ill answer any question. When he asks how I shall not say. Maybe I can ask to teach history I have always liked that subject plus I need to have some kind of relationship with the community.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Battling Blood**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **April 06, 2014, 09:41:58 pm**

Update on why we haven't seen bloodkin: their population trigger is set to 5, so we won't be seeing any till we hit 140 or so dwarfs. Their other triggers also seem to be missing, I'm not sure if that will have an effect or not. If we edit their entity file in the save, we might be able to get them to show up sooner.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Battling Blood**
Post by: **CaptainArchmage** on **April 06, 2014, 09:49:53 pm**

I got a personal message I’m just about to get around to, we need a backstory, right?

Here’s what I posted:
Quote
Hey guys, do you think I could have a turn please? Sign me up with a dwarf too...
Male (if possible)
Name: Captain + Dwarf’s first name
Profession title: Wizard
Actual profession: Crossbowdwarf, Siege Engineer, Weaponsmith, or Armoursmith.

Captain <Dwarf’s First Name> is a foul-mouthed but honest Crossbowdwarf/Siege Engineer/Weaponsmith/Armoursmith who, as a result of magical abilities and enhancements, was “sent” to Demongate to put his abilities to "good use". He is called “The Wizard” because of his magical abilities, which may or may not be any good (if his skill is below “proficient”, absolutely terrible; if his skill is “proficient” to “adept”, reasonable; if at or above “expert” they do really give him an edge). He is quick to anger (DFhack this in if possible), and hates the Bloodkin because they are the reason he was sent out to Demongate in the first place. Thanks to a goblin ambush, he is also paranoid and a "bit of a” (READ: HARDCORE) survivalist.

He’s going to become a nervous wreck if he does work outside the fortress (outdoors), and would build weapon or cage traps into his rooms if given the chance. He would probably build himself a personal sanctum.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Battling Blood**
Post by: **Gnorm** on **April 06, 2014, 10:31:34 pm**

Quote from: CaptainArchmage on April 06, 2014, 09:49:53 pm
He is quick to anger (DFhack this in if possible)[. . .]
I don't know where you're from, boy, but we do thangs the old-fashioned way 'round these here parts.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Battling Blood**
Post by: **CaptainArchmage** on **April 06, 2014, 10:42:57 pm**

Quote from: Gnorm on April 06, 2014, 10:31:34 pm
Quote from: CaptainArchmage on April 06, 2014, 09:49:53 pm
He is quick to anger (DFhack this in if possible)[. . .]
I don't know where you're from, boy, but we do thangs the old-fashioned way 'round these here parts.

Fine. Then make that “in a constant state of internal rage”. I want this fucking turn to be fucking awesome.

That’s right, Captain <dwarfname> uses fullstops on sentences that should normally use exclamation marks unless he’s really fucking angry enough.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Battling Blood**
Post by: **fractalman** on **April 06, 2014, 11:00:40 pm**

I pondered.

"Yes, that might help. if you can't convince the overseer that your clan is prone to strange moods requiring barrels of blood, I can request it myself when i next visit the trade depot. But if you'd rather do it above board by feeding the overseer some line about how your clan occasionally endures strange moods where you need different types of blood for...whatever...then that's your buisiness."

what magic do you use?

"...you are, I think, the first person to ask me that out of sheer curiosity..."

I pondered for a full minute of awkward silence, weighing what to say.

"Your clan wrests power from forgotten beasts. For a time, I did the same thing but with dead demons; I have since abandoned the practice in favor of a hodgepodge of various...lesser magicks. I will not teach you the former, but I can teach you the latter...I must go

now, I have tarried here long enough."

later that day...
so. someone's ordered up a thaumometer or two. Can't wait to see the looks on their faces when it goes bonkers every three seconds. Despite the presence of the hypocritical anti-magic order, there's almost as much magic in this fort as there was in steelhold.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Battling Blood**
Post by: **Gnorm** on **April 06, 2014, 11:15:46 pm**

Gnora's Journal
Schooling
--

Tarmid is now the overseer, and his first order of business is to build a school-house for the fortress. I can't really understand why he is so interested in teaching us his skills, nor why counting on your fingers is so cringe-worthy to him. Still, he seems nice enough, and I think that he really does care; I just can't understand it. Talking of Tarmid, Joyce wanted me to pick up a "foll-ee-oh" for him, so I'll ask for one the next time I see the scribe.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Battling Blood**
Post by: **MDFication** on **April 07, 2014, 08:39:15 am**

Journal of Cptn. Vlad

Guard duty continues to be boringk. And Thane is nowhere to be seen, yes? If not for 'prayer sessions' with Brother Cornelius and one of the recruits fantastic Brenzen impressions, Vlad would have nothingk to do here but train. Have asked Tarmid to create a squad of marksdwarves, but he seems to be busy teachingk the dwarves to read, or somethingk. Joyce keeps tryingk to get information out of me as to what Tarmid is doingk, so I tell him he is preparing for the inevitable var with the 14-headed crow people or somethingk similar each time.

Since (according to recruits, at least) Brenzen has been shirking his duties to attempt to recruit one 'Jack Shit' (am unaware of vho this is) it is fallingk to me to oversee defenses. Vell, I am overseeingk. The archery tower is too small to accommodate full squad, yes? Even if they manage to follow orders and all squeeze into it, there is no room to dodge enemy fire. If I had my vay, ve'd expand our entrance corridor so it vas big enough to be fightingk in, then make a larger archery tower facing inwards only. That vay, archers cannot fire at my soldiers, and as soon as they enter the corridor to fight my dwarves, our archers can shoot them in the back, yes? The ballista battery is also not lookingk very well designed; there are big gaps in the firingk line They should be built staggered and fired in volleys, yes? If they were positioned to fire in front of entrance to the main gate, and valls were placed to force enemy to line up in front of gate, ballista could make our jobs much easier, yes? Finally, ve are vulnerable to archers positioned on hill. They can be firingk directly into main fortification, yes? The walls are needingk to be higher, at least in that direction. Is also good idea to remove ramps on hills to force enemy through choke points - if ve build tunnels leadingk to pillboxes by these choke points, ve could put more siege veapons (impractical option - don't do this) or position archers in line to get a few volleys into enemy forces before they can approach fortress.

Of course, this commingk from me and not Brenzen, Tarmid is unlikely to be doingk anythingk. And rest of fort does not seem to be likingk Vlad right now. I don't know vhy. Someone has been spreadingk the rumors that Vlad is bad guy! Vho would do that? (Except Gnora, Brenzen, Danetheman - I varn him if he does not stop the staringk at Thane I vill be cuttingk him - dwarfs proud of local piss beer quality...) I guess Vlad can only really be countingk on his squad (the boys are callingk it Vlad's Vultures now). And Thane. And Cornelius - you trust dwarf vho's church you pass out in, and vho gets to perform surgery on you.

I ask Tarmid for support again, yes? And maybe Brenzen if I find him, and he doesn't tell me to 'leave strategy to trained officers, Vlad - the knights have been leadingk troops for centuries and you are jumped-up sell-axe' again, in which case I vill be tellingk recruits to place dung in his boots as 'sneaking exercise'.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Battling Blood**
Post by: **Rhaken** on **April 07, 2014, 10:23:30 pm**

Tarmid shivered, feeling light-headed. His eyelids were heavy, his ears were ringing. He felt almost exactly the way he did after a night of excessive drinking. Except he couldn't recall getting plastered the previous night. He remembered giving the speech, then walking to his chambers and going to bed. Not a single drink in the meantime. After some effort, he managed to open his eyes.

And sat up screaming.

A figure jumped off of him, hissing and snarling, coming to rest on hands and feet like a sinuous panther. It looked like an average dwarf, except for the blood dripping from its elongated canines and onto its beard. A soulless, ancient hunger burned in its eyes. Tarmid clambered backwards, fingers scrabbling against his nightstand. His heart blasted through his ears, pumping what blood he still had in him.

The vampire lunged.

Tarmid ducked sideways, onto his nightstand. His assailant sailed over him, face-first into the scribe's headboard. Tarmid rolled off the bed, grabbed the first heavy object that came into his hands, not even registering what it was. The vampire stood, groggy, and lunged him again.

Tarmid swung.

The door hurtled inward, and Sir Brenzen ran in, pick in hand.

"Tarmid! I heard the scream. What happened? Are you alright?"

"Yes," *the knight heard, faintly, from the corner of the room.* "Yes, I'm... I'm fine."

The knight's eyes adjusted to the gloom, and what he saw baffled him. Near the far wall of the room stood Tarmid, facing the corner, a rumpled cloth in his hands. The other end of the cloth was tied around the wrists and ankles of a dwarf who lay face-down on the ground, semi-conscious. In the middle of the bedroom stood a broken mudstone nightstand, a spatter of blood on one of its edges.

Sir Brenzen approached the scribe, walking slow as a hunter around dangerous prey. "Tarmid," *he pleaded,* "what happened?"

"This thing attacked me," *Tarmid replied, sounding less than wakeful.* "I hit it over the head and hogtied it."

Brenzen pulled the scribe's shoulder, trying to get a look at the dwarf on the ground. As Tarmid turned, the knight noticed two puncture holes in his friend's neck, still dripping. Alarmed, he pushed Tarmid away and ducked to inspect the downed dwarf.

"Fangs," *he concluded.* "A vampire in Demongate." *He pointed a hard stare at the scribe.* "You know what this means, Tarmid."

"Yes I do. But he didn't turn me. I feel fine. I-"

Tarmid fainted.

"How long was I out this time?" *This was getting repetitive.*

"About a week," *Brother Cornelius said.* "You lost a lot of blood. Everyone in the fort is going on about how you gave a vampire a concussion with a piece of furniture."

Tarmid shrugged, blinked. "I panicked."

The doctor sighed. "You should be fine now, though I insist you take a couple of days off until your head clears."

"Very well, I'll do that." *Tarmid actually meant it for once.*

A short while later, as he nursed a drink in the statue garden while poring over his blueprints, a hand clapped Tarmid's shoulder. He craned his head to find Gnora's smiling face looking back at him.

"Feeling better, Tarmid?"

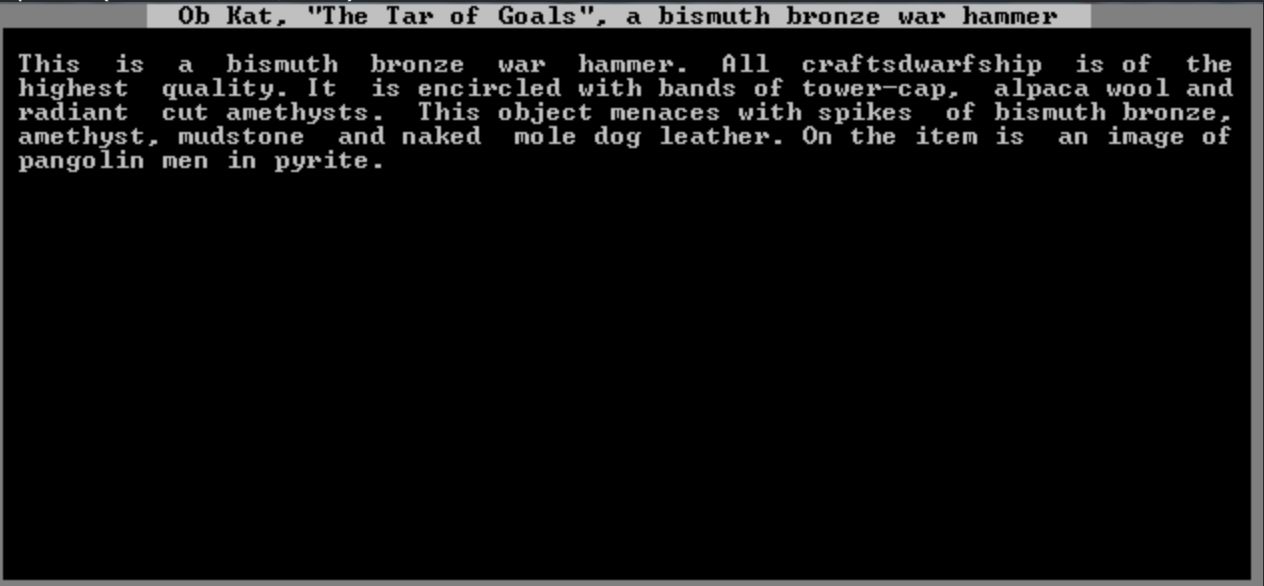
"Hello Gnora. Yes, the anemia has cleared up nicely." *She looked confused.* "The blood loss, I mean."

She nodded understanding and sat down next to him. "Are those the plans for the school?"

"Well, they're early designs," *Tarmid replied,* "nothing special. Though now that you're here, Gnora, I would very much like to know what's been going on while I was in the hospital."

"Well..." *the farmgirl summed up the events in her head.* "Thane came out of the forges yesterday holding this really fancy warhammer. She says it's called The Tar of Goals, but she doesn't remember making it. Weird, considering she slaved away all week to make it."

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



"Vlad's squad has been awfully chummy whenever they head inside for a drink," *she said, clearly a bit disgusted.* "I heard they call themselves Vlad's Vultures now, or something to that effect."

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



"They finished putting the roof on the outdoor chapel some days back, but there is still a stained glass window to install, so someone is taking care of that. And I think Sir Brenzen wants to see you soon."

"Oh, I almost forgot," *she said.* "Could I have a fo-lee-oh?"

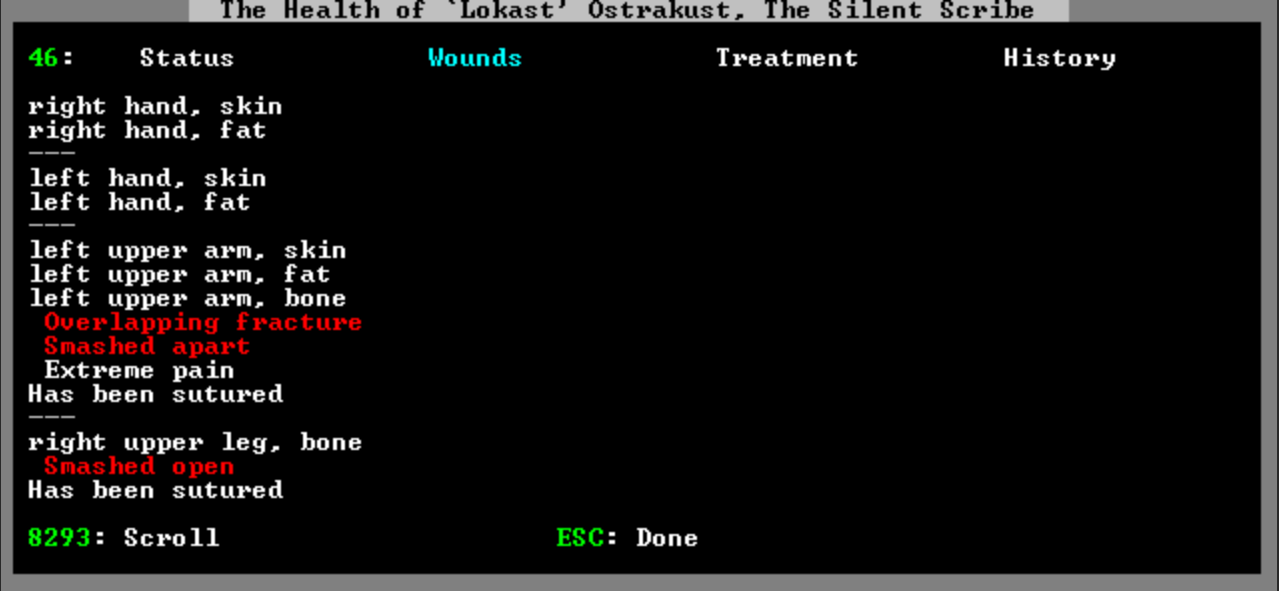
Tarmid arched an eyebrow. "Certainly. I'll pass by the farms later and give you one. Though I'm kind of curious-"

Shouting out in the hallway. Tarmid went to the door to have a look. Up from the main stairwell came a hunter hauling an injured dwarf. Lokast, the silent one, a couple of limbs bending the wrong way, the bones jutting out into the air.

Brother Cornelius cleared the doorway into the hospital. "What happened to him?"

The hunter dragged Lokast inside. "Draltha attack. Split his arm and leg before I could drive it off. He's lucky I was nearby; silent bastard wouldn't even scream in pain."

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



"Lucky indeed." *Cornelius closed the hospital doors, ending the fortress's peepshow.*

Gnora fidgeted, concern dancing in her eyes. "I hope he'll be okay."

"Me too, Gnora. Me too."

Now that was interesting. What was Lokast doing down in the caverns?

Vladamir took a seat across from Tarmid in the scribe's office, clearly a bit puzzled.

"So Tarmid," *he began,* "you wanted to see old Vlad, yes?"

"Yes indeed, Vlad. I've asked you here to seek your advice."

Vlad's eyebrow shifted toward the ceiling. "You are vinting Vlad's advice? On vhat?"

"Demongate's defenses."

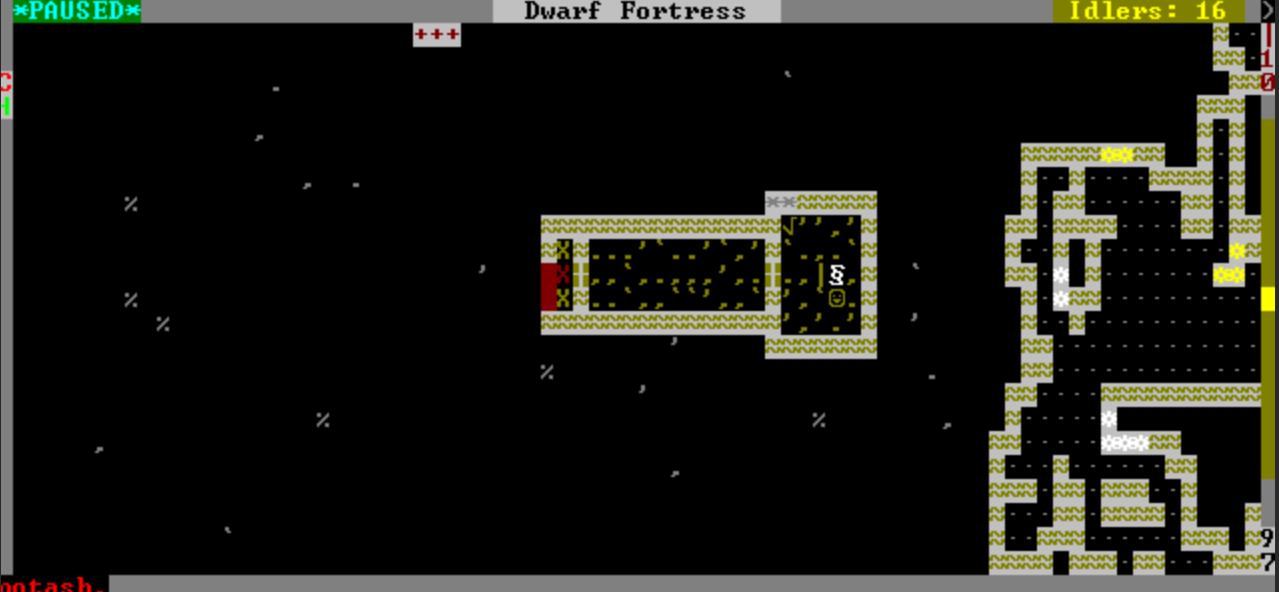
"And vhy you not ask Brenzen? He is trained knight and commander, yes?"

"Oh, but I did. Hours ago. I want to know your thoughts as well. You are a captain here too, after all."

Their talk carried on well into the darker hours before Vlad called it a night, leaving Tarmid with a considerable heap of notes and Vlad with possibly a new opinion of the scribe. He would go over these notes with Vlad, Brenzen and the masons later. For now, it was time to get some rest. Tomorrow would be a busy day.

"Vampires don't interrogate themselves," *he muttered darkly.*

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



Title: **Re: Demongate: Battling Blood**

Post by: **jrrocks05** on **April 07, 2014, 10:31:33 pm**

Um can you simulate a conversation where I inform you I'm educated, you ask question so I can prove it, I refuse to tell you where I learned it and I ask to teach history. Oh this is for Thanatos by the way.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Battling Blood**

Post by: **MDFification** on **April 07, 2014, 10:44:18 pm**

Hooray! Things for Vlad to do!

Edit: Seriously, I'm kind of grasping at straws to find reasons to write about Vlad. He mostly just sits in the barracks, being marginally relevant to whatever dumb shenanigans we decide to have in the fort.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Battling Blood**

Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **April 08, 2014, 11:08:13 am**

The metal is taking shape.
"It's... beautiful."
It is only a thing. Beauty is where you see it.
"So where can I see you?"
It is... best that you do not.
"Why, who are you?"
I suppose I might as well tell you, you won't remember any of this anyway...

Thane's Journal

My head hurts. The last thing I remember is talking to Vlad, and then I was holding this war hammer. I knew its name as though it was a long lost friend, but when I try to remember crafting it, all I get is a dim sense of light and fire. In any case, I have what I've always

dreamed of; a weapon fit for a hero. Ob Kat. Vlad doesn't seem too happy when I mention joining the militia, but it's something I feel I need to do. Most of the recruits still seem barely capable of telling one end of a sword from the other in any case, so I'm not all that far behind. I guess I should probably check with Tarmid that there's not anything in the vows I took when I started learning under him that would stop me learning to use a weapon. It's odd. There's a lot that I can barely remember now, even things that had nothing to do with Ob Kat. It's as though someone's been tramping around my head, opening drawers and not tidying up after themselves.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Battling Blood**
Post by: **danmanthedog** on **April 08, 2014, 11:55:22 am**

slam the door open. "Tarmid! What happened to you? *Sniff* Ah a vampire got to you... does he have *cough cough hack.* the sign of infection? Mhm *exhale sharply* if you are infected then there nothing we can do to cure you... but I know a high level shaman spell to slow the infection. I will need venom from and venomous animal, blood of six different animals, and a live animal sacrifice, but tit will slow the infection not cure it.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Battling Blood**
Post by: **Gnorm** on **April 08, 2014, 09:03:30 pm**

I don't know if this is what you intend, but I get the image of Dantheman being an incredibly excited, slightly paranoid, motor-mouth who runs around the fortress babbling wildly about hunting, magics, and exotic beasts.

Quote from: danmanthedog on April 08, 2014, 11:55:22 am
slam the door open. "Tarmid! What happened to you? *Sniff* Ah a vampire got to you... does he have *cough cough hack.* the sign of infection? Mhm *exhale sharply* if you are infected then there nothing we can do to cure you... but I know a high level shaman spell to slow the infection. I will need venom from and venomous animal, blood of six different animals, and a live animal sacrifice, but tit will slow the infection not cure it.

I just imagine him barging into Tarmid's office, saying all of this in under half-a-minute, and running outside as quickly as he came.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Battling Blood**
Post by: **danmanthedog** on **April 08, 2014, 09:10:55 pm**

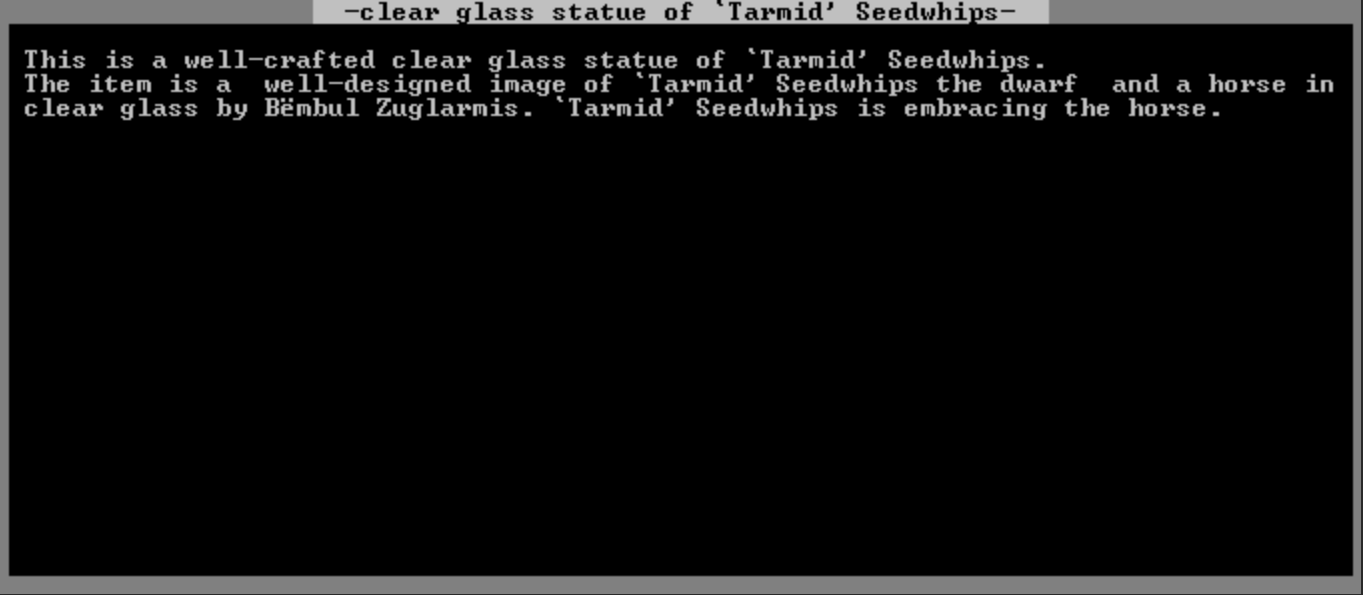
Yes that is indeed how am in real life, also my proofreading is shoddier then an ice fortress in hell.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Battling Blood**
Post by: **Rhaken** on **April 08, 2014, 09:30:47 pm**

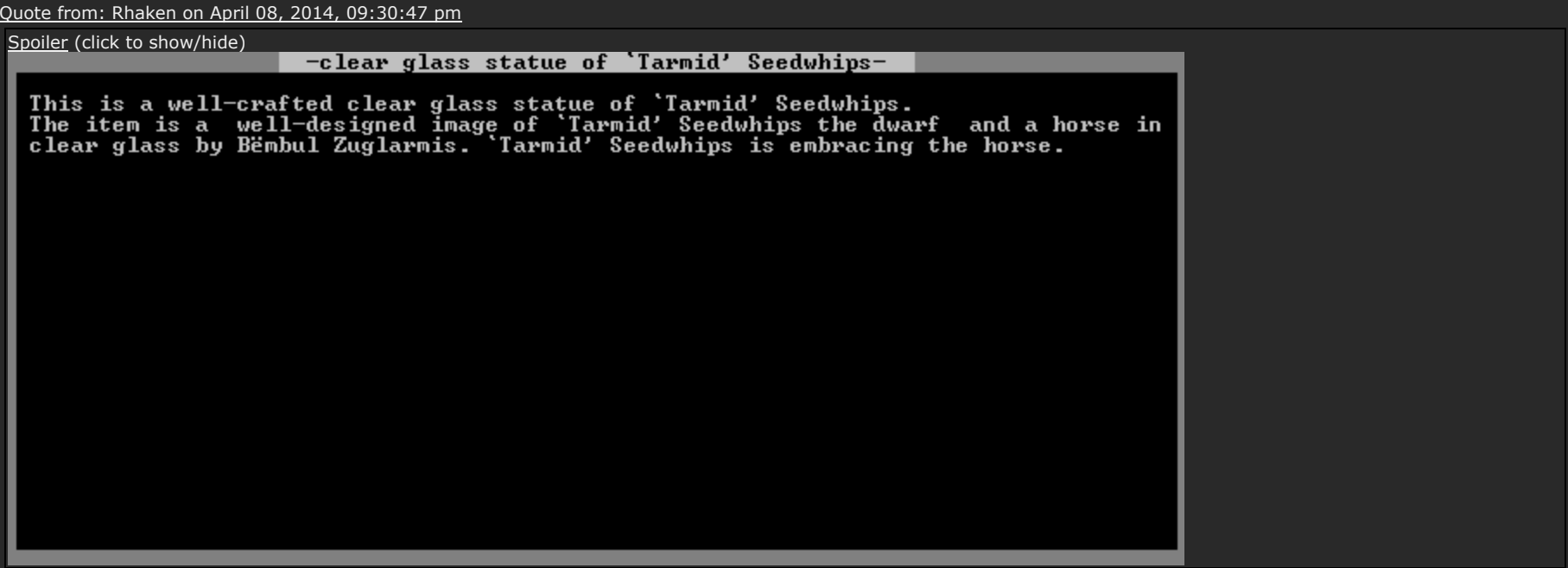
Going has been slow, since I have a million things to do both in and outside DF. A note to danmanthedog: it is not wise to talk about 'spells you know' to members of an order famous for prosecuting magic users. I'll let this one slide on account of your dwarf being the resident eccentric. :P

Also, this.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



Title: **Re: Demongate: Battling Blood**
Post by: **4maskwolf** on **April 08, 2014, 09:43:22 pm**



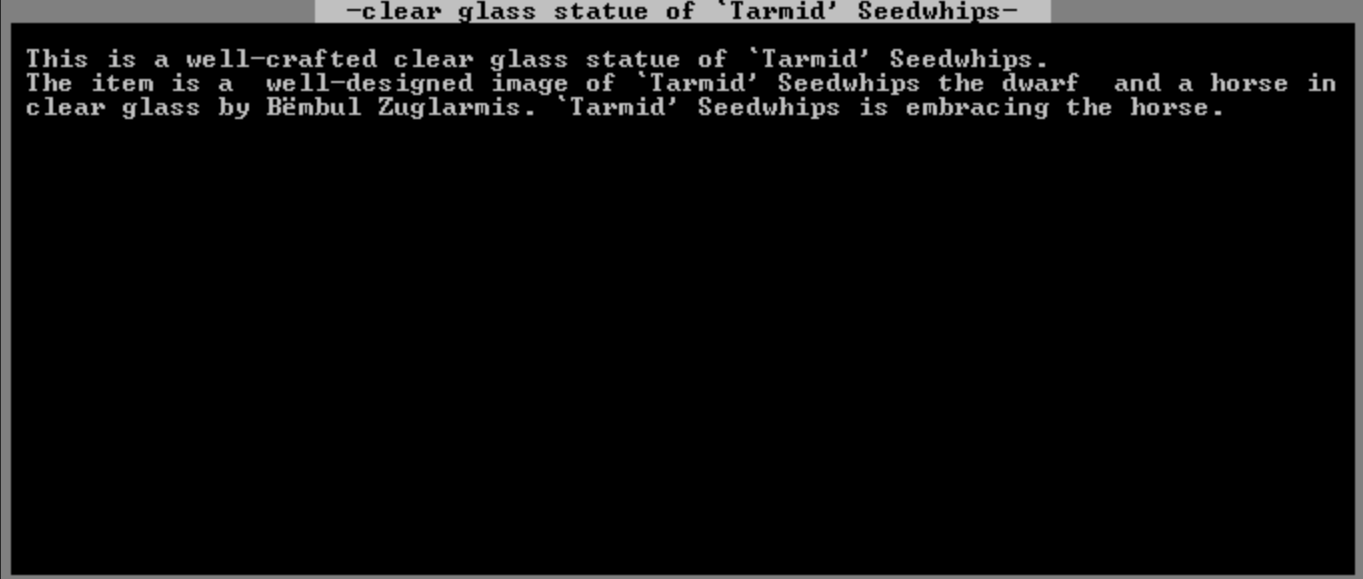
teehee
Bwahaha
BWAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!!!!!!!
IS THERE SOMETHING YOU WANT TO TELL US, TARMID?!?!?!?!

Title: **Re: Demongate: Battling Blood**
Post by: **MDFification** on **April 08, 2014, 09:59:49 pm**

Quote from: Rhaken on April 08, 2014, 09:30:47 pm
Going has been slow, since I have a million things to do both in and outside DF. A note to danmanthedog: it is not wise to talk about 'spells you know' to members of an order famous for prosecuting magic users. I'll let this one slide on account of your dwarf being the resident eccentric. :P

Also, this.

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)



Tarmid confirmed secret brony. So now we know what he's really doing during all that 'studying'.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Battling Blood**
Post by: **jrrocks05** on **April 08, 2014, 10:07:38 pm**

My God..... prepare operation anti-animal sex

Title: **Re: Demongate: Battling Blood**
Post by: **Gnorm** on **April 08, 2014, 11:14:53 pm**

Corley sat in the secluded bedroom, his pen moving lethargically over the paper of his journal. He had grown weary over the past months, for countless hours of searching for the source of the magic and observing the Order's activity weighed down upon him greatly. He had neither sleep nor wine to soothe his ancient soul; it was easier in the early years, but he couldn't drink from anyone in this fort yet. As if to top it all of, the attempt on Tarmid's life by the lowly farmer vampire had failed, and Tarmid had taken over the workings of Demongate.

Corley heard a light tapping sound against his door, and turned around as it opened. On the other side was Gnora, clutching an enormous book in her two arms.

"Here's yer' fo-lee-oh!" she gasped, setting it down upon the floor.

Corley raised an eyebrow. "I expected quicker delivery," he murmured. Gnora noticed that, unlike most of high-status, his reaction sounded more of ennui than of anger.

"Sorry about that Mister Joyce," she replied, "Anyhow, how are things going with you?"

"Comfortably, though I recently ran into a bit of disappointment."

"Why's that?"

"I made an deal with a contact recently, though unfortunately it fell through. Be it by the lack of experience on his part, or the care on our... rival's part. Anyway, how *is* Tarmid lately?"

"Tarmid?" said Gnora as she puzzled over this apparent change in subject, "He's doing good, I suppose."

"Very well. Leave me to my work."

As Gnora left the chamber, Corley thought his situation over carefully. So long as Sir Brenzen was training in the barracks, Tarmid was the eyes, ears, and hand of the Order in Demongate. Corley would have to watch his step.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Battling Blood**
Post by: **MDFification** on **April 09, 2014, 06:58:02 am**

[Quote from: jrrocks05 on April 08, 2014, 10:07:38 pm](#)

My God..... prepare operation anti-animal sex

You ain't the most tolerant of people I take it.

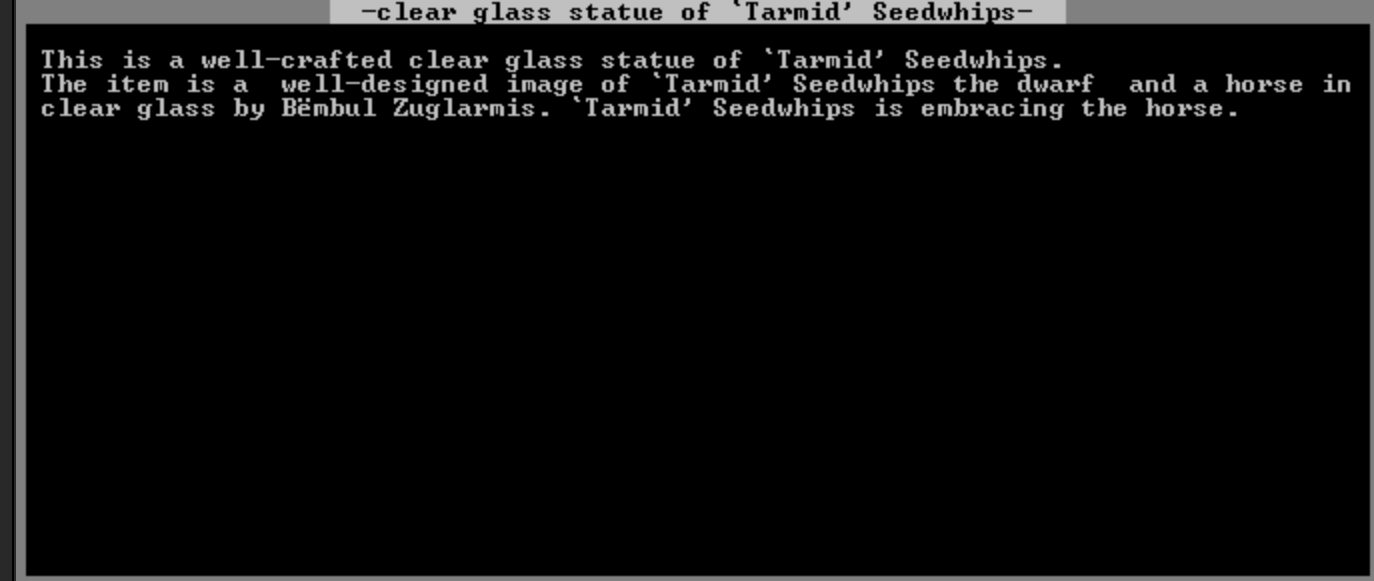
Title: **Re: Demongate: Battling Blood**
Post by: **danmanthedog** on **April 09, 2014, 07:49:18 am**

[Quote from: Rhaken on April 08, 2014, 09:30:47 pm](#)

Going has been slow, since I have a million things to do both in and outside DF. A note to danmanthedog: it is not wise to talk about 'spells you know' to members of an order famous for prosecuting magic users. I'll let this one slide on account of your dwarf being the resident eccentric. :P

Also, this.

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)



That would be the case for other magic users but my clan use animal spirts and other shaman vodu stuff which should be alowed since it causes no harm that you know of yet. ;)

Title: **Re: Demongate: Battling Blood**
Post by: **4maskwolf** on **April 09, 2014, 08:59:28 am**

Quote from: danmanthedog on April 09, 2014, 07:49:18 am

Quote from: Rhaken on April 08, 2014, 09:30:47 pm

Going has been slow, since I have a million things to do both in and outside DF. A note to danmanthedog: it is not wise to talk about 'spells you know' to members of an order famous for prosecuting magic users. I'll let this one slide on account of your dwarf being the resident eccentric. :P

Also, this.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



That would be the case for other magic users but my clan use animal spirts and other shaman vodu stuff which should be alowed since it causes no harm that you know of yet. ;)

Then best not call it magic. Call it communing with the spirits or something, the order is under the impression that all magic comes from demons. Which is false, but legends get distorted over time. I'll post a Sir Brenzen log eventually.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Battling Blood**
Post by: **MDFification** on **April 09, 2014, 09:48:39 am**

Yeah, I'm going to be purposefully killing off people's characters in my turn again.
Just sayin'

Belated Edit: Just wanted to see who'd react. I make no promises though.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Battling Blood**
Post by: **danmanthedog** on **April 09, 2014, 10:01:07 am**

You better not kill me because I Will request a turn to torture you forever mhaaaamha!

Title: **Re: Demongate: Battling Blood**
Post by: **MDFification** on **April 09, 2014, 12:44:24 pm**

Quote from: danmanthedog on April 09, 2014, 10:01:07 am

You better not kill me because I Will request a turn to torture you forever mhaaaamha!

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



Title: **Re: Demongate: Battling Blood**
Post by: **danmanthedog** on **April 09, 2014, 01:04:42 pm**

[Quote from: MDFification on April 09, 2014, 12:44:24 pm](#)
[Quote from: danmanthedog on April 09, 2014, 10:01:07 am](#)
You better not kill me because I Will request a turn to torture you forever mhaaaamha!



Umm just.. umm I dont get haa, is it supposed to be the word meaning pain and stuff (Don't know the word), but any ways I like that guys face its so demonic.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Battling Blood**
Post by: **jrrocks05** on **April 09, 2014, 03:24:22 pm**

If you kill me olimpyan assassins will be after you.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Battling Blood**
Post by: **MDFification** on **April 09, 2014, 06:06:16 pm**

[Quote from: jrrocks05 on April 09, 2014, 03:24:22 pm](#)
If you kill me olimpyan assassins will be after you.

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)

U WOT M8



Title: **Re: Demongate: Battling Blood**
Post by: **jrrocks05** on **April 09, 2014, 06:46:26 pm**

ok i won't send assassins....jus- (sobs uncontrollably) just get that thing away from me. (runs away screaming)

Title: **Re: Demongate: Battling Blood**
Post by: **MDFification** on **April 09, 2014, 06:58:14 pm**

MDFification: Ruining this thread since page 3

Title: **Re: Demongate: Battling Blood**
Post by: **jrrocks05** on **April 09, 2014, 07:32:50 pm**

Damn straight

Title: **Re: Demongate: Battling Blood**
Post by: **danmanthedog** on **April 09, 2014, 09:02:29 pm**

Indeed so my good folks he has.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Battling Blood**
Post by: **Gnorm** on **April 09, 2014, 09:03:42 pm**

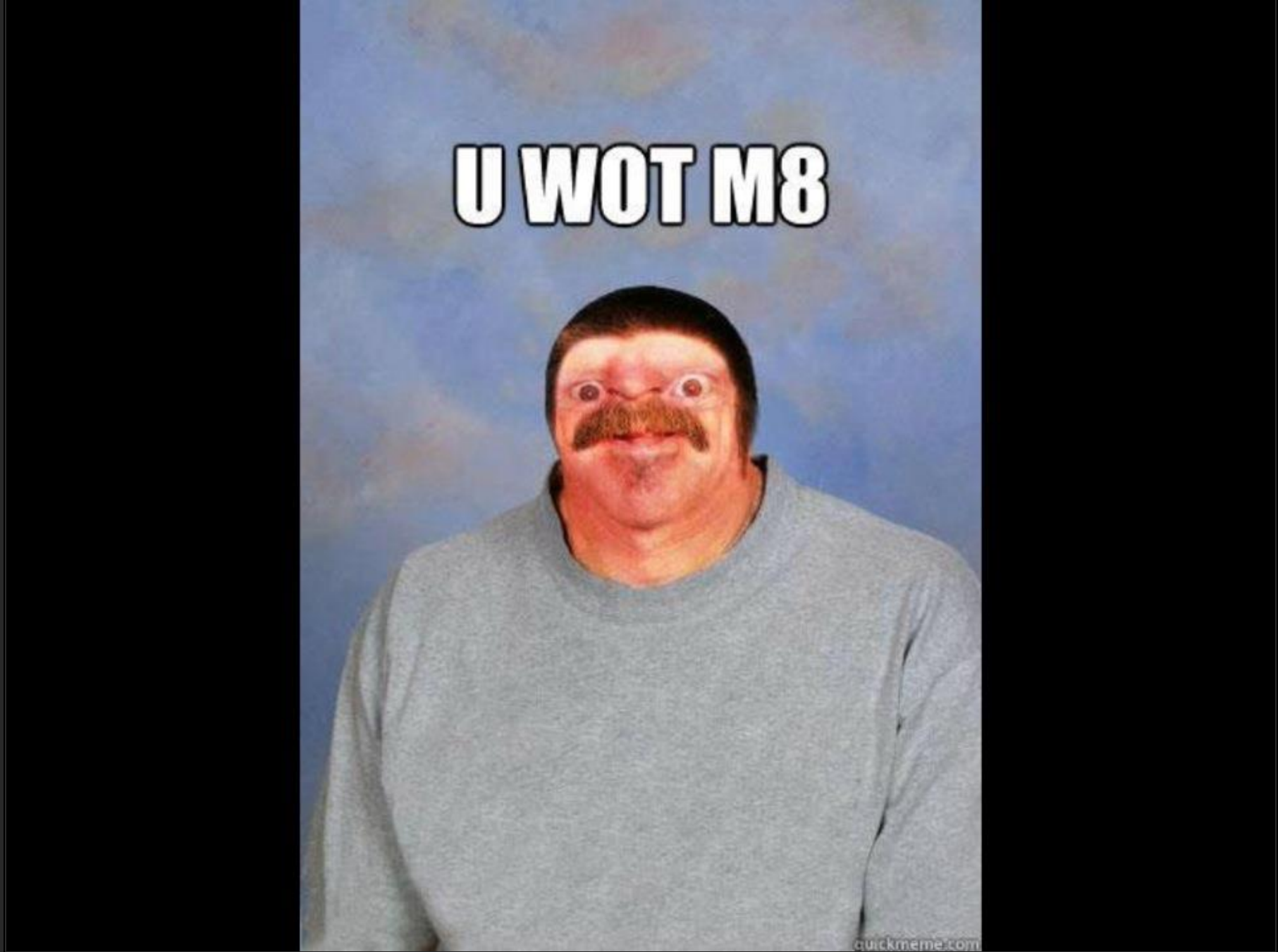
Quote from: MDFification on April 09, 2014, 09:48:39 am
Yeah, I'm going to be purposefully killing off people's characters in my turn again.
Just sayin'

That's *my* job!

Title: **Re: Demongate: Battling Blood**
Post by: **4maskwolf** on **April 09, 2014, 09:17:32 pm**

Quote from: MDFification on April 09, 2014, 06:06:16 pm
Quote from: jrrocks05 on April 09, 2014, 03:24:22 pm
If you kill me olimpyan assassins will be after you.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



Nice selfie there, MDF.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Battling Blood**
Post by: **jrrocks05** on **April 09, 2014, 09:30:28 pm**

Ohhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh BURN. (loud voice in background " how shall MDF respond we see next after this commercial)

Title: **Re: Demongate: Battling Blood**
Post by: **MDFification** on **April 09, 2014, 09:31:48 pm**

Quote from: Gnorn on April 09, 2014, 09:03:42 pm

Quote from: MDFification on April 09, 2014, 09:48:39 am

Yeah, I'm going to be purposefully killing off people's characters in my turn again.
Just sayin'

That's *my* job!

They took our jerbs

Also @4mask thnks gurl

Title: **Re: Demongate: Battling Blood**
Post by: **Sarrak** on **April 10, 2014, 02:34:56 am**

Quote from: Gnorn on April 09, 2014, 09:03:42 pm

Quote from: MDFification on April 09, 2014, 09:48:39 am

Yeah, I'm going to be purposefully killing off people's characters in my turn again.
Just sayin'

That's *my* job!

Completely agree. Leave our characters to die at Gnorn hands. He is now late in Overseer queue, isn't he?

Title: **Re: Demongate: Battling Blood**
Post by: **MDFification** on **April 10, 2014, 03:23:16 pm**

Quote from: Sarrak on April 10, 2014, 02:34:56 am

Quote from: Gnorn on April 09, 2014, 09:03:42 pm

Quote from: MDFification on April 09, 2014, 09:48:39 am

Yeah, I'm going to be purposefully killing off people's characters in my turn again.
Just sayin'

That's *my* job!

Completely agree. Leave our characters to die at Gnorn hands. He is now late in Overseer queue, isn't he?

Idk if he signed up for another turn.
Still, ain't nobody kill ex-overseers like Gnorn.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Battling Blood**
Post by: **Rhaken** on **April 10, 2014, 08:50:00 pm**

Deep in the bowels of Demongate, behind locked doors, was a chamber hewn from rough stone, its walls and floors untouched by the hands of engravers. Silver manacles lined the far wall, embedded in the rock. Various odd mechanical devices littered the chamber, surrounding a single sharpened wooden spike. A rack of small weapons stood in the corner, blades glinting at prisoners with hunger.

Pinned by a set of manacles was a dwarf. Or at least, a creature that had once been a dwarf. A vile curse of thirst had led him to crave the blood of his kin, and his eagerness to quench that thirst had led to his imprisonment. If only the blasted scribe hadn't woken. A few more minutes, and he would have been dead and drained, and nobody would have noticed.

The sound of a key turning within a lock, and the door swung inward. Two dwarves stepped into the chamber, one robed, the other clad in bismuth bronze armor from head to toe. They carried a desk between them, set it down by the corner with the weapon rack. They rounded on the vampire, glaring daggers of ice into his flesh.

"Hello, Dodok," *Tarmid said to the vampire.* "Though I suspect that's not your true name. Sir Brenzen and I would like to have a chat with you."

"I think I'll pass. I make it a point not to talk with my food."

"A funny one, I see!" *The scribe feigned amusement.* "You and I are going to get along just great. Don't you think, Sir Brenzen?"

The knight gave a stiff nod, arms folded across his chest. Tarmid pulled a thick tome from a satchel, as well as a quill and inkwell, and set them down on the desk. He dipped the nib in the dark ink, perched to write.

"Name?"

"Dodok Blowinggold."

"Real name?"

No reply.

"Oh well. You'll tell me, in time. Now, some tests are in order."

Tarmid moved to the weapon rack, procured a knife with a small, leaf-shaped blade, a mallet, and a handful of silver nails. Sir Brenzen yanked a chain beside the manacles, and Dodok's restraints began to lose slack. He found himself pinned against the wall by the wrists and ankles, incapable of moving, arms and legs pulled away from his torso. The scribe approached, knife held in one grim hand.

"Commencing initial test procedure to ascertain nature of subject," *Tarmid droned, monotone and professional, as he tore the vampire's shirt.*

He plunged the surgical knife into Dodok's chest, just above the sternum. Then he began to cut.

Cries of agony filled the chamber. They continued for half an hour.

When Tarmid was finished, they could clearly see the contents of Dodok's ribcage. The skin of the vampire's chest had been peeled back, then nailed to his sides to keep it in place. The already pallid Dodok was now drained of all color, too shocked and scared to even manage a scream. Sir Brenzen just stood by the entire time, stone-faced, arms crossed, keeping an eagle's eye on the proceedings.

"Internal organ coloration: normal. Organ activity: partial. Skin regeneration: none. Regeneration scarring: absent. Conclusion: vampire." *Tarmid poked about inside Dodok as he spoke, causing the vampire no small amount of discomfort, before moving to the desk to record his findings.*

"Well, Dodok, I have some good news, and some bad news," *Tarmid said as he scribbled away.* "The good news is, you're not one of the Kin, so we've no reason to kill you. Yet." *The vampire shivered.* "The bad news is, you still haven't told us much about yourself. And I would very much like to know your history. Surely you've centuries of fascinating tales to share, no?"

"M-my lips are sealed," *Dodok stammered.*

"A shame. I so despise cleaning these machines up."

Three hours went by in that chamber, though to Dodok they must have felt like three centuries. Tarmid had the courtesy to sew his skin back onto his chest, and the pinprick of the needle criss-crossing his flesh was almost like a balm after the horrors he'd endured. But in the end, the vampire had given them nothing.

Outside the chamber, Tarmid handed Brenzen the key.

"Close that up for me, would you?"

Sir Brenzen nodded, turned to lock the door. The retching started before he could even pull the key back out.

Tarmid stood bent over near the mudstone wall, spewing sickening grunts and getting unhappily reacquainted with the contents of his stomach. Brenzen approached the scribe, waited in uncomfortable silence for him to finish.

"How do you keep this from happening?" *Tarmid daubed at his lips with a cloth.*

"The battlefield eventually renders you numb to the horrors," *Brenzen replied heavily.*

"Torture chambers don't, it seems." *Tarmid groaned, spat a wad of bile into the filth. This was his seventh one, and it still got to him every time.*

"I'll be heading back to the barracks. How long do we let him heal?"

"No more than a day. Even a regular vampire recovers fast enough to subject him to these things on a daily basis."

"Very well. Where will I find you?"

"Wherever Brother Cornelius will be."

The backroom of Demongate's hospital didn't see a lot of visitors. For the most part, it was where Brother Cornelius kept his supplies, as well as a spare bed to sleep in, a table and a few chairs. Coffers of supplies lined the back wall, filled with soap, cloth, sutures and plaster.

And, of course, a whole lot of spare hooch. This was the room where Vladamir and Cornelius had their drinking nights. Every few days, the two would meet up in here, break out some bottles and drink themselves under the table.

They were swilling rum and exchanging anecdotes when Vlad looked up from his table to find an interesting surprise.

"Tarmid! Left behind cavern of books in favor of entertainment, yes?"

"You could say that." *the scribe offered.* "I've come to get my prescription filled."

Brother Cornelius gave him a questioning stare. "Prescription?"

"Yes. A stiff drink."

They had arrived in the early hours of the day. A small train of migrants, fresh from the mountainhomes, though weary from the long road. Tarmid stood inside the gatehouse, paper and quill in hand, ready to take their names. Among them was a a farmer named Jim the

Fifth, whom Tarmid directed to Gnora for work. Another among them, Rith Brandedpaddle, saluted as he approached. He produced a sergeant's badge, claiming experience with marksdwarf squads. Tarmid directed him to Sir Brenzen and Vlad to get acquainted with the military. As he mentioned Sir Brenzen, another migrant piped up.

"Sir Brenzen is around?"

"Yes." *Tarmid eyed the newcomer. "Why do you ask?"*

The migrant and another dwarf next to her went down on one knee, bowed their heads.

"We are Squires of the Order, sent here to aid Sir Brenzen on his sacred mission."

Tarmid raised an eyebrow. After all this time? And only two? This was not going according to protocol. Typically, the Order would send at least four Squires and one Knight. He would have to talk to these two later. Or Sir Brenzen would.

Once the migrants were dealt with, Tarmid turned to head back to his office to catch up on some research. On the way back, he was approached by Thane, cradling her hammer, Ob Kat, as if carrying a child. She looked apprehensive, and Tarmid noticed that a handful of dwarves were right behind her, following her.

"Tarmid, can we talk? It's important," *Thane said, nervously licking her lips.*

"Of course, Thane. What is it?"

Thane seemed to shrink a couple before him as she mustered the will to speak. "Well, I've been thinking. Vlad's squad is good, but there aren't many of them, right? And Sir Brenzen is still mostly alone. So, I was thinking..." She trailed off.

"You were thinking...?"

"I was thinking if I could start a militia squad," *she blurted. "We could do our civilian jobs and train for a while after work. I spoke to some of the workers and they wanted in too."*

Tarmid scratched his chin. "I'm not sure this is a good idea. You aren't trained soldiers. If there is an engagement, will you follow Sir Brenzen's orders, even if it means staying back and not fighting?"

"Well, it's not like we'd have a choice, right?" *Thane smiled. "We could be backup for the main force, or something. Please?"*

Tarmid gazed at Thane and her followers. He didn't much like the idea of putting civilians in danger. But maybe this wasn't such a bad idea. None had volunteered to join the Vultures in recent months, and Sir Brenzen was still practically alone. Demongate's forces were outnumbered in all but the smallest of goblin ambushes.

"Tell you what," *the scribe said, after a fashion. "I'll allow this, on the condition that you stay out of real combat unless ordered by the higher-ups. If any of you shows disobedience, I'm giving Sir Brenzen and Vlad the authority to disband the squad. No ifs, ands or buts. Is that clear?"*

Thane and her entourage - her squad, soon enough - nodded their understanding. They seemed quite serious about all this. Perhaps they didn't believe in the Bloodkin. Bravery and ignorance sometimes work hand in hand, he reflected.

"So, captain Thane. Do you have a name for your new squad?"

"Well..."

[Spoiler \(click to show/hide\)](#)

```
'Thane' Logemokol, Aspiring Champion
"Thane' Paintedvoices"

l: Labor
e: Work Animals

Squad: The Tenacious Labors
n: New squad  N: Name squad
Enter: Assign to squad
-+/*: Select squad
x: Remove from squad
```

Spring marched on, preparing to give way for summer's reign. Late in the month of Felsite, when the days were growing ever warmer, a hunter spotted a group of elven traders. The news was relayed to Tarmid, who sent Fractal to do some trading. While the oddball dwarf negotiated with the merchants, Tarmid went to see Vlad.

"Ah, there is Vlad's new drinkingk buddy! Vhat brings you to barracks?"

"I've come to tell you to keep your Vultures on alert," *Tarmid said, sounding a bit more like a commander than he intended. "You know how these things go. The elves were probably followed by a couple dozen goblin armies."*

"No vorries," *said Vlad. "Vlad's Vultures are on it. Ve haven't seen a good fight in long while. Growingk more and more bored every day, yes? Boys have begun to play cards to pass time. Not always good sign."*

"Very well. Once we're sure it's safe, I'll call you to help oversee the construction of the defenses."

"Until then, Tarmid. See you at 'evening prayers', yes?"

"You probably will." Tarmid smirked, and walked back out of the barracks. He still had a vampire to break, and that meant more nights of getting his drink on. Alcohol-induced sleep kept the nightmares away. And every time he went to another interrogation session, he could feel more than see Joyce, at the corner of his vision, giving him questing looks. That dwarf gave him the shivers. And he still hadn't found mention of the name.

He was not yet inside the fortress when the shouts of alarm came. A hunter came barreling through the barracks and into the fort, shouting about goblins. A group of them had arrived from the east, probably on the trail of the elven caravan.

Tarmid ran back into the barracks, where Vlad was busy shouting at his squad to form up. Sir Brenzen knelt in the corner, uttering a quick prayer before battle. The barracks bustled with activity as soldiers scrambled for their weapons, leaving a card game half-finished. The scribe moved to pull a lever, sealing the entryway long enough to give the soldiers time to prepare.

A shout of agony from beyond the perimeter wall, following by cursing in the foul tongue of goblins. Then more shouts. Tarmid, even in his limited understanding of their language, could make out a call to retreat. A dwarf came down from the marksdwarf tower, crossbow still in his arms.

"That was nothing like shooting horses," *the marksdwarf said. Tarmid turned to Vlad, who had heard the shouting, and smiled. Vlad grinned right back.*

"I knew this was a good idea."

"Of course," Vlad replied. "Vas Vlad's idea."

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

```
Rith Zesiden, militia captain
"Rith Brandedpaddle"

l: Labor
e: Work Animals

Squad: Crossbow Support
n: New squad  N: Name squad
Enter: Assign to squad
-+/*: Select squad
x: Remove from squad
```

The scribe stood outside Demongate's walls, a heap of blueprints in hand, directing miners and masons hither and thither. Their picks dug into the hillside, sweat pouring down their shirts from the heat of early summer. They were turning the western side of the hill into a smooth wall that no goblin could climb. At the edge of the miners' work area were masons, piling stone upon stone, erecting a wall on either end of the hill.

"That should keep us out of the way of enemy fire," Tarmid said. Vlad, Sir Brenzen and Rith stood with him around a table, a map splayed on its surface and held in place by stones on its corners. The mercenary and the knight glowered at each other every once in a while, but otherwise did not let their mutual dislike get in the way of their jobs.

"So," said the scribe. "The hill is soon to be secure. That's one problem. We still need to expand the entrance defenses. I've heard your various ideas before, but now I need the lot of you to come to an agreement. I know Sir Brenzen knows plenty about military doctrine, but we of the Order are more used to attacking than defending. That's where you two come in. Vlad, Rith, you've seen conflict from both inside and outside a set of walls. I need your input on quick defense systems."

Over the next three hours, the group debated back and forth, arguing various points. Many of their ideas were good, but not all were practical. Sir Brenzen even suggested an old defensive system based on mechanical retracting archways, one attributed to Saint Rhaken, but they concluded it was too complex to build on short notice. In the end, the scribe and commanders settled on a short trench system lined with traps and within crossbow-shot of the sniper tower.

The meeting adjourned, Tarmid walked inside with Sir Brenzen, brow in a deep furrow, one hand stroking his beard.

"Something on your mind, Tarmid?" The knight sounded concerned.

"Just one thing. Why do they say it was attributed to Saint Rhaken? We know he was a brilliant commander in life, but how do we know about the bridges? They aren't in the holy books, and the military manuals don't give decent references. Something about a letter?"

"I brought my copy to Demongate with me. I can lend it to you, if you wish."

"That would be lovely, thank you."

Once in the barracks, Sir Brenzen made his way to his squires. Tarmid was about to leave, but turned his head to the knight once more before he went.

"One more thing. Any sign of the book?"

"Not yet," Brenzen replied. "Though there are still places I haven't looked."

Tarmid scouled. That book had been gone for far too long, yet none of the dwarves had manifested signs of dark power. Perhaps if he had a wood opal, he could go somewhere with the investigation.

He returned to his office, opened another volume on Steelhold. He knew the name Joyce was in there, somewhere. He just had to look for it.

Construction of the schoolhouse was proceeding ahead of schedule. The dwarves had expanded the workshop area and built two additional mason's shops, where new furniture was hewn from stone. Desks, chairs, and dozens of cabinets, piling up near the walls of the workshop floor, waiting to be set into place. Tarmid would have felt a sense of pride, if he wasn't busy finishing the blueprints for Demongate's defenses. As soon as those were ready, the miners and masons would be going to the surface to secure the fortress's entrance.

He worked inside the sniper tower, where he could keep the entrance in sight. He had commissioned several sets of serrated glass disks for the traps, as well as some cages. Vlad questioned the wisdom of capturing goblins alive. Tarmid hadn't the heart to tell them that the cages weren't meant for goblins. Maybe Vlad didn't believe the Bloodkin threat either. If they were lucky, he never would.

An earth-shattering roar broke his concentration. Tarmid set his eyes to the east, where the sound had come from. Through the glare of the midday sun, he could make out a silhouette, far away, yet still within the fortress's territory. It took him a moment to identify the creature, but when he did, all color drained from his face.

"Oh, fuck."

Tarmid sounded the alarm.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

```
The Hydra Ak Mutulu Sposlâr Dat has come! A
giant dragon-like monster with seven biting heads.

Press Enter to close window
```

Title: **Re: Demongate: Battling Blood**
Post by: **jrrocks05** on **April 10, 2014, 09:01:49 pm**

Hey is Thanatos a swordsdwarf in the military yet? Also can you simulate that conversation I wanted please.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Battling Blood**
Post by: **Rhaken** on **April 10, 2014, 09:09:29 pm**

Quote from: jrrocks05 on April 10, 2014, 09:01:49 pm
Hey is Thanatos a swordsdwarf in the military yet? Also can you simulate that conversation I wanted please.

Yep, he's in Vlad's squad. Already was when my turn started, I think.

That conversation will happen, though not yet. Once the schoolhouse is a bit further along in construction and Tarmid starts asking around for students, then sure.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Battling Blood**
Post by: **4maskwolf** on **April 10, 2014, 09:15:44 pm**

Brenzen knocked on the door with a heavy, gauntleted hand. When there came no response, he knocked harder, a reverberating echo filling the hallway. When still no response came, he turned the doorknob, throwing it open to see the empty room, filled with cobwebs and dust. His eyes scanned the room briefly, settling on the old oaken dresser in the far corner of the room. Striding across to it, he flung open the drawers one by one, emptying their contents onto the floor of his room. In the bottom drawer, he found what he found what he had most feared. The book, hidden beneath layers of clothing. Next to it was another book, a diary, written by Onul herself. He took out the diary are perused its first few entries, his eyes growing wider behind his helmet as he read. He slammed the diary shut and went to find Tarmid.

((The diary is discussing her findings as to how magic can be channeled through any powerful entity, not necessarily demons, and that power can be channeled through entities that are usually hostile to magic. Whether Tarmid believes it is up to you, Brenzen sure as hell doesn't. It also contains her experiences channeling the holy power of Armok))

((Also, I'd like to request that intentional killings of a players character be done only with the EXPRESS permission of that player, since much of the time in the last game it seemed like characters were killed off randomly and without asking the owner of the character. I think that since we each created our characters, it should be our decision whether they are allowed to be killed off intentionally. Of course, if your character dies in a fluke (such as Brenzen getting killed on the line of duty) that's another matter))

Title: **Re: Demongate: Battling Blood**
Post by: **jrrocks05** on **April 10, 2014, 09:40:28 pm**

Ok thanks!

Title: **Re: Demongate: Battling Blood**
Post by: **MDFification** on **April 10, 2014, 09:56:18 pm**

Quote from: 4maskwolf on April 10, 2014, 09:15:44 pm

((Also, I'd like to request that intentional killings of a players character be done only with the EXPRESS permission of that player, since much of the time in the last game it seemed like characters were killed off randomly and without asking the owner of the character. I think that since we each created our characters, it should be our decision whether they are allowed to be killed off intentionally. Of course, if your character dies in a fluke (such as Brenzen getting killed on the line of duty) that's another matter))

But... but random overseer murder is amongst the finest traditions of Steelhold :-\

Yeah, I felt bad about killing Fractal last time. Not actually going to do it on purpose.
EDIT: I'm going to try a new update style. If it's worse than just writing journals, please let me know. And yes, welcome to link hell 4mask.

Vlad wasn't sure how he felt about Tarmid forming her own squad. On the one hand, more troops was good. On the other hand, Thane being in danger was bad. On the one hand, Thane would be happy to have a chance to prove herself. On the other hand, Brenzen continued to act as though Vlad was just another name on a growing list of subordinates, despite effectively running the forts defenses for about a year with little interference or assistance before Tarmid showed some brains and actually listened to his advice. Tarmid was actually not bad as an overseer. For starters, he let the actual veterans (in Vlad's head, only him; it was hard to remember Brenzen was a soldier too. What kind of soldier doesn't swear? Disgusting) manage the fortresses defenses. Not to mention that scribe could hold his liquor.

Vlad was rudely interrupted by the sound of the alarm. Four soundings. One simply meant readiness. Add another three on... Vlad grinned mirthlessly to himself. A surface incursion. Brilliant. At least it wasn't by a significant force - just some large beast to kill. Although those could turn dangerous real quickly. Vlad repressed bad memories of the first time he rode with the company. Bigger isn't better. Bigger is worse. Much, much worse. Thankfully, you only have to kill one. The Vultures could do that. Looking around the barracks, Vlad noted (not for the first time) that Brenzen wasn't at his post. This can be good or bad. On the plus side, no Brenzen. On the other hand, Vlad did find himself missing Brenzen's habit of smashing skulls that, when all's said and done, needed a good smashing. It would fall to him to lead the response, then.

'Alright Vultures. You have been hearingk of alarm, yes? You vill know the drill by now, yes? Assemble by the gate. There vill be no lootingks of corpse, so you can drop the backpacks. No, I am not goingk to take all the boots for myself. There are no boots today. You might get souvenir though if you're creative. Yes, Thanatos?'
'Is it the 'Kin?'
'Shut up, Thanatos. Is not the 'Kin. Learn the alarm system already. Also, someone should be varningk archers, yes? Vlad likes it when I get supportingk fire. Vho wants to volunteer? Yes, you. You are the first volunteer. You have been voluntold.'
'You going to wait up for me, captain?'
'Let me think... how long do you think it vill be takingk for Brenzen to get back up here and take command?'
'I'll be seeing you later then, sir.'
Bugger off and tell archers Vlad vill take their heads if they don't start crammingk themselves into the tower. I vant to do this quick and dirty, like vhen your fathers conceived you. And before the rookies try to rush it. If sniggeringk does not stop, Vlad vill be cuttingk someone. Ready? Good. Lets be doingk this!'

Vlad fingered his axe. It wasn't a good day to die. Better not do it, then. Thane would probably be mad.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Battling Blood**
Post by: **Rhaken** on **April 11, 2014, 12:03:33 am**

Vlad's Vultures scrambled. Rith's marksdwarves ran up the tower, crossbows already loaded. Brenzen and his squires arrived moments later. A hydra was coming toward the gates. Within minutes, it would be charging in through the traps. They all hoped the glass disks would do it some harm, or maybe even chop off a head. Not that one head would make much of a difference.

The Vultures were in formation, shields forward, weapons out. Vlad barked orders for them to hold up until his signal. They held the line for what felt like an eternity of silence. A silence that Thane broke.

"Let us help you, Vlad," *she said, a slight quavering in her voice.* "We can this together."

"Not a chance, Thane," *he replied, anger filtering through his captain voice.* "You and your squad are still green. Is too risky. Let Vlad handle this."

"Vlad, please." *She sounded desperate.* "We can help. Won't it be safer if we lend a hand?"

"No it von't," *Vlad growled.* "You vill just be puttingk yourself at risk, and putingk us at risk to protect you. Ve vill handle this."

"Vlad..."

"Is an order, Thane."

"Please don't do this..."

"I have to!" *He was shouting.* "What if you falter? What if you get yourself killed? What then? This isn't some fairy tale where dwarfs go marching to glorious battle and emerge victorious and unharmed!"

Thane seemed taken aback, but held her ground. "I know that. But if not now, when? I signed up for this because I was willing to risk my life for Demongate. And sooner or later, I'm going to have to fight. I think that's why I ended up making this hammer."

Her eyes welled up, though did not yet overflow. "Besides," *she continued,* "I don't want you to die either..."

His lover's display of emotion stirred something inside Vlad. He knew he shouldn't let her squad fight so early into their training. But what if she was right? Even he had never faced a hydra, but he'd heard the other mercenaries tell stories. Beasts with seven heads, mouths big enough to swallow a dwarf whole. Scales like iron, claws like swords, a body large enough to house an elephant. And they wouldn't die from just one destroyed head.

He gave the issue some thought. When he spoke, his voice had an edge to it to match his own axe.

"You stay behind us. Guard doors to fortress. You do not engage unless I give order, or unless hydra tries to get in. No heroics. No disobedience. That is order. Understand?"

"I understand," *Thane said, frightened and relieved in equal measure.* "Thank you."

She gave her squad their own orders, though she wasn't nearly as convincing as a more seasoned commander like Vlad. They formed a rough line behind her lover's squad.

Vlad turned to Thane's squad, scowling, holding his axe in a white-knuckled grip. "If any of you are letting my Thane come to harm," *he snarled,* "I will be cutting you."

Sir Brenzen approached the Labors, squires in tow. He saluted, signaled to clear some space, and formed up in their midst, on Thane's right, providing her with cover on his shield side. He gave Thane a hard nod, and she nodded back.

"I will protect them. My squires will provide support on the front."

Vlad eyed the knight with suspicion. "If she is hurt," *he said,* "I will be cutting you."

"Then I will ensure she isn't hurt," *the knight replied, filled with resolve.* His squires joined the Vultures in formation. Squire Imush eyed her axe, which had been brandished by the brave Olin before her death. An intentional gesture on Brenzen's part, to ensure the squires did not forget their responsibilities. The time had come to put their training to use.

The massive beast came into view, a rhythmic pounding of feet preceding it. Several bolts protruded from its hide, courtesy of Rith's squad in the tower. The hydra didn't seem to mind.

"Steady..." *Vlad's voice boomed. The hydra approached the entrance.*

"Steady..."

A massive, scaled foot stepped on a trap. The bladed disk lashed out, but did nothing beyond scratching the scale. The beast lumbered on, into the barracks.

"Steady..."

It roared with all seven heads, charged toward the Vultures, fangs bared.

"Shields!"

Sword-like teeth crashed into shields, sending the entire squad back by one pace. Weapons lashed out, most of them missing, or merely denting armor-like scales. The heads pulled back, charged in again. Some missed, others were blocked. A thrust from a spear went through an eye. Vlad's axe bit flesh just above the jawline, drawing icy blood. The head twitched, and the seven pulled away, giving the soldiers time to form up properly again.

The creature tried a new approach. Rather than lunge with its heads, it barreled into the squad, sending them sprawling in all directions. More bolts rained down from the tower, piercing the gargantuan torso, but the hydra did not seem to acknowledge the pain. Instead, it charged on, and lashed its heads toward Thane's squad.

They raised their shields to meet the blow, but some did not brace themselves properly and were flung from their feet on impact. Thane fell back a step and stumbled to her haunches, her shield rimmed in sharp teeth. Sir Brenzen took the opportunity to ram his pick into the top of the barrel-thick neck, severing bone, turning the head limp. The seven necks whipped back, and it took all of Thane's strength to keep the pull from ripping the shield from her grasp.

Chaos erupted in the cramped room. Heads and paws lashed out in every direction, keeping the squads from regrouping. Vlad dodged a foot with claws the size of his head, then ran toward the hydra's shoulder. He buried the axe deep into the joint, felt it bite bone. He pulled his weapon back, covered up. His squad was slowly surrounding the beast on all sides. Reptilian heads thrust in every direction, the limp one being swung like a massive club. One of the heads pulled back in a spray of blood, the rim of a boot caught between its teeth, half a shin bone protruding from within. Another ripped forward in the same direction. Vlad didn't bother seeing where it went. A distant portion of his mind hoped it wasn't going for Thane.

The Vultures circled the hydra, hacking at its limbs, driving it back step by step. They turned toward the monster's back, turning it away from the recruits and toward the weapon traps. They fell back as they struck, luring the creature outside, into better view of the marksdwarves. It followed them without hesitation, the combined mental prowess of its heads incapable of understanding it was being baited.

It stepped on the traps again. A disk ground into its underbelly, drawing blood. The hydra didn't care. It followed the Vultures into the open air. A volley from the tower put new holes in two of the necks.

Vlad's axe sank into a knee joint, got stuck amid the sinews. Vlad wedged it free with a grunt. Something bumped into his back. He turned to see one of Brenzen's squires, shield raised to block a gigantic mouth. A mouth that would have torn Vlad to shreds if not for the squire. He nodded his thanks, swung his axe into the creature's brow. Cold blood sprayed into his face and helm.

Thane's squad assembled near the trap line. Thane was trembling, but had enough presence of mind to do a headcount. They were one dwarf short. She would let that sink in later. She looked ahead in time to see one of Vlad's soldiers bury his sword almost to the hilt in the hydra's chest. He tried pulling it back, but a gigantic head zoomed downward before he could pry it free. Teeth sank into the soldier's shoulder, bringing forth a cry of agony. The scaled neck made an outward whipping motion. The arm followed, but the body did not. The soldier's sword went with it, flying through the air, coming to land near the severed arm.

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)

Kadol Dalzatdeduk, Swordsdwarf
"Kadol Matchmanors"

upper body

lower body

head

right upper arm

left upper arm

right lower arm

left lower arm

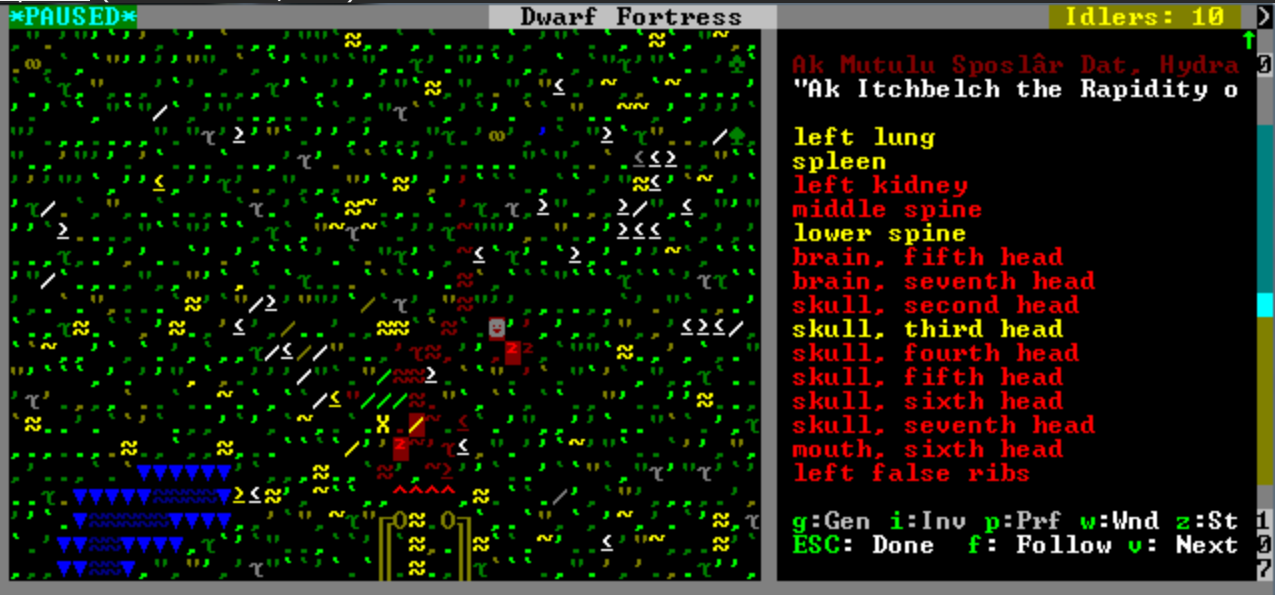
right hand

left hand

Pale

The hydra advanced on Thane's squad again, and the Vultures followed. Another volley of crossbow bolts, this one taking an eye. Heads lunged and the squad pulled back, giving the Vultures time to swing their weapons into outstretched necks and massive heads. Thane saw an opening and swung Ob Kat with all her strength, nailing the side of a head. The entire thing crumpled inward at the point of impact with a sickening crunch.

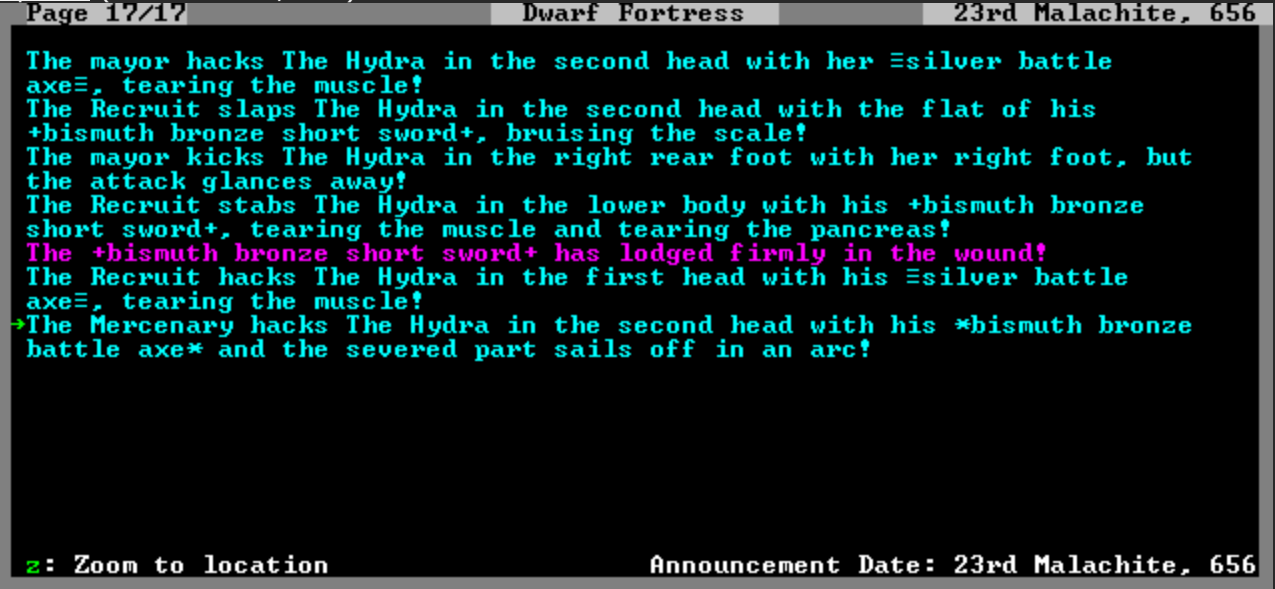
Spoiler (click to show/hide)



The monster was slowing its assault now, fazed by severe blood loss and multiple shattered skulls. Vlad's Vultures carved holes into the scaled torso whenever the opportunity presented itself, and more than one soldier was covered in frigid hydra blood. Thane's shield arm was numb from repeated impacts, weapon arm throbbing at the elbow. Fragments of bone decorated Ob Kat's head. Beside her, Brenzen looked perfectly fresh, though she felt certain that he was feeling worse than she was. He had taken and given many more blows.

A shattered head lunged for her, mouth half-agape, crooked from a blow that had wrecked the jawline. She raised her shield, felt the impact climb up her shoulder to rattle her ribcage. On her right side, she saw Brenzen swing his pick, burying it through the snout, the tip appearing through the roof of the mouth. On the other side, she saw an axe swing downward toward the neck, just behind the head.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



The hydra faltered. Its attacks became sluggish, fewer and far between. Sensing this, the Vultures rounded on what was now their prey, weapons descending on all sides. They split scales, tore flesh, carved into organs and bones. They struck repeatedly, with all their fury, for what felt like hours, until the monster finally stopped squirming.

It was over.

Thane fell to her knees, all color drained from her face. She had never felt so tired, so sore. Every joint ached and throbbed. She could feel her heartbeat in her throat, felt it pound against her eardrums. Vlad approached her, axe and shield securely put away, his arms bloodied up to the elbow. He embraced his lover, stroked her back while he waited for her to regain her composure. All around them, soldiers were regaining their bearings, their heads clearing up after the fight, adrenaline fading away to be replaced by trepidation and exhaustion.

Thane rose to her feet with Vlad's help. They walked back toward the barracks, his arm around her shoulders. On the way in, they saw the body.

Thane pitched forward and threw up.

It was Catten from her squad. Both her legs had been torn off below the shin. The skin of her belly had been ripped away, along with most of her sternum. Broken ribs protruded at odd angles, exposing the lungs and heart to the sunlight. Her intestines were heaped upon the floor in a pool of her blood, coiled like a slender snake, or a long earthworm. Rith knelt over her, sobbing, cradling her head in his lap and babbling to himself.

Thane retched. Her eyes welled up, but she refused to cry. She was too shocked to cry. This dwarf had died because of her command. Her insistence to be a part of the fight. Now she was without a soldier, and Rith without a wife. Thane couldn't take the blow. She fell to her knees again, hugging herself, Ob Kat tumbling to the ground beside her erstwhile lunch. Vlad held her again, unsure of what to say.

Tarmid descended the steps from the tower. He took in the scene before him, gulped to hold down his vomit. He stopped by Vlad, and both dwarves nodded to each other. What use were words at a time like this? The scribe nodded once more, then walked outside to survey the hydra's corpse. He was determined to hold on to his stomach and do his part to carry the wounded Vulture inside.

It was only later that Vlad realized that Tarmid had been cradling a crossbow.

is Rith Brandedpaddle captain x?

Title: **Re: Demongate: Battling Blood**
Post by: **Spear** on **April 11, 2014, 04:04:01 am**

Jim-
Today was a busy day for our farms, the wagon to Demongate was supposed to arrive so everyone was finishing their packing and saying their goodbyes... but we have been waiting all day and its getting dark now. My neighbor came by and gave my this old journal, he said its good luck. It has some strange writing in the back, I know how to read and write thanks to my parents being head of the farming order here, but the words don't make sense.. anyways I decided to just start my own journal in the front of the book. Although at first I wasn't looking forward to leaving I put some thought into it and this place is dull I don't want to live my life as "the farmer with the weird name, you know.. uh Jim the tenth or something" I want to be written in some history books for something... anything...

Finally time to rest.. We were woken up so early, the wagon finally arrived only a few hours after I fell asleep. The caravan was filled with all kinds of strange dwarfs and these two Squires were determined to make up the time they lost, apparently it was all this sergeants fault or something, regardless I feel safer with him here but I wonder why they need such experienced and skilled dwarfs to go to this new town.

After travelling in silence for a few hours-
Jim (nudging the dwarf next to him)- **"so, do you know why they need all this help at Demongate?"**
"Heh.. your in for a surprise. Were going to a military fort, at least that's what I signed up for, Supposedly this place is here to protect the Mountain-homes from the Bloodkin"
Jim **"The Bloodkin? Those are just stories they don't actually exist.."**
One of the squires listening in quickly responded with slight anger **"Of course they exist! The Bloodkin are the whole reason Demongate was started!"**

-Jim didn't say another word as the three shared a common hatred of the Bloodkin through tales and Legends, with a few others joining in including Rith Brandedpaddle.

We arrived! I'm not sure what to expect but I am excited.. by the way the others in the caravan were talking I was afraid there might be no Demongate to arrive at, but after traveling all night long I can finally rest. This place is strange. The fields are filled with traps, all of the dwarfs seem to be in a hurry.. and, ALL THE DWARFS! there are so many! I normally keep to the fields but the few times I've seen the city it was never this full.. this place is so.. different.

23 Malachite 656

Someone died today... I feel safe though, it was just one dwarf among the squads that fought a 7 HEADED HYDRA! I'm glad this fortress can defend itself but a HYDRA!? I guess this place really is a military fortress. Not to mention the occasional visits by Elf's and Goblins, I got to see both for the first time in my life, although the goblins were dead I cant complain.
In other news Gnora has been very helpful, she was impressed by what I know about farming although I avoided the fields as much as I could at home.. I'm not going to tell her how much I despise farming, it seems to be what she lives for.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Battling Blood**
Post by: **Senshuken** on **April 11, 2014, 04:10:14 am**

...I've recently made a decision.

I am not a knight by any means, but... when I get the opportunity I plan to ask Sir Brenzen to become a member of his squad. While I admit that the two of us aren't the closest of friends or anything, we were both here to found Demongate and it just feels wrong to watch him go out onto the battlefield alone. While I've recently heard that he has gained two squires from the Order, I still fully intend to make the request.

Am I proud of the work I've done as a miner so far, but its time that I took a more active role in the defense of our fortress. Besides, its better to sign up and get the best weapons and training one can get while you have the time and chance instead of being handed a weapon you don't know how to use when the gate is breached. Call it a premonition, but I suspect that is going to happen some time down the line... all one can do is be ready for it.

Artyom Barkov

Title: **Re: Demongate: Battling Blood**
Post by: **Rhaken** on **April 11, 2014, 04:58:17 am**

Quote from: [Spear](#) on April 11, 2014, 02:41:45 am
is Rith Brandedpaddle captain x?

No, Captain is Captain. You were dwarfed sometime during Gnorm's turn.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Battling Blood**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **April 11, 2014, 06:16:02 am**

It was a closed casket funeral. It had to be, after what Catten had been through. Thane had heard that humans held lavish ceremonies to bury the dead, but the dwarfs of the First Iron were less sentimental. Only Rith, a few close friends and Thane watched as Catten was laid to rest. If tears were going to be shed, it would be done in private, but most dwarfs preferred to drown their grief in booze or bury it in anger. She stood numbly as Brother Cornelius slurred his way through a few lines of religion. He was the closest Rith had been able to find to a priest. Brenzen probably would have done a better job of it, but he didn't want anyone associated with the military involved. Cornelius closed his book and left, and one by one, Catten's friends did the same. Thane hesitated, then approached Rith.
"I'm sorry," she said.
"You should be!" spat Rith. "Filling her head with stories about heroes! What right do you have to still be breathing when this is all your fault?"
Rith pushed past, leaving Thane standing by the coffin. She quietly made her way upstairs, where Cornelius was already making up for the booze he'd lost out on at the funeral.
"Thane!" Vlad shouted happily. "Join us and drink crappy booze to celebrate our glorious victory! Vot is wrong?"
"There are no heroes," she answered quietly, pulling a barrel towards her. Something told her it would make her feel better. And if it didn't, she'd just have to send another one down to see why it was slacking off.

If we make crafts out of the hydra's bones, we'd probably be rich.

Thanatos has been in the militia since the first year.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Battling Blood**
Post by: **danmanthedog** on **April 11, 2014, 07:33:36 am**

*exhale deeply*Hm to think we were attacked by a hydra, ha first time seeing one of those. Wait I wonder if I could use hydra meat...
hack cough it could work but I couldn't smell one bit of magic on that thing. I wonder if that magic user knows any thing about these "megabeasts". *opens door to tarmids office* "Tarmid good to see you up and running... hows the blood drinker? Also have you thought about my items I need?

Title: **Re: Demongate: Battling Blood**
Post by: **MDFification** on **April 11, 2014, 09:17:27 pm**

Say Rhaken, how far along are you in the turn? Not to rush, just curious.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Battling Blood**
Post by: **Rhaken** on **April 13, 2014, 02:27:42 pm**

Quote from: MDFification on April 11, 2014, 09:17:27 pm
Say Rhaken, how far along are you in the turn? Not to rush, just curious.

Turn is done. Currently writing the update. It be a long one, folks.

Here's a small event to tide you over. It's completely out of order with the rest, but it felt more interesting (and quicker to write) than the rest of the stuff.

It early in the month of Moonstone, and already the first snowflakes drifted down to kiss the earth and blanket the surface world. Children played games and built snowdwarves, mirthful in their innocence to the ways of the world. Far less joyful were the masons, who were busy putting the roof on the marksdwarf towers and didn't like the idea of working over a wet platform. In an even fouler mood were the Vultures, who were under Vlad's orders to continue training in their roofless barracks despite the increasing chill. If the Knights had the fortitude to train in the snow, Vlad reasoned, then so did his boys. Besides, it builds character.

A panicked shout called the attention of the soldiers. A breathless crafts dwarf came up to them to warn that a troglodyte had passed the trap at the cavern entrance and was now roaming the residential district, frightening the dwarves and generally making a nuisance of itself. Vlad and Brenzen rallied their soldiers, shouted terse orders, and headed down into the fortress.

The troglodyte was easy to locate. They just had to follow the trail of panicking dwarves. One of Vlad's soldiers spotted the troglodyte at the end of the hallway, already injured, trying to fight off a war dog. The armed dwarves ran toward it, dodging panicked civilians. Off in the distance, the wounded troglodyte struggled against the hound, trying to fight off the savage assault of flesh-rending teeth.

Before they could reach the troglodyte, however, another dwarf rammed into it from the adjoining corridor, causing the creature to stumble and pitch forward, roaring in pain. the dwarf rushed forward, ahead of the war dog. A massive hammerhead rose, then crashed down. Again and again. By the time the soldiers had reached the troglodyte's position, it was already dead.

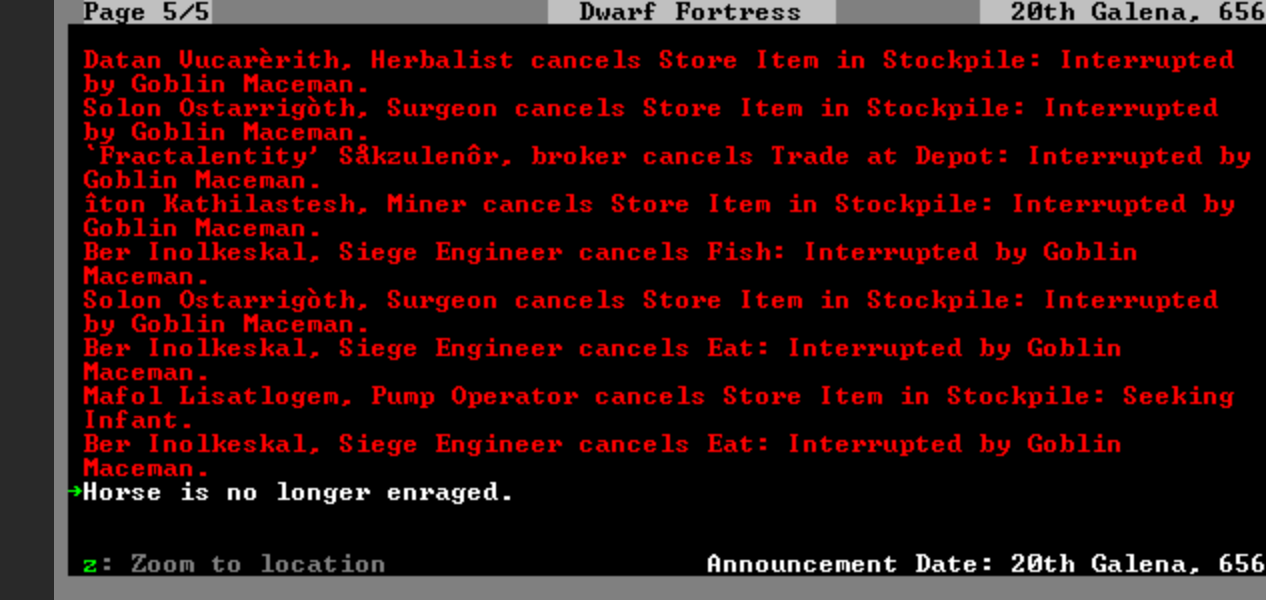
Vlad approached the armed dwarf, the rest of his squad right behind him. Any words of thanks died in his mouth when he recognized the hammer.

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)



Also, bonus pic.

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)



Title: **Re: Demongate: Battling Blood**
Post by: **Gnorm** on **April 14, 2014, 03:40:01 am**

Gnora's Journal
Celebrations

--
Well, I've finally found my little journal after all this time; lost it under some furniture. Suppose I'm just in time, for the boys in the militia took down a hydra to-day. A hydra! That's like one of those stories you tell the children to excite 'em. The fortress mourns the loss of the fallen as any dwarf fortress would: alcohol. We toasted to the fortress, to the queen, and to the boys in the ranks, even Vlad. The drink flows mighty well on a night such as this.

I'm slightly concerned by Miss Thane's draft into the army. I know she's an independent girl, but I honestly worry about her. She's my friend, and I look up to her in many ways. If she were to fall, we would lose our great founder and our spirit. I don't know why she's suddenly itchin' to swing her hammer, but I hope she'll choose a safer route soon.

Joyce still hasn't left, though he has been spending most of his time writing in his big book. I haven't been able to see what he's been writing, but I assume it's some sort of noble memoir. He recently asked me for a bucket of lye, and he did not provide a reason; I do hope he understands how dangerous the substance can be.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Battling Blood**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **April 14, 2014, 01:58:52 pm**

What does a horse have to be angry about? Was it falsely accused of vampirism?

*"You promised us a hero," Catten's voice echoed in Thane's head. She'd been drinking to keep her guilty conscience quiet, but lately she'd just been feeling guilty and hung over. It took her a moment to register the screams of panic when they started. Catten's face flashed in front of her eyes, and Thane started running. The depression of the last months faded away as she dashed through the narrow corridors, pulling Ob Kat from the strap on her back. The troglodyte had just knocked a dog off it when she arrived. Thane barrelled into the cave beast, knocking at to the ground.
"Never again!" she screamed every time the hammer rose and fell, until she finally realised there was no need to swing it again. Thane started laughing. She couldn't help it. Someone coughed behind her and she spun around ready to attack the person that had been following her, freezing in place when she saw Vlad watching her. Thane strode past before he could say anything, intending to start her drinking session. It wasn't until she was standing in front of Cornelius that she realised she didn't need one.*

Title: **Re: Demongate: Battling Blood**
Post by: **MDFification** on **April 14, 2014, 03:39:38 pm**

Everyone is Crazy but Vlad: The Movie

Title: **Re: Demongate: Battling Blood**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **April 14, 2014, 04:07:25 pm**

Sanity is for the weak.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Battling Blood**
Post by: **MDFification** on **April 14, 2014, 04:30:07 pm**

Quote from: Deus Asmoth on April 14, 2014, 04:07:25 pm
Sanity is for the weak.

The weird thing is I intended to make Vlad the most nuts of the dwarves, but it turns out his cheerful sociopathy is actually a step up from the gigglemurder/constant hallucinations & stalking/being totally sane but coincidentally being part of St. Zane's, so nobody believes you are/is actually a vampire/obsessed with vengeance/alcoholism that is the rest of our fort.

Eh, actually we got quite a few sane people associated with the Knights. Damn them and their only hiring stable, dedicated individuals.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Battling Blood**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **April 14, 2014, 05:46:17 pm**

Yeah, I hate it when religious orders aren't full of zealots foaming at the mouth for the blood of infidels. In any case, I think Thane is going to balance out after the trog beating, she just needed to get over her guilt. Of course, there'll still be paranoia about someone stalking her, since she won't be able to work out why they were following her in the first place.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Battling Blood**
Post by: **danmanthedog** on **April 14, 2014, 05:53:05 pm**

Wow it looks like that thane character is not totally useless after all. *Cough Cough Hack.* Still no sign of those needed spell materials, Tarmid has to get them soon before its to late. It's strange all this business about magic or whatever poison has made me lazy on my spying on Thane.... I wonder what blood barrels and wood. I might be able to cast a tracking spirit animal on tarmid and watch Thane myself.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Battling Blood**
Post by: **Spear** on **April 14, 2014, 06:57:28 pm**

Jim-

Ive been in demongate for about a week now, and ive realized behind the bustling and strong exterior of the fortress there is something else going on, im not sure what, I heard some strange noises come from some of the hallways, most others seem to not notice.. The paranoia here is disturbing, a few dwarfs were easily startled when I came from behind and just tapped their shoulder for directions, one I could swear was about to kill me with her war hammer..

Many are quick to judge due to my age, and lack of experience, but I find it funny that once I talk they tend to stop in their tracks, my family raised me to act like a noble, then wondered why I hated working in the farms.. one place that I can relax though is the dinning room, and no one seems to care much for the good drinks, or the well cooked meals.. more for me I suppose..

I spend most of my time trying to fully understand this place, and find somewhere I can take charge and make a difference here.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Battling Blood**
Post by: **Gnorm** on **April 14, 2014, 08:33:25 pm**

Corley worked vigorously at his pen, writing in the enormous book with ferocity. He was completely aborbed in his writing, in putting to paper the secrets and the horrors that he had kept with him for so long. The movement of his cigarette-holder in his mouth shook ash onto his desk, awakening him from his trancelike state. He deposited his cigarette into a tray and put the holder in the drawer; he would be more easily recognized with it.

He heard a knock on his door, followed by a sweet female voice requesting entry. He could recognize it as Gnora's, for she had performed many tasks for him by this point. He called for her to enter, and the door was opened. She was carrying a wooden bucket in front of her waist in two hands. Corley turned to face her, leaving his tome open on his desk, and knew instantly what was kept in the bucket.

"I assume that you have my lye in that bucket," he said.

"Yes sir, Mister Joyce!" she said with a sense of satisfaction. Corley noticed that she had begun to glance at the open page of the book. As is true for many dwarves, Gnora had a basic knowledge of how to read, though it came slow to her. Corley watched as she began to silently mouth words to herself: ". . . the great monster . . . Fractalman . . . origin and purpose . . . still a total mystery. . . ."

"Is there something on your mind, my dear?" Corley interrupted.

"Sorry?—Oh! nothing Mister Joyce."

"Good, though I'm afraid that there is a change of plans regarding the lye: I no longer need it for myself."

"You don't?" Gnora questioned.

"No I do not," answered Corley.

Gnora began to walk out of the chamber, taking the bucket with her. He, Corley, quickly strode up to the door and shut it right in front of his face. She lost her balance for a moment, and had to struggle to keep from dumping the lye all over her body. She began to scream angrily at him for performing such a stunt, but something about the situation clouded Corley's hearing. Here he was, in a dark room with the young dwarf, incredibly thirsty. How long had it been since his last drink? Would anyone miss the girl? Probably, he reasoned; now was not the time.

"Gnora," he managed to say, "I fear that Tarmid has terrible plans for your farm."

"That can't be possible!" cried Gnora, "Tarmid's my friend. He'd tell me if he was going to do anything with it."

"There are many things he doesn't tell his "friend." In fact, there are things that he'd never tell you about his entire Order. For example, did you know that he has personally tortured the resident vampire several times over."

"You're lying!" cried Gnora. Corley raised his palm as if to slap her, and she quickly calmed down. The lower-class was practically programmed to fear retribution from the upper-crust.

"Everything I have said is true, and there are many more things that I will spare you the horror of knowing. But I have something for you to do with that lye: I want you to find Tarmid, and splash it in his face."

"Mister Joyce!" she gasped. Corley began to light his pipe nonchalantly; he expressed little concern over Gnora's discomfort.

"It would be most preferable to splash him whilst he's taking a bath, so that the lye will react."

"He'll be blinded! or worse!"

"For a good cause!" said Corley with sudden anger, "What price are you willing to pay to save your farm? To save your lifestyle? Your people? Your fortress? Tarmid is dangerous and seditious, and he needs to be eliminated. Now, I ask you: are you willing to do this!"

Gnora forced open the door and ran out of the room, crying with fright. Corley noticed, with a grin, that she had taken the bucket with her.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Battling Blood**
Post by: **danmanthedog** on **April 14, 2014, 09:06:22 pm**

"What to do about that animal spell?" *Suddenly a crying dwarf holding a bucket come zooming past* What in earthen gods name was that ab.... WAIT that was Gnora, Oh no something must have happen I have to *Hack Hack HACK* what happened!

Title: **Re: Demongate: Battling Blood**
Post by: **MDFification** on **April 14, 2014, 09:22:13 pm**

Everyone is crazy except Vlad: The Musical

Quote from: MDFification on April 14, 2014, 09:22:13 pm
Everyone is crazy except Vlad: The Musical

Make this!

Title: **Re: Demongate: Battling Blood**
Post by: **Rhaken** on **April 14, 2014, 09:43:01 pm**

Quote from: MDFification on April 14, 2014, 09:22:13 pm
Everyone is crazy except Vlad: The Musical

I nominate this for the quotes list.

Now back to writing.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Battling Blood**

Post by: **Gnorm** on **April 14, 2014, 09:44:28 pm**

Quote from: Rhaken on April 14, 2014, 09:43:01 pm

Quote from: MDFification on April 14, 2014, 09:22:13 pm

Everyone is crazy except Vlad: The Musical

I nominate this for the quotes list.

Now back to writing.

When is the next update?

Title: **Re: Demongate: Battling Blood**

Post by: **jrrocks05** on **April 14, 2014, 09:45:46 pm**

Hey Thanatos is sane or is he? I mean it's not like I am a mentally insane bloodkin hating maniac. I'm n(sob sob sob) die bloodkin dieeeeeee(the musical

Title: **Re: Demongate: Battling Blood**

Post by: **MDFification** on **April 14, 2014, 09:47:32 pm**

Quote from: jrrocks05 on April 14, 2014, 09:45:46 pm

Hey Thanatos is sane or is he? I mean it's not like I am a mentally insane bloodkin hating maniac. I'm n(sob sob sob) die bloodkin dieeeeeee(the musical

I filed Thanatos under "obsessed with ultra-violent revenge".

Also I look forward to Tarmid seeing the bucket full of lye thing comming and just verbally pimp-slapping Gnora so hard she winds up at 'evening prayers'.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Battling Blood**

Post by: **Rhaken** on **April 14, 2014, 09:51:31 pm**

Quote from: Gnorm on April 14, 2014, 09:44:28 pm

Quote from: Rhaken on April 14, 2014, 09:43:01 pm

Quote from: MDFification on April 14, 2014, 09:22:13 pm

Everyone is crazy except Vlad: The Musical

I nominate this for the quotes list.

Now back to writing.

When is the next update?

Probably within an hour. Don't put money on it though. I'm getting burned out.

Also, I just checked Legends mode out of curiosity. Thanatos is a widower. His wife died in 614, killed by a minotaur.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Battling Blood**

Post by: **Gnorm** on **April 14, 2014, 09:57:26 pm**

Quote from: MDFification on April 14, 2014, 09:47:32 pm

Quote from: jrrocks05 on April 14, 2014, 09:45:46 pm

Hey Thanatos is sane or is he? I mean it's not like I am a mentally insane bloodkin hating maniac. I'm n(sob sob sob) die bloodkin dieeeeeee(the musical

I filed Thanatos under "obsessed with ultra-violent revenge".

Also I look forward to Tarmid seeing the bucket full of lye thing comming and just verbally pimp-slapping Gnora so hard she winds up at 'evening prayers'.

Tarmid just seems like the kind of dwarf that would be the master of the "verbal pimp-slap."

Title: **Re: Demongate: Battling Blood**

Post by: **CaptainArchmage** on **April 14, 2014, 10:12:33 pm**

Alright, has my dwarf arrived in Demongate yet? This place seems to be hiding some..... disturbing secrets.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Battling Blood**

Post by: **Rhaken** on **April 14, 2014, 10:15:57 pm**

Quote from: CaptainArchmage on April 14, 2014, 10:12:33 pm

Alright, has my dwarf arrived in Demongate yet? This place seems to be hiding some..... disturbing secrets.

Arrived last year, worked, died already. Goblin ambush. He managed to shoot one in the throat before his own lungs got crushed.

Might wanna get yourself a new dwarf there. :-\

Title: **Re: Demongate: Battling Blood**

Post by: **CaptainArchmage** on **April 14, 2014, 10:31:40 pm**

Quote from: Rhaken on April 14, 2014, 10:15:57 pm

Quote from: CaptainArchmage on April 14, 2014, 10:12:33 pm

Alright, has my dwarf arrived in Demongate yet? This place seems to be hiding some..... disturbing secrets.

Arrived last year, worked, died already. Goblin ambush. He managed to shoot one in the throat before his own lungs got crushed.

Might wanna get yourself a new dwarf there. :-\

Damnit. I need to re-use the backstory somehow, scouting dwarves or body doubles. More mentally-unstable dwarves would really help. Did this even get covered or was it just “in other news” thanks to everything that happened?

If this is the kind of fortress where dwarves getting crushed is “in other news”, that’s pretty bad.

Edit: I checked. It was Uvash, right? I don’t think the incident has been reported on, but I get he was a siege engineer.

Damnit, if nitwits actually start claiming to be “wizards” our cover’s going to be blown!

Edit2: Is the mayor claimed? Do we even have a mayor at the moment?

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **Rhaken** on **April 14, 2014, 11:51:59 pm**

Weeks had gone by since the hydra Ak Mutulu attacked Demongate, and things were slowly turning back to a state of relative peace and quiet. Vlad's Vultures were once again occupying their spare time with card games and hooch. Kadol avoided any such distractions in favor of training to fight with shield and sword both in his one remaining hand. It demanded awkward movement at first, but by the time he was used to it he was sparring with the best of them and giving them a run for their money.

Thane's squaddies still showed up at the barracks every once in a while for basic drills, though Thane's own attendance record during these drills was less than stellar. When she did show up, she was, in Vlad's own professional opinion, halfway to passed-out drunk. She paid little attention to instructions and outright refused to spar. The Knights, meanwhile, trained for upwards of eight hours a day, stopping only to eat or to study with Brenzen or Tarmid, when the scribe was available.

In the hours before dawn, as most dwarves slept, a scout rang the alarm. Goblins had been spotted in the fields, hiding in the tall grasses, perfectly concealed until a wandering horse bumped into the group and ran off terrified. The goblins rose then, giving chase to the horse. The wild stallion had inadvertently bought time for Demongate's armed forces to scramble out of bed and form up. By the time the goblins had turned their attention to the barracks entrance, Brenzen's knights had formed up, along with most of the Vultures. Vlad himself was curiously absent.

The goblins approached the trap funnel. A first volley from the towers injured many, and the traps outright slew half of them. The Knights and Vultures moved in to mop up the injured. The entire goblin squad died before they could even swing their weapons.

Another alarm. Another squad of goblins, spotted by the hills. An overeager Vulture sprinted toward them, a foolish action that would have provoked disciplinary measures from Vlad if he had seen it. The remaining soldiers called him back, but he acted deaf. They saw no choice but to go after him and try to keep the glory-seeking idiot alive.

The marksdwarves moved to the other tower. Tarmid had comissioned a second tower across from the first, to ensure that covering fire could come from either direction. They managed to get into position and fire after the infantry had engaged the goblins. Though many of them carried iron swords, they were unable to cut through the finely-shaped bismuth bronze armor of Demongate's forces. The enemy fell under a hail of blows and bolts, the dwarves escaping the skirmish with nothing more than a few nicks and bruises.

They headed back inside to resume their rest. Only to be disturbed again, at the crack of dawn, by yet another alarm.

The humans had come to trade. And with them came another ambush. Vlad's grumpy Vultures made for their weapons and prepared to march out. Brenzen's Knights were already in armor. Kadol was beginning to suspect they slept in it.

Three of the goblin spearmen were down by the time the dwarves arrived, though one of the human caravan guards had a gaping hole in his leg for his troubles. Joining forces, the dwarves and humans routed the enemy in moments, then stayed around until the wagons had made it to the depot. The longshanks saluted, then followed their charges inside. The bridge closed behind them minutes afterwards, and Demongate's soldiers headed back inside, ready to take wagers on how many merchants the Fractal Dwarf would manage to confuse before closing the deal.

It was later that day that a hunter found the body. A dwarf who had called himself Captain, slain the previous night during a hunting trip, chest caved inwards, three limbs broken. Nearby, a goblin lay in the grass, lifeless, a bolt jutting from her throat.

Dantheman was in Tarmid's office, asking for materials for some spell of his again. Tarmid listened to every word, his expression carefully neutral the whole time. When the hunter was finished, Tarmid rose from his seat, walked in front of him. His normally soft cobalt eyes hardened into knives, though his face remained impassive.

"Listen here, Dan," *the scribe said in an even tone*, "I thought I made it clear last time that your talk of *magic* is not welcome here. Regardless of how 'harmless' it may or may not be, I must remind you - again - that magic, or thaumaturgy, is illegal throughout the dwarven realms -" *pause for effect*- "And punishable by death.

"Now, regardless of my opinion on the subject, I am a Scribe of St. Zane, sworn to, among numerous other things, to uphold the law. This includes reporting any crimes I witness, or mandating the arrest myself if it is in my power to do so. Do you understand what I'm getting at here?"

Tarmid sighed, sensing incomprehension. Dantheman was no idiot, but he wasn't the most attentive of dwarves either. The hunter would be more discreet if he understood the consequences of his babbling.

"I'll be blunt then." *Tarmid put on a deep scowl, shifted to a booming voice of command*. "If you ever mention your magic again, or try to 'procure materials', or act suspicious on my watch again-" *another pause for effect*- "I am placing you under arrest for conspiracy and suspicion of thaumaturgy. Which, if you are indeed innocent of, you will not mention again. Do I make myself clear?"

Dantheman seemed to shrink before the scribe, though Tarmid could tell this dwarf was thinking of ways to continue whatever he did in secret. Perhaps even a bit of spite towards Tarmid. "Look, this is not personal. But it will be necessary if you keep this up. Your behavior upsets the other dwarves. If I have to fling you in a cell to keep them from forming an angry mob to hunt you down, so be it."

*Once that matter was settled, The scribe escorted Dantheman outside and returned to his desk. He was making progress with the Steelhold documents, though no mention of a Joyce yet. The vampire situation was moving forward as well, though not as quick as he would like. Tarmid decided to take a short break to sate his curiosity on the matter of St. Rhaken's bridge defense system. He retrieved his copy of **Recovered Correspondence of Steelhold** from its shelf, set it down on his desk. Before he could begin to read, another knock on his office door.*

An overseer’s work is never done.

"Who is it?"

"It's Gnora," *said the farm-girl through the door. She sounded nervous*. "Can I come in?"

"Certainly, Gnora. One moment."

Tarmid opened the door. Gnora had a bucket in hand. The powerful odor of lye entered his nostrils. Before he could motion her inside, Gnora pulled the bucket back.

Tarmid slammed the door in her face.

A yelp of pain, followed by the bucket crashing to the stone floor. Tarmid opened the door again to find Gnora sitting on her rear, a puddle of lye beside her on the floor. Luckily, none of it had touched her skin directly. Her clothes would be ruined though.

Tarmid sighed, pulled the farmgirl to her feet. "Gnora. What in Armok's name are you doing?"

"I'm sorry, Tarmid," *she said, groggy and almost sobbing*. "But Joyce said you were going to destroy the farm-"

"And you believed him?"

"H-he said I had to stop you, throw lye in your face to keep you from doing it..."

The scribe frowned, pulled her into his office. He sat her down on the same chair where Dantheman had sat minutes before, preparing to scold her like one of his students. "Gnora, think for a second. Why in the world would I want to destroy our source of food and drink?"

"But..." She was tearing up. Tarmid had seen many students do the same when caught red-handed. Unlike his students, however, Gnora wasn't faking it for sympathy.

"But?"

"But Joyce said you lied to me. And that you tortured that vampire that got arrested."

Tarmid sighed again. "Very well. First of all, I suggest you get out of those clothes before the lye gets to your skin." He moved to an armor stand in the corner of the office, took out a spare, midnight-blue robe with well-worn elbows and handed it to Gnora. He turned around out of respect, but between her and the door, and out of arm's reach. If she tried anything, she would be the first to see Tarmid's knife training in action. Though he suspected that Gnora wouldn't try anything stupid at this point.

Once she was dressed in a robe one size too large for her, Tarmid resumed the conversation.

"First of all, I did not lie to you. I have no reason whatsoever to destroy the farms, and I am frankly shocked you would suggest that. It makes no sense, and you know me better than that. The fact that you would go through with this at the request of some foreign noble baffles me. Don't you find it at least a little odd that Joyce would ask for this out of nowhere?"

Gnora seemed to have recovered her lucidity, and she listened to Tarmid's every word before replying.

"Well, he does act a little strange sometimes. He was writing something or other about the broker when I went to see him. But I think he means well."

"He means well in trying to harm the dwarf who is currently overseeing Demongate?"

Gnora's shoulders slumped.

"Look, Gnora," *Tarmid said, gently patting her arm, "I know you only want what's best for everyone. But doing what is right is thinking about your every action. Did Joyce offer any conclusive proof that I deserve a bucketful of lye in the face?"*

"No," *she answered, shrinking inwards.*

"Did you find any such proof yourself?"

"No."

"Then why did you do what he said?"

"I don't know," *she said, apologetic.*

Tarmid sighed. "See the problem here?"

"I'm sorry, Tarmid," *Gnora muttered.*

"Apology accepted. Now, help me clean up the lye."

Sometime later, when the puddle of lye was vanquished from the corridor, Gnora turned to Tarmid, a questing look on her face.

"Did you really torture that vampire?"

Tarmid sensed a trap, but took the bait anyway. Maybe this was an opportunity to make Gnora understand.

"Yes."

She gasped in surprise, retreated a step away, as if Tarmid was unclean. "Why would you do that? I thought you were a good person!"

"That is not for me to decide," *Tarmid answered, not exactly eager to debate morality with her. "You pose a good question though. Why do you think I did it?"*

Gnora paused to think. "You hate vampires," she offered.

"Incorrect. I don't exactly like them, but I have no irrational urge to see them all dead."

Gnora hummed in assent, went back to her mental drawing board. "Your higher-ups ordered you to do it?"

"Close, but not quite," *Tarmid stated. "I have orders to capture and interrogate, but not necessarily torture."*

"Then why did you do it?" *Gnora grimaced.*

"Think about what I said before. About considering your every action." *Tarmid used his practiced professor's voice, as if explaining to a struggling student. "What reason could I have for considering torture the best course of action?"*

Gnora took a minute to run the options through her head. Many scenarios came to mind, though some were too outlandish to consider. Then, just like that, she had the answer. Any sense of accomplishment at being correct vanished before she could enjoy it. Her gaze turned to the floor.

"Because a creature that is centuries old will lie about anything if it doesn't somehow feel threatened."

Tarmid gave her a sad smile. "I'm afraid you are correct, Gnora."

Hours later, eyes beginning to sting, Tarmid turned yet another page in the book of correspondence. It was an ancient copy, made years before the invention of back indexing, so the scribe had to dig through the letters manually. He let out the occasional mumble and grumble about nobles and their ludicrous gossiping about a fortress half a continent away.

At long last, he found the one he was looking for. A letter addressed to nobody in particular, describing the architecture and defensive systems of Steelhold in the year 260 Old Era. It did indeed mention trapped archways over the entrance, which a previous letter from a different nobleman had mentioned some three or four years earlier, which coincided with St. Rhaken's supposed stewardship of the ancient fortress.

Satisfied, he moved to close the book, but something caught his eye. At the bottom of the page was the name of the letter's writer. It made Tarmid's blood turn to ice in his veins.

James Joyce, Esq.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Battling Blood**
Post by: **Gnorm** on **April 15, 2014, 12:07:23 am**

Come on now, that could be any James Joyce. Be reasonable.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Battling Blood**
Post by: **Rhaken** on **April 15, 2014, 12:23:55 am**

Quote from: Gnorm on April 15, 2014, 12:07:23 am
Come on now, that could be any James Joyce. Be reasonable.

Reason is not a word in the dwarven dictionary.

(Translation: Tarmid won't flip his shit over this just yet. The coincidence kind of scares the pants off of him.)

Quote from: CaptainArchmage on April 14, 2014, 10:31:40 pm
Edit2: Is the mayor claimed? Do we even have a mayor at the moment?

The mayor is Besmar Paintwilt. She is currently in Thane's squad. I don't remember her being mayor at the start of my year, though I do know there was an election.

Quote from: Deus Asmoth on April 14, 2014, 01:58:52 pm
What does a horse have to be angry about? Was it falsely accused of vampirism?

Perhaps this is somehow related to that engraving a few pages back.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Battling Blood**
Post by: **Gnorm** on **April 15, 2014, 12:32:30 am**

It's time for more awful MSpaint artistry! I've put my little portrait in spoiler tags as to shield your eyes.

Spoiler: Gnora (click to show/hide)



I might do the other principal characters, if I find the time and the motivation.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Battling Blood**
Post by: **MDFification** on **April 15, 2014, 07:33:07 am**

Quote from: Rhaken on April 15, 2014, 12:23:55 am
Quote from: Gnorm on April 15, 2014, 12:07:23 am
Come on now, that could be any James Joyce. Be reasonable.

Reason is not a word in the dwarven dictionary.

(Translation: Tarmid won't flip his shit over this just yet. The coincidence kind of scares the pants off of him.)

Perhaps Tarmid might be more inclined to flip his shit because Joyce tried to trick a rather naive pupil of his into attempting to burn his eyes out with chemicals?
Anyway if people need to be smacked, feel free to use Vlad as a hired goon. He's still oddly cheerful concerning the situation.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Battling Blood**
Post by: **fractalman** on **April 15, 2014, 04:38:44 pm**

In an obscure corridor, a nervous danth waits...

"Ah, hello, danth. Any luck drawing strength from the hydra's remains?"
"n..no. Are you a monster?"
danth clapped (his?her?) hands over (his/her?) mouth, horrified...which was puzzling to me. it was a foolish question, but curiosity was always to be commended-except in children, in whom it was merely annoying.
...
...
...
Oh. I see. I feel like an idiot.
"I don't see why your suddenly afraid of me. Whatever else I may be, whatever other goals I may have, I wish to solve the puzzle of your illness. For that I need you alive and well. As for the question itself...I am unfit to answer it. I do not trust myself to analyze myself. I fear that I would label selfish actions as 'for the greater good', or vice versa...tell you what: I'll tell you my life story...and in exchange, you can answer the question for me. What say you?"

Title: **Re: Demongate: Battling Blood**
Post by: **danmanthedog** on **April 15, 2014, 04:58:12 pm**

"...Okay I agree and no I wasn't able to get to the hydra before it was butchered, Don't they know that*HACK HACK HACK* it ruins the powers of the flesh and blood if butchered. Tarmid is not planning to buy the need material he is also going to arrest for a investagation if I use Demonology. That old fool doesn't he know my clan is excluded of the St. Zane groups punishment if we stay to Animalmancery."

Title: **Re: Demongate: Battling Blood**
Post by: **MDFification** on **April 15, 2014, 05:52:41 pm**

Quote from: danmanthedog on April 15, 2014, 04:58:12 pm
That old fool doesn't he know my clan is excluded of the St. Zane groups punishment if we stay to Animalmancery."

I can't really see this being a thing myself. We're talking about fanatics who emulated a fanatic here.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Battling Blood**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **April 15, 2014, 07:07:19 pm**

It does seem strange that they'd decide that one particular branch of magic was a-ok, in spite of hating all other forms of it. A local group might decide to leave the clan alone for the greater good (there's a group dedicated to killing megabeasts=fewer megabeasts to possibly kill knights) but it wouldn't be something they'd share with the entire group unless they wanted to be branded heretics. Of course, if a knight told one of the Dan's clan that they'd leave them alone, he could simply misinterpret that as meaning that the entire order had accepted them rather than that one maverick knight.

What's everyone teaching, by the way? If Tarmid's doing reading and writing and Thanatos is doing history, presumably Thane would be able to handle basic math after working as bookkeeper, and maybe chemistry of some kind from her experience with metals? I guess geography wouldn't be a popular dwarven subject, otherwise they wouldn't be able to get people to settle in salt water swamps where it constantly rains boiling excrement that causes vomiting.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Battling Blood**
Post by: **MDFification** on **April 15, 2014, 07:37:06 pm**

Quote from: Deus Asmoth on April 15, 2014, 07:07:19 pm
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Vlad is informally doing Tactics, Fitness, Foreign Languages (don't ask), Philosophy (not that anyone would call it that) and providing tutoring for the reality challenged.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Battling Blood**
Post by: **danmanthedog** on **April 15, 2014, 07:47:00 pm**

Hmm I would think killing Fb or megabeasts would give you a free pass for magic. Also is the vampire still locked up or what?

Title: **Re: Demongate: Battling Blood**
Post by: **jrrocks05** on **April 15, 2014, 08:29:51 pm**

I think Thanatos should do a how to kill bloodkin course as well. It is the olimpyans expertise.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Battling Blood**
Post by: **Spear** on **April 15, 2014, 08:53:31 pm**

Quote from: Deus Asmoth on April 15, 2014, 07:07:19 pm
It does seem strange that they'd decide that one particular branch of magic was a-ok, in spite of hating all other forms of it.

Thats the game of politics for you, maybe at some point someone was paid off to approve it and allow no further questions on why a form of magic is allowed..? or they have a fake excuse..

Title: **Re: Demongate: Battling Blood**
Post by: **MDFification** on **April 15, 2014, 09:28:57 pm**

Eh, I'd let 4maskwolf decide this myself, whenever he shows his stunningly handsome face around these parts next. I mean, they are his knights. Well, Rhaken also has a big stake and he said nope, so I wouldn't expect anything beyond smackdown-central for everyone who even looks like they can do a magic trick.

Also, peregarret might be a little late to start his turn I think, on account of him playing a turn in another thread. Hopefully not too late. It'd be great to get some non-Steelhold players having turns. Who knows, they might not fuck up and kill us all every third turn, as seems to be standard procedure.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Battling Blood**
Post by: **jrrocks05** on **April 15, 2014, 09:42:12 pm**

I would take a turn but I have school and my computers garbage.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Battling Blood**
Post by: **4maskwolf** on **April 16, 2014, 08:46:47 am**

Quote from: MDFification on April 15, 2014, 09:28:57 pm
Eh, I'd let 4maskwolf decide this myself, whenever he shows his stunningly handsome face around these parts next. I mean, they are his knights. Well, Rhaken also has a big stake and he said nope, so I wouldn't expect anything beyond smackdown-central for everyone who even looks like they can do a magic trick.

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Why thank you for that compliment for a face you've never seen.

I am having... Difficulties with accessing DF forums right now, but I will post when I can.

Dantheman: they don't distinguish between magic. As a point of fact, they are convinced that all magic comes from demons: or at least,

Brenzen is. Brenzen is also of low enough rank (there are six ranks: knight, knight commander, low magebane, high magebane, master, and grandmaster) that he wouldn't know if the upper echelons knew about the differences in types of magic.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Battling Blood**
Post by: **danmanthedog** on **April 16, 2014, 10:02:11 am**

Great your guy is a Templar just lovely.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Battling Blood**
Post by: **TalonisWolf** on **April 16, 2014, 01:49:10 pm**

...I'm dead already, right? I was away for a bit, but seeing as it's *that* fortress, well...

Title: **Re: Demongate: Battling Blood**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **April 16, 2014, 02:43:25 pm**

I don't recall seeing anything about you dying, but it's entirely possible you died and no one noticed.

Dan, he's coming from an order that teaches that all magic is evil and comes from demons. He's not just going to turn around and accept that one branch is fine just because the person doing it says it is.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Battling Blood**
Post by: **MDFification** on **April 16, 2014, 03:55:31 pm**

Quote from: Deus Asmoth on April 16, 2014, 02:43:25 pm

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It could be worse. It could be Steelhold.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Battling Blood**
Post by: **Sarrak** on **April 16, 2014, 04:12:13 pm**

Quote from: MDFification on April 16, 2014, 03:55:31 pm

Quote from: Deus Asmoth on April 16, 2014, 02:43:25 pm

I don't recall seeing anything about you dying, but it's entirely possible you died and no one noticed.

Dan, he's coming from an order that teaches that all magic is evil and comes from demons. He's not just going to turn around and accept that one branch is fine just because the person doing it says it is.

It could be worse. It could be Steelhold.

Yeah... By the way, we still have to kill even a single overseer (Gnorm unintentionally (?) came pretty close to it, but not succeeded)... Clearly, not Steelhold.

Time to write something in-character, Lokast arm is probably okay by now.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Battling Blood**
Post by: **Rhaken** on **April 16, 2014, 05:02:56 pm**

Pardon my delays, folks. It has been harder and harder to find free time. I will have the whole thing concluded by Friday, possibly tomorrow if I'm lucky. Writing an update as we speak.

Lokast's arm is indeed fine. He's back to walking about, though I don't think he's gone back to hunting. Officially, he was down there for whatever reason you want, but from an ingame standpoint, it was just a hunt gone wrong.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Battling Blood**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **April 16, 2014, 05:54:23 pm**

Once Rhaken posts the save, is it ok if I alter the bloodkin's entity file a bit? I'm not sure they'll ever show up with some of their progress triggers missing, and they won't arrive for a few years with the population trigger at the setting it's at.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Battling Blood**
Post by: **Rhaken** on **April 16, 2014, 06:12:08 pm**

Quote from: Deus Asmoth on April 16, 2014, 05:54:23 pm

Once Rhaken posts the save, is it ok if I alter the bloodkin's entity file a bit? I'm not sure they'll ever show up with some of their progress triggers missing, and they won't arrive for a few years with the population trigger at the setting it's at.

Oh hells yes please.

On another note, how do I change the thread title? Do I just remove the "Re:" at the beginning or what?

Title: **Re: Demongate: Battling Blood**
Post by: **MDFification** on **April 16, 2014, 06:29:00 pm**

@Asmoth: Long story short, you can't do anything. Altering the civ files isn't like most modding - you have to gen a new world for it to be applied in-game. So we'd loose the current Demongate.

@Rhaken: Asmoth has to change the title of the OP for the displayed title of the thread to change. You can change your title, but it doesn't do squat, really.

Now I look technically competent, maybe we can forget about the whole albatross civilization/spontaneous bloodkin combustion thing, yes?

Title: **Re: Demongate: Battling Blood**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **April 16, 2014, 06:42:19 pm**

I wouldn't object to suggestions for a new thread title in any case, if you've got any ideas.

Kind of sucks about not being able to change entity files, though. I suppose the options are to regen a world with lower threshold bloodkin, or continue and see what happens with Demongate as it is. For reference, I don't think Steelhold ever reached the population that would trigger a bloodkin invasion, though I'm still in favour of option b, since that curious underground structure would likely provide a lot of fun.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Battling Blood**
Post by: **MDFication** on **April 16, 2014, 06:51:01 pm**

Quote from: Deus Asmoth on April 16, 2014, 06:42:19 pm

I wouldn't object to suggestions for a new thread title in any case, if you've got any ideas.

Kind of sucks about not being able to change entity files, though. I suppose the options are to regen a world with lower threshold bloodkin, or continue and see what happens with Demongate as it is. For reference, I don't think Steelhold ever reached the population that would trigger a bloodkin invasion, though I'm still in favour of option b, since that curious underground structure would likely provide a lot of fun.

Well, we've managed to get this far with relatively few deaths. This is what, year 5 we're going into? Typically we should be reaching about 150 pop at this point.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Battling Blood**
Post by: **TalonisWolf** on **April 16, 2014, 06:55:55 pm**

Quote from: Deus Asmoth on April 16, 2014, 06:42:19 pm

I wouldn't object to suggestions for a new thread title in any case, if you've got any ideas.

Kind of sucks about not being able to change entity files, though. I suppose the options are to regen a world with lower threshold bloodkin, or continue and see what happens with Demongate as it is. For reference, I don't think Steelhold ever reached the population that would trigger a bloodkin invasion, though I'm still in favour of option b, since that curious underground structure would likely provide a lot of fun.

"Demongate: Where Templars are Dwarven" ?

Title: **Re: Demongate: Battling Blood**
Post by: **MDFication** on **April 16, 2014, 07:00:57 pm**

Demongate: No Adamantine Production (History Repeats Itself)

EDIT: Actually, would anyone be down for Demongate: Everyone is Crazy but Vlad (The Musical)?

Title: **Re: Demongate: Battling Blood**
Post by: **Rhaken** on **April 16, 2014, 07:04:34 pm**

Quote from: MDFication on April 16, 2014, 06:29:00 pm

Now I look technically competent, maybe we can forget about the whole albatross civilization/spontaneous bloodkin combustion thing, yes?

Nominated.

NEVER FORGET

EDIT:

I was planning on "Demongate: There Are No Heroes".

Curiously, I got just the one migrant wave. And, uh, no dwarven liaison for some reason. I have no idea what happened.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Battling Blood**
Post by: **Gnorm** on **April 16, 2014, 08:53:48 pm**

How exactly is the succession of turns working? Once we reach the bottom of the list, does it start over?

Title: **Re: Demongate: Battling Blood**
Post by: **TalonisWolf** on **April 16, 2014, 09:02:59 pm**

Demongate: Technically Competent

Demongate: Entry to Insanity

Demongate: LET ME OUT!!!

Title: **Re: Demongate: Battling Blood**
Post by: **MDFication** on **April 16, 2014, 10:24:23 pm**

Quote from: Gnorm on April 16, 2014, 08:53:48 pm

How exactly is the succession of turns working? Once we reach the bottom of the list, does it start over?

I have no idea. I assume that like Steelhold you can just request a second turn, although it'd be good etiquette for those who've already gone to allow new players to sliiiide in in front of them in the list. Maybe there should be some seperate list for the people who'd get bumped down by new players so we don't discourage them, but can have veterans play again? You'd only go on it voluntarily.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Battling Blood**
Post by: **Sarrak** on **April 16, 2014, 10:52:06 pm**

Demongate: Endless Wait

I think we talked about it earlier and decided (not majority, just who was present) to give a chance for new players. I.e. just like MDFication said.

((Endlessly waiting for the destined enemy to appear is pretty fun. We can slip raising concerns about whenever fort has a point at all, as its aim is from the realm of fantasy.

I don't think that removal of Trade and Wealth triggers does anything - only one of three triggers must be reached for sieges to occur.))

Title: **Re: Demongate: Battling Blood**
Post by: **Rhaken** on **April 16, 2014, 11:57:12 pm**

Thanatos was at Tarmid's door, looking impatient as ever. Tarmid had never spoken to the dwarf before, but he had heard plenty of stories from Vlad during their 'evening prayers' with Brother Cornelius.

"Hello, Thanatos. How may I help you?"

"I want to teach history."

Tarmid arched an eyebrow. "Thanatos, the school isn't even fully built yet. Besides, I have no guarantees that you are qualified."

"Test me then." The dark dwarf sounded on edge. According to Vlad, that was normal.

"Who was the first monarch of The First Iron?"

"Fikod Trumpettrammel." Thanatos answered without hesitation.

"What year did Dobar Waningsabre renounce the throne?"

"445."

"Who led the assault..."

They continued for hours on end. Thanatos was good, but he was no historian. He correctly answered around two thirds of Tarmid's questions. With a textbook to back him, he might make a decent teacher. Though there is certainly more to teaching than spewing facts over a classroom for an hour. They parted ways after Tarmid promised to consider him as a history professor.

Tarmid idly scratched at his umber beard. How long had he been awake? Judging by the number of burnt-out candles, it must have been three days or so. His temples throbbed and his vision was starting to swim. Lucidity was starting to slip. He would just look over his notes before going to bed. Or collapsing over his desk, that would do.

The human necromancer Amsan Jestedbow had taken a dwarven apprentice. After reading several of Amsan's rambles, he finally had the dwarf's name. Fikod Trumpettrammel, the first monarch of The First Iron, who abandoned his duties in the year 24. And all this time, historians had wondered where he went. Amsan himself had learned from the stone slab Walledcoasts, given to him by Olon the Death of Tombs, human goddess of death, whom the necromancer often called She of One Arm and The Many-Jointed One. What this meant exactly was anyone's guess.

Then there was Zon Lancedmirrors, the King in Blood. In the year 60, after 24 years of service, Zon profaned The Sanctuary of Rims and was given the blood-curse. He continued to rule, keeping his curse a secret from the public and passing cruel laws and edicts. He was famous for his tyranny, demanding that over one hundred dwarves be taken to his palace every year to train in his 'elite guard'. Very few survived. Probably because Zon was draining them of blood to sate his appetites.

Also of note during Zon's reign was the beginning of The Violent Conflict, some cynical historian's name for the protracted war between the dwarves of The First Iron and what many believed to be a faction of insane dwarves. Tarmid, of course, knew the truth. Zon had declared war on the Bloodkin. Nobody knew why. Zon himself was slain in the conflict, his unnatural life taken by Nish Woodlabor, who commanded the Bloodkin forces. Nish himself was later slain by four dwarves, whose names Tarmid could not find.

Tarmid had also uncovered the names of many other vampires and necromancers. He had found several practitioners of the forbidden arts, dwarven and human, all settled in a place called Testtrumpet. None of his maps could find out where exactly that was. A pity. It would be a high priority target for the Knights. A massive tower, filled with forbidden tomes and decaying mockeries of life. The sooner it was burned to the ground, the better.

It was only now, that most of his research orders were concluded, that Tarmid began to wonder. Why had he received orders to pursue these topics in particular? His normal research was all about the Bloodkin. Society, organization, figureheads, strengths and weaknesses. It was Tarmid, together with two other colleagues, who had discovered the Bloodkin fleshfarms. Tarmid hoped beyond all hope that he would never see one.

He had done some deep digging, and unearthed numerous secrets. Many seemed unrelated in any way, but his research was seldom that simple. He was just too burned out to connect the dots. There was a pattern to all these, he was certain. A pattern he would discern later. Once he woke up.

Tarmid fell over.

Temperatures were dropping in Demongate's territory. It had been a week since Tarmid and Brenzen last visited their vampire captive. Standard procedure mandated that the interval between interrogations should increase as the months go by, ensuring the vampire's isolation. In the interim, the creature had nothing to do but wallow in misery and try to recover from the torture.

They could hear the scrabbling of hands and feet before they even opened the door. Inside, they found the vampire straining against his bonds, trying to run forward, a manic fire burning in his fully open eyes. He seemed to be trying to run, but the shackles embedded in the wall kept him pinned in place.

Brenzen approached, pick in hand, to subdue Dodok. He raised the pick in warning. Dodok ignored him completely and continued his attempt to run off. Brenzen gave several verbal warnings, all of which fell on deaf ears. Finally, he clouted the vampire in the side of the head. The vampire didn't even flinch.

The knight stared, jaw agape. Tarmid stepped in, took position on the vampire's side, opposite Sir Brenzen.

"Turn his head for me, would you?"

Brenzen took Dodok's head and turned it by sheer strength toward Tarmid. The vampire acted like nothing happened and continued to run his static marathon. Tarmid pulled the eyelids further open with his thumbs, examined the vampire's pupils. They were dilated, massive pits that took up most of the iris. They weren't registering movement.

"Dodok," Tarmid inquired. "What do you want?"

"Tourmalines! I must have them. I must! I must complete my work!"

Tarmid turned to Sir Brenzen.

"It seems we have materials to haul."

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

►Dodók Eteslimul, Farmer is taken by a fey mood!

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

Isonulâb Rithul Umril, "Plansquirted the Petals of Pine", a perfect cler

This is a perfect clear tourmaline. All craftsddwarfship is of the highest quality. It is encircled with bands of tapered baguette cut clear tourmalines. On the item is an image of a round brilliant cut gem in clear tourmaline.

A roar from the caverns. A roar so loud, it could be heard in the barracks. Vlad and Brenzen mobilized their soldiers. Rith prepared his marksdwarves and sent them out for ammo.

"What do you suppose it is?" Asked Kadol One-Hand.

"Huge," someone offered.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



Title: **Re: Demongate: Battling Blood**
Post by: **jrrocks05** on **April 17, 2014, 12:07:59 am**

Finally something to kill people!!! I want guts and blood a lot of blood. Blood for the blood god!!!!

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **Gnorm** on **April 17, 2014, 01:55:25 am**

Once you take care of the beast, would you mind temporarily having Gnora train in glass-making. I'd like to have her make something more interesting than a stone mug if she should get a strange mood.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **April 17, 2014, 02:14:03 am**

And of course, clear glass weapon traps are always a useful and amusing way to separate goblinite from the waste around it.

I believe we did decide on doing the turns like in Steelhold.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **danmanthedog** on **April 17, 2014, 10:18:38 am**

ROAR from the deep caverns! That sound, the smell! It's here a Forgotten one, finally I can finish my pilgrimage and get the need supplies for the spell. CRAP only the military will be fighting it... thats it I just have to enter the military as a crossbow dwarf. I must find Tarmid or Vlad to see if we can make a crossbow unit.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **MDFification** on **April 17, 2014, 11:01:27 am**

Quote from: danmanthedog on April 17, 2014, 10:18:38 am

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I think we already have a squad of marksdwarves, although I don't know if Dantheman (dorf) is in it. Also Vlad will definitely be cuttingk you if the stalking continues.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **danmanthedog** on **April 17, 2014, 11:42:48 am**

Quote from: MDFification on April 17, 2014, 11:01:27 am

Quote from: danmanthedog on April 17, 2014, 10:18:38 am

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I think we already have a squad of marksdwarves, although I don't know if Dantheman (dorf) is in it. Also Vlad will definitely be cutting you if the stalking continues.

He doesn't even know who is stalking Thane or Tarmid. So yeah I would like to be put in the crossbow squad and if we do go after that Forgotten beast I would like to have some of its meat put in my room.

Title: Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes
Post by: MDFification on April 17, 2014, 02:49:00 pm

Quote from: danmanthedog on April 17, 2014, 11:42:48 am

Quote from: MDFification on April 17, 2014, 11:01:27 am

Quote from: danmanthedog on April 17, 2014, 10:18:38 am

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He doesn't even know who is stalking Thane or Tarmid.

Which is weird because it is him.

Title: Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes
Post by: fractalman on April 17, 2014, 03:30:19 pm

"Before you run off to grab a crossbow...the so-called "exception" granted your clan? Strange moods. the order as a whole believes that your clan is subject to a rare variety of strange mood. They do NOT believe your clan uses magic; for to them, strange moods are not magic...I wish you luck, danth. "

Title: Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes
Post by: Deus Asmoth on April 17, 2014, 05:24:34 pm

MDF, I think he meant that Vlad doesn't know who's stalking people rather than Dan is schizophrenic, which would be (even more) worrying.

Title: Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes
Post by: danmanthedog on April 17, 2014, 05:55:27 pm

Quote from: Deus Asmoth on April 17, 2014, 05:24:34 pm

MDF, I think he meant that Vlad doesn't know who's stalking people rather than Dan is schizophrenic, which would be (even more) worrying.

No i was saying that vlad does not know who is stalking them also

Quote from: fractalman on April 17, 2014, 03:30:19 pm

"Before you run off to grab a crossbow...the so-called "exception" granted your clan? Strange moods. the order as a whole believes that your clan is subject to a rare variety of strange mood. They do NOT believe your clan uses magic; for to them, strange moods are not magic...I wish you luck, danth. "

Who is your character agian and also guys just call me Dan or danman it's strange being called danthe.

Title: Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes
Post by: fractalman on April 17, 2014, 06:53:33 pm

Mine's a self insert who got exposed to over a millennium of isolation in minecraft, followed up by a transformation into a non-corporeal entity thanks to a turbocharged diamond portal. This was followed by a series of sanity-draining, trans-dimensional jumps. These ended at Steelhold with the creation of an adamant portal with the polarity reversed...

But before steelhold, my dwarf encountered swordthunders-one of the first fortresses to completely break the clowncar, if not the very first. Said fortress became a nightmare of lag, what with thousands of dead dwarves, uncountable items (if you looked at the stone stocks, the game would freeze up for about a minute)...many of which were glitched into hyperspace via the water flow glitch, and/or unmovable thanks to ownership tags not clearing. (A rather large chunk of the fortress was deliberately flooded with lava in the hopes of improving fps in the long run.)

Attempts to break the curse of swordthunders by giving away enough junk...failed; the merchants kept getting killed, leaving their stuff behind in the trade depot or scattered near the entrance.

Naturally, it imploded, and was contained only by a very elaborate self-reference scheme centered around the crundle leather tome of Das Ebal. Since I was the last person to complete a turn as overseer, it remained with me.

...

My dwarf has been pretty depressed since the bloodkin incident.

Title: Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes
Post by: Deus Asmoth on April 17, 2014, 07:00:18 pm

Quote from: danmanthedog on April 17, 2014, 05:55:27 pm

Quote from: Deus Asmoth on April 17, 2014, 05:24:34 pm

MDF, I think he meant that Vlad doesn't know who's stalking people rather than Dan is schizophrenic, which would be (even more) worrying.

No i was saying that vlad does not know who is stalking them.

That's... exactly the same thing as what I just wrote. And fractal's character is the guy who's been trying to heal you of your cough.

Title: Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes
Post by: MDFification on April 17, 2014, 07:03:55 pm

Quote from: Deus Asmoth on April 17, 2014, 07:00:18 pm

Quote from: danmanthedog on April 17, 2014, 05:55:27 pm

Quote from: Deus Asmoth on April 17, 2014, 05:24:34 pm

MDF, I think he meant that Vlad doesn't know who's stalking people rather than Dan is schizophrenic, which would be (even more) worrying.

No i was saying that vlad does not know who is stalking them.

That's... exactly the same thing as what I just wrote. And fractal's character is the guy who's been trying to heal you of your cough.

Well, Vlad's previously threatened Dan to stop staring at Thane. So I think it's fair to say he knows. I mean nobody is so stealthy that they can just continuously watch someone for over a year without anyone noticing, and you get perception experience in the military.

Title: Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes
Post by: Gnorm on April 17, 2014, 07:33:38 pm

Joyce’s Journal
Time to Go
--
I heard the scream of that little broad, though she didn’t get any of the lye on herself; if she did, the girl wouldn’t stop so quickly. It

seems that Tarmid is indeed as reactive as I had initially presumed. The girl also seems to be quite impulsive, and she'll do anything for her farm. Still, not even she would fall for the exact same trick twice.

I'm going to need to move quickly; I have no doubt that Tarmid made her talk. Frankly, I think that the studious scribe knows exactly who I am, and this is just the excuse that he needs to justify an arrest. The blasted hypocrite: performing torture in the name of justice. It may seem hypocritical coming from me, but he's a dwarf, making it against his nature; I'm something that is no longer a dwarf.

I'll need to get out of this fortress before he assembles his guard. As soon as the coast is clear, I'm heading for the caverns. I know the general direction of the island in relation to the mainland; just follow the smell of the century-old blood and you'll eventually find your way at one of Shank's farms, if not Steelhold itself. I've packed up my folio in cloth, along with my other writing supplies. If I get apprehended, I'll just stick with my pre-planned stories and hope to convince the public to give me naught but a hammer-strike or two.

I've also collected some samples of rock from an old set of ruins in the deep caverns below this place. I'll need to test it, but I'm pretty sure its slade! If this is so, then I believe I've found the source of the thaumateurgical aura of this fortress. Perhaps I shall return one day....

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **Senshuken** on **April 18, 2014, 04:52:43 am**

What exactly is Artyom's status and has he been put into the knight squad yet?

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **MDFification** on **April 18, 2014, 04:40:07 pm**

Quote from: Senshuken on April 18, 2014, 04:52:43 am
What exactly is Artyom's status and has he been put into the knight squad yet?

I think he is, although I can't remember why I do.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **Gnorm** on **April 18, 2014, 06:37:02 pm**

You know what this thread lacks? I'll tell you: We need more interaction between Vlad and Gnora. We have two dwarves with a mutual hatred for each other, and do we take advantage of this? No! we throw one in the barracks and the other in the farm. I'm beginning to think that Gnora's been throwing her lye at the wrong dwarf. We'll have to remedy this; it will make things more interesting.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **TalonisWolf** on **April 18, 2014, 07:16:16 pm**

Can't believe I'm saying this, but you guys have gone soft! Steelhold was full of chaos and plotting and such, but this has barely lifted off!

Then again, Steelhold had a slow start to...

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **April 18, 2014, 07:58:06 pm**

I'll tell you what. If the fortress hasn't gone into total anarchy by my second turn, I'll send someone to pull out the adamantine sword from the mysterious structure. Presumably, something bad will happen after that, the only other time I successfully got the sword out before was in adventure mode (zombies killed the fortress above it).

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **danmanthedog** on **April 18, 2014, 08:19:43 pm**

Quote from: Deus Asmoth on April 18, 2014, 07:58:06 pm
I'll tell you what. If the fortress hasn't gone into total anarchy by my second turn, I'll send someone to pull out the adamantine sword from the mysterious structure. Presumably, something bad will happen after that, the only other time I successfully got the sword out before was in adventure mode (zombies killed the fortress above it).
Wait we have a structure in this fort... Interesting that could do wonders for my character.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **MDFification** on **April 18, 2014, 10:00:26 pm**

Quote from: TalonisWolf on April 18, 2014, 07:16:16 pm
Can't believe I'm saying this, but you guys have gone soft! Steelhold was full of chaos and plotting and such, but this has barely lifted off!
Then again, Steelhold had a slow start to...

You know why we haven't had utter bedlam?
No semi-intentional murder/dubious competence this time.

But *some people* don't like to idea of purposefully killing our ex-overseers. Hrmph. It's the finest of Steelholdianite traditions!

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **jrrocks05** on **April 18, 2014, 10:03:28 pm**

True we need bloodkin but there are problems with files. I think we should fix the files and restart.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **Gnorm** on **April 18, 2014, 10:17:46 pm**

Quote from: jrrocks05 on April 18, 2014, 10:03:28 pm
True we need bloodkin but there are problems with files. I think we should fix the files and restart.
I don't think that most of the members of this thread want to restart, myself included.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **jrrocks05** on **April 18, 2014, 10:27:37 pm**

The longer we go on the harder it will be to restart. Do we even know at what point the bloodkin will first attack?

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **MDFification** on **April 18, 2014, 10:31:20 pm**

Quote from: Gnorm on April 18, 2014, 10:17:46 pm
Quote from: jrrocks05 on April 18, 2014, 10:03:28 pm
True we need bloodkin but there are problems with files. I think we should fix the files and restart.
I don't think that most of the members of this thread want to restart, myself included.

We don't even know that they won't show up, only that we haven't reached the stage where they should show up yet. The only thing that really is worrisome is the missing tags. I hope they're not really necessary because a) you can get besieged by races without them and b) the first one to trigger is really the only one that matters, so you should be able to get by at one. The weird thing is that we haven't seen them at all. I think they should be [BABYSNATCHER], in which case they're hostile by default.

If someone wants to download the save and try to play until the 'kin show up or we know they won't at all, be my guest. Until we've done testing though, a restart is really out of the question.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **jrrocks05** on **April 18, 2014, 10:37:06 pm**

Somebody get the save, open the fort up station the military and walk away for a while. If you get back and there's been attack we know if not we don't.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **Gnorm** on **April 18, 2014, 10:39:22 pm**

Quote from: jrrocks05 on April 18, 2014, 10:37:06 pm
Somebody get the save, open the fort up station the military and walk away for a while. If you get back and there's been attack we know if not we don't.
We would need to wait until the population was reached.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **MDFification** on **April 18, 2014, 10:40:13 pm**

Quote from: jrrocks05 on April 18, 2014, 10:37:06 pm
Somebody get the save, open the fort up station the military and walk away for a while. If you get back and there's been attack we know if not we don't.

This sounds eerily similar to how we lost Steelhold. Just station the military and forget about it... and when all your trained, armed dwarves tantrum, we can just bring back Emdief, the one true murderghost and blow the fort to smithereens.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **jrrocks05** on **April 18, 2014, 10:54:34 pm**

Not for the thread just for testing to see if the bloodkin will actually come

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **MDFification** on **April 18, 2014, 11:23:54 pm**

Quote from: jrrocks05 on April 18, 2014, 10:54:34 pm
Not for the thread just for testing to see if the bloodkin will actually come

Oh, I know - it'd just be better to play it normally. The morale loss from permanently stationed soldiers will kill the fort before they've been stationed two years.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **jrrocks05** on **April 18, 2014, 11:38:03 pm**

The thing is what if the bloodkin don't show up? That's why we should restart if they never come the entire idea for this thread will be ruined! We fix the codes and restart.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **April 19, 2014, 06:33:16 am**

There's no need to restart. According to the wiki, the progress triggers can be altered in an active world, so anyone who really wants to fight someone can just add in the missing ones and set them all to 1. That said, we've only had one attack from the goblins so far, so it's not like the bloodkin are late to show up anyway.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **Gnorm** on **April 19, 2014, 09:18:39 pm**

Rhaken's been at it for about two weeks. I hope he finishes soon.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **MDFification** on **April 19, 2014, 09:46:19 pm**

Quote from: Gnorm on April 19, 2014, 09:18:39 pm
Rhaken's been at it for about two weeks. I hope he finishes soon.

He should be done soon. I think 2 weeks was our absolute cap, but I'd say let it slide since Rhaken does such good writeups it justifies whatever extra time is necessary.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **April 20, 2014, 06:29:18 am**

Yeah, but he hasn't posted here for a few days now.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **Rhaken** on **April 20, 2014, 06:34:24 am**

Rest assured, folks, I am alive. I've just been incredibly short on time. Next post should be huge. And if all goes well, it'll be up within 12 hours.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **TheFlame52** on **April 20, 2014, 02:23:44 pm**

So I read Steelhold, Steelhold II, and now Demongate.

You guys are all insane. But you also happen to be great writers, masterful plotters, and hilarious to boot. Especially you, MDF, I sigged you five times. I'd like to join the madness after I check out the save. I've got an idea...

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **jrrocks05** on **April 20, 2014, 02:28:01 pm**

A new person yay. One, what's your idea. Two, you my friend need a dwarf.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **April 20, 2014, 02:57:54 pm**

While we're on the topic of the save, whose idea was it to put the graveyard in the middle of the bedrooms? I don't mind the creepiness so much, but it takes up a lot of potential bedroom space.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **TheFlame52** on **April 20, 2014, 03:03:38 pm**

Quote from: jrrocks05 on April 20, 2014, 02:28:01 pm
A new person yay. One, what's your idea. Two, you my friend need a dwarf.

One, be patient. Two, I'll take Unib the weaponsmith. Dwarf me as Flame and set me to make silver serrated disks or something until I'm legendary.

I think it's either the youth of the fort or a testament to your collective organizational skills, because I can actually make sense of this fort. Or I'm still reeling from looking at Murdermachines. Unfortunately this means I can't do my standard 'oh shit where is everything' speech.

Also, is there a way to make a dwarf go insane/berserk on command? If not I'll improvise.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **MDFification** on **April 20, 2014, 03:06:06 pm**

Quote from: TheFlame52 on April 20, 2014, 02:23:44 pm
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Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **danmanthedog** on **April 20, 2014, 03:20:30 pm**

Quote from: TheFlame52 on April 20, 2014, 03:03:38 pm
Quote from: jrrocks05 on April 20, 2014, 02:28:01 pm
A new person yay. One, what's your idea. Two, you my friend need a dwarf.
One, be patient. Two, I'll take Unib the weaponsmith. Dwarf me as Flame and set me to make silver serrated disks or something until I'm legendary.

I think it's either the youth of the fort or a testament to your collective organizational skills, because I can actually make sense of this fort. Or I'm still reeling from looking at Murdermachines. Unfortunately this means I can't do my standard 'oh shit where is everything' speech.

Also, is there a way to make a dwarf go insane/berserk on command? If not I'll improvise.

I need to make a character bio also thank you for the complement.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **TheFlame52** on **April 20, 2014, 03:35:23 pm**

If anyone cares Dodok's real name is Ingiz Laststeel. I think that's a pretty cool name.

EDIT: Some tips for the next overseer, these may be outdated because I'm using the last save.
1. Melt all the individual bolts lying around. We need the metal.
2. Also melt the goblin armor and weapons, we don't need them.
3. Make some helmets, all we have are goblin ones. We even have a master armorsmith, come on!
4. We have sun berries. Put a farm of the surface and start planting!
5. MECHANISMS FOR THE MECHANISM GOD! TRAPS FOR THE TRAP GOD! GODS FOR THE GOD GOD!

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **Gnorm** on **April 20, 2014, 05:11:48 pm**

Quote from: TheFlame52 on April 20, 2014, 03:35:23 pm
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1. NO! The bolts must be used to kill more gobs! We can make bismuth bronze in large quantities as it is.
2. NO! We can use the iron that they have to improve our arsenals as it is.
3. We have helmets....
4. NO! Sun berries are Dwarven cannabis!
5. Good idea.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **MDFification** on **April 20, 2014, 05:18:48 pm**

[Quote from: Gnorm on April 20, 2014, 05:11:48 pm](#)

[Quote from: TheFlame52 on April 20, 2014, 03:35:23 pm](#)

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3. We have helmets....
4. NO! Sun berries are Dwarven cannabis!
5. Good idea.

1. The individual bolts lying around don't get restacked, which leads to markdwarves endlessly searching for more ammo if they're not forbidden. So melt the bastards.
2. Item quality matters for combat; goblinite is lowest possible quality. So melting it and reforging it would be worth it just from that angle.
3. See above post - get dat item quality up.
4. Smoke golden syrup erryday 420
5. I have no idea what I'm doing
6. ????
7. PROFIT!

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **April 20, 2014, 05:23:28 pm**

Regarding 2, I think we have access to flux stone and we definitely have plenty of processed coal, so melting down the goblin gear is a much better idea than keeping it as it is now, since

a: steel>iron.
b: our weapons and armour would have a better quality than theirs anyway.
c: better for the framerate. This also applies to the bolts.
d: the Knights wouldn't be very happy about wearing armour that has the symbol of the local goblin civilisation engraved on it, which I think nearly all goblin armour does.
e: our militia only has like twenty members anyway, which is less armour needed than is in a single siege, so there's no point keeping the excess around.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **TheFlame52** on **April 20, 2014, 05:24:52 pm**

Dammit MDF and Asmoth, you ninjas. Also, I agree with MDF's post, with the addition that rat weed is dwarven cannabis, not sun berries. Sun berries are magic oranges.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **MDFification** on **April 20, 2014, 05:27:48 pm**

[Quote from: TheFlame52 on April 20, 2014, 05:24:52 pm](#)

Dammit MDF and Asmoth, you ninjas. Also, I agree with MDF's post, with the addition that rat weed is dwarven cannabis, not sun berries. Sun berries are magic oranges.

"Valley Herb".
That is all.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **Gnorm** on **April 20, 2014, 05:34:24 pm**

Valley herbs are *definitely* a depressant, but I've always assumed that sunshine was some sort of drinkable hashish that nobles like to drink at parties.

Also, here's a quote from Steelhold:
[Quote from: Gnorm on December 29, 2013, 05:14:35 pm](#)

". . . 'In fact,' he continued, 'it is not the healing properties of the salve that makes it such a valued item on the black market, but rather the natural properties of the original herb's extracts as a powerful depressant. I have become -- in my experience with rolling various types of cigarettes -- quite familiar with such properties of the valley herb, and I believe that I have found a means to use it to feign death. . . . The extract from the valley herbs, combined with the relaxing qualities of wine, have created a substance that will slowly cause the systems of the body to shut down.'"

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **MDFification** on **April 20, 2014, 05:40:14 pm**

[Quote from: Gnorm on April 20, 2014, 05:34:24 pm](#)

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So everything that Corley has done can effectively be blamed on Dwarven Pot. Although all that messing about with the 'secret project' with Emdief now makes marginally more sense. (What were you trying to do with that?)
Someone call Nancy Grace. #PotToBlame

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **April 20, 2014, 05:47:22 pm**

I... think I'll be sticking with the plump helmets from now on.

In any case, Flame, you have to post an introduction for your dwarf before getting one. It doesn't have to be anything extensive, just a bit about their personality and why they're at the fortress. You can also include a threat to the elf lover who reads your journal in the first entry, but I don't think that's compulsory.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **jrrocks05** on **April 20, 2014, 06:49:46 pm**

Plump helmets are dwarven magic mushrooms. I mean hallucinations for the hallucination gods but I like blood for the blood god better

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **TheFlame52** on **April 20, 2014, 07:43:32 pm**

I'm a guy, but I guess I'll sacrifice that for the sake of the narrative.

Flame drifted up through the glowing barrier. She'd had to leave her body behind to undertake this task, but it was in the good care of some of her friends. Besides, she could find a new one. She floated around to find until she found a suitable host. A female dwarf, a skilled weaponsmith, with a husband not at the fort. She figured she would have enough influence to preform the needed task. She entered the dwarf's mind, easing her spirit away from the controls of her body.

Unib, no longer in control of her body, cried out in her mind.

"Ahh! What's happening!"
"Calm down, I just need your body for a while. You'll get it back, and I promise I won't hurt you or anyone else."
"No, get out of my head!"
"Please stop struggling, I'm much stronger than you and it won't do you any good. You'll just hurt yourself."
"Well, alright, as long as you won't hurt anyone."

Her struggles ceased, and Flame took full control of Unib's body.

OOC: I only picked Unib for her profession, but when I looked at her profile she was perfect for the task I need her for. Slow to anger, great awareness of her own emotions, finds helping others rewarding, is willing to compromise, is compassionate? Perfect! Absolutely perfect!

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **fractalman** on **April 20, 2014, 08:05:31 pm**

I advise against bumping into my dwarf.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **MDFification** on **April 20, 2014, 08:10:59 pm**

Y'all really tempt me to bring back Emdief. For the love of god, don't make a situation that justifies bringing back Emdief. He's enjoying not appearing in this thread, being Armok's avenging transgendered murderghost, and so on. He has no time for Demongate.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **Senshuken** on **April 21, 2014, 06:23:19 am**

Quote from: MDFification on April 20, 2014, 08:10:59 pm
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Are you saying that we're not good enough for you?! It's not our fault that the bloodkin that are meant to be laying siege to the place haven't rocked up because their elfish pricks. You know what? Screw you! We'll make our own omicidal transgendered murder ghosts! With blackjack. And hookers! And they will be a hundred times better then Emdief ever was!

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **MDFification** on **April 21, 2014, 06:55:38 am**

Quote from: Senshuken on April 21, 2014, 06:23:19 am
Quote from: MDFification on April 20, 2014, 08:10:59 pm
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Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **4maskwolf** on **April 21, 2014, 09:04:27 am**

Quote from: MDFification on April 20, 2014, 08:10:59 pm
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Bro, if you bring back Emdief I'm bringing back Oku, and we all know how that will turn out.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **MDFification** on **April 21, 2014, 09:36:14 am**

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Bro, if you bring back Emdief I'm bringing back Oku, and we all know how that will turn out.

4mask pls.

EDIT: I'm not serious.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **Gnorm** on **April 21, 2014, 05:48:41 pm**

When the time comes, who do we want to be the baron?

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **Rhaken** on **April 21, 2014, 06:07:52 pm**

The Vultures formed up in the tall cavern grasses, shields forward, weapons at the ready. Even Kadol help up admirably, despite having to hold sword and shield in the same hand. It was a fine display of military discipline. Vlad gave them an approving glance before turning back to the tunnel ahead.

Sir Brenzen's Knights had arrived first, and they stood in a chevron just behind the Vultures, facing the other way. The earth-shattering roars reverberated off the rough stone walls and bounced from the distant ceiling, and the sound reached the dwarves from every direction at once. It was impossible to know where it was coming from.

Captain Rith and the marksdwarves joined the soldiers shortly afterward. Rith tried to talk to Vlad and Brenzen, but was cut off by another deafening roar. It sounded closer.

"Where did that come from?"

"I dunno."

"That's real helpful, pal."

"Quiet, all of you. Back to holdingk line," *Vlad ordered.*

A few more roars, with a growing interval between them, and then silence. For the longest minute in dwarven history, the caverns beneath Demongate were filled with a disturbing stillness. Even the air seemed motionless and neutral, the chill of the underground somehow gone into hiding.

A muffled footfall, somewhere up ahead. Then another. And another. Any dwarf with a good ear could tell they were getting closer. Another. The ground seemed to shift slightly beneath the soldiers of Demongate, who formed up in the direction of the sound. The footfalls continued, getting louder, until they were massive crashes that echoed in the cavern and rattled the soil beneath them.

From around a bend, it emerged. Claws tore up the soil as it walked. Its single eye was larger than a dwarf's head. A massive grey trunk, dripping noxious spittle, swung from where its snout should be, almost as long as the tree-like neck. Seeing the dwarves, the beast lowered its head and charged.

Crossbow bolts flew out, striking the torso and one of the forelegs. The beast barreled on, ramming into the front line. Soldiers buckled, one fell over backwards. The others descended upon the exposed head with blade and hammer, but the creature pulled its neck back before a single blow could land.

The creature ran in again. Chaos erupted in the formation. It was just like they said in the army, Vlad reflected. No plan of battle survives engagement with the enemy. Dwarves were running about the creature, avoiding the massive stomping legs and targeting the soft underbelly. The beast spewed a gob of toxic-green spit in Brenzen's direction, who managed to block it before it could reach his flesh.

Vlad dived in, buried his axe to the haft in between the sauropod's ribs. He twisted, pulled back, dragged the haft downwards to enlarge the wound. Several paces to his left, toward the head, Brenzen's pick tore out a massive forgotten beast neck steak. All around, Vultures and Knights were raising shields or swinging weapons.

Vlad decided this would be a good time to go a little crazy.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

The Mercenary kicks The Forgotten Beast in the lower body with his right foot, bruising the fat!
The Mercenary hacks The Forgotten Beast in the right front leg with his *bismuth bronze battle axe*, tearing apart the scale!
→The Mercenary bites The Forgotten Beast in the left front foot, tearing the muscle!
The Mercenary latches on firmly!
The Forgotten Beast breaks the grip of The Mercenary's upper front teeth on The Forgotten Beast's left front foot.
The Mercenary slaps The Forgotten Beast in the right front foot with the flat of his *bismuth bronze battle axe*, bruising the scale!

They fought the creature for what felt like the better part of an hour. No matter how many bones they splintered or tendons they severed, it would not slow down. Its limbs were rendered useless one by one, and still it crawled and tried to hit the soldiers with its head or spit venom at them.

Attrition took its toll on the beast. It began to slow as the blood poured from its countless wounds. Axes, swords and hammers rose and fell, splitting scales and shattering bones. Until a final swing of a pick ended the life of the ancient creature.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

The Kills of 'Sir Brenzen' Zonazin Akestidek Shin

Thirteen Kills

Ozud Siegedflies the goblin, d. 655
Smunstu Leakymenace the goblin, d. 655
Nguslu Ringhoul the goblin, d. 655
Osnun Spryfiends the goblin, d. 655
Gozru Admiredhex the goblin, d. 655
Kuspgas Crowdghouls the goblin, d. 655
Stozu Tickspring the goblin, d. 655
Stâsost Perplexedcurses the goblin, d. 655
Snodub Monstrouslittle the goblin, d. 655
Amxu Flinchedseduced the goblin, d. 655
Damsto Stealclobbers the goblin, d. 655
Ozud Snakespider the goblin, d. 656
Imòla Shamestalked the Echo of Hustling the forgotten beast, d. 656

The soldiers of Demongate weren't even back from the depths when the alarm went off again. It was goblins this time. The greenskins had probably been following the dwarven caravan, unable to strike due to the armed caravan escort. Vultures and Knights ran to the barracks as fast as they could, most of them grumbling the whole way. They ran into Dantheman on the way, who was looking suspicious as ever. Vlad gave the dwarf a dirty look, but paid him no mind. Caravan season was a busy season, the mercenary reckoned as he sipped from his flask to soothe his headache. Nothing cures hangovers like more hooch.

His squad and the Knights, now joined by the miner Artyom, scrambled outside toward the ambushers. Whether by chance or by design, the enemy had positioned themselves by the east wall, far outside the range of their archery towers, and were harrying the caravan as it drove toward the depot. The caravan guard were picking themselves up after a fight at the front of the convoy, leaving the local soldiers with the rear.

They approached the goblins as the convoy's rear turned south to pass along the east wall. The rear guard was composed of a single dwarf, who was doing his damndest to hold off an entire squad. Facing him from behind the group of lashers stood a goblin dressed in fine, stolen silk, a mishmash of cheap jewelry adorning her head and fingers.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



The lashers were well equipped, but poorly trained. Vlad cut one down himself, and Sir Brenzen took the opening in the enemy formation to charge their leader. Three swings of a pick, and it was done.

The lashers, seeing their leader cut down like wheat come harvest time, decided they would be better off elsewhere and made a break for it. The Vultures gave chase. They managed to catch and execute one, the slowest and fattest of the bunch. A Vulture chopped the goblin in the back of the leg, and the others descended upon it, swinging for the head until one managed to lop it off.

The soldiers returned to the barracks in high spirits. Despite the busy day, none of them was severely injured. A few nicks and a whole lot of bruises from being throw around by a massive prehistoric sauropod, and nothing more. None of them had even been hit with a shot of spittle. They made it back in time to watch the crazy broker go to the depot to deal with the dwarven caravan. Why Tarmid was with him was anyone's guess.

They had come with the caravan. A wagonload of books, provided by the Order and the royal library. Mostly textbooks this time around. Tarmid already had all the research materials he needed. While these books certainly weren't enough to fill the school library, they covered all the courses, with a few spare copies of each. It had taken Tarmid the better part of a week to sort those out and get them in the right cabinets.

There was something else as well. The driver for the book wagon was a member of the Order, an ancient-looking dwarf dressed as a merchant. He had a special delivery for Tarmid. A small leather bag, and a sealed parchment. When he shook the bag, it made a sound of stones clicking together. Once the books were secured within the library, Tarmid went to his office to learn about his new orders.

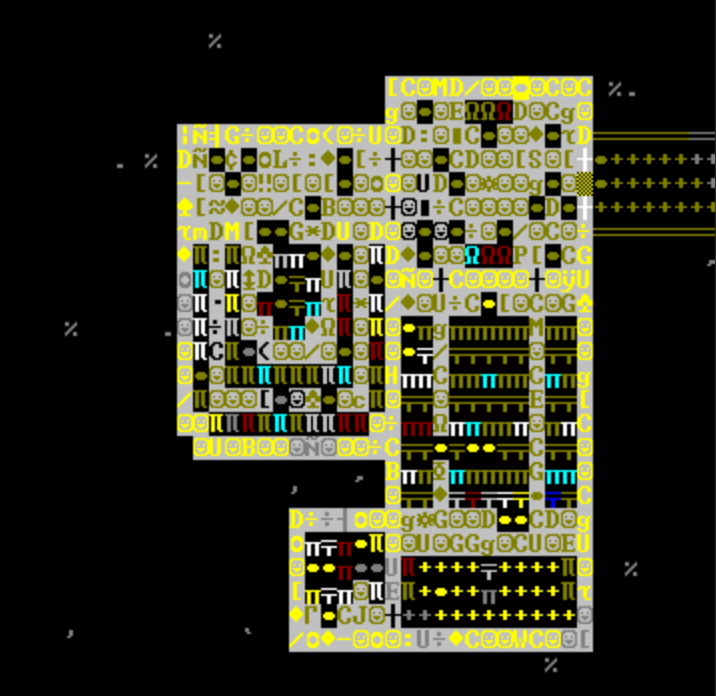
He locked the heavy office door behind him. He moved to his desk, took away several books to clear some room. Setting the parchment down with all care on the stone surface, he examined the seal. A mace within a flame, the crest of the Order, in red wax. It didn't seem to have been tampered with. Tarmid broke the seal and unfurled the scroll.

Orders and schematics. Tarmid's eyes widened as he read on. It was unusual for his superiors to trust even a Higher Scribe with this knowledge, but perhaps it was necessary. Tarmid opened the leather bag and peeked inside, somehow already certain of what was inside.

Wood opals and heliotropes.

It had taken months of labor. First the digging, according to a very precise floorplan that Tarmid himself had detailed. Then the smoothing and engraving, turning rough-hewn walls into finely chiseled reliefs in the stone. While this was going on, the mason's workshops were filled to capacity, stoneworkers carving out tables, desks, and dozens upon dozens of cabinets. The designs were unusual as well. The chairs had low backs, unlike the traditional stone throne. The desks had a circular indentation in one of the corners to hold writing material. The cabinets had no front to close off the shelves, relying instead on hefty double doors with a simple locking mechanism. Each cabinet was etched with a unique identification, all according to the scribe's indications.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



Now it was complete. Dwarves milled about the double doors, curious to look inside. Many in the fortress were already literate, but were eager to learn as well. The illiterate were numerous as well, and many of them wanted to learn how to read. Basic education was widespread in The First Iron, but by no means universal, and many of the smaller hamlets lacked schools, or even books. The promise of literacy lured many to the entrance of Demongate's schoolhouse, where Tarmid stood by the doors, smiling over the crowd.

"Dwarves of Demongate!" Tarmid bellowed. "Work on this schoolhouse has gone on almost since the first day of spring. We have toiled, and endured hardship, for many months since." He gave a moment to let that sink in.

"But now, it is done! We have built a place of learning, of knowledge and discovery." He grinned. "Inside, you will find information on classes and schedules. Without further ado, welcome to the school of Demongate!"

Tarmid opened the doors behind him, and the dwarves filed in, some cheering, some just talking loudly. They filled the broad entrance

hallway, crowing at the far wall to read - or ask about - the massive notice. There would be classes for basic literacy, basic mathematics, history, and civic education. Advanced classes included metallurgy, medicine, engineering and philosophy. Many were surprised to see Thanatos's name in the list of teaching staff, alongside Thane, Tarmid and Brother Cornelius.

Alone outside, Tarmid's smile fell from his face.

It early in the month of Moonstone, and already the first snowflakes drifted down to kiss the earth and blanket the surface world. Children played games and built snowdwarves, mirthful in their innocence to the ways of the world. Far less joyful were the masons, who were busy putting the roof on the marksdwarf towers and didn't like the idea of working over a wet platform. In an even fouler mood were the Vultures, who were under Vlad's orders to continue training in their roofless barracks despite the increasing chill. If the Knights had the fortitude to train in the snow, Vlad reasoned, then so did his boys. Besides, it builds character.

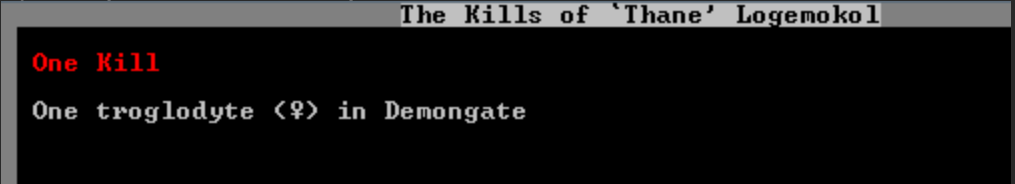
A panicked shout called the attention of the soldiers. A breathless crafts dwarf came up to them to warn that a troglodyte had passed the trap at the cavern entrance and was now roaming the residential district, frightening the dwarves and generally making a nuisance of itself. Vlad and Brenzen rallied their soldiers, shouted terse orders, and headed down into the fortress.

The troglodyte was easy to locate. They just had to follow the trail of panicking dwarves. One of Vlad's soldiers spotted the troglodyte at the end of the hallway, already injured, trying to fight off a war dog. The armed dwarves ran toward it, dodging panicked civilians. Off in the distance, the wounded troglodyte struggled against the hound, trying to fight off the savage assault of flesh-rending teeth.

Before they could reach the troglodyte, however, another dwarf rammed into it from the adjoining corridor, causing the creature to stumble and pitch forward, roaring in pain. the dwarf rushed forward, ahead of the war dog. A massive hammerhead rose, then crashed down. Again and again. By the time the soldiers had reached the troglodyte's position, it was already dead.

Vlad approached the armed dwarf, the rest of his squad right behind him. Any words of thanks died in his mouth when he recognized the hammer.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



Bloody hell that took forever. One more update to go, coming tomorrow. Valve Time, maybe I can post the save now, if you want. Last update is just story stuff.

Flame has been dwarfed, by the way.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **Gnorm** on **April 21, 2014, 06:19:27 pm**

If all that remains is story, please post the save now.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **Rhaken** on **April 21, 2014, 06:40:16 pm**

As you wish. (<http://dff.d.wimbli.com/file.php?id=8534>)

Signing out for now. See ya'll tomorrow, I hope.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **TalonisWolf** on **April 21, 2014, 06:43:51 pm**

"READ. THE NOTES. ALL OF THEM"

You realize they're going to ignore your warning, right?

((If you do not know what I am referring to, the link to the save has a warning.))

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **MDFification** on **April 21, 2014, 07:06:16 pm**

Good luck, Peregarrret. Good luck indeed.

Brenzen's turning into quite the badass. Makes his knightliness worth it.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **Gnorm** on **April 21, 2014, 07:06:49 pm**

May I ask why Tarmid is using Gnora's study as his own personal training-room?

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **TalonisWolf** on **April 21, 2014, 07:08:36 pm**

Excuse for seeing Gnora in an intimate relationship? Plotting? Something else? You decide!

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **MDFification** on **April 21, 2014, 08:03:07 pm**

Quote from: Gnorm on April 21, 2014, 07:06:49 pm

May I ask why Tarmid is using Gnora's study as his own personal training-room?

May I ask why Gnora, dubiously literate farmgirl, has a study? :P

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **Gnorm** on **April 21, 2014, 08:09:24 pm**

Quote from: MDFification on April 21, 2014, 08:03:07 pm

Quote from: Gnorm on April 21, 2014, 07:06:49 pm

May I ask why Tarmid is using Gnora's study as his own personal training-room?

May I ask why Gnora, dubiously literate farmgirl, has a study? :P

It's left over from her days as sheriff. Plus, she's a founder, so it's a prerogative.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **April 21, 2014, 08:31:59 pm**

I think it'd be better to let whoever's currently in charge decide who the baron will be when the time comes. Personally, I'd pick Vlad just to see how he'd react.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **MDFification** on **April 21, 2014, 08:47:05 pm**

Quote from: Deus Asmoth on April 21, 2014, 08:31:59 pm

I think it'd be better to let whoever's currently in charge decide who the baron will be when the time comes. Personally, I'd pick Vlad just to see how he'd react.

All hail Baron Vladimir Uristovitch von Demongate, First of his Name, Lord-Captain of the Vultures, Tyrant of the Surface Fortifications and Fantastic Lover*.

**Self-Proclaimed*

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **peregarrett** on **April 22, 2014, 12:34:51 am**

Quote from: MDFification on April 21, 2014, 07:06:16 pm

Good luck, Peregarret. Good luck indeed.

Thanks! I've just finished MurderMachines turn and ready to jump into another pit.
Have to catch up the line though. Looks like Cornelius get out of touch with reality, spending all his days in his cell, experimenting with mixtures and testing them on himself.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **Gnorm** on **April 22, 2014, 01:11:29 am**

With the end of another turn comes the recurring reminded that **the wiki is thy friend!**

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **MDFification** on **April 22, 2014, 06:47:06 am**

Quote from: Gnorm on April 22, 2014, 01:11:29 am

With the end of another turn comes the recurring reminded that **the wiki is thy friend!**

Praise be to the wiki. Updates for the Update god!

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **4maskwolf** on **April 22, 2014, 07:23:26 am**

Quote from: MDFification on April 22, 2014, 06:47:06 am

Quote from: Gnorm on April 22, 2014, 01:11:29 am

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Praise be to the wiki. Updates for the Update god!

ALL HAIL THE GREAT GOD OF KNOWLEDGE: WIKI!!!!

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **April 22, 2014, 02:12:46 pm**

Does this mean Cornelius is going to turn into a Mr. Hyde type character? Or does he just have a serious case of the munchies?

Did Flame ask for an overseer turn, by the way?

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **peregarrett** on **April 22, 2014, 02:35:20 pm**

Quote from: Deus Asmoth on April 22, 2014, 02:12:46 pm

Does this mean Cornelius is going to turn into a Mr. Hyde type character? Or does he just have a serious case of the munchies?

Did Flame ask for an overseer turn, by the way?

~~Well... who knows, brother, who knows... Cornelius is a fair good dude (though a kind of chaotic), but even the brightest and strongest persons can fall to corruption.~~ I mean, of course not!

Downloaded the save, reading the signs, geting used to design. Won't post in-play updates before Rhaken puts his last part. Maybe that will explain why there's a siege operator drowning in a pond. With oaken cage in hands. With the rotten corpse of giant bustit inside. Accompanied with someone's cat.

But the fort looks mostly nice and organized. I don't even have that feeling "Where the hell I am?! Who designed this?!". Speaking of, do we intentionaly keep away from magma sea, surviving on coal?

Oh, and the tower of glory is beautiful!

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **TheFlame52** on **April 22, 2014, 02:52:17 pm**

I'll take a turn, by the time my turn rolls around my plans will already be in motion.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **April 22, 2014, 03:30:46 pm**

Righto.

I don't think there were any plans to survive only on coal, the miners were just occupied with digging the vault and other stuff. We could use the river to pump the magma up to the workshop level if anyone feels like it, and probably even use it for some sort of lava cannon.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **MDFification** on **April 22, 2014, 03:35:39 pm**

Alright, so I've been playing around in one of my personal forts, building a giant military, etc. And brother, when it comes to the military, size matters.
I'll write this one journal style, as Vlad won't be talking to Cornelius yet; Cornelius is doing whatever it is he's doing.

Journal of Capt. Vlad

Good news! Ve at Demongate have survived new year! Which means it is about time Vlad takes stock of thingks, so ve can continue beingk alive next year, yes?
First, though it pains me to say it, the Vultures need to break up. Not that ve can't keep havingk the camaraderie, but the Vultures should no longer train as a unit. I have been thinkingk about this for a vhile, and ve vould train much better if the military vere divided into squads based on weapon type for training purposes. Ve'll still fight as a unit, of course, as the best strategy me and Brenzen can think up is 'gather all units and charge, under cover of marksdwarves', but each unit must be capable of being deployed on its own. I'll have to choose some good officers from among the Vultures.
Vith more officers, there's really no reason not to draft dwarves vho weren't doingk much of anything outside the military. Provided ve can equip them, that is.

Ve'll need metal for creatingk new veapons and armor. I vill talk to Thane about this. Might do her good to get back to the forges for a little vhile, yes? If possible, I'd like to see our entire arsenal reforged. Most of it vas made back vhen our smiths vere less experienced. This is heavy logistic undertakingk, but vill pay off large dividends, yes?

Of course, all of this hinges on one thingk; Brenzen's approval. He is still theoretically top of the chain of command, although in practice each captain has been doingk their own thing. This needs to be clarified. I am not goingk to split up the Vultures just to turn them over to Brenzen's command. Oh, he's competent, but vho knows what nonsense he's puttingk into the heads of those poor dwarves in his squad. If it vere up to me, our military vould be headed by local government, not the Knights. This is because locals cannot run, vhereas the knights have no reason to care about our vell-beingk so long as nothingk gets past us.
This vill probably be big stink. I feel stupid for gettingk myself into it already. I don't know vhy I am feelingk so strongly about this. Must be Thane's influence.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **jrrocks05** on **April 22, 2014, 03:57:52 pm**

I think you should give Thanatos the sword squad he does have leadership skills according to the plot. I'll call them Deaths Angels!

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **danmanthedog** on **April 22, 2014, 04:00:43 pm**

I call for the crossbow squad and I shall call them the Deadly rangers!

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **Gnorm** on **April 22, 2014, 05:00:24 pm**

I call for the... Gnora has no weapon skills.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **April 22, 2014, 05:00:54 pm**

If we split the squads according to weapons, won't that leave Brenzen by his lonesome again? Though smaller squads do train faster, so it'd still probably be a good idea.

Oh, yeah. Thane calls for the hammer squad, and they shall either be the MCs or the Fluffy Bunnies.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **TheFlame52** on **April 22, 2014, 05:19:27 pm**

OOC: As a demon in a dwarf's body, who should I talk to first if I intend to announce that fact to everyone?

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **Gnorm** on **April 22, 2014, 05:25:42 pm**

Quote from: TheFlame52 on April 22, 2014, 05:19:27 pm
OOC: As a demon in a dwarf's body, who should I talk to first if I intend to announce that fact to everyone?
Probably not a member of the Order, and I don't think Dantheman or Thanatos would be wise choices either.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **jrrocks05** on **April 22, 2014, 05:32:44 pm**

Yes Thanatos would go into a bloodlust filled rage knock you out, dismember you, tie together your body parts and then proceed to drag your bodie in the halls all the while chanting an ancient text.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **MDFification** on **April 22, 2014, 05:40:44 pm**

Quote from: TheFlame52 on April 22, 2014, 05:19:27 pm
OOC: As a demon in a dwarf's body, who should I talk to first if I intend to announce that fact to everyone?

Well, count out everyone who would instantly kill you. So no Brenzen, Rhaken or probably Artyom. They really can't know.
Lokast wouldn't tell anybody (he's mute BTW), most of the others would just be weirded out about it. Basically anyone who takes you seriously about this should be avoided.
A good angle might be to feign madness? That way the demon can act with impunity & the Knights won't do anything. Then you can interact with people who take it seriously but aren't murderous, like Fractal perhaps, and everyone else who's willing to go along with it in lieu of a argument.

In case anybody's interested as to where I get my ideas about the militia in Demongate, I've been running a parallel fort with a similar military focus (absolutely no traps, as a matter of fact). The RNG called it Greateststandards. Allow me to continue to talk about it whether or not anyone is actually interested, because I played it a lot today (it's just starting its 8th year now) and it's still on my mind. This is vanilla btw, so no Bloodkin spoilers.

It's got a surface palisade like Demongate. Turns out I was wrong about the archery towers btw - while dwarves do need room to dodge enemy fire, they should be forced to keep close to the fortifications. A row of statues between their position, the fortification and the stairs forces them to move right back into firing position after a dodge. I'm currently expanding my towers so that they're actually just a line of fortifications/statues/ramps around the palisade so I can order my dwarves to patrol the walls and move into the best positions regardless of where the enemy spawn.

Avoiding cross-training by keeping militia segregated is a great call. I've currently got a militia of 46 (in sword, axe, spear, hammer, and 2x crossbow squads respectively, although I'm going to make a new Mace squad soon) segregated in this manner, and believe you me it helps boost weapon skills quickly. I've tried to seed talented wrestlers around to try to boost wrestling stats in individual squads, but this has not yet succeeded.

Quality does matter a ton. I got in a war with the humans and elves in addition to goblins early on. I experimentally charged a squad of crossbowmen with my militia to see how they held up. 8 severed spines later, I reverted. Later I charged larger swarms of bowmen mixed with infantry, and received a whooping no projectile wounds due to better armor quality.

Actually, this fort is kind of embarassing. It has no dedicated workshop space after 7 years of gameplay, the framerate is atrocious, and I've been known to revert saves rather than accept extreme losses. I also haven't really been able to maximize militia happiness, which would really help accelerate training. You can fix most of the duty happiness bugs (making time off actually reduce the amount of time the dwarf has been 'on patrol' so they don't just get progressively more sad over the course of the year to the point of having to take them off duty for basically a year) with DFhack, but since we probably won't here I didn't there. And, despite having a volcano that against the odds is 2 z-levels below the surface, I haven't built a magma cannon. But it does have a solid gold pyramid tomb (4 z-levels high) for my militia commander. So there's that.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **April 22, 2014, 07:47:45 pm**

Quote from: irrocks05 on April 22, 2014, 05:32:44 pm

Yes Thanatos would go into a bloodlust filled rage knock you out, dismember you, tie together your body parts and then proceed to drag your bodie in the halls all the while chanting an ancient text.

A prime example of his usefulness as both a member of a secret society and a military leader.

In any case, telling people outright that you're a demon possessing someone would likely be a bad idea. An alternative route would be to take a post as a teacher in Tarmid's school and use that position to find some weak minded or disillusioned people to join a cult around you, so that if you ever decide to reveal yourself, no one can oppose you without a civil war. Not that that's the reason I took the job. If you really want to tell someone you've possessed the body, claiming to be the messenger of a god who your host willingly recieved generally goes over better than you being a demon who took the body by force.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **4maskwolf** on **April 22, 2014, 08:27:32 pm**

Quote from: Deus Asmoth on April 22, 2014, 07:47:45 pm

Quote from: irrocks05 on April 22, 2014, 05:32:44 pm

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He may try that and see how it goes over with the knights, I suppose. Just remember that their order is sworn to destroy unnatural horrors at all costs.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **Gnorm** on **April 22, 2014, 09:56:51 pm**

Give us the updates Rhaken! Give them to us!

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **April 23, 2014, 08:37:51 am**

"Thane is romantically involved with Vladamir Uristovitch the Culmination of Plunging." Is this a sex joke? Who knows.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **MDFification** on **April 23, 2014, 10:26:21 am**

Quote from: Deus Asmoth on April 23, 2014, 08:37:51 am

"Thane is romantically involved with Vladamir Uristovitch the Culmination of Plunging." Is this a sex joke? Who knows.



Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **peregarrett** on **April 23, 2014, 03:55:58 pm**

Writing the entry plot with an excursion all over the fortress. Maybe will have to re-write according to last Rhaken's post (hell where's he? I dunno how to react to some curious things I met in the depth)

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **Gnorm** on **April 23, 2014, 04:22:35 pm**

Quote from: peregarrett on April 23, 2014, 03:55:58 pm
Writing the entry plot with an axcursion all over the fortress. Maybe will have to re-write according to last Rhaken's post (hell where's he? I dunno how to react to some curious things I met in the depth)

I don't know, but I think that whatever he has to say will pertain more to the state of history or to the world than it will your updates. You can probably go ahead and start.

Quote from: peregarrett on April 22, 2014, 02:35:20 pm
Oh, and the tower of glory is beautiful!

What is the tower of glory?

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **TheFlame52** on **April 23, 2014, 04:25:10 pm**

Has anyone used the artifact tin axe? I just found out that it was my dwarf that made it, and if it hasn't been used I have... story... to use it for.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **Gnorm** on **April 23, 2014, 04:26:37 pm**

Quote from: TheFlame52 on April 23, 2014, 04:25:10 pm
Has anyone used the artifact tin axe? I just found out that it was my dwarf that made it, and if it hasn't been used I have... story... to use it for.

I don't believe anyone has used it; go for it.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **MDFification** on **April 23, 2014, 06:30:05 pm**

Quote from: Gnorm on April 23, 2014, 04:26:37 pm
Quote from: TheFlame52 on April 23, 2014, 04:25:10 pm
Has anyone used the artifact tin axe? I just found out that it was my dwarf that made it, and if it hasn't been used I have... story... to use it for.
I don't believe anyone has used it; go for it.

I feel a great disturbance in the dorf. As if millions of artifact tin axes struck the goblin dongwrangler in the chest and were suddenly deflected by his toad leather vest.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **Gnorm** on **April 23, 2014, 06:36:59 pm**

It can be used to execute prisoners-of-war, nice and slowly.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **TheFlame52** on **April 23, 2014, 08:05:40 pm**

No! Haven't you figured out Flame's personality! She would never make something to hurt somebody. It has another purpose, the reverse of what you might think.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **Gnorm** on **April 23, 2014, 08:17:08 pm**

Quote from: TheFlame52 on April 23, 2014, 08:05:40 pm
No! Haven't you figured out Flame's personality! She would never make something to hurt somebody. It has another purpose, the reverse of what you might think.

I suppose I just didn't make the connection that a demonic-dwarf with body-possessing magical powers meant no harm to anyone.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **jrrocks05** on **April 23, 2014, 08:23:05 pm**

A demon who does not want to hurt anyone :) only drain them of their souls you know nothing painful!

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **Gnorm** on **April 23, 2014, 08:23:40 pm**

Quote from: irrocks05 on April 23, 2014, 08:23:05 pm
A demon who does not want to hurt anyone :) only drain them of their souls you know nothing painful!

Now *that's* humanity!

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **peregarrett** on **April 24, 2014, 02:40:13 am**

Quote from: TheFlame52 on April 23, 2014, 04:25:10 pm
Has anyone used the artifact tin axe? I just found out that it was my dwarf that made it, and if it hasn't been used I have... story... to use it for.

I was thinking of using it as a ritual symbol, or a decoration to some hall. What's your story?

Quote from: Gnorm on April 23, 2014, 04:22:35 pm
Quote from: peregarrett on April 23, 2014, 03:55:58 pm
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I don't know, but I think that whatever he has to say will pertain more to the state of history or to the world than it will your updates. You can probably go ahead and start.
Quote from: peregarrett on April 22, 2014, 02:35:20 pm
Oh, and the tower of glory is beautiful!
What is the tower of glory?

Tower with statues and gem windows on the surface

Okay, here's the post

During their usual “evening prayer”, Tarmid suddenly silenced and staring at Cornelius’ eyes said:
- Have I told you that you’re The Chief here, from now on?
- Are you that drunk already? Come on, we’ve just started the barrel...

- No, I'm serious. You are the Chief now. I quit.
- Why? why so sudden? We've just opened the School...
- There are... reasons, why I shoud leave my positin and spend some time as an ordinary dwarf. I don't quit my teacher position, so School keeps developing. In fact, I can spent more time with studies and teaching if I'm not busy with overseer's job.
- Well... But that job goes to me then! Why me?
- Because you're a priest here, and everyone knows you for good. Nobody objects your rulership, and if someone does, you can persuade him.
- Damn, I don't even know what to do! You're throwing me in a deep water without knowing how to swim!
- You'll learn. That's easy! Ask Brezen or Vlad on military tactics, ask me, ask someone who you think experienced. That's the most thing in being overseer - find who's capable, ask his advise and order him to do things. Also, that's just for the single year.And as a historian, I ask you to write your records thoroughly and regularly! Not like you do your hospital journal. It helps to organize things, really.
- ... but...
- Oh, look, a fresh open barrel! It's time to celebrate!

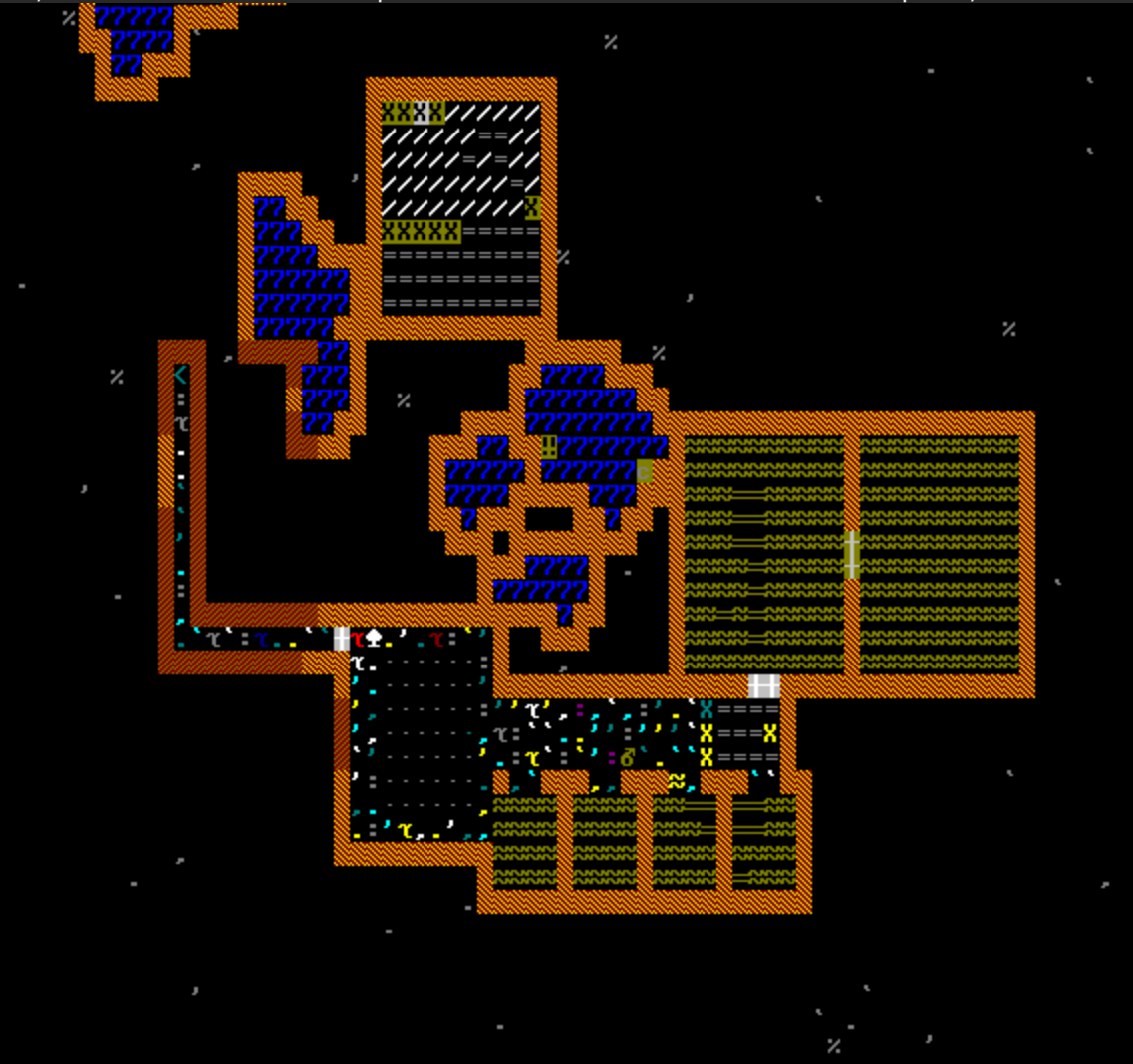
Next day, 1st of Granite 657 there was official transfer of authority. Tarmid passed the keys to Cornelius, everyone applause, there was a banquet, and then everyone proceeded with their regular job. Except Cornelius, who wanted to examine the fort. He grabbed a writing plate with some paper and went on his way. Every dwarf he met was happy to have a small talk with new overseer. Looks like Tarmid was right.

Mesthos Inkedpages, Siege engineer: - Good morning, Padre! *meeeeow!!!* oh damned cat! *plop*



Hey, help him someone, before he drowns!

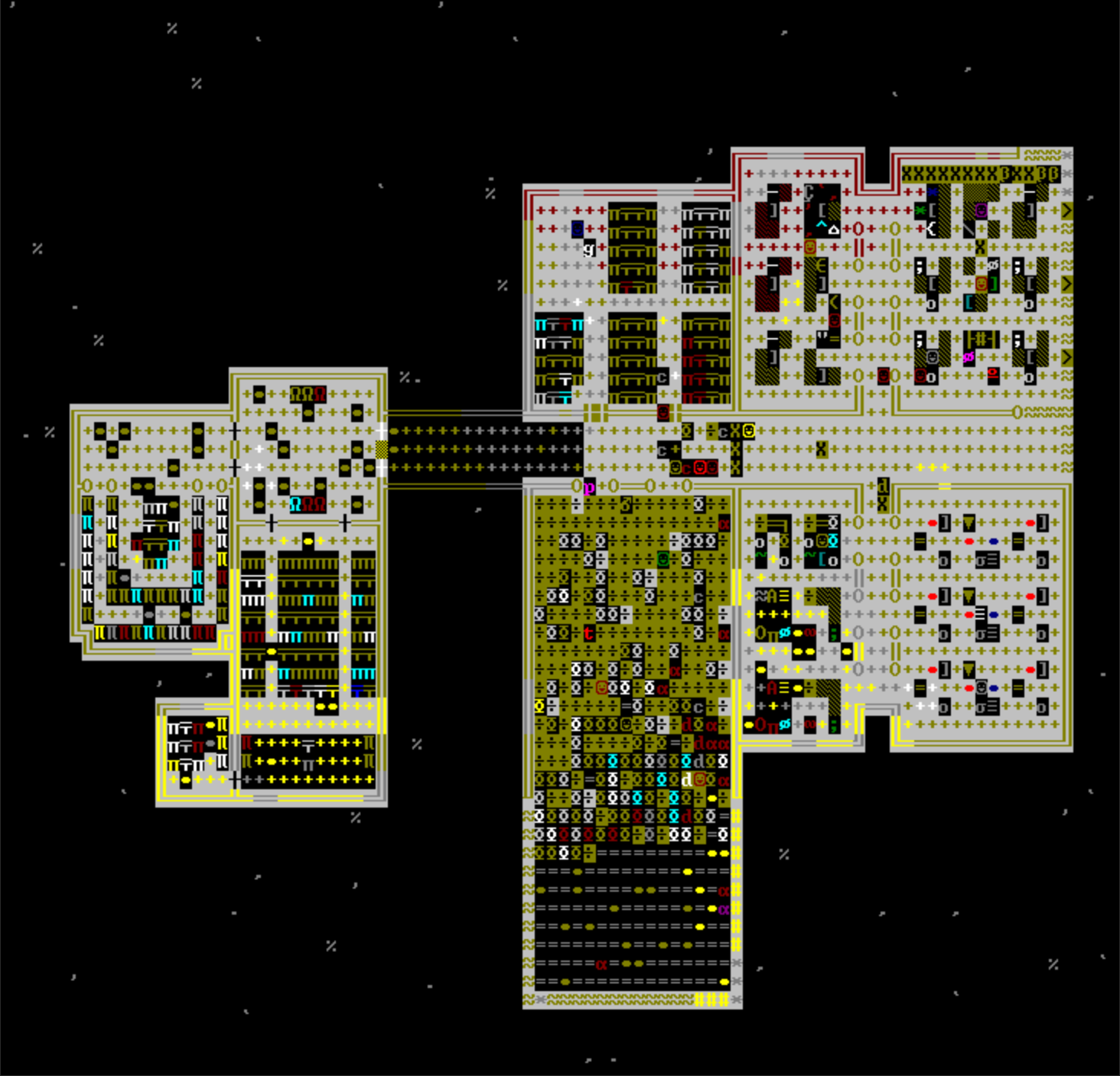
Oh, I've seen a note to stockpile seeds closer to farms. That's a nice place,I think



You know what makes dwarves incredibly happy? Some exotic booze! Sunshine, for example. Here we will grow sunberries! Just don't step on them while hauling stuff.



Why masons have to carry their boulder through main stairwell? Better build some stairs here in place.



Oh, that's my hospital and a chapel. Everything's fine. Maybe should mint some more coins? Haven't done that last year.



That's living quarters. First, I take one of those room for my office, second, our captain of guard needs an office and other things captain should have.



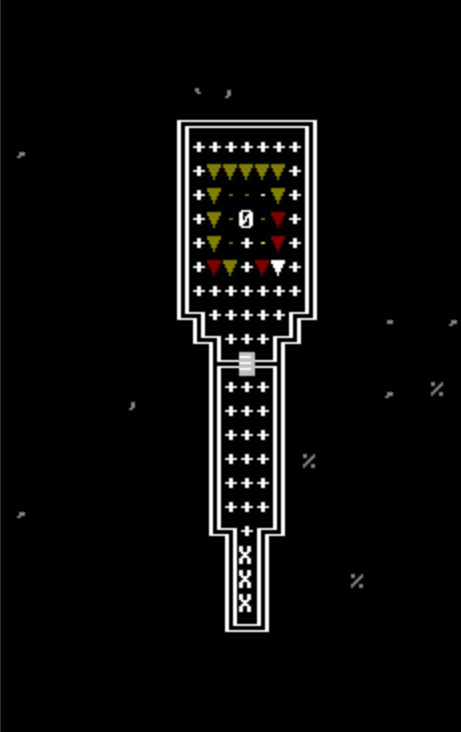
Here’s the prison. Empty, hope it will remain empty for long



A... training room? There’s blood, someone must have been injured here. Nobody asked for medicine though... ((OOC: *that's Corley's cell, obviously*))



A silver door to someones tomb. Who’s that?! I don’t remember the ceremony



((OOC: *And that's Corley's tomb. Since Rhaken said nothing about his death, I don't know if Cornelius participated in that burial.*))

Corley was never in a cell, you know. :P

And you more or less nailed the scene I had in mind for Tarmid's passing of power to Cornelius. You just saved me some time!

...Yes I'm writing now. No I can't guarantee that I'll post it soon. Just know that the vampire has been dealt with. That's all my story post is about. It's taking ages because I am a busy man these days.

PS: Dear MDFI. Stop. Being. Hilarious. I'm tired of falling from my chair.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **peregarrett** on **April 24, 2014, 05:45:53 am**

Quote from: Rhaken on April 24, 2014, 05:25:43 am

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Oh, I mean that vampire, who disguised himself as a Dodok and made an artifact gem. It's hard to keep tracks of characters, even with wiki.

Just tell me, does Cornelius knows about him, or that's a total surprize to him?

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **Rhaken** on **April 24, 2014, 05:52:02 am**

Quote from: peregarrett on April 24, 2014, 05:45:53 am

Quote from: Rhaken on April 24, 2014, 05:25:43 am

Corley was never in a cell, you know. :P

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Oh, I mean that vampire, who disguised himself as a Dodok and made an artifact gem. It's hard to keep tracks of characters, even with wiki.

Just tell me, does Cornelius knows about him, or that's a total surprize to him?

The arrest at the start of the year was fairly public, though nobody knows exactly what happened to the vampire. Many of the hunters and stoneworkers (folks who tend to work down there) know there's a locked off area of the fort, but they don't know it's a cell. Tarmid and Brenzen hauled most of the equipment down there themselves to preserve secrecy. Brenzen dodges any questions about the vampire. Tarmid talks circles around them. Works out pretty good.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **MDFification** on **April 24, 2014, 06:19:51 am**

Quote from: Rhaken on April 24, 2014, 05:25:43 am

PS: Dear MDFI. Stop. Being. Hilarious. I'm tired of falling from my chair.

It was all a plot. To make you fall out of your chair, striking the ground with your buttocks. Bruising the fat.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **Rhaken** on **April 24, 2014, 06:59:24 am**

Tarmid studied the devices ahead of him. Marvelous works of ingenuity, adapted from the works of Emdief Twiceborn. To the average observer, they looked like decorative arrays of gems. One of wood opals, one of heliotropes, or bloodstones, as they were more commonly known. But a trained member of the Order knew better.

The wood opal array was derived from a much smaller device called a thaumometer, designed to pick up magical signatures in the surrounding area. It had gone berserk since its activation several weeks past, but had dropped considerably some days back. Around the same time he had gone hunting for Joyce's quarters and found nothing. The entire room was neat and clean, as if it had remained unoccupied but maintained for months.

The other device operated on a similar principle. In the presence of vampires in the surrounding area, the blood-red speckles on the heliotropes would begin to subtly shift. The more vampires in the area, the more intense and rapid the shifting. Around the time of Joyce's disappearance, the patterns had begun to slow in their roil.

Tarmid pulled the tarps back over the devices. These changes gave rise to several conclusions, many of which he suspected. Joyce was a confirmed magic user. He was also a vampire, or perhaps worse. And even with his disappearance, someone in Demongate was still tapping into forbidden powers.

The scribe sighed, rubbed at his temples. This would be a day for answers, it seemed.

"Let's try this again. Name?"

"Dodok Blowinggold."

A slap across the face.

"Name?"

"Olon Ironbronze."

Slap. Tears in the eyes. Ragged breaths.

"Name."

"Unib Paddlelanterns."

The hand raised. The vampire recoiled in horror.

"Ingiz Laststeel! Ingiz Laststeel! Just please, stop! Stop..."

"Thank you."

After all these months, the vampire had finally cracked. Months of pain and isolation had chewed away his resolve like carrion on a

carcass. *The final sting of humiliation had pushed him over the edge.*

"Now, Ingiz. Why did you come to Demongate?" *There was no menace to Tarmid's tone, but any disobedience would be met with more strikes.*

"To watch. I came here to keep watch over the place."

"For whom?"

Ingiz squeezed his lips shut. Brenzen raised his hand. The vampire recoiled and started blabbing again.

"Testtrumpets! The necromancers of Testtrumpets sent me here to watch you!"

Tarmid's jaw dropped.

Ingiz told them everything. He resisted sometimes, but any sudden movements from Brenzen or Tarmid cracked him open again.

"Fikod Trumpettrammels sent me. I've been working for him for four centuries now, spying on cities all over the world, moving on before I overstay my welcome."

Tarmid's hand shook as he wrote. Fikod Trumpettrammels was the founder and first king of The First Iron. He still lived, it seems, and had devoted his time to mastering life and death. And spying on the kingdom he helped form.

"But why is Fikod so interested in our affairs?" *Tarmid was taking notes as fast as he could, working double time to keep his voice steady.*

"Because you were sent to hold back the Bloodkin." *Again, the disgusted sneer.* "I highly doubt you'll succeed, but Fikod wants to know what you've got here."

"What is his interest in the Bloodkin?" *Brenzen this time.*

"I have no idea. I'm just a field agent."

Brenzen cuffed him. "Answer me, vampire. My temper is short."

Ingiz shrunk in on himself. "I'm telling the truth, damn your self-righteous hide!"

Tarmid signaled to Sir Brenzen that he believed the vampire, and the knight backed down. The interrogation continued at length on this matter, and they learned much of Ingiz's history. He had slain thousands over the centuries, mostly to sate his unnatural appetites, though some errant Bloodkin had died at his hands over the years. Mostly due to blind luck, Tarmid surmised. If Ingiz was any real warrior, he wouldn't have gotten himself neutralized by a sleepy, anemic scribe wielding a piece of furniture.

"Onto another line of questioning." *Tarmid lifted the vampire's chin, stared him in the eyes to read into his mind.* "Joyce."

Ingiz said nothing at first, but his pupils contracted. He recognized the name.

"Talk."

Nothing. Brenzen cuffed Ingiz again.

"I've heard the name before. Centuries ago. I don't know who exactly it was, but I've heard it before. Something Fikod said once, I think."

"Context?"

"How should I know? This was three hundred years ago, dammit." *Tarmid believed him.*

"Do you consider Testtrumpets to be an ally of the Bloodkin?"

"I have no idea. I've worked to aid the Kin. I've worked to thwart them. It varies. I haven't the slightest idea why, I just do what I'm told."

"How admirable."

"Fuck you."

"Not so admirable."

Tarmid's countenance darkened. He had one more line of inquiry. A rather pertinent one.

"How did you get from city to city?"

"The caverns beneath the world."

The color drained from Tarmid's face. He could see the dots connecting in the map of the mystery, and he didn't like the connections he was seeing.

"The cavern system. How far does it stretch?"

"Everywhere. It stretches on even under the ocean, as far as I know."

Shit.

"Thank you for your cooperation, Ingiz." *Tarmid tried not to shake as he spoke. He wasn't entirely sure he succeeded.*

"Great. So you'll let me go, right?" *The vampire lit up. He seemed relieved for the first time in almost a year.*

Tarmid approached a lever.

"Right?"

"No."

Tarmid pulled.

"Ingiz Laststeel, for your crimes against the dwarves of The First Iron and dwarvenkind in general, by the power vested in me by the Order of Saint Zane, I hereby sentence you to die. May the Gods and Saints have mercy on your soul, for we cannot."

A flurry of whirring gears, and a massive spike descended from the ceiling. Ingiz looked up, sealed his eyes, and adjusted the position of his head. He had enough time to resign to his fate before the tip destroyed his brain.

The two dwarves of the Order paced rapidly through the fortress, toward the scribe's office. The shine was still going strong in the wood

opal device, and the heliotrope array had ceased shifting its pattern. There were still magic users in the vicinity, but no vampires or Bloodkin. Yet.

"Is this why the thaumometer stopped spiking?" Brenzen asked.

"I believe so. We must warn the Order and the capital. I fear Joyce might bring his friends next time he drops by Demongate."

"What do we do about Ingiz?"

"We inter him. Tonight. And I know just the place."

In the wee hours of a late winter's night, Tarmid and Brenzen descended to the lowest constructed level of Demongate. Resting above its pit, the sterling silver sarcophagus reeked of decaying flesh. The knight and the scribe dropped the shroud carrying Ingiz's body and hefted the lid from the coffin. Inside, they found a long-dead dwarf.

"Must be that Blackmore fellow from last year," Tarmid concluded.

"You think Joyce did this?"

"That is the most logical conclusion, yes."

"But where did he come from?"

"From what I can tell, Sir Brenzen," Tarmid stated matter-of-factly, "He was in there right from the start."

It was quick, but messy work. They extracted what they could of Blackmore's corpse into a large urn, ready to consign to a proper burial. They consecrated the coffin and deposited the slain vampire within. Then they knelt and prayed. They prayed for hours, until the first chill rays of dawn reached out to the world above.

They parted ways then. Brenzen had training to attend to, and Tarmid has his own business. In a matter of days it would be the spring equinox. Today, the scribe would sleep. Then he would join Cornelius for evening prayers, and hand control of Demongate over to the good doctor.

Tarmid had bigger problems to attend to.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **peregarrett** on **April 24, 2014, 07:36:18 am**

Oh. Nice bits of the story, fits right in.
Now have to think how Cornelius should be about all this.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **Sarrak** on **April 24, 2014, 07:45:23 am**

Perfect. Just perfect. And, once in a while, we have an overseer who actually puta in-play pictures into his ramblings. Hope that you'll continue doing this, peregarrett!

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **4maskwolf** on **April 24, 2014, 07:46:57 am**

The most important question: Has anyone messed with the vault?

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **Rhaken** on **April 24, 2014, 08:54:43 am**

Notice in the above screenshots: Tarmid inspecting the bloodstone array.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **peregarrett** on **April 24, 2014, 09:04:02 am**

Quote from: Rhaken on April 24, 2014, 08:54:43 am
Notice in the above screenshots: Tarmid inspecting the bloodstone array.

WUT?

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **MDFification** on **April 24, 2014, 09:10:25 am**

Not Pictured: Vlad, being the sanest, most sociopathic dwarf in the fortress.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **Gnorm** on **April 24, 2014, 10:36:59 am**

I believe that you still haven't told me why those things were put in Gnora's office. An oversight on your part, I assume, though if it came down to it, she would probably be happy to have them if Tarmid simply told her that they were pretty little gifts from one dwarf to another.

EDIT: Also, either that vampire was more afraid of Corley than he was of the Order, or I was too subtle in the two's implied connections.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **MDFification** on **April 24, 2014, 02:29:53 pm**

Quote from: Gnorm on April 24, 2014, 10:36:59 am
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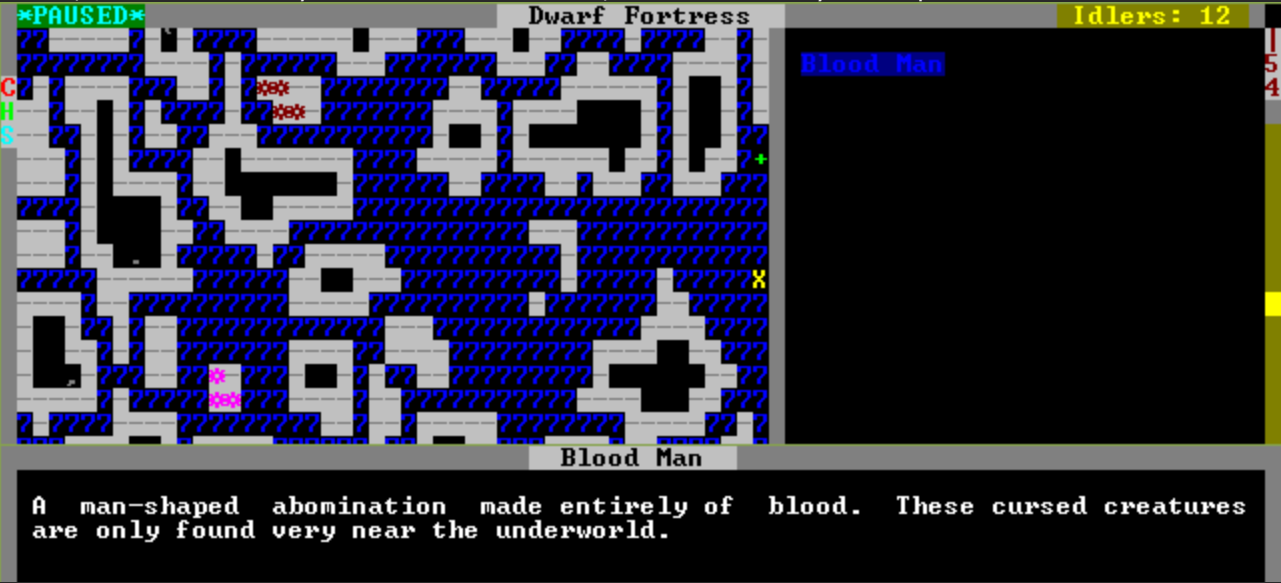
The order represses those who disagree with it, although not all heretics are truly dangerous and indeed most probably aren't. Corley created a race of monsters that he couldn't control and eventually turned against all living sentients, because he wanted to commit a genocide to help sate his daddy issues.

I know which I'd be afraid of.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **peregarrett** on **April 24, 2014, 03:36:13 pm**

Someone said Bloodstones?

- Padre, it's a bit late, but there's a strange creature in the last cavern. It's a humanoid made of blood!
- What? Does it attack?
- No, it just enjoys the bath.
- Well, no need to hurry then. Tell Sir Brenzen, but I better rely on traps.



Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **April 24, 2014, 03:39:42 pm**

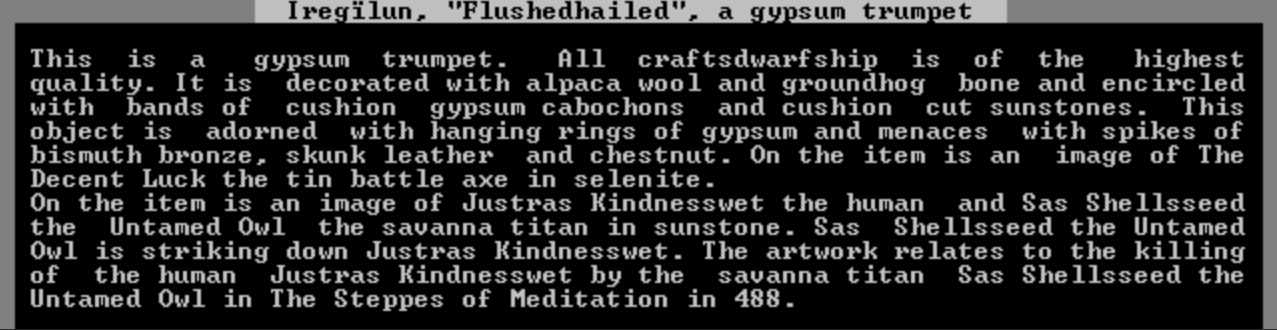
Yeah, I think that's been there for a few years now. He just hangs around, chilling.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **peregarrett** on **April 24, 2014, 04:28:21 pm**

Bomrek Abanducim, a stoneworker who burrowed himself in a tome of mineralogy, suddenly shut the book close and jumped out of the desk. Other students looked at him with worry, but then returned to their studies.

But Bomrek had more important deed to do. He found a spare workshop and gathered every tool it had in a single pile on the table. Then he proceeded to materials. Boulders, cloth, bars, gems, leather... The pile grew. Finally he got the last log and started the work.

Few days later others found Bomrek sleeping there with a stone trumpet in his hands



After waking up he gave others wild glance and walked back to his tome like nothing happened.

- Padre! Padre! GOBLINS!!!
- Oh shit.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **Gnorm** on **April 24, 2014, 04:46:18 pm**

Letter from Gnora to Brother Cornelius
Sunberries
--
Dear Padre,

I understand that you're a hard-worker; you're our priest and doctor, after all. But I also understand that you have yourself a bit of a drinking problem. I came to this here fortress fixing to grow crops like our ancestors and that does not include sunberries. If you keep trying to import our crops, ever'one's going to get hooked, and we're never going to stop buying them from those humans and elves.

I reckon that you simply don't understand the effect that this will have, so I'm going to make my this little bit of advice clear: don't plant us those foreign plants.

*Sincerely,
Miss Gnora*

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **jrrocks05** on **April 24, 2014, 04:50:58 pm**

O my Armok :o :o :o :o :o Gnora is a plant racist!

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **TheFlame52** on **April 24, 2014, 06:17:19 pm**

The first thing Flame did after borrowing Unib's body was explore the fortress. She had already seen the caverns and lower stairs on her way up. She walked up past the bedroom level, including her own bedroom. Then she walked past the the statue of the founding of the fortress, inspired by a particularly patriotic one of her brethren. She walked the workshop level, raising a eyebrow at some of the engravings. Why are there so many images of the founding of the fortress? And why are there so many images of dragons killing people? She walked up even more stairs, past the farms and a few stockpiles, until she reached the surface. She looked around at the multicolored walls, the tower of no apparent purpose, the surface workshops, the massive refuse stockpile, the trade depot, and finally the traps and barracks. She went down below the barracks to get her axe - she could sense where it was at all times, almost as if it were

a part of her. When she came out, several of the militia gave her a funny look, but they figured it was hers to do with what she wished - she was the one who made it, after all.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **MDFification** on **April 24, 2014, 06:24:21 pm**

Quote from: Gnorn on April 24, 2014, 04:46:18 pm

Letter from Gnora to Brother Cornelius
Sunberries
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I reckon that you simply don't understand the effect that this will have, so I'm going to make my this little bit of advice clear: don't plant us those foreign plants.

*Sincerely,
Miss Gnora*

Letter from Cptn. Vlad to Gnora (scribed, edited, translated and washed)

Stupid plant-wench,
Are you tellingk me that you vant all the good booze gotten rid of? Brother Cornelius fainted when he received your message, either from shock or from havingk gotten so used to the piss your brew that real alcohol was too much for his system. Ruined a good prayer session, and Thane started cryingk right about then, which I assume were tears of rage over your boorishness. I am a tolerant dwarf but this is one step too far, farm-girl. Your actions and poor brewing skills constitute a threat to the mental well-being and morale of the militia, which you may recalls is what keeps goblins from fertilizingk your garden with a combination of excrement and the entrails of your fellow citizens. If continued provocations occur, I will be cuttingk you.

And stop spitting in my booze, ungrateful woman;
~Cptn. Vladimir Uristovitch, Demongate Militia

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **Gnorn** on **April 24, 2014, 06:36:00 pm**

MDF, that was perhaps the most amusing thing that I have read in quite a while. I'll have a response letter soon.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **April 24, 2014, 06:36:29 pm**

Surely if we were growing the crops ourselves, there's be no reason to keep importing them from other people?

Thane's Journal.

Vlad and Gnora had a massive fight during the 'prayer session'. Again. Apparently it was something to do with him reading her private letters or something similar, her accent gets kind of hard to understand when she's shouting. I'm nearly certain that a yee-haw worked its way in there at one point, though that may have been a badly timed joke by Vlad. I've been trying not to take sides when they get like this, but it's getting harder to stay on good terms with both of them when they're in the room together. I hit some things with my hammer to work off my frustration, but I doubt that's a healthy solution. Hope I didn't damage anything important.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **Gnorn** on **April 24, 2014, 06:46:23 pm**

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We have to import the crops to start planting them, and that will make our appetite for imported foods **grow!** Grow to unimaginable heights!

Also, "yee-haw" seems a tad off from my intended dialect for her, though I suppose it would be an expected mockery from Vlad.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **MDFification** on **April 24, 2014, 06:46:40 pm**

Quote from: Gnorn on April 24, 2014, 06:36:00 pm

MDF, that was perhaps the most amusing thing that I have read in quite a while. I'll have a response letter soon.

Thanks. I look forward to it.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **TheFlame52** on **April 24, 2014, 07:09:08 pm**

Quote from: Deus Asmoth on April 24, 2014, 06:36:29 pm

Thane's Journal.

I hit some things with my hammer to work off my frustration, but I doubt that's a healthy solution. Hope I didn't damage anything important.

An engraving on Flame/Unib's bedroom wall

Someone hit me on the head with a hammer today. It really hurt, but it seems to just be a really bad bruise. I'm sure the person who did it didn't mean it.

EDIT: OOC: Can you put Flame in her own squad with the only part of the uniform her axe, so she carries it around?

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **danmanthedog** on **April 24, 2014, 07:44:36 pm**

"You know my clan did only drink the spirits of sun plants, which in my eyes a better taste then plump helmets *Cough Cough* Also did you get my message about wanting to start a crossbow squad."

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **April 24, 2014, 09:08:02 pm**

There's already two crossbow squads. Presumably, you're saying this to Gnora, but it seems a bit of a random thing to just walk up to someone and say.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **MDFification** on **April 24, 2014, 09:54:23 pm**

Quote from: Deus Asmoth on April 24, 2014, 09:08:02 pm
There's already two crossbow squads. Presumably, you're saying this to Gnora, but it seems a bit of a random thing to just walk up to someone and say.

I don't know why he'd say that to Gnora. I assumed it was to Vlad or Cornelius.
Either way it really don't make no sense, y'hear?

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **April 24, 2014, 11:29:02 pm**

I just thought it was Gnora because of the crossbow squad thing, though it would make more sense for him to say that to Cornelius at the moment.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **Gnorm** on **April 25, 2014, 01:02:31 am**

Letter from Gnora to Vladimir Uristovitch
You Ass
--
Vlad,

You are such a rude little ass, ain't you? All you do is whine about my beer while guzzling it down yourself. One of these days you going—sorry, "goingk—" to pick a fight with someone you can't beat, and you can bet that I'll be there to laugh. Where I lived, we got the occasional mersenary and you are nothing like them. I reckon that you never even had a taste of sunshine, though I might could see you stealing from a duke's flask. I don't know what Miss Thane see's in you, but I'll be praying for her; I do declare that if I was your girl I'd hang myself. Go back to the barracks and get yourself eaten by a trog.

Sincerely,
Miss Gnora

P.S.: The abbreviation for "captin" is capt.!

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **peregarrett** on **April 25, 2014, 02:49:50 am**

Quote from: TheFlame52 on April 24, 2014, 07:09:08 pm
EDIT: OOC: Can you put Flame in her own squad with the only part of the uniform her axe, so she carries it around?

Quote from: danmanthedog on April 24, 2014, 07:44:36 pm
"You know my clan did only drink the spirits of sun plants, which in my eyes a better taste then plump helmets *Cough Cough* Also did you get my message about wanting to start a crossbow squad."

Ok, will do that.

The traditional "evening prayer" turned into scandal. First Gnora were suddenly angry with that sunberries farm, then Vlad called her crazy for that, others joined this or that side, and quarrel arose to enormous degree. Cornelius tried to calm everyone down, but it had no effect. Harsh times need harsh measures... Some recruit came in avoiding the main crowd and whispered to Cornelius

- Padre, Sir Brenzen sends you a message. There're are goblin sieging us. At least 20 of them, and a group of trolls comming. Their leader is a crossbowman with signs of great skill, so our archers are in danger even if covered by fortifications. We should be ready now!
Oh, those news. Cornelius took the biggest and the oldest barrel of plumphelmet wine, put in on the shoulder, calmly walked in the middle of angry crowd and with a raging cry smashed it at the floor. Everyone silenced.

- ENOUGH!!! WHAT ARE YOU DOING, DWARVES?! ALL THAT QUARREL FROM SUCH A WORTHLESS REASON!

Gnora. Your reasons aren't significant, we already have seeds of sunberries in our stocks, so we don't have to import anything. You don't have to plant them if you don't want to, there are other farmers and brewers here. Vladimir, your manners leave much to be desired, I think you should take a lesson or two on them. Gnora, you too.

And to cut the meeting right here, we're under siege! So nobody even thinks of leaving the walls. There's a master sniper, so fortifications aren't safe. Medics are to stay at the hospital and around. Vlad, Thane - join Sir Brenzen and develop the strategy.

Also, there's elven caravan at the depot, behind the gate. If we need something specific, provide your requests to the broker.

AMEN, bastards brothers!

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **Gnorm** on **April 25, 2014, 03:00:54 pm**

Gnora's Journal
Exotic Booze
--
The Padre just doesn't understand; even if we plant ourselves the sunberries, we'll still be submitting to the foreign influence. Soon, we'll be importing valley herbs and rubbing the salve over us until we turned gold. Next thing you know, the foreign hordes will be on our gates, and we'll welcome them and their forks with open arms. Well not me; I'd rather not submit to this exotic booze from way out yonder, even if the Padre thinks I'm expendable as a result.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **MDFification** on **April 25, 2014, 03:28:06 pm**

Quote from: Gnorm on April 25, 2014, 03:00:54 pm
Gnora's Journal
Exotic Booze
--
The Padre just doesn't understand; even if we plant ourselves the sunberries, we'll still be submitting to the foreign influence. Soon, we'll be importing valley herbs and rubbing the salve over us until we turned gold. Next thing you know, the foreign hordes will be on our gates, and we'll welcome them and their forks with open arms. Well not me; I'd rather not submit to this exotic booze from way out yonder, even if the Padre thinks I'm expendable as a result.

Wow, so now we know the real reason Gnora hates Vlad. She's just a virulent racist.
Well and also because she's more than a tad thick. We are dealing with dwarves here after all. I don't expect a great degree of logic from beings willing to risk their lives for socks.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **Gnorm** on **April 25, 2014, 03:44:46 pm**

I think that would be more 'speciesist,' though I would assume that everyone would be so in a world with four different civilized creatures, some more than others, though. As for Vlad, its more that he's (to her) a rude, smelly, lewd, lazy, and utterly disrespectful dwarf, though there may be subconscious dislike for his accent and insistence that the alcohol in her civilization is crap.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **MDFification on April 25, 2014, 03:50:34 pm**

Quote from: Gnorm on April 25, 2014, 03:44:46 pm
I think that would be more 'speciesist,' though I would assume that everyone would be so in a world with four different civilized creatures, some more than others, though. As for Vlad, its more that he's (to her) a rude, smelly, lewd, lazy, and utterly disrespectful dwarf, though there may be subconscious dislike for his accent and insistence that the alcohol in her civilization is crap.

Nah, I'm definitely calling the race card. She simply *must* have to have a thing against outlanders if she hates the dwarf I carefully tailored to be a boorish sociopath.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **Rhaken on April 25, 2014, 05:00:54 pm**

Quote from: Gnorm on April 24, 2014, 10:36:59 am
I believe that you still haven't told me why those things were put in *Gnora's office*.

Sleep deprivation. Mine, not Tarmid's. Maybe.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **Gnorm on April 25, 2014, 05:10:45 pm**

Quote from: MDFification on April 25, 2014, 03:50:34 pm
Quote from: Gnorm on April 25, 2014, 03:44:46 pm
I think that would be more 'speciesist,' though I would assume that everyone would be so in a world with four different civilized creatures, some more than others, though. As for Vlad, its more that he's (to her) a rude, smelly, lewd, lazy, and utterly disrespectful dwarf, though there may be subconscious dislike for his accent and insistence that the alcohol in her civilization is crap.

Nah, I'm definitely calling the race card. She simply *must* have to have a thing against outlanders if she hates the dwarf I carefully tailored to be a boorish sociopath.
You caught me, she's a racist!

Quote from: Rhaken on April 25, 2014, 05:00:54 pm
Quote from: Gnorm on April 24, 2014, 10:36:59 am
I believe that you still haven't told me why those things were put in *Gnora's office*.

Sleep deprivation. Mine, not Tarmid's. Maybe.

I could see it as Tarmid's too. After all, he has been prone to it in the past. I can imagine him carrying the stones into the office, carefully setting them up and observing their movements, only to realize as he is about to leave that the office lacks the scrolls, tomes, and reports of his. Right as he gets ready to remove them, Gnora comes in, gets all twinkle-eyed, and thanks him for the "nice gifts." Tarmid doesn't have the heart to remove them.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **TheFlame52 on April 25, 2014, 05:16:01 pm**

Quote from: Gnorm on April 25, 2014, 03:44:46 pm
I think that would be more 'speciesist,' though I would assume that everyone would be so in a world with four different civilized creatures, some more than others, though. As for Vlad, its more that he's (to her) a rude, smelly, lewd, lazy, and utterly disrespectful dwarf, though there may be subconscious dislike for his accent and insistence that the alcohol in her civilization is crap.

"In a world where there are many sentient species, black and white live in perfect harmony and gang up on green." (Terry Pratchett)

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **fractalman on April 25, 2014, 05:38:30 pm**

some time ago:
I poked my nose into Tarmid's office...
huh. Where were the thaumometers?
.....

more recently:

Ah. so instead of a large number of thaumometers, all the gems were put together to form a thaumometric array. But why, oh why, was it in gnora's office?

I scratched my head in puzzlement...and then stuck my tongue out in irritation.

- 1. a thaumometric array would be more difficult to hide from; with normal thaumometers, I could maniuplate up to 10 dwaums (dwarf+thaum: the amont of magic output of a median dwarf); with an array, i'd risk detection at somewhere between 2 and 3 dwaums.*
- 2. Attempting to recalibrate an array for personal use would be easier than calibrating a thaumometer, but putting it back to the way I found it would be like trying to play lights out while piloting a tardis. **
- 3. A standard thaumometer could boost a typical dwarf from 1 dwaum to...between 20 and 1000 dwaums. Powerfull as I was, I wasn't sure I was powerfull enough to fight someone wielding an entire thaumometric array... ***

**If my dwarf hadn't gotten so depressed, he'd be wielding a thaumometer like a sonic screwdriver by now. Like the original sonic screwdriver, it wouldn't work on wood.*

***Emdief's thaumometer gave him a magic boost; he simply shoved all of it into disrupting other magic. My dwarf is just realizing that he never measured how strong the boost was.*

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth on April 25, 2014, 06:47:05 pm**

I'd have pegged Vladamir more as 'cheerfully pragmatic' than as a sociopath, though maybe I'm just invested in believing the best in him.

Also, I don't think Thane's militia squad was ever activated for training, so most of them are still pretty unskilled. Sending them to battle against a siege might get a lot of them killed. Though Thane dying would be an interesting development for Vladamir.

Title: Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes
Post by: MDFification on April 25, 2014, 07:40:41 pm

Quote from: fractalman on April 25, 2014, 05:38:30 pm

**Emdief's thaumometer gave him a magic boost; he simply shoved all of it into disrupting other magic. My dwarf is just realizing that he never measured how strong the boost was.

I personally like to imagine that Emdief's high magic resistance was a result of divine intervention, and that he/she/it is being used by Armok as an assassin. After all, he/she/it is being granted passage to and from the afterlife on a repeated basis, and I prefer to think there's some overlying plan about that rather than a series of coincidences. Not to mention Emdief does at one point carry a message from Armok to Oku, although its during their final confrontation. I imagine Emdief's knowledge of he/she/its purpose is rather hazy. This theory (your theory, and I think 4mask also had a theory at some point about the nature of Emdief's resistance) makes events at Steelhold even more confusing and ominous. What exactly was it Oku was doing that would justify such extreme intervention in mortal affairs? Armok generally doesn't do squat to save his creations. Oku and her 'True Gods' are confirmed to be hated by Armok to the extreme, to the point that he gives people otherwise condemned to hell mere purgatory if they even opposed them in spirit. I feel like the Fall of Steelhold was the metaphorical visible tip of the iceberg in a much greater conflict, one carried out beyond mortal comprehension. Some potential other instances in this conflict can be seen;

- An earlier demonic breach ocured at some point (with Moisturizer) but it was covered up by the Queen.
- High-ranking dwarves in the kingdom funded and sanctioned an attempt to replace dwarven body parts (even parts of the mind, although that was doomed to get precisely nowhere) but where killed when discovered. It could have been because the Queen dissaproved... or it could be due to their carelessness and general incompetence putting an overall objective at risk.
- The Queen was later confirmed by Rhaken to have conspired with vampires (and, somehow, with cyclops) to murder her way to the throne. Also, cyclops repeatedly attacked Steelhold. Vampires are generally enemies of the Old Gods, although they are responsible for their creation.

- If Oku is taken as a trustworthy source (the **Codex Arcana** is amazing, by the way. I hope 4mask keeps it up) the Demons were the children of the True Gods, cursed with insanity. Emdief later states that Armok did *something* to the demons.
- A mine was flooded with magma for no discernable reason. Firecrazy may have been framed, or (as he later becomes a flaming berserker for no apparent reason) something else might have pushed him into it. I like to think this was actually Armok/the Old Gods preventing another attempted breach.

Basically, I think that Steelhold wasn't just a fortress; it was a battleground between gods Old and True. Almost all the characters we saw were unwittingly (for most of them; some were wittingly) manipulated into a hellbreach. However, I don't think everything went according to plan. If the Bloodkin were purposefully created for the purpose of killing Armok's children (probably to avenge the loss of the demons), they aren't precisely what the True Gods intended. This would be because precisely nobody reckoned on Corley; although apparently at odds with the other progenitors of the Bloodkin, he really struck me as a self-serving, chaotic and unplanned actor. How much Corley's influence messed up the Bloodkin, I cannot say, but I suspect that his interference/the successful repression of the cult at least means that the Bloodkin are not active worshippers of the true gods.

Appologies for long post, I love me some lore theorizing. :-\

EDIT: @Asmoth: Vlad *could be* a sociopath, but in the style of real life sociopaths rather than Hollywood style. As in he doesn't have a complete lack of emotion, but is rather typically emotional. And has a reduced rather than completely absent capacity to experience empathy. Sociopaths IRL are capable of having true friendships and even romantic feelings, at least in minor cases. They are mostly characterized by reduced capacity for empathy and guilt. To put this in perspective, some estimates state that 1 in 100 people is a functional sociopath, meaning you've probably met a few and don't know it. 2spooky.

So, I'd say he genuinely cares for his friends, Thane and the members of the militia, although in the later case it might be because even if he doesn't empathize with them personally he knows what it's like to be on the receiving end of terribly thought out orders. But I do know this, although it hasn't been made obvious on purpose; Vlad is carefully maintaining a facade to mask his true thoughts and motivations. This is why he goes from being a somewhat silly, harsh pragmatist with a heart o' gold to a serious and ruthless tactician at times.

Title: Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes
Post by: TheFlame52 on April 25, 2014, 07:48:21 pm

In that case I'm not sure which side Flame is on - she's the ambassador of the demons, and she absolutely does not want the dwarves to invade hell. She knows what happens when dwarves (at least in succession forts) fight demons, and she doesn't want her brethren to get killed.

Title: Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes
Post by: 4maskwolf on April 25, 2014, 07:51:32 pm

Right, I forgot about the codex. I'll post more of it in a bit.

Title: Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes
Post by: MDFification on April 25, 2014, 07:53:09 pm

Quote from: TheFlame52 on April 25, 2014, 07:48:21 pm

In that case I'm not sure which side Flame is on - she's the ambassador of the demons, and she absolutely does not want the dwarves to invade hell. She knows what happens when dwarves (at least in succession forts) fight demons, and she doesn't want her brethren to get killed.

An interesting possibility would be that Flame is a demon that somehow escaped the madness that claimed her brethren. Of course, the 'demons' (sometimes called Demonspawn for some reason in the past thread) might not be the only otherworldly entities out there, and other things get put under the same label. Flame could easily be taken for an angel if only she happened to possess a low-ranked knight or something and led them to glory.

Title: Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes
Post by: 4maskwolf on April 25, 2014, 08:05:34 pm

Oku Constructcudgels was born a mere mortal human, far less than ourselves the dwarves. Her childhood was uneventful, and as most humans she was never told the truth of the world. She grew up to become a slayer of beasts, one who would be respected by the pitiful mortal beings of our world.

But one day, in her battles, she slew a great foe: a vampire, one of Armok's cursed. Within the great vaults of the cursed of the enemy, she came across an ancient artifact, one from a time before our own. A relic of the ongoing battle between the True Gods and the deceivers, one created by the true gods to bring their worship to whatever battle it was needed in. A great golden mask, one lost to the ages. When Oku donned the mask, all of the knowledge of the True Ones were bestowed upon her. Knowledge beyond even mine, the current champion of the true gods, could ever fathom. And yet she survived, and with the knowledge came great power, great magic.

And that, brothers and sister, is the beginning of the tale. For she went on to accomplish many great things in the name of the true gods, but first, I must digress to explain the nature of the true gods as we, their chosen servants, understand it.

Excerpt from the Codex Arcana

If anyone wants a hint at what the true gods are like, the end of the original Orbrances contains a hint to them. The very end, during the last stand of ShadowHammer.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **Gnorm** on **April 25, 2014, 08:53:23 pm**

Corley's Journal
Musings on the FractalEntity Part One

--
In the days when Dwarfkind still lived in Steelhold, there was one dwarf that received nothing but pure disgust from me: Fractalman. I felt for him not the respect I felt for Rhaken, nor the care I felt for Melek. Rather, disgust; hatred in its purest form was all I could feel. He seemed, at first, to be a mere mad-man, for his appearance and behavior lent themselves to such a description. As time passed, however, I began to notice a strange nature to this creature. One could simply stand near him and he would notice that he, Fractalman, seemed to carry an air of distortion with him. To elaborate, time and space—the occasional topics of his ramblings—seemed to crack and bend at his presence. This became worse and worse over the years, to the point where the distortions could be visible throughout the entire fortress, from the sky to the depths of the earth.

Fractalman seemed well-aware of his abilities, though I doubt he had full control of them. Nevertheless, he seemed willing to repair the damages he had done, and he set to work on constructing an enormous contraption he called a "portal." Components of it were made of raw adamantine—a waste if I ever saw one—which seemed to give it magickal properties. Upon its completion, the distortions were undone, and things seemed to be returning to normal. Fractalman's powers did not seem to be quelled entirely, though they may have been dampened slightly.

As part of his intention to rid the world of magick, Emdief "Twiceborn" ordered the beast killed, and the body was thrown into his contraption. The structure itself was then partially destroyed, perhaps intended as an act of closure. I do not believe, however, that Fractalman's power was merely "magick," but rather something more scientific. To elaborate, I don't believe it used any sort of thaumateurgical power as the source of its distortions; it may have come from Fractalman's will alone. His nature notwithstanding, I was content that he was dead, though I would come into contact again with the creature sooner than I had thought.

Corley put down his journal and pen at the sound of incoming troglodytes. In the deep caverns, they were a reliable source of blood. He had been travelling for a great amount of time at this point, though Corley was not at all concerned at the prospect of travelling in a wrong direction. After all, a vampire's senses were vastly superior to those of a dwarf, and he knew quite well the scent of his grand-aunt.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **MDFification** on **April 25, 2014, 09:28:08 pm**

Quote from: 4maskwolf on April 25, 2014, 08:05:34 pm
If anyone wants a hint at what the true gods are like, the end of the original Orbrances contains a hint to them. The very end, during the last stand of ShadowHammer.

Having read that, it strikes me that when Oku was preaching to her cult they should have received a bad mood for ingesting horseshit. If we accept that ending as literal truth, and preclude the possibility that Armok just lies to people for kicks. That kind of feeds into the theory I just posted, actually. At some point, the truce was broken. Perhaps it was when Oku found the mask. But after that, the two sides have been at war by proxy in the world of the mortals. Que Steelhold.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **4maskwolf** on **April 25, 2014, 09:31:10 pm**

Quote from: MDFification on April 25, 2014, 09:28:08 pm
Quote from: 4maskwolf on April 25, 2014, 08:05:34 pm
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... what? What about it was unusual?

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **MDFification** on **April 25, 2014, 09:37:47 pm**

Quote from: 4maskwolf on April 25, 2014, 09:31:10 pm
Quote from: MDFification on April 25, 2014, 09:28:08 pm
Quote from: 4maskwolf on April 25, 2014, 08:05:34 pm
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... what? What about it was unusual?

... I'm not quite sure what you're asking? There's nothing wrong with it if that's what your asking. I'm just assuming the True Gods are the Archdemons serving the more potent being whose name escapes me at the moment. Which would make everything Oku said bogus, since the true gods appear to enjoy destroying everything dwarves hold dear, and the demons would never have been made insane by Armok - unless they were initially more sophisticated in how they went about destroying reality. Hrm.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **4maskwolf** on **April 25, 2014, 09:39:47 pm**

Quote from: MDFification on April 25, 2014, 09:37:47 pm
Quote from: 4maskwolf on April 25, 2014, 09:31:10 pm
Quote from: MDFification on April 25, 2014, 09:28:08 pm
Quote from: 4maskwolf on April 25, 2014, 08:05:34 pm
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Okay then. Write away, bud. That sounds awesome.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **fractalman** on **April 26, 2014, 12:57:38 am**

meanwhile, my dwarf is pretty convinced the problem started from a stupid spat about "who can build the best bridge" between the top tiers, which led to "the other guy is evil" propaganda given to their followers. Since demons are nigh-immortal, they were exposed to it for so long that convincing them otherwise is impossible.

This, of course, doesn't stop him from trying-he accidentally duplicated the golden mask, and keeps chatting demons up, trying to convince them that they shouldn't kill dwarves.

...

who's playing as a "so crazy they snapped back to sanity" demon? I've got a plan for my character to find out..

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **April 26, 2014, 05:08:46 am**

I would like to call dibs on the next vampire, by the way. Well, as long as it's female. Don't worry, it's not Asmoth so there won't be any mass mutilations. Though I might still try create the giant werebeast army if the opportunity presents itself.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **Senshuken** on **April 26, 2014, 05:35:13 am**

At some point, I would like a status update on Artyom. It'll help my write things for him, as well as create a wiki entry for him.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **peregarrett** on **April 26, 2014, 07:10:31 am**

Military Head Quarters (i.e barracks at the gates) was full of armed dwarves. Sir Brenzen, Vlad and Thane had to find a corner to discuss the situation.

- Alright, there's a squad of spearmen with elite sniper ahead coming from the south, swordsmen with elite hammerman from the north, and hammermen with master lasher from the west. Also, trolls. What i our plan?
- Let zem dance on traps first. Olso, archers up on ze watchtower should add some fun for zem.
- Ok, but not for long. Elite snipers are too dangerous,so when they come closer - retreat back. Also, Dant asked for new crossbow squad
- that's acceptable. Lokum, you join Scribes and station up the tower also.

Some dwarf pulls the lever for the depot outside gate.

- Move on. Knights and Vultures are stationed at barracks waiting for thme to approach. Do not charge blindly, let the traps weaken them.

The depot bridge raises, throwing some merchant's horse outside. - YEEEEAAAAA!!

- Oh. Looks like those who come from south have something to deal with. That slows them a bit.
- And what about our cattle? It's still on the pastures to the north.
- Count them lost. We should move pastures inside. Later. Then Thane. You are stationed BEHIND barracks in case somethin goes wrong. Conscript some new recruits who have fighting skills. Anyone got the plan? Now go!

There were sounds of animals butchered alive and evil laugh of goblins. Looks like they took the chance to enjoy the hunt before charging into the gate. Then a crossbowdwarf shouted:

- I see them! Rushing towards gates!

Archers started shooting, and some of chargers fell down. Some were hit by traps, but their leader dodged. Right into the moat. And then again and again, giving traps and archers one more chance. When the most ot its squad fell, the hammerlord decided to retreat and ran away.

Same tactic worked with other squads too. All that mlitary had to do was to put a misery strike on wounded goblins. Vlad grumbled about that, but at least no dwarf were harmed and goblins retreated. But anyone knows, they will come again and again.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **TheFlame52** on **April 26, 2014, 08:21:12 am**

What race is being traded with?

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **peregarrett** on **April 26, 2014, 08:41:27 am**

Quote from: TheFlame52 on April 26, 2014, 08:21:12 am

What race is being traded with?

Elves, as Cornelius said at meeting. But i doubt they will trade after we've launched their animal

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **MDFification** on **April 26, 2014, 09:06:25 am**

Quote from: peregarrett on April 26, 2014, 08:41:27 am

Quote from: TheFlame52 on April 26, 2014, 08:21:12 am

What race is being traded with?

Elves, as Cornelius said at meeting. But i doubt they will trade after we've launched their animal

If it's possible to purchase grizzly bears, Vlad could use a pet or two.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **April 26, 2014, 09:37:25 am**

If they won't trade, we can just take their stuff anyway. There's already been four wars against them, one more won't make a difference. Interesting note: the king who lifted the oppressive edicts of the First Iron's vampire king also declared was against the elves a few times. Perhaps his experience with the vampire turned him into an anti-cannibalism extremist.

By the way, I don't think Thane's squad has been training very much, and Vlad's has a lot of bad thoughts about long patrol duty. You could set them to active duty all the time, but set the scheduel so there's always one of the three melee groups with no orders, which (I think) will prevent the unhappy thoughts from training too much, but would also level up their skills at a decent rate.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **Rhaken** on **April 26, 2014, 09:55:27 am**

Quote from: Deus Asmoth on April 26, 2014, 09:37:25 am

If they won't trade, we can just take their stuff anyway. There's already been four wars against them, one more won't make a difference. Interesting note: the king who lifted the oppressive edicts of the First Iron's vampire king also declared was against the elves a few times. Perhaps his experience with the vampire turned him into an anti-cannibalism extremist.

You mean Doren Glenbridges? I think she continued her precessor's campaign against the Bloodkin too. With disastrous results, apparently, though I haven't checked the numbers for every battle.

...And just like that, this whole ordeal got even more interesting. I hope Tarmid stays safe long enough to let me unearth all of this. This Violent Conflict thing was pretty damned interesting.

EDIT: The Violent Conflict began in the late autumn of 153. Last recorded event in the conflict was in 570.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **TheFlame52** on **April 26, 2014, 11:06:27 am**

Flame walked over to Fractalentity in the depot, axe over her shoulder. He was technically trading with the elves, but no actual trading was gong on at the time, so Flame had decided that this was as good a time as any to talk to him.

"Hello, Fractalentity. I bring greetings from the Demon Empire of Zxcvbnm."
"Wait, what? I knew you were a demon possessing a dwarf, but what's this about greetings?"
"I am the ambassador from the Empire of Zxcvbnm, which lies beneath us. I hope to make an agreement between the outpost of Demongate and my kingdom."
"Oh, well, you're speaking to the wrong person. I'm just the broker. Ambassadors should meet with the mayor. Also, aren't you worried you worried about all these elves listening to this?"
"No, I don't really care if they know. They won't tell anyone." she said with a smile that she probably thought looked friendly. Combined with the odd light in her eyes and the extremely high-quality axe over her shoulder, the elves looked scared and shook their heads. "So, who's the mayor?"
"That would be Besmar Logemothos. I think she's training right now, you might want to talk to her later."
"Alright, I'll talk to her later, then. Thanks for the help!" she said with a smile, walking out of the trade depot.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **danmanthedog** on **April 26, 2014, 11:21:15 am**

SNIFFF Arh that smell... Brimstone and sulpher, demon a true living demon in our fort! *Hack hack I have to find it and capture it so Tarmid will finally order those items for me. Problem is that this dam fort is such a magical magnet that its hard to just sniff out one thing... Maybe that strange hooded guy will help.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **TheFlame52** on **April 26, 2014, 12:05:36 pm**

I've been playing the fort on my own, to get used to the layout before I take my turn. **THE FOLLOWING EVENTS NEVER ACTUALLY HAPPENED.** Also I used DFhack, but I promise not to when I actually play.

I used revflood to reveal the caverns so that the hunters would stop spamming job cancellations.

This had the intended effect, but it also revealed the entirety of the demon fort. The undead, now seeing a path into the fort, swarm en mass the door to the third caverns.

The traps take care of about 15 of them, but the traps are clogged an he rest begin advancing up the stairwell. I send the entire military to hold the breach.

The military arrives one by one, and they are picked off. Even Vlad. At some point along here a forgotten beast arrives and is killed by a lone hunter.

The undead surge up the stairwell, killing everyone in their path. A few try to fight back, but they are overwhelmed. The fort is down to a few, tantruming, injured dwarves locked up in the various stockpiles.

I savescummed, locked the door to the bottom caverns, and ran revflood again.

The spam stops. The hunters go out to kill the crundles or whatever. The undead instead run offscreen, never to be seen again. They don't go towards the door. Everything works out fine.

"DO NOT MESS WITH HELL, EVERYONE. WE ARE NOT READY."

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **MDFification** on **April 26, 2014, 12:09:10 pm**

Quote from: Deus Asmoth on April 26, 2014, 09:37:25 am

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By the way, I don't think Thane's squad has been training very much, and Vlad's has a lot of bad thoughts about long patrol duty. You could set them to active duty all the time, but set the scheduel so there's always one of the three melee groups with no orders, which (I think) will prevent the unhappy thoughts from training too much, but would also level up their skills at a decent rate.

You still receive bad thoughts from being active with no orders. Weapon/dodging skills will build if the squads are not active, however, although slightly slower. It would be better to set up mulitple smaller squads and stagger activity/training between them. Burrowing the off-duty military in some kind of resort (high quality food/rooms, maybe a statue garden and memorial hall) could work wonders as well.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **Gnorm** on **April 26, 2014, 12:19:33 pm**

Quote from: TheFlame52 on April 26, 2014, 11:06:27 am

"I am the ambassador from the Empire of Zxcvbnm, which lies beneath us. I hope to make an agreement between the outpost of Steelhold and my kingdom.

A little late there.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **Rhaken** on **April 26, 2014, 12:22:38 pm**

Quote from: MDFification on April 26, 2014, 12:09:10 pm

Quote from: Deus Asmoth on April 26, 2014, 09:37:25 am

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to set up mulitple smaller squads and stagger activity/training between them. Burrowing the off-duty military in some kind of resort (high quality food/rooms, maybe a statue garden and memorial hall) could work wonders as well.

Pffft. Sod that. My best military trained twelve months a year, nonstop, in a hollowed out area of the mountain, exposed to the elements. In a map where we got blizzards for nine months a year. Hardest bastards I ever commanded. Their commander could take on entire squads single-handed, while taking fire from an elite goblin crossbowman, who she then chased down and butchered.

Then again, they were clad head to toe in steel, carrying solid gold flasks and giant cave spider silk cloaks. I suppose the buffer of luxury kind of kept them from snapping until they achieved "doesn't really care about anything anymore" status.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **MDFification** on **April 26, 2014, 12:35:28 pm**

Quote from: Rhaken on April 26, 2014, 12:22:38 pm

Quote from: MDFification on April 26, 2014, 12:09:10 pm

Quote from: Deus Asmoth on April 26, 2014, 09:37:25 am

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Then again, they were clad head to toe in steel, carrying solid gold flasks and giant cave spider silk cloaks. I suppose the buffer of luxury kind of kept them from snapping until they achieved "doesn't really care about anything anymore" status.

Yeah, we don't have that kind of hardassitude yet.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **Gnorm** on **April 26, 2014, 12:51:42 pm**

Has anyone made use of my ballistae yet?

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **peregarrett** on **April 26, 2014, 01:02:48 pm**

Quote from: MDFification on April 26, 2014, 09:06:25 am

If it's possible to purchase grizzly bears, Vlad could use a pet or two.

No bears. There's koala and giant hamster instead. Also flying squirell, thrips and wren, all giants.

Quote

Warning - while you were typing 5 new replies have been posted. You may wish to review your post.

You damn ninjas!

Quote from: Gnorm on April 26, 2014, 12:51:42 pm

Has anyone made use of my ballistae yet?

No, before I tried everyone was dead or escaping

As Cornelius though, elves refused to trade. They complained about their pack animal was thrown away and slaughtered by goblins, and asked for someone who is in charge for that. Our broker - the one nicknamed FractalEntity doesn't care about it.

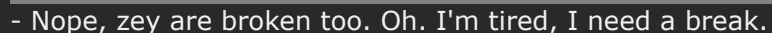


Finally Vlad arrived at the depot with the most 'friendly' grin on his face.

- Hallo zere. You vantd to see me?
- Yes we do! Due to your senseless actions we lost a big part of our cargo and a pack animal! How can we move further without it? Our high quality cloths, organic food, trained animal..
- Animals? Do yu hav bears?
- Uh? No, no bears this time. We have a koala, and a giant hamster... But you're getting none of them! In fact, you shound pay an indemnity!
- Indemnity? Vell. What happend vith yur hors?
- That bridge sent it flying!
- Like zis?



Spoiler: Fight result (click to show/hide)



'Gnora' Uzolet hab, Farm Girl cancels Plant Seeds: Needs sun berry seeds.
'Gnora' Uzolet hab, Farm Girl cancels Make soap from tallow: Needs
lve-containing item.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **Gnorm** on **April 26, 2014, 01:10:25 pm**

That's my girl! taking matters into her own hands!

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **peregarrett** on **April 26, 2014, 01:17:36 pm**

Quote from: Gnorm on April 26, 2014, 01:10:25 pm

That's my girl! taking matters into her own hands!

Yep. The only seeds remained are those that were already planted.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **fractalman** on **April 26, 2014, 01:22:39 pm**

Quote from: Gnorm on April 26, 2014, 12:19:33 pm

Quote from: TheFlame52 on April 26, 2014, 11:06:27 am

"I am the ambassador from the Empire of Zxcvbnm, which lies beneath us. I hope to make an agreement between the outpost of Steelhold and my kingdom.

A little late there.

More like "Yeah, sure, miss demon, go turn yourself in to the dwarf in charge like a complete idiot; I wash my hands of your demise. "

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **MDFification** on **April 26, 2014, 01:34:30 pm**

Ahahaha what the hell is going on.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **Gnorm** on **April 26, 2014, 01:34:54 pm**

Quote from: peregarrett on April 26, 2014, 01:17:36 pm

Quote from: Gnorm on April 26, 2014, 01:10:25 pm

That's my girl! taking matters into her own hands!

Yep. The only seeds remained are those that were already planted.

Vlad will be so pleased.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **peregarrett** on **April 26, 2014, 01:40:47 pm**

Quote from: MDFification on April 26, 2014, 01:34:30 pm

Ahahaha what the hell is going on.

Vlad bit a horse in the tongue, that's the most disturbing thing.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **Rhaken** on **April 26, 2014, 01:46:47 pm**

Quote from: peregarrett on April 26, 2014, 01:40:47 pm

Quote from: MDFification on April 26, 2014, 01:34:30 pm

Ahahaha what the hell is going on.

Vlad bit a horse in the tongue, that's the most disturbing thing.

Vladimir Uristovich: Horse Frencher

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **MDFification** on **April 26, 2014, 01:56:14 pm**

Quote from: Rhaken on April 26, 2014, 01:46:47 pm

Quote from: peregarrett on April 26, 2014, 01:40:47 pm

Quote from: MDFification on April 26, 2014, 01:34:30 pm

Ahahaha what the hell is going on.

Vlad bit a horse in the tongue, that's the most disturbing thing.

Vladimir Uristovich: Horse Frencher

Tarmid is embracing the horse.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **Gnorm** on **April 26, 2014, 01:58:13 pm**

Quote from: MDFification on April 26, 2014, 01:56:14 pm

Quote from: Rhaken on April 26, 2014, 01:46:47 pm

Quote from: peregarrett on April 26, 2014, 01:40:47 pm

Quote from: MDFification on April 26, 2014, 01:34:30 pm

Ahahaha what the hell is going on.

Vlad bit a horse in the tongue, that's the most disturbing thing.

Vladimir Uristovich: Horse Frencher

Tarmid is embracing the horse.

I suppose the two just share a common fetish for horses.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **April 26, 2014, 03:14:19 pm**

One can only hope that Thane doesn't mind.

Flame, Steelhold was the other fortress.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **4maskwolf** on **April 26, 2014, 03:27:25 pm**

Quote from: Deus Asmoth on April 26, 2014, 03:14:19 pm

One can only hope that Thane doesn't mind.
Flame, Steelhold was the other fortress.

Both of these.

Also, yeah, goddamn undead structures. They have wiped out too many fortresses.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **Gnorm** on **April 26, 2014, 03:31:58 pm**

Quote from: 4maskwolf on April 26, 2014, 03:27:25 pm

Also, yeah, goddamn undead structures. They have wiped out too many fortresses.

What we need is **more** traps!

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **TheFlame52** on **April 26, 2014, 04:07:00 pm**

Quote from: Gnorm on April 26, 2014, 12:19:33 pm

A little late there.

D'oh! Fixed it.

Quote from: fractalman on April 26, 2014, 01:22:39 pm

More like "Yeah, sure, miss demon, go turn yourself in to the dwarf in charge like a complete idiot; I wash my hands of your demise. "

Cue Flame forgetting completely and never actually talking to the mayor.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **MDFification** on **April 26, 2014, 11:35:53 pm**

Quick question; do we have a live-training setup this time around?

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **Gnorm** on **April 26, 2014, 11:52:58 pm**

Quote from: MDFification on April 26, 2014, 11:35:53 pm

Quick question; do we have a live-training setup this time around?

Do we even have cage traps?

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **MDFification** on **April 27, 2014, 12:26:00 am**

Quote from: Gnorm on April 26, 2014, 11:52:58 pm

Quote from: MDFification on April 26, 2014, 11:35:53 pm

Quick question; do we have a live-training setup this time around?

Do we even have cage traps?

Didn't see any last time I checked. So maybe we're doing a no-cage run.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **jrrocks05** on **April 27, 2014, 12:34:31 am**

We must have cage traps how else will we capture and interrogate bloodkin?

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **Gnorm** on **April 27, 2014, 12:37:52 am**

The cage traps must be installed in the interior sections of the fortress, therefore capturing only the strong and worthy.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **April 27, 2014, 05:08:14 am**

Bloodkin can't be caught in traps in any case.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **Senshuken** on **April 27, 2014, 05:19:35 am**

Quote from: Deus Asmoth on April 27, 2014, 05:08:14 am

Bloodkin can't be caught in traps in any case.

Then clearly we need to build better traps....

What do we use currently to catch mice?

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **April 27, 2014, 06:19:17 am**

Cats, I suppose.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Horses**
Post by: **peregarrett** on **April 27, 2014, 06:58:48 am**

Quote from: Gnorm on April 26, 2014, 01:58:13 pm

Quote from: MDFification on April 26, 2014, 01:56:14 pm

Quote from: Rhaken on April 26, 2014, 01:46:47 pm

Quote from: peregarrett on April 26, 2014, 01:40:47 pm

Quote from: MDFification on April 26, 2014, 01:34:30 pm

Dang it! Ok then

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **MDFification** on **April 27, 2014, 12:37:14 pm**

I like the Codex Arcana so much I think I'll do my own lore extrapolation text. :3

This place has clearly not seen a living dwarf in centuries. The magebane cannot say why, but the thought is oddly comforting. At least somewhere in the dwarven world peace is possible, if only as the flow of time gradually washes everything away. His orders were quite clear. The vigil over this place did need to be maintained. Three times now the heretical society known as the Faction had been caught attempting to access these ruins. Perhaps this former commune had some strange significance to them, the first place their destabilizing influence had been checked by a younger Order. It was oddly fitting. Both the Knights and the Faction had been changed by what happened here. While the knights had gained new resolve to defend dwarvenkind from threats both external and internal, however, the Faction seemed to have lost theirs. They were scattered to the winds these days. The inquisitors kept digging up new cells. They insisted that some sort of coordinated leadership existed among the Faction, but the magebane doubted it. Rudely interrupting his thoughts, the ground began to shake. The commune had been built into a cliff by the sea, in stone so soft no sane dwarf should have dared to attempt it. Gradually the ocean was reclaiming the site. The magebane tensed. One wrong move and he could find himself crushed, or facing a watery grave. He stepped aside just in time as a sliver of the cliff crumbled away into the churning sea below. Eventually, the tremors stopped. Where once a solid wall had been, the magebane could now see what had once been a hidden chamber. Inside lay the final resting place of a dwarf, clutching a dry tome. Evidently, the dwarf had walled himself inside rather than allow this book to be destroyed. Although he knew he shouldn't the magebane could not help but wonder what had inspired this dwarf so. What could possibly be so important about this heresy that a dwarf had been willing to die for it, alone in this dark, dry corner of the ruin? Surely one peek couldn't hurt. He was a knight, after all. He had faced down dozens of foes on the battlefield. If he had the resolve not to run from them, surely a book couldn't shake his faith. He dragged his pack into the chamber and sat down. His vigil wouldn't end for days. He might as well start reading.

Forward to the Secret Histories

It begins, as most things seem to these days, with a fortress called Steelhold. You will probably be familiar with the name, dear reader. The story is legendary among our people. You will have heard of the great darkness in the fortress. How the heroes of the fortress gave their lives in the impossible quest to stop it. How our best qualities were brought out by the struggle against evil, even in a band of criminals and outcasts. It's an inspiring story. The kind of story that makes one proud to be part of our civilization. Unfortunately, what you have heard is a lie. Whether a lie told out of desperation to believe better of us, or so those who authored it could maintain power, nothing you know about Steelhold is true. Questioning the truth has been made unthinkable, and those who dare to probe the mysteries of the past are condemned as sympathizers with the antithesis of our very being. But these questioned must be asked and answered. How can it be that none have asked where the evil of Steelhold came from, and what led to it being unleashed? The narrative you know is about heroes who fought the encroaching darkness and once-dwarven monsters who hastened its arrival. The kind of narrative you'd expect refugees to tell. But Steelhold was not a simple battleground between good and evil. It was the home of hundreds of dwarves, beset on all sides and abused terribly by those trusted to guide them. This is the story of how they threw off their shackles and stood tall, despite the hopelessness of their situation, so that all dwarves might know who their true enemies are. They died so that we might one day free ourselves. The great trial of our people began before Steelhold, and its end is far from sight. But the tragedy of Steelhold shall not be in vain. One day, everyone will know the truth. Read on, dear acolyte. How wronged we've all been will open your eyes.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **MDFification** on **April 27, 2014, 01:09:58 pm**

Excerpt 1: Clarifying the Fall

Magic is poorly understood by most, though thankfully it now viewed with appropriate fear rather than wonder. Magic is the extension of will. Dwarves in their natural state generate virtually no magic, although in cases of extreme fanaticism the occasional miracle may appear. To find magic potent enough to use, therefore, a dwarf must operate in the name of another more powerful being. At the time of writing, only two known cases have been observed in which magic was wielded by dwarves without some foul pact with demonic entities. These cases are not to be seen as hope that magic can be wielded for dwarvenkind's benefit; one case nearly resulted in the destabilization of reality, and the other case the dwarf in question has sacrificed all personal freedom so as to be used to defend us. Steelhold was plagued by magic almost from the very beginning, and certainly led to its downfall. But Steelhold was not the first to fall victim to magecraft. The seeds of Steelhold's fall were sown long before even the idea for the fortress was ever conceived. It is not commonly spoken of, but the demonic incursion into Steelhold had precedent. Another fortress had dug to deep into cursed adamantine, although unlike Steelhold it was quickly overrun. What happened to the demons from that fortress is uncertain, as by the time reinforcements arrived, the breach had been resealed and not even a single demonic corpse was to be found. Blame was thus placed on the lone survivor, whose already shaken mind was undoubtedly destroyed by the tortures his 'rescuers' put him through. But why did this dwarf have to be so ruthlessly destroyed? Alas, this is simply the first example in this book of how a few dwarves are willing to go against the welfare of their subjects simply to maintain their own power over others. The Queen, rather than admit that adamantine's exploitation could lead to the unleashing of such dangerous powers, silenced the witness. Later disasters are recorded; whole mines vanish from the records, reported destroyed, as adamantine production continues. The Queen did not care how many dwarves died, so long as she got her adamantine. What she did with it is a mystery to this day. Steelhold was among the fortresses not warned. But in Steelhold, nobody was present to erase the evidence. And against the odds, Steelhold was not, as you have been told, destroyed by the opening of the breach to hell. The breach itself was actually sealed by the orders of the martyred founder of our Faction. The Bloodkin were not demons, and never have been. The horrifying truth is that the Bloodkin were once dwarves. And the agents behind their creation, despite what those fools who venerate Zane will say to you, were never destroyed. Indeed, they continue onward towards their horrible, unknown objective to this day. Steelhold, despite the claims by those taken in by those who orchestrated its demise, did not manage to in any way halt or even delay the coming of the Bloodkin. Only two good things can be said about Steelhold; it was there that the search for the truth began, and it was there that it became clear that no matter who would become our champion, the only one who will fight for an ordinary dwarf is an ordinary dwarf.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **April 27, 2014, 01:19:39 pm**

Asmoth's Log.

The sentries in the caverns have been bringing strange reports back lately. They speak of a strange being in the darkness, always out of their reach and their sight. It is strange, for they speak of this person with a reverence bordering on fear, and I only taught them to fear and obey five people. It hardly matters. Whoever it is will reveal themselves to me eventually, or else the guards will hunt them down. Most likely it will just turn out to be Shank or his queen playing some game.

In any case, today the last of the southern kingdoms has fallen. I offered the dwarfs here the same chance as I gave the others: evolve or die. It is strange, though. I'm beginning to think that mortality may have its own advantages. Not for me, obviously. A mind as brilliant as my own is deserving of eternal life. But those who are less gifted, what of them? My creations have no fear of death, being nearly immune to any ills that can befall a mortal, but they don't fight for life either. They see no beauty and produce no great works. When I compare them to the ones who rejected me, those who fought to the bitter end and created great poems and paintings, I cannot help but think we lost something. Even I can't maintain the hatred I once felt for the queen. Perhaps further study is needed.

In any case, Thikut has told me of a fortress created by the Northern dwarfs by the name of Demongate, built to block the passage between the south and north. We could go around them and simply let the starve, but I imagine it will be easier to brush them aside as we did all the others. She has also heard of a strange group called the Olympians who are still trying to fight us. I suppose that would explain why some of the outposts we've been fighting have seemed strangely organised. It makes little matter. They will have to join us or die eventually, just like all the others.

As a final note, I still have made no progress in my attempts to convert other species to the Bloodkin. Some of the test subjects showed positive results in the beginning, only to worsen rapidly. If only Lenehan were still alive... I might have been able to get some help from Corley in this matter before he vanished, but he always showed little interest in getting other species to join our cause.

In any case, I must prepare for the ceremony. The last king of the south is going to join our cause tonight, and these royal types rarely seem content to just drink blood out of a bucket.

Title: Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes
Post by: Gnorm on April 27, 2014, 02:18:52 pm

Quote from: Deus Asmoth on April 27, 2014, 01:19:39 pm

Asmoth's Log.

The sentries in the caverns have been bringing strange reports back lately. They speak of a strange being in the darkness, always out of their reach and their sight. It is strange, for they speak of this person with a reverence bordering on fear, and I only taught them to fear and obey five people. It hardly matters. Whoever it is will reveal themselves to me eventually, or else the guards will hunt them down. Most likely it will just turn out to be Shank or his queen playing some game.

Is this strange being Corley, or someone else? Also, who would those five people be?

On another note, I was going to write a tome of lore myself, but does anyone have objections?

Title: Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes
Post by: MDFification on April 27, 2014, 02:20:30 pm

Quote from: Gnorm on April 27, 2014, 02:18:52 pm

Quote from: Deus Asmoth on April 27, 2014, 01:19:39 pm

Asmoth's Log.

The sentries in the caverns have been bringing strange reports back lately. They speak of a strange being in the darkness, always out of their reach and their sight. It is strange, for they speak of this person with a reverence bordering on fear, and I only taught them to fear and obey five people. It hardly matters. Whoever it is will reveal themselves to me eventually, or else the guards will hunt them down. Most likely it will just turn out to be Shank or his queen playing some game.

Is this strange being Corley, or someone else? Also, who would those five people be?

On another note, I was going to write a tome of lore myself, but does anyone have objections?

It would actually be really interesting to see what perspective you take. I mean we have it from Oku and the Faction (which isn't the same as Steelhold's faction; that died in the fall. This Faction is inspired by the original faction, but not directly descended from it - while the original faction was aligned with Armok and the Old Gods, this Faction is more concerned with dwarvenkind. Also it's not entirely accurate, btw, so take that into account) so I'm really interested to see what else will come up.

Title: Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes
Post by: Deus Asmoth on April 27, 2014, 02:33:01 pm

Well, I was going for it being Corley, but it could be one of Shank's agents or an Olympian if you were planning on him doing something else. As for the five: Asmoth, Corley, Shank, Kivish and Thikut.

Title: Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes
Post by: Gnorm on April 27, 2014, 02:53:40 pm

I can be Corley; I suppose a reunion will occur shortly in that case. As for my tome of lore, it's the folio that Corley has been writing in, and I'll try to post some of its contents soon.

Title: Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes
Post by: MDFification on April 27, 2014, 03:53:22 pm

Excerpt 2: Twiceborn

It is important for one seeking to understand the Faction's place in the future to know the story of our founder. Although the Faction he built has long since crumbled to ashes, and his very soul has been changed irrecoverably, possibly lost, the Twiceborn was an inspiration to all subsequent iterations of the Faction. But though his ideals live on, his story is a tragic reminder of what happens to those who meddle in forces beyond mortal ken.

The Twiceborn lived the life of a simple mechanic. Like any dwarf, through the sweat on his back and the skill of his hands he made himself a living. How did this dwarf find himself sent to a place like Steelhold? The answer, dear reader, is that despite our feelings of superiority, our civilization is far from perfect. The will of the people has no say in how fortresses are run, or who is appointed to lead us. Those with power, those who call themselves noble, warp the laws to suit themselves. Merely disobeying their whims, regardless of their worth or even feasibility, can lead to imprisonment, beatings or execution. And often, even if a dwarf obeys them utterly, they will be made to suffer for the sake of these uncaring, entitled thugs. Records state that the Twiceborn went to Steelhold of his own free will to follow his wife and family, but evidence make it clear this was not the case. The Twiceborn was exiled, forced to Steelhold at sword-point, simply because he produced mechanisms bought by nobles who undertook immoral experimentation on their citizens. The Twiceborn was only one of many sacrificed to sate the demands of those higher-up for punishment, while those who truly planned, funded and organized the crime suffered nothing due to their status.

The Order does not tell of the Twiceborn's early life in the few myths they tell of him. It is hard to reconcile such an abused figure with who they make him out to be - a warrior saint, an avenging demigod, a champion of tradition and the establishment. Those familiar with the tale of Saint Emdief, as they call him, will recognize parts of his story; be careful not to draw the conclusions that the Order wishes you to. The Twiceborn was no friend of the establishment, and he was no hero. This is a story of how a dwarf becomes a monster.

At Steelhold, the Twiceborn attempted once again to live a normal life. The injustice of the situation, however, would not simply let him rest. Most sources link the Twiceborn to the regime of the so-called Saint Rhaken, a military autocrat who was willing to make deals and coexist with the demon-worshipping cult that established itself in Steelhold. As the Twiceborn entered the stage, this fragile balance of power collapsed under its own weight. Magic users overthrew Rhaken and those loyal to him. The Twiceborn, a vocal enemy of the cult and or magic in general, payed the ultimate price. Some claim it was assassination. Others claim the Twiceborn simply was killed by mishap or goblins. A more sinister occurence is to be suspected, although it is not know what it could be. Whatever the case, simply killing the Twiceborn was not enough. Magical forces tore the Twiceborn from his eternal rest; Armok must have permitted his soul to be so defiled by the forces we are told he opposes. But why?

The Twiceborn's return was a blessing at first. He endeavored to bring truth and justice to the fortress. Magic users and cultists were cast out, shunned or slain. His Faction led by the will of the people, allowing leading members of the fortress to distribute power and responsibility amongst a council of equals. The Fortress, free of the infighting and abuse that had held it down, entered a year of prosperity. Alas, the Twiceborn was betrayed by one of his own Faction, sundering it. This Corley declared himself the new Baron of Steelhold, had Emdief assassinated and destroyed everything the Faction had gained. It is said in the last days the Twiceborn lost the will to defend the dwarven paradise he had built. It is now known that this is the first evidence that magic, with Armok's collusion and blessing, had begun to warp and corrupt the Twiceborn's mind, body and soul.

When the Twiceborn was next seen, it was no longer the dwarf that had led the fortress. Not even a real dwarf anymore, the Twiceborn

was a terrible spectre, a tool for Armok to use in his eternal war with demonkind. Emdief led the defense of Steelhold and the sealing of the breach from beyond the grave, and if accounts prove accurate, later invaded the bodies of others to slay important mages in Steelhold's fall.

Yet the Twiceborn, despite its good deeds, is a monster. A pawn of Armok, the Twiceborn acted as the dwarf it had been never would, standing idly by while the fortress collapsed from misrule and the moral corruption brought with the arrival of the Queen. The Twiceborn had been granted the power to carry out Armok's will, but had lost everything in return - its freedom, its mind, its soul.

Three things must be learned from this tale. The first is that power corrupts, and that the powerful serve only themselves. This is why the only suitable form of government would be to adopt a system like the original Faction tried to impose. Secondly, magic is a weapon that cannot be handled safely. No matter what good one might do with it, in the end it will always lead to the loss of control of ones actions. Finally, despite what we are told, the God of Blood is no benevolent being. Though our afterlife lies with him, we are utterly disposable to him, to be disposed of as best suits him. Armok is to be feared and respected, but never again must we presume to know his will, and never again must we trust anything that extends beyond our mortal world.

No kings or gods will save us - they care only for themselves. There is no savior for the dwarves. We must save ourselves.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **April 27, 2014, 04:35:18 pm**

Wouldn't the Faction, or at least the original members of the Faction, be a Bloodkin group now, since most of the surviving members were either turned into vampires or eaten by them?

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **MDFification** on **April 27, 2014, 04:45:47 pm**

Quote from: Deus Asmoth on April 27, 2014, 04:35:18 pm

Wouldn't the Faction, or at least the original members of the Faction, be a Bloodkin group now, since most of the surviving members were either turned into vampires or eaten by them?

These aren't the original Faction. It was mentioned in Steelhold before the fall that the Faction sent out manifestos to other mountainhomes; there are numerous Faction-inspired cells claiming affiliation with the Faction, but they're not coordinated and their ideologies may vary somewhat. Essentially, the Faction as an organization is dead now; it became more of a movement. Anyway, I think the only Faction member not explicitly killed in the Fall was Jovus; the remainder of the Revolutionary Guard got killed fighting demons and Uristovitch managed to get himself killed by Emdief's carelessness with his body.

That was my way of allowing something of the Faction to survive, but not carry over too much from the last game. If anyone brings back the Faction they have free reign with what to do with it, so long as it follows the general 'feel' of the original - revolutionary, reactionary and a bit of a clusterfuck to boot. I'm just using some Faction survivors to paint an even darker picture what happened in Steelhold, if that's possible.

Man I ramble way to much. Tl;dr.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **Gnorm** on **April 27, 2014, 04:52:55 pm**

Quote from: MDFification on April 27, 2014, 04:45:47 pm

Anyway, I think the only Faction member not explicitly killed in the Fall was Jovus; the remainder of the Revolutionary Guard got killed fighting demons and **Uristovitch** managed to get himself killed by Emdief's carelessness with his body.

I suppose that Jovus either died when the fort collapsed, or he became a bloodkin. If the latter is true, I'd think that he whatever bit of himself was left would lay low, being that Shank, Kivish, and Corley are all known for not liking Socialism. Also, I do not recall who "Uristovitch" was, other than Vlad's surname.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **MDFification** on **April 27, 2014, 05:11:40 pm**

Quote from: Gnorm on April 27, 2014, 04:52:55 pm

Quote from: MDFification on April 27, 2014, 04:45:47 pm

Anyway, I think the only Faction member not explicitly killed in the Fall was Jovus; the remainder of the Revolutionary Guard got killed fighting demons and **Uristovitch** managed to get himself killed by Emdief's carelessness with his body.

I suppose that Jovus either died when the fort collapsed, or he became a bloodkin. If the latter is true, I'd think that he whatever bit of himself was left would lay low, being that Shank, Kivish, and Corley are all known for not liking Socialism. Also, I do not recall who "Uristovitch" was, other than Vlad's surname.

Whoops, meant Uristador. It's hard to keep track of all these bastardized Urist-hybrids.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **fractalman** on **April 27, 2014, 08:58:20 pm**

A procedure to create "tame lighning"

Take some copper. Draw it out into a wire, about a milimeter in diameter. coat the middle in resin.

Coil the wire around a hollowed-out piece of wood or glass as seen in the diagram, and insert a piece of magnetite attached to a crank...

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Stick the ends of the wires as close together as possible without touching, and turn the crank.

By using a sufficient number of loops, and an adequate power source (such as a water reactor), the resultant tame lightning may be used in a metalwork technique known as "arc welding"...

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **Gnorm** on **April 27, 2014, 09:00:48 pm**

Quote from: fractalman on April 27, 2014, 08:58:20 pm

A procedure to create "tame lighning"

Take some copper. Draw it out into a wire, about a milimeter in diameter. coat the middle in resin.

Coil the wire around a hollowed-out piece of wood or glass as seen in the diagram, and insert a piece of magnetite attached to a crank...

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.....////////..  
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Witch-craft!

HISSS BURN HIM! BURN HIM!

But is he really? I'm so nervous and scared; I don't want to think that he's plotting, but can I be sure that he ain't? I need someone to calm my fears, to tell me I'm right or wrong. I reckon that Miss Thane would know; I'll invite her to afternoon rum tomorrow to talk.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **April 28, 2014, 02:52:30 pm**

Thane's Thing.

Gnora wants to talk to me alone today. I'm a little worried, she seemed very nervous. Perhaps she's being followed as well? I don't see any connection between us to obsess over, but then again, there was no connecion between myself and Tarmid when they started following us either. Perhaps it's just someone very interested in the founders of the fortress, but the others don't seem nervous lately. Maybe it could be Gnora who's following me, and she's decided to take the next step on her path to insanity! No. I'm just being paranoid, Gnora wouldn't do anything like that. She probably just wants to ask me how I can put up with Vlad again. Still, I might as well bring my hammer just to be on the safe side. You never know what can happen. I am a bit worried about her and Vlad, though. I've been hoping that they'll sort out their differences, but that's clearly not going to happen and somehow as the fortress grows bigger they just come in contact more and more often. I can only hope that Gnora doesn't end up working on the above ground farms that Cornelius has planned, or they'll be working entire days together, and I don't have any wish to see either one of them dead.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **danmanthedog** on **April 28, 2014, 04:43:58 pm**

Hmm it seems that Gnora and Thane are having a meeting together... Gnora seems to be losing it. I really need to start *HACK GACK HACK* following Thane or at least Tarmid. I still have had the chance to take some Forgotten beast's flesh yet.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **MDFification** on **April 28, 2014, 06:21:31 pm**

Journal of Cptn. Vlad

Dantheman is tryink to follow Thane again. He is not very good at it. He seems to be forgettingk that I vill be cuttingk him. I vill be cuttingk him now.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **Gnorm** on **April 28, 2014, 06:23:54 pm**

Quote from: MDFification on April 28, 2014, 06:21:31 pm

Journal of Cptn. Vlad

Dantheman is tryink to follow Thane again. He is not very good at it. He seems to be forgettingk that I vill be cuttingk him. I vill be cuttingk him now.

It's about time.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **Gnorm** on **April 28, 2014, 07:44:57 pm**

Thane walked down the hallway where the offices were. First came her office, then Tarmid’s, after which was Gnora’s. The entrance was marked with a small wooden sign labelled “Gnora” and, in smaller, scratched out letters underneath: “Sheriff.” She knocked lightly on the door, and for a moment she heard a light, fearful gasp coming from the other side.

“It’s me Gnora,” she said, “Thane.”

The door was opened quickly after this statement. Thane was now met with her host: the tired-looking Gnora. She, Gnora, smiled sweetly at her guest, though Thane could see that she was quite uneasy.

“Miss Thane, good to see ya’,” Gnora said, pulling Thane inside and slamming the door shut behind the two of them, “The rum-barrel is beside the desk; make yourself comfortable. Ya’ can just set that hammer up against the wall.”

Thane did as she was asked, and Gnora soon joined her at the table to pour the drinks. The desk was kept fairly tidy with all the stacks of paper properly arranged and organized, though Thane noticed that most of the papers were old, stained with ink, and out-of-date, likely dating back to Gnora’s days as sheriff. Behind the desk was a large silver statue, a possession that Gnora was particularly proud of.

“Pleasant walk down here Miss Thane?” inquired Gnora as she sipped her rum.

“It was short, fairly uneventful too,” Thane responded, “Just ‘Thane’ is fine, by the way.”

“Of course,” Gnora murmured; her voice seemed distant and unfocused. The two of them waited drinking in silence for a moment, hoping that the other would pick up the conversation. Eventually Thane, hoping to assuage her *own* anxieties, broke the silence.

“So Gnora, what was it that you were planning to talk about here?”

Gnora tentatively took another sip of her drink, setting the mug down gently.

“I’m afraid Thane,” she whispered softly, “I think that the Padre is watching me.”

“Cornelius!”

“Yes, I think that he has it out for me. He wants to start that sunberry farm, and he did tell me that I was just another farmer; I’m easily replaceable to him. Now, I think that he’s watching me, tryin’ to get me in a position where he can get rid of me. I don’t favor steppin’ out of my own office when I don’t have to now; I’m that frightened by this. What do think, Thane?”

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **peregarrett** on **April 29, 2014, 02:56:46 am**

Oh, I see where it goes. Will do the last part of my turn soon and pass the rulership to Vlad (he's next, right?).

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **MDFification** on **April 29, 2014, 06:28:24 am**

Quote from: peregarrett on April 29, 2014, 02:56:46 am

Oh, I see where it goes. Will do the last part of my turn soon and pass the rulership to Vlad (he's next, right?).

Aye. Although don't rush yourself, you have plenty of time.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **peregarrett** on **April 29, 2014, 06:41:54 am**

I'm don't rush, but there's nothing really happens here. For now.
What should we request from dwarven liaison, BTW? Iron and steel?

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **MDFification** on **April 29, 2014, 06:57:53 am**

Quote from: peregarrett on April 29, 2014, 06:41:54 am

I'm don't rush, but there's nothing really happens here. For now.
What should we request from dwarven liaison, BTW? Iron and steel?

Iron, Steel, and Pig Iron to make into Steel. I'm pretty sure we have flux somewhere on the map, but if not you could request that through requesting specific stones.
~~Also meeting the conditions for a baron would be nice.~~

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **4maskwolf** on **April 29, 2014, 07:01:05 am**

Quote from: peregarrett on April 29, 2014, 06:41:54 am

I'm don't rush, but there's nothing really happens here. For now.
What should we request from dwarven liaison, BTW? Iron and steel?

could you mention a special visitor looking for Brenzen as a part of your update?

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **Senshuken** on **April 29, 2014, 09:36:24 am**

..... I know this might sound crazy, but could Artyom be Baron?

He does seem like an excellent compromise candidate for the position; He was a founder, he has spent much of his time making the fortress what it is today, he is aware of the role Demongate was meant to play in the grand scheme of things and is willing to continue to work towards ensuring the Fortress is powerful enough to carry out its mission. While his primary role in the Fortress for several years has been in mining a such he has recently started a military career, giving him experience and connections in both military and civilian parts of the Fortress. To my knowledge, no one hates him either so their aren't going to be any passionate objections to his claim either.

Of course, we could also stage a full of election. To my understanding, our dwarfish ancestors voted for their kings and queens; who are we to reject the wisdom of our forebears?

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **peregarrett** on **April 29, 2014, 10:25:49 am**

Well, maybe.
One oveto for Artyom, and I've seen a vote for Vladimir.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **MDFification** on **April 29, 2014, 10:28:09 am**

Quote from: peregarrett on April 29, 2014, 10:25:49 am

Well, maybe.
One oveto for Artyom, and I've seen a vote for Vladimir.

Make that two votes for Vlad, savior of our booze, defiler of elves and succeeding through nepotism since the fort's foundation. Friends with Cornelius, lover of Thane. Guy knows how to cozy up to the Overseers.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **April 29, 2014, 10:48:12 am**

I think that there's some weirdness regarding having a baron that's in the militia as well, though I suppose that would apply to Vlad more so than to Artyom. Providing they're not attempting to hold the posts of baron and militia captain simultaneously everything should be fine though.

I would like to recommend Thane for the fortress' champion once the spot becomes available for the simple reason that all the other candidates are either affiliated with outside influences or are untrustworthy mercenaries. Though if one of the Knights becomes Baron, I guess they'd want one of their own for their champion.

Side note: Thane must have incredibly bad peripheral vision not to have noticed Dan following her by now if Vlad could find out so easily.

"I can't picture Cornelius doing something like that, though," Thane said. "He's always seemed so nice... I mean, he might disagree with you about the sun berries, but it's not something he'd kill over, is it?"
"He doesn't need to kill me," Gnora shook her head. "He's just trying to make me look crazy, or find something to blackmail me with. It might not even be just him, he could be getting help from-"
"Vlad wouldn't do something like that," Thane cut across her.
"It doesn't need to be him, Cornelius could have hired someone else! He could just be part of a group of spies sent here to destabilise us, get us under the heel of foreign rulers!"

Thane frowned. She was nearly certain that Gnora was on the edge, but if she was being followed by this strange person as well...
"I think..." she began, then licked her lips. "I think that we need to talk to Tarmid. Someone's been following him around as well, and it's about time that we found out who it is. I know you think it's Cornelius, but there could be something bigger going on here."

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **MDFification** on **April 29, 2014, 11:08:57 am**

Quote from: Deus Asmoth on April 29, 2014, 10:48:12 am

I think that there's some weirdness regarding having a baron that's in the militia as well, though I suppose that would apply to Vlad more so than to Artyom. Providing they're not attempting to hold the posts of baron and militia captain simultaneously everything should be fine though.

Never come across that problem before. Ah well.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **peregarrett** on **April 29, 2014, 02:09:25 pm**

I'm personally for Vlad. Just because "Baron Vladimir Uristovich" sounds bloody cool.

Things were moving smooth, autumn has come in time, and winter was close.
Dwarven caravan arrived at their usual time, just after humans packed up and left, mumbling about thier schedule and "lazy dwarves". Depressive elves watched them leaving, but still stayed at the depot, hoping for something... Or maybe they had nowhere to go without

their cargo. Nobody cared.

So, when dwarves arrived, FractalEntity ordered sever bins of goods to be moved in, and left to wet his throat. Soon there will be a lot of talking, arguing, cursing, persuading and so on.

Same time merchants arrive, a liaison showed up from the nothern forest. He was running with all his speed, and a few minutes later everyone found out why.

- An ambush! Curse them! - spit Medtob the fisher, putting his bronze crossbow up. She was off-duty from her squad and went out to sit at the pond and catch some fish. But sometimes duty gets you at your free time.
- She aimed and shot the bolt at the nearest goblin, puncturing his leg with bone bolt. Goblin fell.
- I should have taken metal bolts - numbered Medtob and put another bolt on the crossbow.

Knights and Vultures rushed out of the gate to help her and protect the liaison. Recruit Etur Libashgim charged blindly at their pikeman leader, while others got tied in a fight with axemen, and the luck was bad for Etur. He got stabbed at the left arm losing his shield, and then had to dodge and parry strikes with his silver hammer. That couldn't go long, and later he lost hammer too and collapsed in pain. Pikemen put the last strike in the head and turned to the next.

Others did fine. Medtob shot her opponent in a heart, Artyom Barkov chopped the leg off with his pick, and others did fine. FInishing their opponents they charged at the pikegoblin and put him down all together.

Liaison walked into the gate, stumbling ang trying to catch his breath. Some dwarf in a hood offered him a hand and let him in.

- Hey, where's Sir Brenzen? - asked he to others idling next to stockpile. - Here's a liaison looking for him!
- Not Brenzen... I need to speak... to the mayor... first... - said liaison breathlessly.
- Ok then. Let's find a mayor, then Sir Brenzen. Follow me - said the hooded dwarf.

- Haven't seen that guy before here, - said a woodburner, peeking a troglodite in a cage with stick
- Who, liaison?
- No, that hooded guy.

Sir Brenzen called Rith, the captain of Crossbow Support squad, and Medtob caome ot his office

- Rith, do you have something to say about Medtob, and her morning deed?
- Quite heroic. She held them untill we arrived, and shot one of them dead, right in a heart!
- Okay. Medtob, come.
- Yes, Sir.
- As the aknowledge of your bravery thus I grant you a noble title. Bend your knees. - Brenzen touched her shoulder with his pick - Stand up, Medtob Obeybridged, the Solitary Petals.

Another group od goblins came from south and was dispatched by caravan guard with no scratch. But we lost a cat who got on their way into fortress.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **danmanthedog** on **April 29, 2014, 06:45:13 pm**

"Hmm can you tell me any about his hooded person? *Talking well shoving a turkey leg sized stick into the Trog's spleen.* Like was she/he smell strange or at least feel funny to you? Also where did you get this Trog from? *Shoving same stick in to the groin of the Trog

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **Gnorm** on **April 29, 2014, 07:00:59 pm**

Vlad being baron would be rather amusing, though I imagine it wouldn't bode well for Gnora.

Also, unless either Cornelius or Dantheman is far more subtle than we now think, no one is actually stalking Gnora.

Gnora set down her mug; Thane's answer was not what she wanted. She had hoped to receive either confirmation of her suspicions or to have them debunked and her fears assuaged. Instead, Thane told her that there might be something even more sinister happening within their halls. Suddenly Thane and Tarmid's shared uneasiness in the previous years did not seem so silly.

"I guess we'll see what Tarmid thinks," Gnora said eventually. "He seems like one of them intellectuals."

"Yes," replied Thane, who began to rise from her chair. Gnora outstretched her hand to stop her.

"Please, there's still rum in the barrel. Let us empty it first."

The two sat for the remainder of the afternoon, drinking cup after cup of the liquor. Strong alcohol will affect even the mind of a dwarf after enough is drunk in a short period of time, and Gnora soon became interested in other matters than the one at hand.

"Miss Thane, why did you fall for Vlad?" she asked quietly.

Thane sighed, "I'm not really sure how it happened, it just did. I guess I just came to see the good in him after a while."

Gnora smiled and shook her head, letting out only a slight giggle. She glanced over to the barrel; it was completely depleted. It was time to see Tarmid.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **MDFification** on **April 29, 2014, 08:12:39 pm**

Quote from: Gnorm on April 29, 2014, 07:00:59 pm

Vlad being baron would be rather amusing, though I imagine it wouldn't bode well for Gnora.

Vlad wouldn't relay do anything to Gnora, although she would receive frequent reminders that her opinions don't matter.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **Gnorm** on **April 29, 2014, 08:18:50 pm**

Quote from: MDFification on April 29, 2014, 08:12:39 pm

Quote from: Gnorm on April 29, 2014, 07:00:59 pm

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That would rile her up enough.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **MDFification** on **April 29, 2014, 08:46:31 pm**

Quote from: Gnorm on April 29, 2014, 08:18:50 pm

Quote from: MDFification on April 29, 2014, 08:12:39 pm

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That *vas* the plan, yes?

Edit: I'm kind of dreading my turn as I'm preparing to invade hell and build a colony in my military test fort. Going back to a fort with less than 50 (mostly legendary now - it's been 11 years of hard training and I've finally fixed the schedules) militia members and a non-implausibly large amount of adamantine will be rough.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **Gnorm** on **April 29, 2014, 09:05:09 pm**

Quote from: MDFification on April 29, 2014, 08:46:31 pm

Quote from: Gnorm on April 29, 2014, 08:18:50 pm

Quote from: MDFification on April 29, 2014, 08:12:39 pm

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Were you planning to enter through the fortress or through the pillar? I was hoping to convert the fortress into a pleasant little resort complete with statue gardens, kitchens, bedrooms, and dining rooms if I ever get the chance to have another turn.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **MDFification** on **April 29, 2014, 09:23:20 pm**

Quote from: Gnorm on April 29, 2014, 09:05:09 pm

Quote from: MDFification on April 29, 2014, 08:46:31 pm

Quote from: Gnorm on April 29, 2014, 08:18:50 pm

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Were you planning to enter through the fortress or through the pillar? I was hoping to convert the fortress into a pleasant little resort complete with statue gardens, kitchens, bedrooms, and dining rooms if I ever get the chance to have another turn.

Sorry, my test fort is a completely unrelated map I try out tactics and techniques on. It has a whooping 3 pillars, and all of them are gratuitously big. I could have been using nothing but adamantine gear from the start if I just exploited it faster. I'm planning to grind down the numbers of zombies in my turn though using careful zombie-baiting and marksdwarves. It will be reasonably intense.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **April 30, 2014, 04:20:15 am**

I was considering converting the dark fortress into a replacement vault once we get all those zombies cleared out, or at least turning some of the rooms into offices and/or bedrooms, because it'd look cool.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **Senshuken** on **April 30, 2014, 04:48:12 am**

After the repelling of the most recent of Goblin ambushes, a news sheet of sorts seemed to appear around the fortress of Demongate. While it contained a few minor, short stories from around the fortress itself such as the status of the trading session so far, the number of ambushes and assaults by the goblin hordes this session and a short piece questioning in security of the fortress if outside forces (suspected to be kobolds) had been able to infiltrate the fortress in a horrible attempt harm the supplies of alcohol by destroying the sunberry seed surplus the main focus was on the possibility of the Fortress becoming a barony and thus the need to elect a fortress baron.

In the last few paragraphs of the article, the unnamed writer manged to gain an interview with Demongate founder, legendary miner and as of late war veteran Artyom Barkov in order to discuss those whom might be in the running for Baron.

W: Mr Barkov, what are your thoughts on the possibility of Vulture leader Vlad becoming Baron of Demongate?

AB: Vlad has been a dear friend of mine for several years now, having met for the first time when the founding party for our wonderful fortress was brought together. I have no doubt in my mind that he would perform the duties of the Baron of Demongate to the best of his abilities; However, I hate to admit that there will no doubt be a period of strain between himself and the administration due to the fact that many of those in positions of administration are members of the Knights of Zane. Vlad's increasingly common arguments with one of the fortresses leading figures in the field of agriculture Gnora from what appears to be a mutual hatred between them would also be a source of strain on the fortress as a whole.

W: I see. Could you suggest a better suited candidate for the role then?

AB: That is a hard one. Whomever runs for the office of baron would need to be popular enough with the common dwarf to be accepted as their noble representative while having enough respect and influence with the various organizations and ruling bodies within our beloved fortress that if they got the job there would be a minimum of friction between the new baron and the current status quo as the organization of the fortress shifts to reflect our new standing in the political realm of the world.

W: A tall order indeed. Out of interest, do you personally intend to throw your hat into the ring as it were?

AB: As of this time my ambitions are not directed into that area.

W: So you are not going to stand for the position of Baron?

AB: Well... A dwarfs purpose in life is to dedicate their lives in order to best serve the fortress city that they have selected as their home to the best of their ability. Should some close friends of mine convince me that the best course of action for the Fortress as a whole would be for me to stand in the election for Baron then I would have to alter my ambitions appropriately regardless of my personal feelings on

the matter.

.....

And thus the campaigning begins. :P

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **MDFification** on **April 30, 2014, 07:36:11 am**

While I'd like to avoid campaigning b/c it's really not that important, interviews can be hilarious.

W: Captain Uristovitch? May I have a moment?
VU: Who are you?
W: Comments have been made that imply you are unfit for the position of baron. Care to make any rebuttals?
VU: What are you doingk in my barracks? Unless you are hear to become real dwarf, stop botheringk my recruits.
W: So you remain confident that you will be chosen as baron?
VU: Ve're gettingk a baron? Vhy are ve gettingk a baron?
W: So you question the need to select a baron? An interesting move, Captain.
VU: No seriously who the hell are you.
W: What of security measures? There's rumors that a kobold raid managed to sneak into the fort and destroy some sunberry seeds.
VU: VHAT
W: So the militia was unaware of this development?
VU: ARE YOU IMPLYINGK THAT VE LET A BUNCH OF KOBOLDS JUST WALK PAST US? VE STAND AT THE ONLY VAY INTO THE FORTRESS ALL DAY!
W: Calm down please, Captain Uristovitch.
VU: THIS MUST BE GNORA'S DOINGK!
W: Captain Uristovitch, plea-
VU: I varned them. I varned them that that woman would try to take our booze. She vants to take away a resource incredibly important for militia morale to maintain her vile monopoly over brewable plants. But did they listen to Vlad? No. Nobody listens to Vlad. The Evening Prayer group is goingk to be upset over this.
W: Ah, on the subject of the Evening Prayer group. What exactly goes on in th-
VU: Ve don't talk about evening prayers to the uninitiated. Don't ask.
W: Well, I have other questions. What of your troubled relationship with your superiors in the militia?
VU: You mean Brenzen? He is decent enough guy so long as he doesn't presume to exercise his authority over non-Knight militia. I vill of course defer to him in emergency.
Vait, vhy are you askingk so many questions?
W: I'm writing for a small newsletter-
VU: Are you tryingk to distract me so Dantheman can stalk Thane again?
W: Wha-
VU: Tell him I vill be cuttingk him again.
W: Captain Uristovi-
VU: Get out of my barracks. I have real vork to do.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **fractalman** on **April 30, 2014, 01:22:12 pm**

"The crazy one votes for the crazy one! "

somehow, it sounded much better when a bunch of pirates were saying it.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **MDFification** on **April 30, 2014, 01:50:18 pm**

Quote from: Deus Asmoth on April 30, 2014, 04:20:15 am

I was considering converting the dark fortress into a replacement vault once we get all those zombies cleared out, or at least turning some of the rooms into offices and/or bedrooms, because it'd look cool.

Handling that fort is going to be a major problem, yes.
I just realized that marksdwarves won't work as a solution, since the zombies are apparently thrall-like according to the wiki. Still, it would be good for training purposes, and we could cripple them quite feasibly. I think the best solution is large serrated discs. Many of them. We could just smash the lot, although that would feel a little cheap to me.

For those who are interested, here's a little design for a bunker designed to allow marksdwarves to fight syndrome-spewing creatures:

| - - + - - +
|- v + - - +
| - - + - - +
(|= wall, - = floor, + = fortification. v = a dousing trench, but that's not important)
This allows your marksdwarves to engage from at least 5 tiles away. It could feasibly be expanded to give further distance, but I'm not quite sure if they'll still target correctly at greater distances. Theoretically, they should, and I'm a fool for not building it like that. :-\

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **TheFlame52** on **April 30, 2014, 02:04:08 pm**

In my turn I was planning to build up our metal stocks and clean up all the goddamn refuse in the surface stockpile. Both will likely involve magma. I was also going to explore the caverns fully if it hasn't already been done, and completely block off the bottom caves/the demon fort. No invading my homeland!

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **MDFification** on **April 30, 2014, 03:07:29 pm**

Quote from: TheFlame52 on April 30, 2014, 02:04:08 pm

No invading my homeland!

No promises ;D although the odds of my pulling off a successful breach in a single year are slim. I am however aiming to get adamantine production started and see if I can clear out that fortress in the caverns...

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **TheFlame52** on **April 30, 2014, 03:18:55 pm**

Is it okay if I use my "knowledge of hell" to mark off exactly where each adamantine spire turns hollow?

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **MDFification** on **April 30, 2014, 03:37:52 pm**

Quote from: TheFlame52 on April 30, 2014, 03:18:55 pm
Is it okay if I use my "knowledge of hell" to mark off exactly where each adamantine spire turns hollow?

I'm going to go with 'no'. I'll be 'shaving' our spire(s?) of available adamantine before I start top-down excavation, however, so an accidental breach shouldn't be a problem. And unlike in Steelhold, we should set up an actual defense or at least some means of sealing the breach before-hand.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **TheFlame52** on **April 30, 2014, 04:49:26 pm**

Quote from: MDFification on April 30, 2014, 03:37:52 pm
Quote from: TheFlame52 on April 30, 2014, 03:18:55 pm
Is it okay if I use my "knowledge of hell" to mark off exactly where each adamantine spire turns hollow?
I'm going to go with 'no'. I'll be 'shaving' our spire(s?) of available adamantine before I start top-down excavation, however, so an accidental breach shouldn't be a problem. And unlike in Steelhold, we should set up an actual defense or at least some means of sealing the breach before-hand.

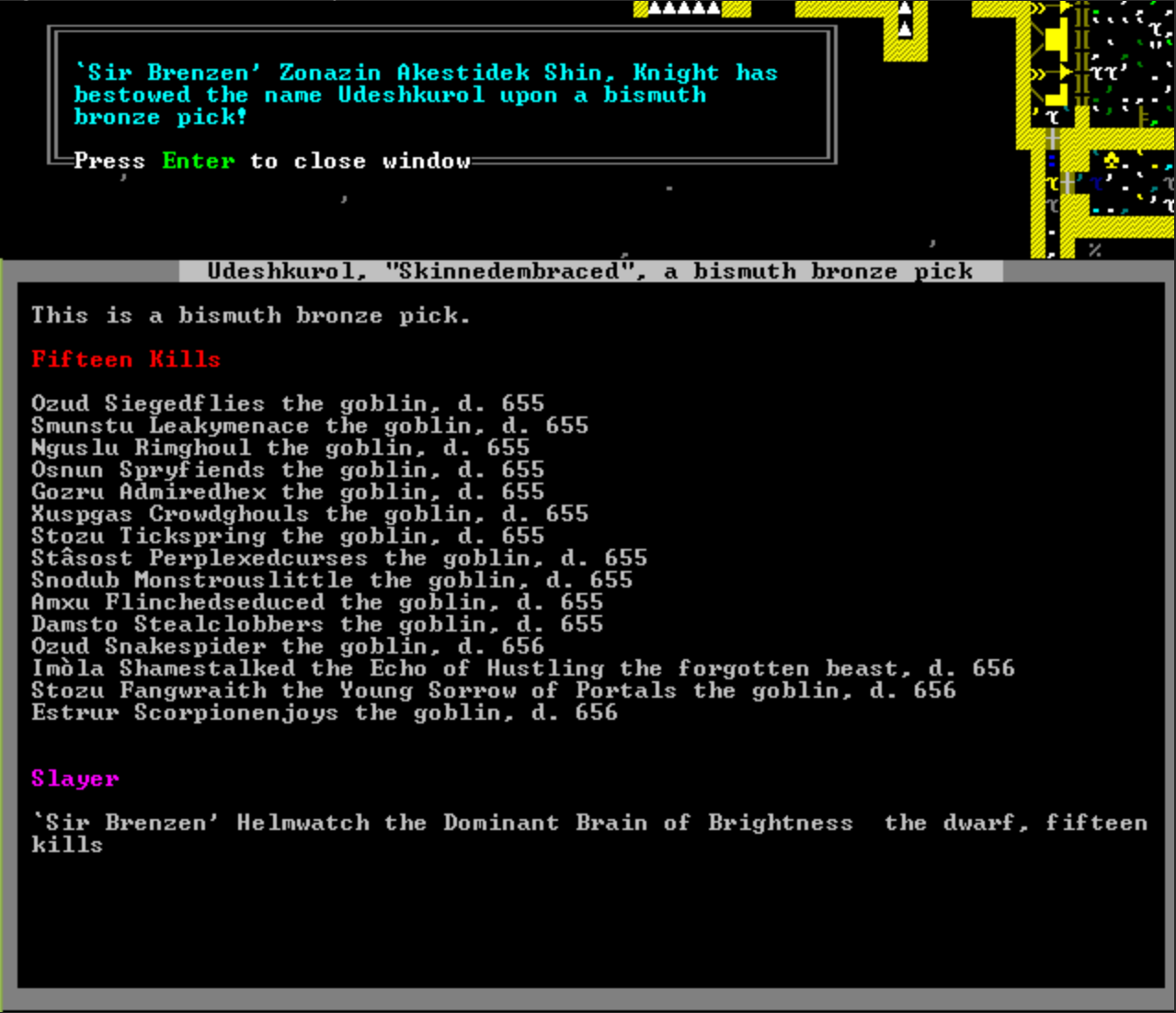
I'm still going to story my knowledge of hell, though.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **danmanthedog** on **April 30, 2014, 09:01:12 pm**

I say we have a giant cave in ready to stop the demons in their place or at least slow them to activate the rest of the defenses.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **peregarrett** on **May 01, 2014, 07:48:41 am**

Sir Brenzen had a satifying sparring session with Imur, axedwarf of Vultures. He won, of course, delivering a few precise hits in chest and legwith his bismuth bronze pick. Yes, that was a true weapon indeed.

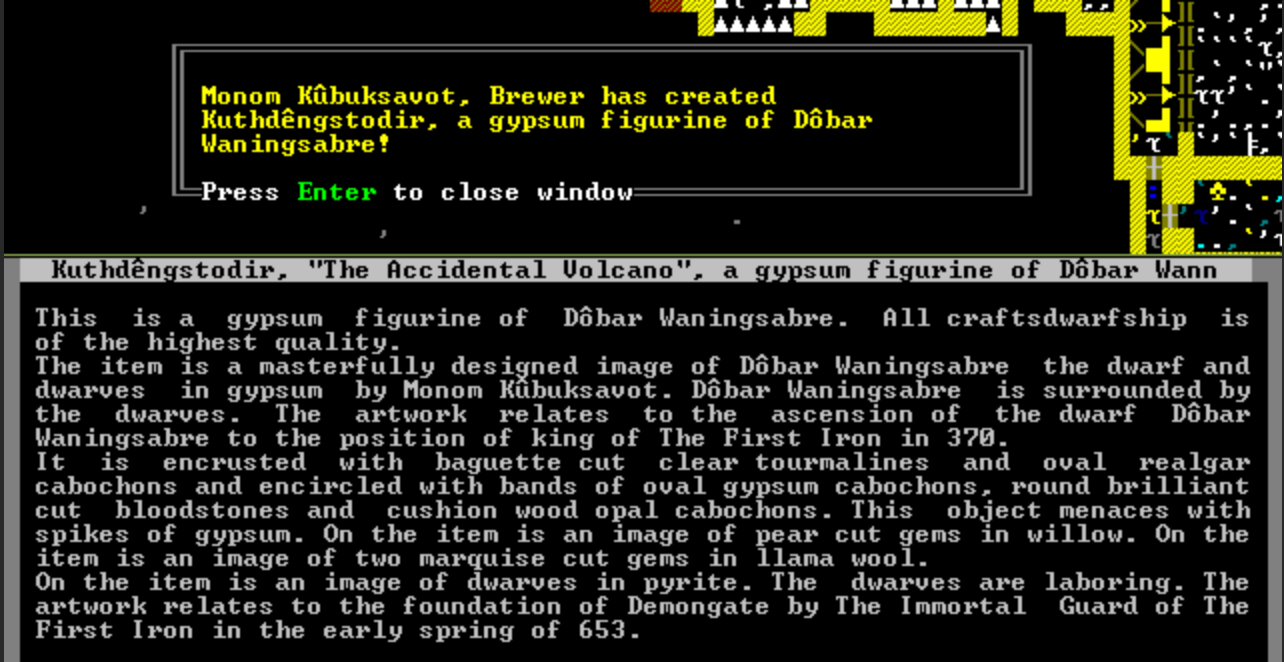


A sound of loud squeaking has been heard from outside the walls.



Knights and Vultures were alerted, but the beast went hunting for wild boar, and killing it seemed to become peaceful and hid in the forest. When soldiers arrived there whey found tracks of beast suddenly turned into olm man's tracks. Seems it turned back and left.

Monom the brewer suddenly felt a strange urge for stonecarving. He occupied one of the surface workshops and gathered some boulders of gypsum.

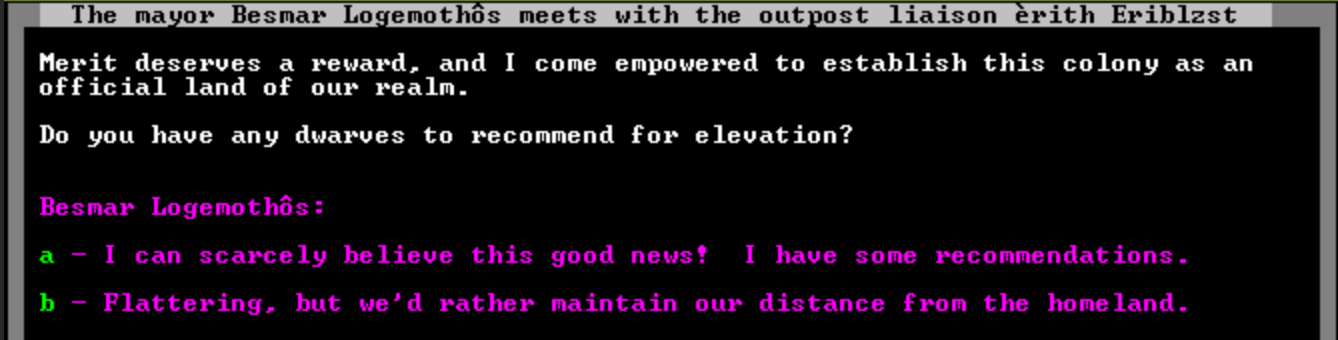


The Chapel of St.Zane has been completed. It raises next to tower and memorial hall, right over the cave-in shaft.



Brother Cornelius put the last stone block and went off to make statues for it.

Finally, we've made it!



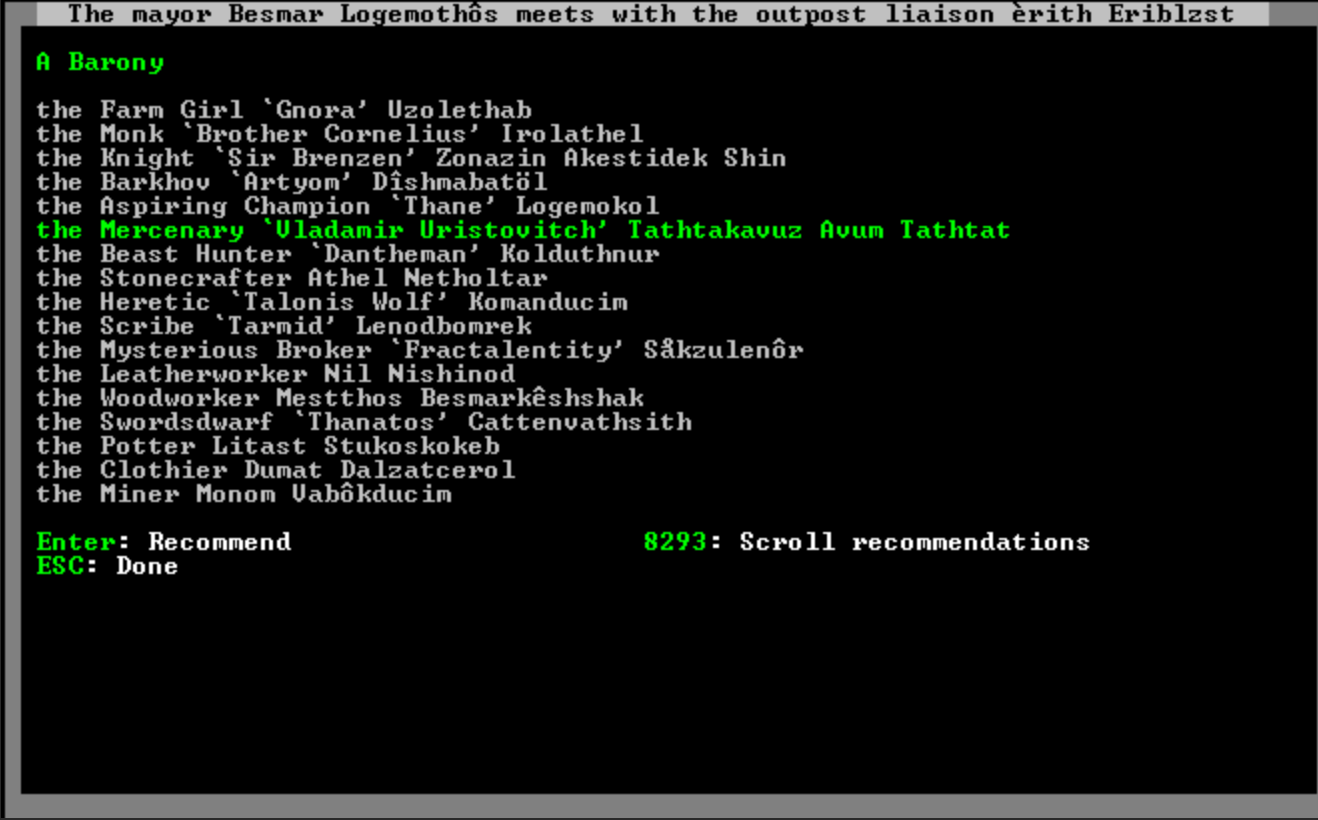
So, what's the score of voting?

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **Senshuken** on **May 01, 2014, 09:38:43 am**

Might be easier if we set up a proper poll to do the voting with. Less clawing through countless pages to find votes.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **peregarrett** on **May 01, 2014, 01:06:17 pm**

Looks like Vlad wins the poll. I found three votes for him, and others got a single vote at least.



Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **MDFification** on **May 01, 2014, 01:23:02 pm**

All hail Baron Vlad Uristovitch von Demongate, First of his Name, Lord Captain of the Militia, Drinker of Sunshine and Used Boots Salesdwarf.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **peregarrett** on **May 01, 2014, 02:48:07 pm**

In the end of winter, the filthy goblins struck back again:

A vile force of darkness has arrived!	
Azstrog, Troll	Invader
Amxu, Troll	Invader
Stozu, Troll	Invader
Tode Atuaro, Goblin Lasher	Invader
Bosa Nosmungom, Goblin Lasher	Invader
Zom Astolngoso, Goblin Lasher	Invader
Olngö Ukgebongnguk, Goblin Lasher	Invader
Aslot Xesoamxu, Goblin Lasher	Invader
Xuspgas Ommulngokang, Goblin Lasher	Invader
Ngebzo Uzôngdostngosp, Goblin Master Lasher	Invader
Stozu Snangzongsmo, Goblin Bowman	Invader
Dang Xuspgasstasoz, Goblin Bowman	Invader
Atu Uksoszurdos, Goblin Bowman	Invader
Ozud Zolakngobo, Goblin Bowman	Invader
Estrur Stotzom, Goblin Bowman	Invader
Ngokang Neromstoshûb, Goblin Bowman	Invader
Stoshûb Snodubtoslug, Goblin Bowman	Invader
Ngerxung Tuloûshu, Goblin Bowman	Invader
Dostngosp Sposprakutsmob, Goblin Swordmaster	Invader
Stâsost Slaxuôx, Goblin Crossbowman	Invader
Stâsost Uzgobnguslu, Goblin Crossbowman	Invader
Arstruk Romatu, Goblin Crossbowman	Invader
Dang Stobsangerxung, Goblin Crossbowman	Invader
SnamoZ Zomnosmu, Goblin Crossbowman	Invader
Nako Ngokangâng, Goblin Crossbowman	Invader
Stâsost Agsmôngnguslu, Goblin Crossbowman	Invader
ûshu Oseamxu, Goblin Crossbowman	Invader
Ozud Omkubosa, Goblin Hammer Lord	Invader
Smunstu Ogurkuk, Goblin Pikeman	Invader
Bâx Urarsmosm, Goblin Pikeman	Invader
Nguslu Snogspoonsun, Goblin Pikeman	Invader
Nguslu Urustuksos, Goblin Pikeman	Invader
Ber Zolaksmozut, Goblin Pikeman	Invader
Asno Urarebrâ, Goblin Pikeman	Invader
Asno Kutsmobsmunstu, Goblin Pikeman	Invader
Azstrog Ngebzoarstruk, Goblin Pikeman	Invader
Nguslu Strodnnonunno, Goblin Pikemaster	Invader

Everyone was called to arms. Merchants who've just moved off, got right in the middle of pikemen squad and was destroyed, but guards forced them to retreat too.

As for main gate, things were moving as usual. First they charged at the gate, got shot by crossbows and cut by traps, survivors ran for their lives.
Losses - two crossbowdwarves who was caught idling at the depot. Thanatos got his leg shot by some bowgoblin.

- Miss Thane! Miss Thane! - cried some dwarven child - There's a troll under the bridge!
- It's just a fairy tales, don't worry...
- No, I've seen it! It fell under the bridge when tried to dodge a trap!
- Oh, really? I'll take care of it.

→The Aspiring Champion bashes The Troll in the head with her Ob Kat, bruising the muscle, jamming the skull through the brain and tearing the brain!

1st Granite, 658
This "evening prayer" was devoted to the Vlad who's about to get his Baron title approved. Everyone got a toast for him and party was loud and fun.
Except for Cornelius. He brought Tarmid to the corner and said:
- The year is over. You promised me to take the rulership back!
- Sorry, Brother, but I can't do it now. Those reasons are still... active.
- But that's just not mine! I can't rule people properly, I'm just a priest, and I want to get back into my chapel and hospital. Thanatos got a serious injure in the last battle, you know. And the magma pumpstack isn't finished yet. So, I don't fit for this position, now I see it even better than a year ago. These are my *reasons*.
- And who you're going to pass your overseership to?
- Vlad. He's a baron, he's the captain of Vultures also... He will do fine.
- Well... okay then. Let's take a new barrel and punch him with those news!

Introduction: Vhat

"Hey Captain, wake up!"
"Thanatos, I swear to gods, how many times have I told you not to disturb my before noon followingk evening prayers?"
"Just wanted to offer you congratulations from the rest of the squad, sir. First a Baron, then an Overseer! Things are really going your way for once. No more taking orders for you!"
"... vhat the hell happened last night?"
"Booze make you go deaf? I said congradulations on your promotions, sir."
"... I'm the Overseer?"
"And a baron. Thane might be less than thrilled about that."
"... vhat?"
"Anything you want me to say to the rest of the militia?"
"... whoever's idea of joke this is, it's not funny. Actually, it's not funny at all."
"... I'm being serious, sir. Are you alright?"
"No, Thanatos. I'm in charge. How the hell vould I be alright?"
"When you put it like that sir... you might want to tone it down a little. It doesn't inspire confidence."
"Vhat if I told everyone precisely how doomed ve are?"
"Not helpful, sir."
"... vere is Tarmid? He can sort all this out."
"At the schoolhouse, sir. Man, evening prayers must be a blast."
"Don't talk about Evening Prayers, Thanatos. If the time comes, Evening Prayers comes to you."

"VHAT DO YOU MEAN I'M SERIOUSLY THE OVERSEER!"
"Exactly what I said, your lordship."
"Stop callingk me that, Tarmid. Vait, I'm the Baron, aren't I? You are hereby by the grace of the gods yada yada yada ordered to stop callingk me your lordship, yes?"
"As you command, Captain, though if I may you would be wise to respect the importance of your rank."
"Vell, I guess I'm stuck vith that, but the Overseer think definately has to go. Can't I just order someone else to do it?"
"I'm afraid that would be dereliction of duty, Captain, and you would undoubtably receive prison time. Nonetheless, I can inform Sir Brenzen and Talonis Wolf of your choice if you really insist."
"... Brenzen and Talonis?"
"Well, in the advent of an Overseer's desertion, Sir Brenzen would of course be forced to temporarily assume command of the fortress as the second-highest ranking citizen. And Talonis, I don't doubt, would be required by law to administer to your person a beating."
"Ve're talking about the dwarf vho kills goblins vith his bare hands for a living, yes?"
"I'm afraid so, Captain."
"... can you get me briefed on the status of the fort's supplies? Maybe beingk the Overseer vouldn't be so bad."
"I had a feeling you'd come ask that, Captain."
[Spoiler \(click to show/hide\)](#)

City Uthgúrinod, "Demongate" FPS: 100 <19>																	
Animals			Kitchen			Stone			Stocks			Health			Justice		
Created Wealth:			1534490*?			Population:			119								
Weapons:			180456*														
Armor and Garb:			108467*			Miners			Ⓢ 3			Axedwarves			Ⓢ 3		
Furniture:			63940*			Woodworkers			Ⓢ 6			Axe Lords			Ⓢ None		
Other Objects:			557295*			Stoneworkers			Ⓢ 7			Swordsdwarves			Ⓢ 2		
Architecture:			305483*			Rangers			Ⓢ 8			Swordmasters			Ⓢ None		
Displayed:			106404*			Metalsmiths			Ⓢ 6			Macedwarves			Ⓢ 1		
Held/Worn:			212445*			Jewelers			Ⓢ 1			Mace Lords			Ⓢ None		
						Craftsdwarves			Ⓢ 15			Hammerdwarves			Ⓢ None		
Imported Wealth:			245245*			Nobles/Admins			Ⓢ 10			Hammer Lords			Ⓢ None		
						Peasants			Ⓢ None			Speardwarves			Ⓢ None		
Exported Wealth:			29834*			Dwarven Childrn			Ⓢ 22			Spearmasters			Ⓢ None		
						Fishery Workers			Ⓢ 8			Marksdwarves			Ⓢ None		
Food Stores:			10590?			Farmers			Ⓢ 21			Elite Mrksdwrs			Ⓢ None		
Meat			2364			Engineers			Ⓢ 4			Wrestlers			Ⓢ None		
Fish			1047			Trained Animals			A 7			Elite Wrestlers			Ⓢ None		
Plant			1267			Other Animals			A 84			Recruit/Others			Ⓢ 2		
Seeds			688														
Drink			2246														
Other			2980														

"Is everything to your satisfaction?"
"Vell, ve have twice the minimum amount of booze I'd recommend as rations for a fortress this size, so ve can afford to be a little liberal vith it. And gods, that is a gigantic amount of meat and fish. Brother Cornelius really kept us vell stocked, huh?"
"The good Brother delegated efficiantly, Captain."
"Vell if dear Brother Cornelius can do this job drunk, maybe Vlad can do this, yes? Carry on, Tarmid. Ve'll be speaking again soon."

"Greetingks, citizens of Demongate! It is I, Vlad. I have thingks to tell you. Please quite down. Please stop talkingk. Stop talking or I vill be cuttingk you. I give warningk. Oh, quiet, now, are ve? Good. Thank you.
First thingks first. I notice that despite this fort beingk vhat, eight years old, the sleeping quarters for normal citizens still don't have even cabinets and coffers, not even smoothingk. I know ve can't really afford to put luxury ahead of the fortress but this is too far. Ve are not animals. You vill be receiving cabinets and coffers as soon as possible.
Secondly, to whoever manufactured so many damn slabs: I vill be cuttingk you. Seriously, when I need to put a ghost to rest, I don't have time to order 27 slabs built just so I can see vvhich one is engraved properly. But Vlad, you ask, vhy can't you just follow the specific slab through it's journey to the craftsdwarves? Vell, curious citizen, your input is valued and you are hereby advised to go keep the goblins at bay yourself for once.
Vell, back to vork. Ve have plenty of cleanup to do after the siege, yes? Some dwarves still haven't been taken to the hospital or received a proper burial. Vhat are you vaitingk for. Move!"
"Will you seriously cut us?"
"No promises. Get to vork pronto. And tell anyone in the militia you see ve have a meetingk in the barracks. That includes the Knights."

"You think he'll be alright, scribe?"
"I think his lordship will do just fine."

3rd of Granite: It's a Clusterfuck, Folks

It really takes you 3 days to get everyone together in the barracks? Vhat the hell, dwarf?
"Sorry sir"
"Vhatever. That's probably just more evidence that vhat I'm about to do is completely necessary. Ve're not an efficient command structure at all. Therefore, as Overseer, I'm reorganizing the militia. It hurts me to break up the Vultures, it really does. But this is for the best. Those of you usingk melee veapons vill be arraigned into three squads depending on your equipment. Axedwarves vill be commingk with

me. Sworddwarfs will be assembled into a new squad under Thanatos, who is hereby promoted to Captain. The rest of you will be members of Thane's squad until ve get enough of you to justify a new squad. Archers, you will be stayingk in your current squads for now. Ve'll all need a little time to adjust to this, and ve're far overdue for some R&R anyway. So, followingk this meetingk, you are hereby temporarily relieved of duty. Vhen I think ve're all fit to resume duty, and Cornelius has given you all a checkup, I'll bring you all back here. Yes, Brenzen?"

"Sir Brenzen, your lordship."

"I told you to stop callingk me that. Vhat is it."

"I'm confused as to how you believe you possess the authority to take measures such as this. I have been willing to accept your advice in the past as you and Captain Thane work so closely together, but appointing a Captain is far beyond your mandate. Even if it were, why are my Knights and I present?"

"Heh. I vas *hoping* you'd ask that. As Overseer, you are hereby stripped of the rank of Militia Commander. This title is bestowed upon Vlad."

"..."

In addition to this, I'm afraid that I am drafting one of your knights into my squad. You know the one. It's not Artyom.

"You honestly think you can get away with this?"

"You honestly think you can get away with this, *sir*. And yes, I'm afraid that I can. Unless you'd like to take it up with the King. Dismissed."

"Can you please tell the doctors they're relieved of non-medical duties? Honestly, I can't see vhy our talented staff is off movingk rocks or vwhatever it is non-fightingk types do vhen they're not infringingk on my lootingk racket. Ve might need them."

"Without the hospital staff or the militia performing hauling, we'll start to encounter an increasing backlog, your lordship."

"And if the militia is distracted from trainingk or can't make it to vhere I order them to go on time, goblins vill use our lovely new cathedral to play a spirited game of head football. You're the manager, you figure it out."

"Very well, your lordship."

"Stop callingk me that. If you call me that at Evening Prayers I swear to Armok you're fired."

"Anything else, Vlad?"

"Nothing but the list of equipment I vant forged vhen the new smelters are dug out. And Tarmid should be able to handle that bit of logistics herself."

"And her... colleague?"

"You don't seriously believe she's a demon, do you? She's just some poor mad dwarf. I already told Brenzen I'm not tryingk her for heresy, understood? Just because I actually like *you* doesn't mean my answer vill change. Might want to tell Brenzen to lighten up too, yes?"

"As you say".

"I think you are meaningk, 'yes, Vlad'. But seriously, his veins jut out and he gets all red sometimes. He might vant to see Brother Cornelius about that."

"Speaking of the new smelters, they're much too far away for efficient production. Can't we just keep using our ordinary fuel?"

"Ve could use a permanent base downstairs anyway. A dining room, some stockpiles, maybe even somethingk that can be used as a makeshift hospital... I have a bad feelingk though."

"Why is that?"

"I know vhy ve don't vant dwarves down there very frequently. I heard rumors that ve had adamantine, but couldn't believe ve'd find it and not use it. And I hoped the stuff about the veird structure vasn't true. I swear, I heard something movingk in there. I'm havingk the access to that part of the cavern removed."

"I wonder why the Overseer wants a bridge built here?"

"He's using it to crush junk, like cloths too big to be looted. Most of that stuff we got off the elven caravan's going to wind up underneath here too, apparently. After he's... made sure nothing goes to waste, of course."

"I heard they found a lot of exotic booze in that caravan."

"Well, no sense leaving it out to spoil. Somebody should enjoy that."

"I hear he sent someone to bring a cup of the looted sunshine to Gnora."

"Now that, Urist, I would have paid good money to see. Poor sod still got all his teeth?"

"Of course. Talonis Wolf was right there."

"That guy scares me, Urist."

"You should have seen when one of the Vultures looted those wolfskin boots. I thought he was going to break their arm."

"Stop talking and haul."

"Wuss."

-
- OOO: Sorry for stealing your soldier, 4mask, but training an axedwarf with miners is just wasteful.
- I'm barely into the turn and there's already a boatload to do. So far we have:
- Setting up the Magma Forges
 - Adamantine Production
 - Starting a proper graveyard (I can't find the current one)
 - Looting, Melting, and Smashing on a large scale ::)
 - Totally reequipping the military with higher quality arms and armor.
 - Doing *something* about that fortress...
 - Furnishing and smoothing all our living space ::)
 - Somehow putting this to rest without having to build 27 slabs and then deconstruct 26
 - Getting morale back up to a stable point. Seriously, it's bad. I'm not going to be the guy to loose our fort to a tantrum spiral *twice*.
 - Continually taunt Brenzen
 - ????
 - PROFIT

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **4maskwolf** on **May 01, 2014, 05:44:06 pm**

I should probably do the scene I was planning on doing with the stranger arriving.

Sir Brenzen walked slowly back towards the barracks, taking a swig of plump helmet wine from his waterskin. He scanned the dwarves around him out of habit, looking for evidence that one of the dwarves was a vampire, when he noticed a figure approaching him. He peered closer at it, but could not see who it was beneath the hood.

"That is Sir Brenzen under the armor, I presume?"

Sir Brenzen stiffened.

"You have found him, yes."

"Excellent," the figure said, pulling off his cloak. Sir Brenzen's mouth dropped open slightly, and he fell to one knee immediately.

"Master Urist, I am so sorry, I was not aware you had arrived."

"There is no problem, Sir Brenzen. You were not supposed to be aware of my presence."

"I'm sure that Brother Cornelius would be more than happy to..."

Master Urist held up his hand for silence.

"That will be unnecessary, Sir Brenzen. I merely wished to pass on the congratulations of the council to you and visit Tarmid briefly. There are important letters he needs to receive."

"Congratulations, milord?"

"Yes, Sir Brenzen, congratulations on your most recent promotion."

Master Urist pulled a sword from a scabbard at his side, placing the flat of the blade atop Sir Brenzen's helm.

"With the power invested in me by the council, I proclaim you a High Magebane of the Order of the Knights of St. Zane. You henceforth retain all the responsibilities and privileges of the rank, including the power to take a personal apprentice to train."

Master Urist sheathed his sword.

"You can discuss with Tarmid as to the particulars of the rank, since I'm sure you've been too busy to look over his books. And if you would be so kind, could you direct me to his rooms..."

I'll send you a pm with regards to the letters you are receiving, Rhaken, but I'm also leaving plenty of room for you to take the story however you wish.

Stop messing with my squads or there'll be hell to pay, MDF. :P

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **MDFification** on **May 01, 2014, 05:47:31 pm**

Quote from: 4maskwolf on May 01, 2014, 05:44:06 pm
Stop messing with my squads or there'll be hell to pay, MDF. :P

Is the hell I'd be paying provide more or less pain than having to watch cross-training lower our combat capabilities? :P

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **4maskwolf** on **May 01, 2014, 05:48:56 pm**

Quote from: MDFification on May 01, 2014, 05:47:31 pm
Quote from: 4maskwolf on May 01, 2014, 05:44:06 pm
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Depends on how much Vlad likes the HFS. Alternatively, being burned at the stake.

Also, we need a MUCH bigger military if we want to survive.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **MDFification** on **May 01, 2014, 05:59:34 pm**

Quote from: 4maskwolf on May 01, 2014, 05:48:56 pm
Quote from: MDFification on May 01, 2014, 05:47:31 pm
Quote from: 4maskwolf on May 01, 2014, 05:44:06 pm
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Also, we need a MUCH bigger military if we want to survive.

All the more reason to speed up training.
We can currently handle most sieges thrown at us, but that's mainly due to an absurdly large line of weapon traps. By the end of the year I aim to have recruited maybe another 3 sworddwarfs and 3 hammerdwarfs, in addition to anyone with a weapon skill that comes our way, so our total will be at least 22 melee soldiers and 12+ archers. What I'm really worried about is those elf ambushes that will doubtless be coming; a sudden rain of arrows on unsuspecting dwarves would be a real pain in the arse, especially if it happens to come immediately after a regular siege, which it will of course do. Morale is *really* low thanks to our lack of rooms and high weather exposure.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **Gnorm** on **May 01, 2014, 06:21:54 pm**

Gnora sat in her office, enjoying her afternoon rum alone. Some time had passed since her meeting with Thane, and although they hadn't yet gone to see Tarmid, knowledge that Thane was at least *trying* to control the situation had slightly assuaged her fears. As far as Gnora could tell, Thane was a sensible, intelligent dwarf whose only major mistake was getting involved with Vladimir. She let the warm Dwarven alcohol slide down her throat; just the type that the dwarves were meant to brew.

There was a sudden knock on her door, followed by the sudden entry of two dwarves without invitation. One of the two was the mighty captain of the guard, Talonis Wolf, and a shorter dwarf bearing a wooden cup with a small note attached.

"What do ya'll want?" asked Gnora.

"Miss Gnora," the shorter one began. "By the courtesy of his lordship, the baron Vladimir Uristovich of—"

"He's the baron!" cried the faarm-girl.

"Calm down. His lordship wishes to display to you a sign of peace between your party and his."

"This better be damn good!"

The short dwarf placed the wooden cup onto Gnora's desk. Taking it up immediately, Gnora glanced into the cup, noticed that it contained liquid, and gently touched it to her lips, half surprised that it didn't smell of urine. The taste that came to her lips was, however, a worse taste to her than that of Vlad's bodily fluids. She had never had a drink of the substance herself, though she could recognize the smell of it readily. She tore the cup away from her lips, causing some of the drink to spill down her lips and chin and onto her bosom.

"Sunshine! ya'll are bringin' me sunshine!" she screamed. She tore the note off of the cup and read it quickly.

"Dear farm-girl,

I get the fortress real booze. You can be thankink Vlad later, yes?"

Gnora marched up to the small dwaf, her arms outstretched as if she was ready to strangle him. A sudden motion towards her by Captain Wolf was enough to make her think twice about her actions, and she quickly adopted a falsely sweet disposition.

"Would you boys mind gettin' me an appointment with our baron?"

"Well, we can see if—"

"Now!" she yelled, dropping her façade of happiness.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **TheFlame52** on **May 01, 2014, 06:35:06 pm**

Engraved on Flame/Unib's bedroom wall
I keep trying to meet with the mayor, but every time I introduce myself he collapses in fits of laughter. I can't even finish my sentences without being interrupted. When he stops laughing he says things like "you, a demon?" and continues laughing. Then he tells me to get back to work making weapons. Why does nobody respect me around here?

OOC:
[Quote from: MDFification on May 01, 2014, 05:20:19 pm](#)

-Looting, Melting, and Smashing on a large scale ::)

FUCKING FINALLY

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **MDFification** on **May 01, 2014, 08:49:10 pm**

[Quote from: TheFlame52 on May 01, 2014, 06:35:06 pm](#)

OOC:
[Quote from: MDFification on May 01, 2014, 05:20:19 pm](#)

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FUCKING FINALLY

I set up a smasher in the palisade for easy-access dumping and smashing if FPS becomes a problem. Trying this in my other forts has led to some amusing situations, like the time I accidentally catapulted the human diplomat into the solid-gold pyramid (he was fine. I kind of wish he wasn't).
Anyway, some important notes for smashing/FPS;
-As with last game, eventually the sheer volume of tattered cloths is going to hurt FPS. If you see this start to happen, start smashing. We can replace clothes easily (even with goblinite) so there's no need to reuse old clothes.
-Clothes that are too big or too small to wear should also be smashed when framerate drops. There are actually hundreds of these on the map right now thanks to the sheer volume of trolls we have.

-We have like a billion blocks. We will likely not need new blocks for years. Don't tie up time and framerate making more blocks. ~~especially if it's at the expense of furnishing basic rooms, you know, 7 years into the fort~~ It's a good thing to have spare blocks however as mined space itself drains framerate, so minimizing that is a good thingtm
-Engravings, believe it or not, drop framerate. Don't make pointless engravings; reserve them for rooms you want to increase in value. Smoothing stone is no problem though.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **4maskwolf** on **May 01, 2014, 09:34:53 pm**

[Quote from: MDFification on May 01, 2014, 08:49:10 pm](#)

[Quote from: TheFlame52 on May 01, 2014, 06:35:06 pm](#)

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I can believe that engravings drop it, as the game has to store what is in the engraving.

Also, I blame everyone else for the lack of rooms, since I went close to the beginning.

Also, VLAD DOES NOT KNOW ABOUT THE VAULT. I DIDN'T TELL THE REST OF THE MILITARY. I ONLY ENTRUSTED TARMID AND ARTYOM WITH THAT INFORMATION, INCLUDING WHERE THE KEYS TO GET IN ARE.

Which brings me to the inevitable question: has anyone fucked with the vault?

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **Senshuken** on **May 01, 2014, 11:36:34 pm**

[Quote from: 4maskwolf on May 01, 2014, 09:34:53 pm](#)

[Quote from: MDFification on May 01, 2014, 08:49:10 pm](#)

[Quote from: TheFlame52 on May 01, 2014, 06:35:06 pm](#)

OOC:
[Quote from: MDFification on May 01, 2014, 05:20:19 pm](#)

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"I know what now?" ~Artyom

Well, Artyom hasn't touched the vault to my knowledge. But then again I need to be updated on Artyom's current status, since no one has told me anything about him career or personality wise since the fort started.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **MDFification** on **May 02, 2014, 07:11:24 am**

Quote from: 4maskwolf
Also, VLAD DOES NOT KNOW ABOUT THE VAULT. I DIDN'T TELL THE REST OF THE MILITARY. I ONLY ENTRUSTED TARMID AND ARTYOM WITH THAT INFORMATION, INCLUDING WHERE THE KEYS TO GET IN ARE.
Which brings me to the inevitable question: has anyone fucked with the vault?

I don't think I have. I've never managed to find the vault (or look for that matter). What function does the Vault serve? Can you detail where it is so I can avoid it?
Anyway, playing past the 5th of granite will happen at some point today. I've done a **lot** of designation for digging, dumping, reorganizing etc. It's designation hell out there folks.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **danmanthedog** on **May 02, 2014, 07:21:59 am**

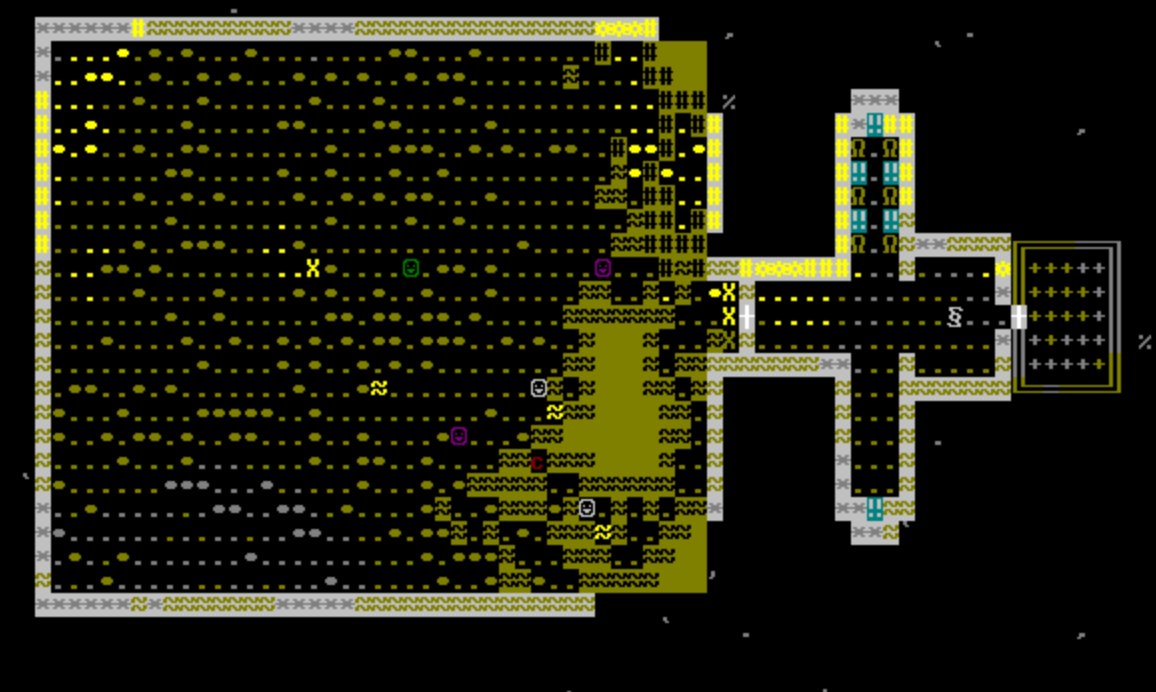
I have no idea whats happening right now!

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **MDFification** on **May 02, 2014, 09:36:06 am**

18th Granite

"Hello citizens! It is I, Vladimir! Thank you for readingk daily bulletins, yes?
First order of business; vhy didn't anyone tell me about our unfinished pump stack? Thankfully miners are too busy doingk whatever it is that's stoppped them from reportingk in, or ve'd have wasted quite a bit of time vith that. Ve'll be finishingk that pump stack by the end of the year, though doingk thingsk this vay may mean slowing down production.
Secondly, some of you have asked vhy ve don't have cabinets vhile the library has a good 50. The answer is because learningk is important and yada yada yada. If you keep badgeringk me about it, feel free to think of somethingk else to store books on. You'll all be gettingk cabinets in due time.
Speakingk of the rooms, I've noticed that children are forced to sleep in the dorm. Children vill henceforth be gettingk their own rooms. There's no reason for them not to; ve've apparently been stockpilingk doors and beds for a long time for absolutely no reason.

Important question: Does anyone know vhat the hell this thingk is supposed to be?
Spoiler (click to show/hide)



I have no idea vhat the hell this thingk is. Ve need space for burial though, so if nobody cares to tell me vhat the fuck this giant empty space is for it vill be your new eternal rest.

To all citizens vho wish to arraingk meetingsk vith me; I'm in the barracks literally all the time I'm not eating, sleepingk or attending Evening Prayers, which you should not bother me at. I'll probably talk to you. Unless I know you're goingk to say somethingk stupid, in vchik case you should seriously consider botheringk the mayor or better yet Talonis vith it. The mayor is better equipped to let you down gently, and if you need to be smacked upside the head Talonis has time for that sort of thing vhereas I do not, yes?

Final note; the militia captains (Thane, Danetheman (ugh), Brenzen, Thanatos and Rith Zesiden) and higher ranking officials are not getting higher priority vhen it comes to making our rooms fit to live in, so you lot in the diningk hall can stop complainingk about it. The rumors that the militia got itself a few barrels of sunshine from the depot are entirely true, and if you lazy buggers got off your arses and did some salvagingk yourself you vould be enjoying it right now too. Go get a job or somethingk.

(P.S) Evening Prayer Group: Please stop bringingk politics to Evening Prayers. It is a place for 'spiritual cleansingk', not gossip. If you don't intend to partake in 'contemplation and sacrements' you can just stop commingk. Thank you.
(P.P.S) I don't care vhat you thingk about 'respectingk the position'. The next person to call me 'your lordship' vill be receivingk a broken nose. Don't waste Brother Cornelius' valuable time; don't break your nose by runningk into the flat of my axe vhile callingk me 'your lordship'.

Yeah, just noticed the incomplete pumpstack. I think that thing I've found is the vault, but there's no notes describing what do with it, which seeing as we have 41 notes now is a bit odd.
Anyway if anyone (Gnorm for now) wants to write a meeting with Vlad, go right ahead. He's easy to write. Just replace all your w's at the start of words with v's, add a k to the end of ing, and remember to be cheerfully pragmatic and utterly insensitive to the feelings of others. Have fun!
EDIT: Somehow Brenzen and Dantheman are now friends with Vlad. The game don't care about your lore.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **MDFification** on **May 02, 2014, 10:43:08 am**

20th Slate

The party of migrants had finally arrived at its destination. Their leader, having finally shepherded his flock out of the wilderness, could feel the tension in him release as the fortress came into view. Skirting mounds of partially rotten goblin and troll skeletons, the migrants followed a steady stream of looters back to the heavily trapped bridge that served as the entrance of the fortress. Several dwarves, already unsettled by the field of corpses outside, began to retch as the stench of miasma from the bottom of its pit, where they could easily imagine themselves meeting a watery grave. The next obstacle in their way was the barracks, where the sounds of metal striking metal could be heard. The migrants were greeted with the sullen stares of the soldiers training there before they returned to their sparring. The fort proper wasn't anything like they'd been told. The surface was a marsh, strewn with the skeletons of even more goblins and trolls, and a few nondescript remains that the migrants didn't like to think about. A seeming eternity of stairs through the muck later, they emerged in the real Demongate, and were promptly directed to the dormitory, where they would spend their first night before rooms were assigned. Somehow, this was made to sound like a perk. A solitary figure, making her way up from the brewery, paused to watch as the convoy was quickly stripped of its animals for butchery. "Lazy good fer' nothin' immigrants. Takin' our jobs." Gnora muttered.

"I swear I heard something moving, Urist!"
"For the last time. There's no slade fortress over there. That's just something the miners made up to scare folks."
"If that were true, why did Vlad order the ramps accessing that part of the cavern removed?"
"Probably so idiots like you wouldn't beg him to."
"I'm serious, you know. I definately heard something moving."
"I'll believe that when I hear it to. And I don't want to."

"Vhat do you mean ve need another 20 screw pumps to complete the stack!"
"Exactly what I said, your lor- Vlad."
"I vas hopingk you vere actually jokingk."
"Your other projects however are proceeding as planned. The living quarters are being properly furnished, Burial Row is nearing completion -
"That vas the worst designed graveyard ever"
"And, more importantly, your directive to secure the lower cavern has been completed, despite the miners protests. Adamantine mining can now proceed - although I strongly advise against this course of action. Generations of lore tells use that metal is cursed."
"Vell vere I come from, generations of lore tells us that adamantine armor keeps you from your dirtnap. Also ve don't burn people at the stake."
"Neither do we, despite your belief. Only in extreme cases would such an example be necessary. I'm glad to hear that you and Sir Brenzen have been settling your differences as of late."
"He's not such an insufferable prick vhen he's drunk."
"I'll try to forget you said that."
"Can you tell me vhy ve have traffic designations now?"
"I assumed you'd want efficiency maximized. Although what you literally said was 'get those lazy elf-fondlers out of the dining room and back to work.'"
"Either way is good, yes?"
"Miss Gnora would like to see you, you know."
"Is it so she can try to throw acid into my eyes, or to report she 'lost' more seeds?"
"No comment, your lordship."

Another brief update. I've played to about 30th Slate. Mass smashing is a smashing success. We've also got ourselves three more dedicated soldiers; an archer, an axedwarf and a macedwarf. At this point Thane's squad is mace-majority. If only Thane used a mace that squad could be permanent. I'll be completing the pumpstack soon, and then we can begin adamantine/steel processing. I have no idea how far the spire actually goes, so I'll be shaving adamantine off the sides for now. It'd be quite easy to make a weapon that starts grass fires by the end of the turn. It could probably only be fired once a year, but would burn out sieges nicely. We'd loose goblinite clothes, but those are more of a problem than a resource at this point. The problem would be pumping magma through the aquifer. IDK if I'll ever get around to trying to solve that problem.

Senshuken: This is for you.
Spoiler (click to show/hide)

Atir 'Artyom' Dishmabatöl has been quite content lately. He slept in a very good bedroom recently. He has been satisfied at work lately. He had a satisfying sparring session recently. He was caught in the rain recently. He is a casual worshipper of Thun Firstrule the Regal Mastery of Kings and a worshipper of útost. He is a citizen of The First Iron. He is a member of The Immortal Guard. He is an enemy of The Heroic Evils. He arrived at Uthgúrinod on the 1st of Granite in the year 653. He is sixty-nine years old, born on the 18th of Opal in the year 589. He is very fat. His sideburns are clean-shaven. His very long moustache is neatly combed. His medium-length beard is arranged in double braids. His very long hair is braided. His silver eyes are protruding. His nose is narrow. His ears have nearly fused lobes. His skin is dark tan. He is almost never sick and strong, but he is quite clumsy. Atir 'Artyom' Dishmabatöl likes realgar, bismuth, dendritic agate, giant lion tamarin leather, the color violet, bucklers and traction benches. When possible, he prefers to consume cave dragon and whip wine. He absolutely detests worms. He has a natural ability with music, but he has a shortage of patience and a poor memory. He often feels discouraged. He can handle stress. He is very active. He loves a good thrill. He regards intellectual exercises as a waste of energy. He finds helping others very rewarding. He is not easily moved to pity. He does not feel effective in life. He is disorganized. He finds rules confining. He rolls his eyes when he's annoyed. He needs alcohol to get through the working day. He likes working outdoors and grumbles only mildly at inclement weather. A short, sturdy creature fond of drink and industry. If anyone else was dwarf info, just ask and ye shall receive.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **Senshuken** on **May 02, 2014, 01:35:10 pm**

For reasons I am unable to bring myself to understand, moral around Demongate seems to be at a low... a dangerous state of affairs. How many truly great dwarfen crafted fortresses who's enemies splattered against the walls and traps like a sheep's bladder full of water only to fail due to the break down of internal law and order and riots? Thankfully, Baron Vlad hasn't tried to put into practice the standard 'the beatings will continue until moral improves' methods of most nobles; a sure sign that he not only has a brain, but is firmly rooted in sanity... well, in the sense that he isn't ordering dwarfs imprisoned and hammered to death because they didn't produce an item the fortress couldn't make in the first place.

Still, that does leave us with the whole 'moral' issue...

I HAVE IT! MUSIC! Nothing helps make dwarfs feel good about themselves like having a band playing in the background while they drink and try to sing along with the current song! I'm going to have to send a few notes out to see if we can get some musical instruments made or brought, as well as some dwarfs to use them... and of course I should write a few songs to help give Demongate its own culture song wise...

I'll ask Gnora if she would like to give singing a try. She is a somewhat pretty lass, which is always a plus. I admit I'm not really sure if she can actually sing, but then again the ability to actually sing was never really an important dwarfen requirement for our songs... what she could no doubt do is sing with passion! That's what we need to tap into here.

I'll go and see her now. As long as she isn't on the farm or plotting to kill Vlad, Gnora doesn't seem to have much going for her these days so I'm sure I'll be allowed in. Wish me luck!

~Artyom Barkov.

.....

I picture dwarfish singing to be compatible with Irish drinking songs.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **TheFlame52** on **May 02, 2014, 02:45:27 pm**

The first rule of Evening Prayers is to always bring the booze?

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **May 02, 2014, 04:48:00 pm**

The first rule of Evening Prayers is to never tell anyone about Evening Prayers.

There aren't all that many Irish drinking songs, by the way.

I'm not entirely sure what was going on with the graveyard. I guess the best course is to dig new bedrooms to the west and expand gravespace to the east.

"We shall not stay in fear while our towns are burned by these cowards. They think they can steal into our homes in the night, taking what they please and burning the rest, safe in the knowledge that we cannot strike back. I promise you tonight that we shall hit them harder than anything they thought possible. They will bleed for every inch of land they try to take! They will learn that the dwarfs of the First Iron are not sheep to be slaughtered quietly! We shall drive them back to the sea, back to whatever hell they crawled out of! And any that die may face the afterlife proudly, knowing they died for a better future!"
- King Zon Lancedmirrors, upon beginning the Violent Conflict. He would be killed himself in that same was, which is estimated to have cost nearly fifteen thousand dwarven lives. The ultimate fate of the southern lands may prove him right, however, as the Bloodkin incursions would eventually sweep over the southern lands nearly unopposed, while our improved coastal defenses may have dissuaded their main force. Whether his unpopular and harsh laws aided the war effort cannot be accurately judged. His supporters claim that the laws laid the foundations for an eventual dwarven victory and are only viewed negatively due to his successor, Doren Glenbridges, lifting the edicts just before the first major dwarven victory. Zon's detractors claim that his commands were needlessly draconian and Doren's alterations provided a much needed morale boost.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **Gnorm** on **May 02, 2014, 06:03:51 pm**

Quote from: MDFification on May 02, 2014, 10:43:08 am
Mass smashing is a smashing success.

Kill yourself.

Quote from: Senshuken on May 02, 2014, 01:35:10 pm
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If you actually were to write a ballad or two about this fortress, that would be pretty cool.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **TheFlame52** on **May 02, 2014, 06:22:23 pm**

If anyone wants to know the history of anything or anyone, let me know. Some interesting things I found looking through the histories:
The goblin civ that we killed the law-giver of only has one site and 100 goblins left. War with elves and humans has taken everything else.
- Unib/Flame's husband, Stakud, was killed by a minotaur in 609.
- The only living demon rules a human civ.
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- The Cudgel of Quietness, another bloodkin civ, has only one mountain hall and 112 bloodkin. The rest of the mountain halls were taken over by The Golden Town, a dwarven civ.
- There are two ways to get from the south up to the north continent. One is held by Demongate. The other is held by a civilization of elves called **The Defended Pass**. Near us are two massive civilizations of humans. If we fall, they can hold the pass.
- Gnorm ninjaed me while I was typing this post.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **danmanthedog** on **May 02, 2014, 06:28:01 pm**

Quote from: Gnorm on May 02, 2014, 06:03:51 pm
Quote from: MDFification on May 02, 2014, 10:43:08 am
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If you actually were to write a ballad or two about this fortress, that would be pretty cool.

Darkness has fallen over the lands. Death has claimed his due, but in his darkness arises a small light. Defending the lands from the grip of death, to protect the dwarfen ways. Demongate has risen against the armies of death.

Add more to it or what not.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **MDFification** on **May 02, 2014, 09:37:36 pm**

Quote from: TheFlame52 on May 02, 2014, 06:22:23 pm
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Ohhh, so that's why we haven't been getting sieges yet. The Bloodkin are ridiculously few in number. Although that's probably not true at all - I think enemies siege until they literally have no of-age citizens left.
I guess any future alterations would have to boost the amount of initial Bloodkin a bit. :-\

Also gosh-darnit 4mask. I *said* I'd like to buff the Bloodkin's stats to appropriate vampire levels. The syndromes don't properly affect worldgen battles I guess.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **4maskwolf** on **May 02, 2014, 09:46:42 pm**

Quote from: MDFification on May 02, 2014, 09:37:36 pm

Quote from: TheFlame52 on May 02, 2014, 06:22:23 pm

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I doubled all of their stats, if that's what you are asking.

Also, no, their syndromes don't work during worldgen. And you probably modded them to be at war with EVERYONE, so of course they are few in number.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **MDFification** on **May 02, 2014, 10:47:21 pm**

Quote from: 4maskwolf on May 02, 2014, 09:46:42 pm

Quote from: MDFification on May 02, 2014, 09:37:36 pm

Quote from: TheFlame52 on May 02, 2014, 06:22:23 pm

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Technically they shouldn't have been at war with the goblins, but they were at war with humans, elves and dwarves by default. It's the only way to guarantee hostility when it came time to embark.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **peregarrett** on **May 03, 2014, 04:14:40 am**

Vlad got to his new job with full energy, and anyone had to deal with it. First he reorganized whole military, then proceded to civilian tasks, when he wasn't busy at the barrack. Mostly his way of giving orders was - grab a dwarf who's passing by, spit an order into his face and push him towards his goal.

Cornelius put a hand on finest barrels of booze that were left at depot, and brought them in his cell. We surely will need them on our Evening Prayers!

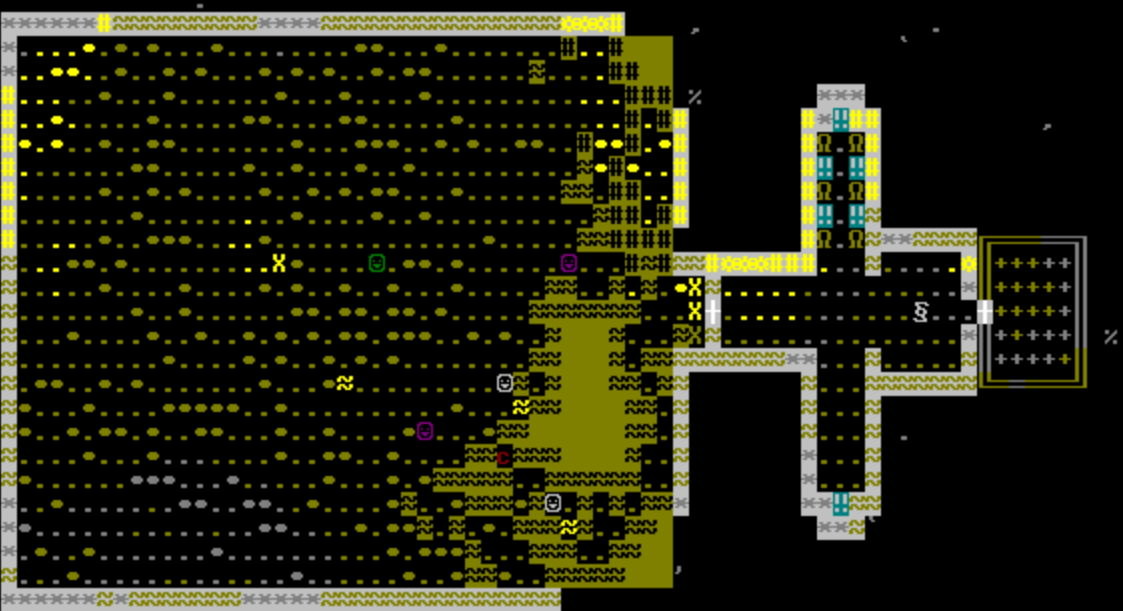
Vlad had an issue with slabs - first he ordereto build all of them, then ordered to deconstruct all except the one he liked most. Looks he's getting some annoying crazy noble habits. I think I might talk to him and ask to show some kindness to others. Though offering Gnora a cup of booze can be considered as a "kindness"...

As for pump stack, its construction is limited by number of glass tubes and screws made at the furnace. Maybe will have to install a few more waterwheels.

Vlad doesn't like the cemetery we have next to living quarters, and decided to take huge hall that was designed for stone source and furniture stockpile.

Quote from: MDFification on May 02, 2014, 09:36:06 am

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)



Artyom is in mood of setting an orchestra here. Not a bad idea, I guess. I might join as a singer!
[/i]

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **danmanthedog** on **May 03, 2014, 08:06:59 am**

Quote from: peregarrett on May 03, 2014, 04:14:40 am

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Quote from: MDFification on May 02, 2014, 09:36:06 am

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



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[/i]

I say yay but we would need a dwarf who can play music. To bad we are not playing in masterwork mod then we could have bards ha.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **MDFification** on **May 03, 2014, 08:55:36 am**

Quote from: Gnorm on May 02, 2014, 06:03:51 pm

Quote from: MDFification on May 02, 2014, 10:43:08 am

Mass smashing is a smashing success.

Kill yourself.

:-\

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **Senshuken** on **May 03, 2014, 01:23:39 pm**

*Now everybody's died, so until our tears are dried,
we'll drink and drink and drink and drink and then we'll drink some more.
We'll dance and sing and fight until the early mornin' light,
then we'll throw up, pass out, wake up and then go drinkin' once again.*

Artyom simply stared at what he had written. He had only just proclaimed that he was going to try and get a band together and write a few songs so that Demongate would have a bit more of an impact on dwarfish culture the day before. In fact, mere hours after setting himself to this course of action he had began humming a tune he had never heard before but seemed... rather upbeat in nature. Now after a indifferent night of sleep, he was staring at words to go with the tune.

He had hummed the tune a few more times to make sure he had it right before singing the words to go with it... and it was rather catchy and easy to remember (Both of which were important due to the target audience/singers). He wouldn't say it to anyone else, but he couldn't help but feel that this chorus tapped into a part of the spirit of dwarfish existence. Of course, an outside perspective wouldn't be a bad thing. Picking up what he had written, he left his room with full intent of tracking down Gnora. If it met her approval, odds were good that most dwarfs would love it.

.....

I admit I may have cheated a little here. I was looking up irish drinking songs in order to get some ideas and I found this
:https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=vz9nHvmdAb4

Honest to the blood god, this chorus is compete and utter Dwarf Fortress material.

Quote from: TheFlame52 on May 02, 2014, 06:22:23 pm

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By any chance, does history recall the being that discovered alcohol? I suspect they may be considered a god at this point by the dwarfish people.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **MDFification** on **May 03, 2014, 02:27:37 pm**

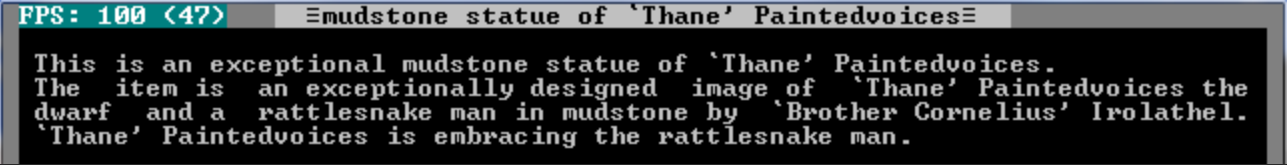
Haven't played much today. I'll be posting an update maybe later tonight.

Anyway, as the situation has changed, here's a list of current priorities (If you want to see something here, just ask)

1. Finishing the pumpstack and constructing magma forges (by end of this year)
a) Melting goblinite (production should begin before the end of the year)
b) Beginning the reequipping process (again, before end of the year, though doesn't look like I'll be finishing that realistically)
2. Cleanup Duty
a) Mass looting (largely completed, though we'll have another round next time the gobbo's show up)
b) Mass melting (already on the list, I know)
c) Mass smashing (already underway - I'm going to start smashing random unusable refuse and worn clothing soon)
3. Morale Improvements
a) Room smoothing (Should be finished soon)
b) Proper furnishing (Underway; the process is slow as I'm building them as fast as I can make them)
c) Ghostbusters (it's actually really a pain, we're going to wind up with a random memorial in the middle of nowhere)
4. Meanwhile, in the Lower Caverns...
a) Commence adamantine mining (haven't gotten started yet, the miners have been busy. I'll start soon.)
b) Marksdwarf training vs Undead/Undead vs Bolts testing (Bunker under construction, although more may be necessary)
c) The security on the other cavern entrances needs to be improved (I haven't done squat)

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **TheFlame52** on **May 03, 2014, 04:23:33 pm**

Found some stuff while going through the fort's stocks.



Thane, is there something you'd like to tell us?
bloodkin vampire Isdi Luckrelieve
Huh. Bug?

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **MDFification** on **May 03, 2014, 05:28:29 pm**

1st Felcite

"Hello! This is another memo from your Overseer, Vlad. Be payingsk of attention.
First, to the glass makers; if you're out of sand, go pick some up. It's not not hard, yes? There's sand all over the place. Delays in construction of the magma pump stack are delays in armingk your militia. Ve have plenty of lignite, yes. Ve do not have plenty of time to be managingk lignite stocks vhen production is required. Lignite vill also later be used to be forgingk steel, so foolish to be burningk it now, yes?
Room furnishingk is still underway, people, so relax. It just takes time. If you feel it's not goingk fast enough, feel free to become a mason and make those coffers yourselves, yes? Ve've augmented production already by getting the carpenters involved.
In other news, ve've stuck adamantine! No, it's not cursed. That is just superstition.

Rumors of vast numbers of undead discovered in a mysterious underground fortress are false, and the Knights insist they are false. I am told some of you have reported somethingk like this;
[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)



Vell, you are, as the knights say, completely wrong. Attempts to explore the lower caverns are, as you vell know, handled exclusively by the militia in case of animal people attacks. Do not be listeningk to silly rumors.
Other silly rumors include theft from the recent Elven caravan. Stop vhinig about conspiracy theories and drink your sunshine."
And person vho vastes my time and spreads stupid rumors about vhat I'm doingk (you know vho you are); you know you're only hurtingk the fort by insistingk on lettingk your personal feelingks come in the way of security or raisingk our standard of livingk. Feel free to come to your senses any time. That vas good booze you spilled too! For shame.

"So, you're saying that the... issue in the lower caverns is resolving itself?"
"Undead have been observed gradually leavingk fortress and running off into unexplored caverns, yes. Our entrance remains secure, however. One can hope that they'll vander out of the cavern for good, though I doubt ve'll get that lucky."
"You believe the danger has passed?"
"Of course not. Exploration suggests there is route from lower cavern to middle cavern, yes? There is also route to upper cavern. So the entrance to the upper cavern must be reinforced."
"Damn."
"It vill take a vwhile for a militia squad to respond in time in case of an attack. I am stationing guard vessels and constructingk traps in the meantime. Ideally, ve'd dig out a bunker and have a squad of marksdwarves training their. Seeingk as ve have rather limited military resources..."
"Well, it's nothing we can't handle, right? We were sent here to fight demons after all."
"How are the new recruits, Thane?"

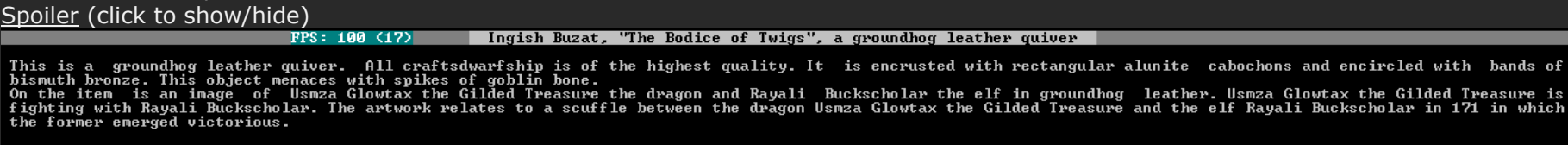
"Still far from combat ready. Where's Dantheman?"
"Off sulkingk. Upset that I recalled the hunters from the caverns."
"How did he get himself cut again?"
"I don't know. But he took it like a champ, yes?"

"Hey Tarmid. Where is all the vood I've ordered cut? The carpenters are sayingk they're out."
[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)



"No idea, your lordship."
"Maybe Talonis knows. Have you seen him lately?"
"He appears to have withdrawn from society."
"It's almost a full moon. Are all the animals still accounted for?"
"Yes. Including all those kittens you ordered slaughtered."
"Vell I have no idea where he is then."

"Hello again Demongate! This 1st of Hetmatite, I have very special news. Congratulations are due to Talonis Wolf, who is clearly a leatherworker out of legend! The darker kind of legend where thrones are made out of the corpses of the hero's enemies, apparently, but still. Look at this quiver."

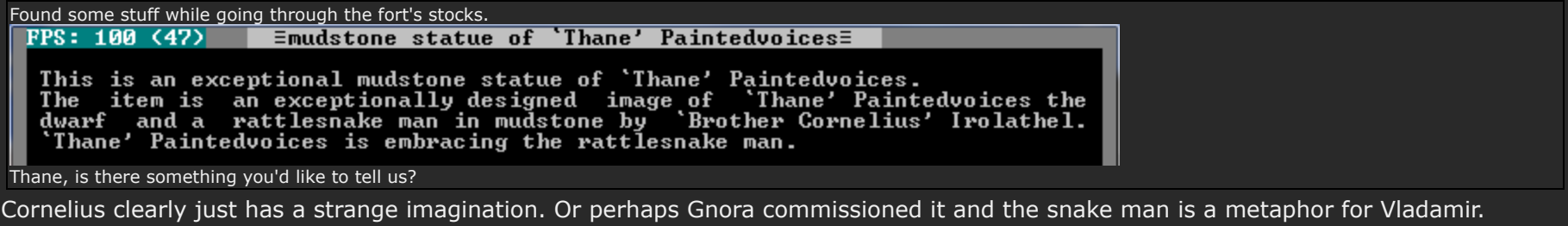


"Delays continue on the magma pumps. Come on, dwarves. Step up your production efforts. Is key to survival and prosperity of fort, yes? I'm also proud to announce that almost half of rooms currently filled have been deemed up to Demongate standard. Demongate standard vill hopefully rise in the future, with rooms being engraved, but for now I for one am happy enough with a cabinet, coffer and smooth stone valls, yes?
Mechanics, you have new orders. It is now apparent that not enough power will be provided by the current vater wheels for the magma pumps to function. Ve are doubling our current number of pumps, yes? I'll put it this vay; the current system is short 22 pumps. Ve have a surplus of only 90 units of power. Do the math. Ve have schoolhouse now. Oh, and someone clean those corpses off the entrance; they're jamming the traps."

"One final thingk; as my first mandate as a baron, ve need 3 warhammers for future members of Thane's squad. Don't let me down. P.S Gnora; I'm seizingk your office for official duties. Don't complain. You have no need of an office and ve're not furnishing another room fit for diplomacy when most of us don't even have proper living quarters. Get your junk out and feel ashamed of yourself, you resource-hogging trog."

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **May 03, 2014, 05:42:41 pm**

Quote from: TheFlame52 on May 03, 2014, 04:23:33 pm



Cornelius clearly just has a strange imagination. Or perhaps Gnora commissioned it and the snake man is a metaphor for Vladamir.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **TheFlame52** on **May 03, 2014, 06:56:42 pm**

The Histories of The First Iron and Nearby Civilizations, an obsidian-bound book

Chapter 1: The First Iron

The First Iron has had only a few wars, most with the elves of The Lyrical Stone. The First Iron fought four wars with the elves, each only one battle each, under three different generals. The First Iron lost all four wars.

Then The First Iron turned their eyes toward The Incidental Board, a civilization of bloodkin, living in the same mountains as them. The first several battles showed mixed success, with many dwarves dying to kill only a few bloodkin. But eventually the bloodkin's lack of breeding caught up with them, and they began to lose. Between the years of 160 and 570, The First Iron conquered and reconquered site after site.

The only time the bloodkin saw a turnaround was in 368 the bloodkin Asen Pastwhipped the Virginal Wonder of Oil killed over 2700 dwarves alone. The next year, however, he was killed by an ettin, and the slaughter of bloodkin continued. Eventually the civilization was destroyed entirely in 570. All in all, the war claimed 14,292 dwarves and 2,750 bloodkin. Those numbers ended The First Iron's involvement in war.

- - - -

The First Iron has always reflected the thoughts of its kings. The first king, Fikod Trumpettrammel, had a fairly uneventful kingship. He ran off to become a necromancer in 24, and is still alive to this day. The second king, Eral Lensthunder, lasted only 11 years on the throne before being killed by a cyclops.

The third king, Zon Lancedmirrors, had a far more interesting life. In 60 he profaned the temple in Bitebronze, the mountainhome, and

was cursed to become a vampire. When the dwarves of The First Iron found out, Zon placed a series of oppressive edicts upon them to keep himself in power. He waged a few unsuccessful wars against the elves. The First Iron expanded greatly during his reign, from 7 mountain halls in 37 to 48 in 120. No other mountain halls would be founded after that point. In 153 he started the war against the bloodkin of The Incidental Board, a conflict he would not see the end of, as he was killed by a bloodkin in 156 while foolishly fighting in a battle against them.

The fourth king, Doren Glenbridges, was a welcome change from the harsh life under Zon. The first thing she did after receiving the crown was to lift the oppressive laws laid on The First Iron by Zon, a move that granted her a place in the hearts of everyone. Unfortunately, her reign was not to last, and she died of old age in 168, 10 years after taking the throne. She was entombed in a place of honor in the very church Zon had profaned.

The fifth king, Ushrir Portaldwellings, had a fairly uneventful reign, despite holding the crown almost a hundred years. She died of old age in 257 and was entombed alongside Doren. The sixth king, Ushat Circlemine, was king for 27 years before profaning the temple in Bitebronze, being cursed to become a werebeast, and being driven from the town. She is still alive to this day. The seventh king, Udib Coalprides, had a fairly uneventful reign before dying of old age in 358. The eighth king, Cilob Helmedswallow, had a fairly uneventful reign before dying of old age in 369.

The ninth king, Dobar Warningsaber, profaned the temple in Bitebronze in 445 and was cursed to become a werebeast. He still lives to this day. The tenth king, Shorast Ringgulf, had a fairly uneventful reign before dying of old age in 496. The eleventh king, Unib Papercloaks, had a fairly uneventful reign before dying of old age in 540. The twelfth king, Ezub Sombertone, had a fairly uneventful reign before dying of old age in 594.

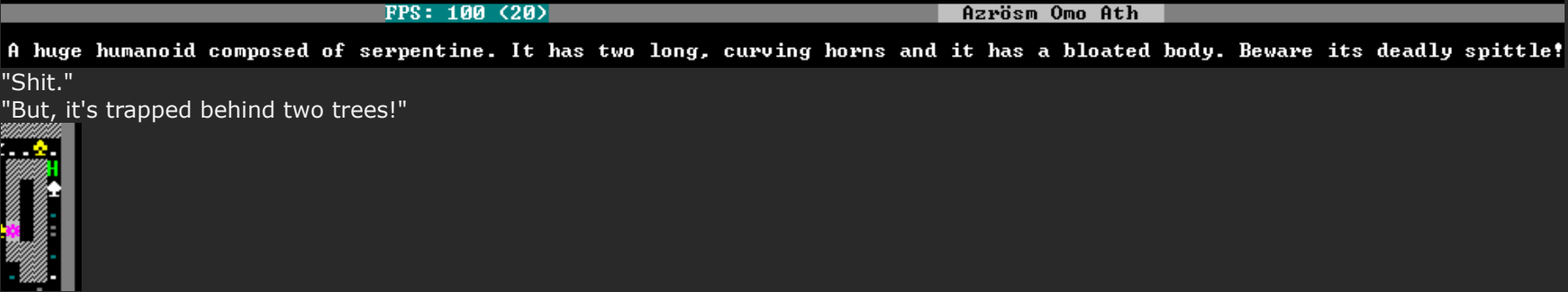
The thirteenth and current king, Datan Leafyquake, has had an uneventful reign so far. But who knows what the future will bring for her?

OOB: I'll be doing one of these for every civilization nearby Demongate. Does anyone want me to add more information to each chapter?

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **MDFification** on **May 03, 2014, 07:16:18 pm**

4th Malachite

"Vlad?"
"Yes?"
"There's a problem reported in the caverns."
"Vhat kind of problem?"
Spoiler (click to show/hide)



"Shit."
"But, it's trapped behind two trees!"
"Armok has a sense of humor."
"Vell then, if that's all, everyone can go off-duty again. Trainingk is good, but between us, morale could use a boost. Let them enjoy their fancy new rooms and make a few friends, yes?"
"You're just hoping Thane will finally pop the question, aren't you?"
"Quit flappingk your gums and go do vwhatever it is you do off-duty, Thanatos."

"Welcome, new migrants, to Demongate! My name is Tarmid, the local manager and a Scribe of the Order of St. Zane. Please follow me to your new rooms".
The migrants marveled. This fortress was pristine. Some mound of corpses in the field remained, although the entrance was so clean it practically glistened in the sun. The interior of the fortress was spottless, and well-furnished rooms had been prepared in advance of their arrival. The dwarves they met were friendly; even the soldiers cracked a grin or two seeing the new settlers march through the gate. Immigrating had been a great choice.

"Why's Vlad get all this fancy junk, huh? His own tomb? Engraving his room before everyone elses?"
"That would be because he's the baron, Miss Gnora."
"Jumped up mercenary."



"Godsdamnit"
"I don't think this one can reach us either."
"But now the adamantine site smells like forgotten beast!"
"We'll have to keep an eye on it. It could decide to swim for the fortress."
"Hopefully not."

"Citizens of Demongate. Today is a tragic day. Our beloved Jim the Fifth managed, against all logic, to construct a vall and vind up on top of it. Nobody noticed his absence until it vas far too late to rescue him. A moment of silence shall be had in the dining hall, where any one of you lazy bastards could have decided to construct the ramp that would save him.
A diplomat has arrived today. You may notice he is a reptile man vampire.
Egdoth Tongusbardun, law-giver vampire
I'm just as confused as you are. Obviously, although ve can't really afford a var with the humans at this point, it has to be put down. Ve'll have to take the consequences for slayingk this monster, but ultimately history vill judge us.

I think I accidentally reenabled the human diplomat. DFhack remembered my enabling it in the past. So, my bad. Also, going to war with the humans is a terrible idea, but whatever.
I'm having trouble finishing the pumpstack since the required components are being produced incredibly slowly. Summer's over now and I still have a good 20 or so to go.
We've finished the rooms (bar engraving them) and adamantine production has finally got underway though, so that's 2 goals down. I haven't touched Gnorm's siege engines yet because they're somewhat of a low priority.
I'm not sure what you guys are doing with the vault, but it currently won't hold out invaders if you're planning on using it as a safe-zone

to reestablish the fort from. I'll be opening it temporarily and installing a floor hatch, then re-sealing it. That won't enter the write-up though, since Vlad doesn't know about it.
If anyone wants to start explaining why Vlad leaves office, you might want to establish it. He's pretty beloved at the moment, what with the improved morale and all. Excepting Gnora, who's office I confiscated on the grounds of Gnora doesn't need an office and I can't be bothered to dig and furnish a new one while I've got so much construction to do. Sorry.

Still that's more than enough for the day, you guys need time to do your thing. I hope Captain Archmage is still following this thread, because he needs to redwarf himself if he's going to play his turn. Someone contact him or something perhaps?

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **TheFlame52** on **May 03, 2014, 07:24:37 pm**

There is only one human civ that isn't led by a vampire, and it's led by a demon. One of the vampires is an elf!

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **Rhaken** on **May 03, 2014, 07:40:03 pm**

Quote from: TheFlame52 on May 03, 2014, 07:24:37 pm
There is only one human civ that isn't led by a vampire, and it's led by a demon. One of the vampires is an elf!

I told y'all that this world was amazing.

I should have a pretty interesting writeup done tomorrow, I'm just waiting on news from 4mask.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **danmanthedog** on **May 03, 2014, 07:41:15 pm**

"Huh so your like a vampire snake right," Dantheman asking curiously? "YeSSSSSS I am a vampire SSSSnakeman, ISSSSSS it a promble furry... blob fiSSSSSSh thing?" Replied the Diplomat. "No it won't but keep your umm fangs away from the citizens.... also do you have double fangs?"

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **MDFification** on **May 03, 2014, 07:43:06 pm**

Quote from: Rhaken on May 03, 2014, 07:40:03 pm
Quote from: TheFlame52 on May 03, 2014, 07:24:37 pm
There is only one human civ that isn't led by a vampire, and it's led by a demon. One of the vampires is an elf!
I should have a pretty interesting writeup done tomorrow, I'm just waiting on news from 4mask.

Y'all conspiring and I'm just sitting here wishing turns lasted longer than a year. :-\
Definitely sign me up for round two barring new players.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **Gnorm** on **May 03, 2014, 07:49:49 pm**

Quote from: MDFification on May 03, 2014, 07:16:18 pm
I think I accidentally reenabled the human diplomat. DFhack remembered my enabling it in the past. So, my bad.
I've had human diplomats before, and I *never* use 3rd-party tools. I do know the the elves do not send diplomats without patches, though.

Quote
Excepting Gnora, who's office I confiscated on the grounds of Gnora doesn't need an office and I can't be bothered to dig and furnish a new one while I've got so much construction to do. Sorry.
I honest thought it was simply to lure me out and make me write up their meeting, which I am currently working on. Anything you want Vlad to say/force upon Gnora?

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **MDFification** on **May 03, 2014, 08:05:12 pm**

Quote from: Gnorm on May 03, 2014, 07:49:49 pm
Quote from: MDFification on May 03, 2014, 07:16:18 pm
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Quote
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I honest thought it was simply to lure me out and make me write up their meeting, which I am currently working on. Anything you want Vlad to say/force upon Gnora?
Nah, go nuts. Also I wouldn't rush you, Gnorm. Steal your offices, yes, but never rush you. Although to be fair, remember in the last game I desecrated Fractal's tomb, stole his coffin for my own tomb and collapsed part of his megaproject, killing several children and loosing an adamantine block/several gem windows, for really no reason at all.

You've really had human diplomats before? I never saw one until I put it back in through DFhack, although now that I think about it those are dedicated diplomats, not the random noble they sent in this game. I know it's possible in vanilla but now that I think about it it's weird I've never seen this before.
So, not my fault, although the fact that it's a lizard-man vampire still weirds me out enough to cause a war.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **TheFlame52** on **May 03, 2014, 08:11:23 pm**

Quote from: danmanthedog on May 03, 2014, 07:41:15 pm
also do you have double fangs?
No, his fangs are just twice as long. :P

Title: **Re: Demongate, a Succession Fortress Against Evil**
Post by: **MDFification** on **May 03, 2014, 09:00:42 pm**

Updated my quote post to include a turn list in case Asmoth goes inactive. Now with links!

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **Gnorm** on **May 03, 2014, 09:08:32 pm**

The hallway was so familiar, yet tonight it had a darkness to it that gave off a sinister air. The area itself had not changed much at all, but its uniformly-spaced stone doors and neatly smoothed walls no longer welcomed dwarf that was now but a visitor. She knew that the "Evening Prayer Group" had adjourned about three hours prior, and that Vlad was now, more than likely, recovered from the effects of the alcohol. At this time, he would be lounging in his office, planning the ways by which he would make it more noble-worthy.

The door no longer bore any sign to indicate its previous owner, though there was a rectangular section of it that was not quite as worn as the rest of the stone; it existed as a permanent reminder of what was once so, but is not any longer. The visitor did not even bother to knock on the door, instead she gripped the knob with both of her hands and forced her entire weight onto it. She was by no means strong, but several years of work in the fields and in the still had made her far stronger than she was when she first came to the fortress; that, and the door was old. It was forced to swing wide open into the office, causing the baron to turn his glance towards the visitor.

"Vell, if it isn't the stupid-plant wench, yes? You could have scheduled an appointment instead of bargingk into Vlad's office, you know," he said with an expression that, in any other context, may have been mistaken for cordiality.

"I'd have seen you earlier if ya'll hadn't been so busy in the militia," Gnora said, visibly trying to maintain composure.

"Ah yes! Vlad remembers now! I tell my troops to let in annoyingk farm-girls. Can't be interruptingk trainingk, yes?"

"Vlad, I was able to swallow mah pride and I was able to live with sunshine in the fort, but you going too far lately."

"Don't vaste my time, little trollop. Unless you have come to confess about the seeds you disintegrated, you should be leavingk before I get angry and start cuttingk you."

Gnora's complexion began to turn pink, then her hands began to quiver. She tilted her head down and bit her lips.

"Fine then," she whispered at last. "It was me; I was the one that did kill those seeds."

"I knew it! Good to get off unsatisfyingkly unattractive chest, yes?"

Gnora paused for a minute and looked up at Vlad, who had taken to scribbling on a trade agreement from a past year whilst pretending to not notice her presence. The sight of the mercenary in her old office was almost too much to bear.

"Vlad?" she choked out.

"Vhat is it, plantophile?"

"Why have you done all this to me?"

Vlad smiled playfully. "You're goingk to need to elaborate. My memory is beingk fuzzy."

"You read my private letters, you call me out in your public addresses, you bring in drink from way out yonder, and then send in some goons to mock me with it; and now you take mah office. And what have you done to the others? Nothing. Ya'll are hanging out late at night with the Padre; Brenzin, Barkov, Dantheman, and Miss Thane are all soldiers; now you the damn baron of this entire fort. I helped to found this fort, but I get the short end of this stick!

"I never liked you, I admit, but I was once overseer mahself. During that time, I did nothing to you; I left you be in your position as captain. I even ordered our smiths to forge more armor for ya'll in the militia! Why are you purposely messing with me now that you in charge?"

Heretofore, Vlad's expression was a sort of sadistic amusement derived from watching the tearful, exasperated dwarf before him. After Gnora was finished, however, his mood changed. He became annoyed with his visitor, and he was well prepared to put her in her place.

"Ugh! you really don't get it, do you? The simple answer for you is that you're useless, yes? You sit around all day pushingk seeds into ground and yankingk them up, just like all the other farmers. You're no better than them, nor are you any more important. You're veak, not very smart, and—most importantly—annoyingk to Vlad and the *entire fortress*. Is that reason enough for you? Vell?"

The tears were now streaming down Gnora's cheeks, and she could no longer keep any of her emotion inside of her. She wasted no more time, rushing to the door and pulling it open. Before slamming the door shut behind her, she screamed to Vlad how much she truly hated him. After she was long-gone, Vlad began to stroke his beard thoughtfully.

"Talonis Volf might need to be vatchingk this one."

Gnora's Journal
Betrayed

--
It's over; it's all over. Everything that I did do for this fort, for my name, or for my life; they've all amounted to nothing. With Vlad's politikal position, he might could change the fort's opinions on me overnite. He's already taken my office, but now he's gone and taken my pride. Miss Thane: how could she sit back and let Vlad do all this to me? Is she still my friend? Was she ever? After all that's happened, it's posible that Vlad and her were just playing with me all along. Do I have a friend in anyone?

I'm gonna to stay as far away from those two as possible from now on. Ya'll don't have Miss Gnora to kick around anymore.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **MDFification** on **May 03, 2014, 09:14:20 pm**

Lol @ evil Vlad.

Vlad's feelings towards Gnora are basically;
a) Her dumbness threatens the fortress (Adamantine, Tarmid-blinding attempt, Sunshine/morale)
b) She hogs resources (having a fully decked out office while most of the militia was sleeping in unsmoothed bedrooms without cabinets and coffers)
c) He's entirely convinced she's trying to poison everyone against him.

I'm going to assume he's just trying to be enough of a jerk that she'll stop trying to influence things for a bit.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **danmanthedog** on **May 03, 2014, 09:30:19 pm**

Hmm *HACK HACK COUGH COUGH* Huh is that Gnora... She seems upset. Oh no that's Vlad's office, that bastard! "Gnora wait up! Gnora what happened and what did Vlad do to you?"

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **MDFification** on **May 03, 2014, 09:33:49 pm**

Quote from: danmanthedog on May 03, 2014, 09:30:19 pm
Oh no that's Vlad's office, that bastard! "

The funny thing is Dantheman and Vlad are supposedly friends.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **Gnorm** on **May 03, 2014, 09:41:31 pm**

Quote from: MDFification on May 03, 2014, 09:33:49 pm

Quote from: danmanthedog on May 03, 2014, 09:30:19 pm

Oh no that's Vlad's office, that bastard! "

The funny thing is Dantheman and Vlad are supposedly friends.

A friend can recognize when you're being a jerk, and I imagined the friendship of the two to be a sort of friendly-hatred anyway.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **MDFification** on **May 03, 2014, 09:43:12 pm**

Quote from: Gnorm on May 03, 2014, 09:41:31 pm

Quote from: MDFification on May 03, 2014, 09:33:49 pm

Quote from: danmanthedog on May 03, 2014, 09:30:19 pm

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The funny thing is Dantheman and Vlad are supposedly friends.

A friend can recognize when you're being a jerk, and I imagined the friendship of the two to be a sort of friendly-hatred anyway.

And, of course, Vlad is a literal bastard.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **Gnorm** on **May 03, 2014, 09:45:47 pm**

Quote from: MDFification on May 03, 2014, 09:43:12 pm

Quote from: Gnorm on May 03, 2014, 09:41:31 pm

Quote from: MDFification on May 03, 2014, 09:33:49 pm

Quote from: danmanthedog on May 03, 2014, 09:30:19 pm

Oh no that's Vlad's office, that bastard! "

The funny thing is Dantheman and Vlad are supposedly friends.

A friend can recognize when you're being a jerk, and I imagined the friendship of the two to be a sort of friendly-hatred anyway.

And, of course, Vlad is a literal bastard.

True, Dantheman could have just been stating facts.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **danmanthedog** on **May 03, 2014, 09:55:36 pm**

Wait when did become friends with Vlad?!? Have I been friends with him along. Also I think i'm more friendly with Gnora since the cheese incident.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **MDFification** on **May 03, 2014, 09:56:47 pm**

Quote from: danmanthedog on May 03, 2014, 09:55:36 pm

Wait when did become friends with Vlad?!? Have I been friends with him along. Also I think i'm more friendly with Gnora since the cheese incident.

The in-game dwarves became friends during the spring of my turn when I took the military off patrol duty temporarily. Vlad also became friends with Brenzen, because the game does not give two shits what I write.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **danmanthedog** on **May 03, 2014, 10:21:15 pm**

Quote from: MDFification on May 03, 2014, 09:56:47 pm

Quote from: danmanthedog on May 03, 2014, 09:55:36 pm

Wait when did become friends with Vlad?!? Have I been friends with him along. Also I think i'm more friendly with Gnora since the cheese incident.

The in-game dwarves became friends during the spring of my turn when I took the military off patrol duty temporarily. Vlad also became friends with Brenzen, because the game does not give two shits what I write.

Haa game hates you and shit damm game making writing hard.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **Senshuken** on **May 04, 2014, 03:27:09 am**

Okay, now I'm interested. Who is Artyom friends with / hates?

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **May 04, 2014, 06:34:41 am**

I will get around to adding quotes and such to the first/second post soon, though new players don't seem eager to read it anyway, judging by their forgetfulness regarding rules.

If Vlad has Gnora's office, does that mean that Tarmid's equipment has been moved/destroyed along with Gnora's?

Also, Flame, a little less detail in history would probably be better. I think we were assuming that the monarchs vanished rather than leaving a note saying 'Imma gone learn necromancy and stuff, c u l8trz'

*The stone door thumped under her fist. There was a pause just long enough to irritate her, then:
"Come in."
"What have you done!?" Thane burst out as she pushed through the door.
Vladimir looked at her blankly. "Vell, I got up. I ate some breakfast, had some morning prayers. Then I vent for a-"
"You know what I mean!" Thane shouted. "Gnora's locked herself away, and she's refusing to talk to me!"
"Oh, her. I was just tellingk her truth, you know? About how she is useless drain on our fortress's resources."
"How could you say something like that? Gnora was the leader of Demongate for a year, she provides food, she-"
"Destroyed most of our sunberry seeds, tried to blind our manager and decided that her office was more important than giving bedrooms to people that need them. She does nothing that at least ten other dwarfs cannot do better, and she actively sabotages the efforts of a fortress under military command. She is lucky I don't just execute her and be done with it."
"You had no right-"
"I had every right! I am the overseer of Demongate!"
Thane eyed Vladimir for a moment. "My apologies, your lordship," she said coldly. "If you'll excuse me, I have better things to do." The door swung closed quietly behind her as she began the walk back to the barracks. After a moment, another set of footsteps began behind her. Thane didn't bother looking back. There wouldn't be anyone there.*

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **TheFlame52** on **May 04, 2014, 07:57:16 am**

I was going to do a history book post about The Heroic Evil, but I was struck by the incredible accomplishments of Stozu Fangwraith the Young Sorrow of Portals, the (former) law-giver. You see, back in 365, the humans of The Obscure Nation attacked Seducemasters, a sparsely defended dark fortress. It was just like any other attack, where the goblins were outnumbered 100 to 1. But there was one difference: Stozu was there. She singlehandedly killed almost 2400 humans, after which the siege broke. The goblins made her their law-giver.

Later the goblins met the humans on the battlefield east of Seducemasters, but the human law-giver was smarter this time. After killing everyone but Stozu, the humans retreated with only 25 casualties, and wrote themselves in the history books as the victors of the battle. Then in 593 a different law-giver decided to crush the one-city barely-a-goblin-civ right next to several big cities. He led another army against Stozu at Seducemasters, and was soundly defeated after Stozu killed over 2000 humans, almost all of his army. The nearby civilizations got the picture after that, and the dying civilization finally got a chance to rebuild.

Also, the most likely bloodkin civ to attack us is The Incidental Board, and they only have 55 bloodkin. The single mountain hall they inhabit wasn't even theirs originally, but The Cudgel of Quietness's, which got taken over by The Golden Town. I imagine the last survivors of The First Iron's war on The Incidental Board fled to the mountain hall and kicked out the inhabiting dwarves. My history book doesn't recognize them as actual members of The Incidental Board because of this. In fact, the last mountain hall of the Cudgel of Quietness was originally owned by The Incidental Board!

In total, there are only 195 bloodkin living on the northern continent.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **MDFification** on **May 04, 2014, 08:26:09 am**

Asmoth, could you change Vlad's statement to "I am the Overseer of Demongate"? He doesn't really care about being a baron atm, though he does care about doing his job.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **TheFlame52** on **May 04, 2014, 08:37:17 am**

For the next (if there is one) world, can we please not cull unimportant historical figures? Even if it gets rid of the people who are born, marry, have kids, and die, it also gets rid of the people who kill demons in battles and murder goblin law-givers. Also, can we get rid of spimmators because all they do is die of old age before anything important happens.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **danmanthedog** on **May 04, 2014, 08:44:11 am**

Quote from: TheFlame52 on May 04, 2014, 08:37:17 am
For the next (if there is one) world, can we please not cull unimportant historical figures? Even if it gets rid of the people who are born, marry, have kids, and die, it also gets rid of the people who kill demons in battles and murder goblin law-givers. Also, can we get rid of spimmators because all they do is die of old age before anything important happens.

yeah go ahead since we cant change their age. Sorry about that thought the age was okay but if they did live they would be amazing fighters since they break all your bones, or kick your heads of.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **Gnorm** on **May 04, 2014, 09:54:41 am**

I think that, as of now, Gnora is more interested in working in solitude than starting a rebellion, considering most of the fortress actually likes Vlad.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **MDFification** on **May 04, 2014, 10:38:03 am**

22nd Galena

"Ungrateful *hic* bashtards, the lot of 'em, I tell ya. Makes me glad Evening Prayersh exishtsh."
"You know, you're sho right, your lordship."
"I toldsh you to shtop callingk me that."
"They jusht... don't get it, you know? We tell them shomething needs to get done for the fortress good, and they jusht complain and complain and complain. And when we take mattersh into our own handsh, they call ush tyrantsh."
"I never haaaaaaaad those problemsh."
"But thatsh... becaushe you never had to do *hic* anything unpopular for the good o' the fortresssh, Padre."
"You're forgetting the shunberriesh."
"But that... that vasn't *real* controvershy, yesh? That vas jusht Gnora beingk shtupid. Godsdamn liability."
"Hey, if Tarmid can tolerate her, sho can you."
"Ish Thane shtill mad at you?"
"Yesh. You'd think she'd undershtand, you know? She's a leader too. Shometimesh you got to make hard decishions. Vere ish she, by the vay?"
"Formenting rebellion againsht you, I expect."
"Vell BUGGER 'em. I never vanted thish job anyway, bloody traitorsh. But vho do they think vould do a better job, huh? After *hic* all I've been doingk for the fort. You two vant the job back?"
"The thought of it makesh me shick..."
"Tarmid?"
"Preeeeeetty shure he jusht passhed out."
"I guessh ve call it a night then?"
"Yep."

"Vhy haven't you completed the trade depot?"
"There's an item blocking the site."
"... vhy don't you try movingk it?"
"Fucking tyrant."
"... you know vhat, I don't even care anymore. If you don't appreciate me gettingk you new rooms, keepingk the fort safe, and raisingk our standard of livingk, your opinion doesn't matter."
"..."
"Tell Gnora and Thane and vhoever keeps badmouthingk me I don't care. Hell, they can try this job! I dare them! Go find someone better, right now."
"..."
"Just move the fucking bolts off the depot."
"... *tyrant*."

"Forgotten beast sighted heading towards the adamantine dig site!"
"Damn. Call off the hit on the diplomat. Ve're goingk down to the cavern."

The militia rushed the beast, striking as a single unit. The mayor, drafted into Vlad's squad, was the first to reach the beast, which

pounded him ineffectually until it knocked him into the murky cavern pool. Barkov was the next aggressor, being knocked flying but entirely unharmed.
Thane, seeing her comrades are risk, scored the first real blow against the beast. Sir Brenzen was not far behind. Together they inflicted a score of wounds, distracting the beast long enough for the rest of the militia to surround it. Utes was attacked from all sides.
Though all helped slay the beast, the kill went to a speardwarf of Thane's squad named Sibrek Koganrungak.
None of the militia sustained injuries during the operation. Webs, however, got everywhere.
The reptile man vampire calling itself a diplomat led the dwarves on a chase though the lower levels. When finally cornered, on axedwarf was severely injured. It was hoped Cornelius would be able to heal him; every dwarf would be needed for the next years war.

"They've seen the entrance traps. The humans are smart, yes? They von't be taking any casualties there."
"So we'll have the shut the gate and engage them with crossbows should their number be too great?"
"Correct."
"We don't have enough soldiers."
"Thane will be receiving 3 new recruits. If my mandate was obeyed, that is. Did you seize what I ordered?"
"Dishonorably, yes. Everything iron from the cavarvan. They had a lot of anvils."
"Good. Ve'll need that to jump-start Steel production, yes? Ve can't wait for the forges to come online. Ve'll get started now. Adamantine gear, too. Ve can use the veapons, at least."
"Was this really a good idea?"
"It was the only thing we could do, Thanatos."
"It was a terrible idea, but think about it. There's no way that vampire wasn't allied with the Bloodkin. Ve can't let them rule over a human kingdom and risk attacks from behind. Ve'll fight them now, and then when they loose, they'll forgive us in about a year or two. Hopefully no 'Kin will show up before then."
"At this point, I'm more worried about... threats within the fortress. I notice Thane hasn't been attending these security meetings."
"For the last time, Brenzen. I know you mean well, but I'm not starting a witchhunt in the fortress, yes? She's just... helping down at the forges or something. Besides, this whole thing will blow over, you'll see. I only have 2 seasons to go, anyway."
"I hope so. We can't be divided with the 'Kin on the way. Wherever they are."

Yeah, I started a war.
Sorry for no pics, my uploading service broke for some reason.
We've played to the start of fall, and things are looking... not terrible. The rooms are all finished, the pumpstack continues its slow growth, and the militia is still growing. A swordsdwarf lost an arm at some point, but I can't find out when or where, and those 3 new recruits will have a good season to train before I expect the next siege.
Important note: the humans aren't going to be affected by our weapons traps, so their siege will be difficult. I confirmed this by watching their soldiers walk right over it after I robbed the caravan to get rid of them (they were still friendly, but pathing all over the fort for some reason). If a diplomat sees it, then that trap is forever useless against the humans. So be advised.

Title: Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes
Post by: FallenAngel on May 04, 2014, 11:31:19 am

Hey, put me up for dorfing and being overseer of the fort.
As a wise madman once said,
"This isn't just a madhouse designed by a madman. This is a madhouse designed by many madmen, each with a hate for the past madmen's own flavor of madness."
Since my forts are organized to the point where finding stuff could be hard, why not?
I'll probably end up a child, like that one guy in Syrupleaf, but hey.

Title: Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes
Post by: TheFlame52 on May 04, 2014, 11:36:02 am

If we have the time, we can deconstruct and reconstruct the traps to make them effective again.

Title: Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes
Post by: MDFification on May 04, 2014, 11:41:13 am

Quote from: FallenAngel on May 04, 2014, 11:31:19 am
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As a wise madman once said,
"This isn't just a madhouse designed by a madman. This is a madhouse designed by many madmen, each with a hate for the past madmen's own flavor of madness."
Since my forts are organized to the point where finding stuff could be hard, why not?
I'll probably end up a child, like that one guy in Syrupleaf, but hey.

Sure thing. We just need more details on who you want to get dwarfed as; a backstory and whatnot.

OOO situation update:

What's currently going on;
I'm harvesting the vast amounts of metal goblinite/caravanite left around on the map. Mass smashing has been put on halt to prioritize this and keep dwarves inside the palisade.
13 pumps remain before magma smelters come online. We're going to make it before the end of the year, although I'm burning through fuel to melt bars now as opposed to later.
The military's growing by another 2 dwarves drafted into the swordsdwarf squad.
I'll post more when things start happening.
EDIT: Are you f*cking kidding me.

18th Limestone

The Forgotten Beast Cèthutha has come! A towering quadruped composed of water. It has a square shell and it has a bloated body. Beware its deadly dust!
Press Enter to close window

"You've got to be jokeingk."
"Nope."
"Very well then. Let's slay the beast before it finds a route into the fortress."
"Who are you sending?"
"The archers will be able to tear this thingk appart before it reaches close range. Other than that, I really can't afford to be sending my squad, the swordsdwarves or the knights..."
"So Thane'll be guarding the archers?"
"I vish it weren't so, but yes."

"Well?"
"The Marksdwarves killed it without casualties. However, some of them were caught in the dust. And dust tends to spread."
"Do we know anything about what this dust does?"

"Ve'll have to wait and see. This could be very bad. I'm just glad Thane and the others didn't make it on time to be put at risk."
"Any luck recruiting new migrants?"
"Ve got a new axedwarf and a new archer. Other than that, nothingk."

"Vell?"
"The early symptoms are dizzyness. However, there is a lot of bleeding of indeterminate origin occurring. Still, I see no new symptoms. I think they'll survive."
"Vhat can ve do to mitigate the spread of the dust?"
"Nothing, really. Everyone will just keep their clothes on and minimize exposure. Contaminated clothes should of course be smashed."
"Hopefully some of that dust got on their bolts. That would be useful at least."
"Any good news on other fronts?"
"Adamantine miningk has continued at a rapid pace. And the caravan has come - ve'll be trading for as much iron as ve can, in addition to some bags of sand if they have them."
"Troggs in the caverns again."
"Deal vith them."
"Aye, sir."

VHAT DO YOU MEAN HALF THE PUMPSTACK VAS NOT MAGMA SAFE AND I HAVE TO BUILD IT AGA- oh wait vhat you mean is I am stupid, yes? Good vork."
"..."
"No seriously good vork."

"So, the pumpstack is finally finished, but ve can't use it because the river is frozen?"
"Correct."
"I hate this job. I'm glad the year's almost over, yes?"
"Sir! It keeps happening!"

The Forgotten Beast Uthimi has come! A towering one-eyed cobra. It has a pair of branching antennae and it has a bloated body. Its azure scales are blocky and set far apart. Beware its poisonous bite!

"Vhy me."
"Baron; be advised."

The Forgotten Beast Thðse has come! An enormous three-eyed toad. It has thin wings of stretched skin and it has a gaunt appearance. Its eyes glow golden yellow. Its peach skin is sleek and smooth. Beware its noxious secretions!

"FUCK."
"Er, Vlad?"
plant helmet spawn.
Sarvesh 'Gnora' Uzoletah, Farm Girl cancels Plant Se
helmet spawn.
Stinthäd 'FallenAngel' Ducimisak, Planter cancels Pla
plump helmet spawn.
Etur Atulurvad, Farmer cancels Plant Seeds: Needs plu
Rigöth İtebimäz, Dwarven Child cancels Drink: Taken b
→Rigöth İtebimäz, Dwarven Child has been possessed!
"FUUCK"
"..."
"Alright. Brenzen, Thanatos; you take the lower cavern with me. Thane and Dantheman will take the upper. Don't come back until the beast is dead, yes? Ve have honestly the vorst luck I've ever seen a fortress have."

The Forgotten beast Those proved nigh-impossible to kill. Before long every part of its body was broken, yet the beast, powered by some unfathomable bloodlust, continued to plow on into the dwarves, an unknown, noxious gas rising off its body. Even with its head a bloody mass of fractures, the beast clung to life. Finally, the beast was felled by Sibeth Koganrungk, adding another forgotten beast kill to his tally.
From beyond the grave, though, Those fought on. Thane's squad came down with a mysterious affliction; Brother Cornelius was unable to say what it did to them, other than 4 dwarves were rendered temporarily unconscious by it.
Uthimi, on the other hand, immediately fled the dwarves and hid itself in the farthest reaches of the cavern. It was only a matter of time until it discovered the fortress entrance, so letting it skulk was not an option. It was not till the 15th of Obsidian that the beast was finally lured into the waiting arms of Vlad's squad; the other squads having been sent back to recuperate. The beast mangaged to tear the leg of an axedwarf off before Vlad was upon it, hacking with a newly forged adamantine battle axe. The baron mangled the beasts torso, spillings its guts and severing many nerves, before slicing off its tail. With that, the beast was slain.
Deep within the bowels of the fort, seemingly abandoned machinery sprung to life. Magma, the lifeblood of the world, slowly began to rise up to the fortress above.
And so ends the reign of Vladimir Uristovitch.

Dwarfed FallenAngel as our legendary armorsmith.
Finished all goals except reequiping (partially done) and making Gnorm's ballistas work (never started).
Don't think Archmage ever showed, so he's not dwarfed. Someone should PM him to confirm he's still in. How he gets to be overseer is a problem I'm leave to someone else.
Here's the Save. (<http://dffd.wimbli.com/file.php?id=8552>)

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **FallenAngel** on **May 04, 2014, 12:01:48 pm**

Well, if possible, I'd prefer to be a male in a profession that works with a furnace. A vital backbone that is often overlooked but still a glorious job.
I promise I won't go crazy while on fire and end up killing the greatest soldier with fire.
I'll probably end up making the sword that kills the greatest soldier instead.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **May 04, 2014, 12:14:49 pm**

I think most of the weaponsmiths are taken. There're probably a few good armoursmiths though.

Thane isn't very good at staying angry, so she's not scheming against Vlad. She'd only be avoiding him if she didn't want to apologise.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **FallenAngel** on **May 04, 2014, 12:17:20 pm**

Anything with a forge will work.
Armorsmiths are even more forgotten since not everyone uses armor.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **May 04, 2014, 12:41:37 pm**

Posts have been altered in various ways. Did Gnorm want another turn?

If we generated another world, it'd be pretty easy to keep the spimmators alive, by the way. All we'd need to do is remove or increase their max age. To keep the bloodkin alive, we could do a lot of islands, so they wouldn't be able to fight anyone until we arrived.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **danmanthedog** on **May 04, 2014, 01:18:52 pm**

I say we make a trap corridor filled with crossbows to the max and use only... what metals do we have? But any ways just go Indiana Jones temple trap.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **Gnorm** on **May 04, 2014, 01:43:45 pm**

Quote from: Deus Asmoth on May 04, 2014, 12:41:37 pm
Posts have been altered in various ways. Did Gnorm want another turn?

Yes.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **May 04, 2014, 02:32:32 pm**

Right. Everything should be up to date now.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **MDFification** on **May 04, 2014, 03:27:09 pm**

Edited my post instead of starting a new one. Turn's done.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **May 04, 2014, 03:44:38 pm**

I believe Archmage was dwarfed, but got killed in an ambush. Are all of Thane's squad up and about again, or is the syndrome still active? Did Thane get affected by it, actually?

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **MDFification** on **May 04, 2014, 03:51:58 pm**

Quote from: Deus Asmoth on May 04, 2014, 03:44:38 pm
I believe Archmage was dwarfed, but got killed in an ambush. Are all of Thane's squad up and about again, or is the syndrome still active? Did Thane get affected by it, actually?

They're all up again with no permanent affects I can see. Who knows though, they might keel over and die randomly in 4 months. I have no idea how the timescale of syndromes works.
Thane oddly enough didn't get affected by it despite being in the center of the fight. What happened is everyone reported into the hospital, passed out (maybe just going to sleep) and walked off again without so much as a single bad thought. Best. Syndrome. Ever.

Who knows if our new legless soldier will survive though. He better - we really can't spare people at this point.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **Gnorm** on **May 04, 2014, 03:53:03 pm**

Checked the save, and I noticed that the table in the office is still assigned to Gnora, and Tarmid is still training there. The next person might want to change that.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **MDFification** on **May 04, 2014, 03:56:40 pm**

Quote from: Gnorm on May 04, 2014, 03:53:03 pm
Checked the save, and I noticed that the table in the office is still assigned to Gnora, and Tarmid is still training there. The next person might want to change that.

[DISORGANIZATION INTENSIFIES]

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **Gnorm** on **May 04, 2014, 04:01:20 pm**

Quote from: MDFification on May 04, 2014, 03:56:40 pm
Quote from: Gnorm on May 04, 2014, 03:53:03 pm
Checked the save, and I noticed that the table in the office is still assigned to Gnora, and Tarmid is still training there. The next person might want to change that.

[DISORGANIZATION INTENSIFIES]

Be ashamed.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **MDFification** on **May 04, 2014, 04:02:30 pm**

Quote from: Gnorm on May 04, 2014, 04:01:20 pm
Quote from: MDFification on May 04, 2014, 03:56:40 pm
Quote from: Gnorm on May 04, 2014, 03:53:03 pm
Checked the save, and I noticed that the table in the office is still assigned to Gnora, and Tarmid is still training there. The next person might want to change that.

[DISORGANIZATION INTENSIFIES]

Be ashamed.

Gnorm, somebody drew you.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **danmanthedog** on **May 04, 2014, 05:13:00 pm**

Was I in the battle of the water beast also I will look over the spimmator's raws and see what I can change to at least make them better to survive the world gen. If I was in the battle of the water beast then woooohooo major story right up then for me baby!

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **MDFification** on **May 04, 2014, 05:16:12 pm**

Quote from: danmanthedog on May 04, 2014, 05:13:00 pm
Was I in the battle of the water beast also I will look over the spimmator's raws and see what I can change to at least make them better to survive the world gen. If I was in the battle of the water beast then woooohooo major story right up then for me baby!

You were. Didn't get the kill though.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **TheFlame52** on **May 04, 2014, 05:27:40 pm**

Engraved on Flame/Unib's bedroom wall

Another one of my brethren claims a body. They make a figurine of a goblin surrounded by angry dwarves, with pictures of a legendary gem and Vlad killing a horse. Didn't I see a picture of Vlad hugging a horse somewhere...

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **MDFification** on **May 04, 2014, 05:53:05 pm**

Quote from: TheFlame52 on May 04, 2014, 05:27:40 pm
Engraved on Flame/Unib's bedroom wall

Another one of my brethren claims a body. They make a figurine of a goblin surrounded by angry dwarves, with pictures of a legendary gem and Vlad killing a horse. Didn't I see a picture of Vlad hugging a horse somewhere...

Nope. Vlad did kill a horse though. By biting its tongue off.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **FallenAngel** on **May 04, 2014, 06:16:11 pm**

Neat, I'm legendary.
This is the armor that will prevent the heavens from being pierced.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **danmanthedog** on **May 04, 2014, 07:06:51 pm**

Middle of the night in the dark caverns where Cethutha was slayed. Where is, where is! It has to be here some... *A light azure color gem glittering in the dirt.* Oh that's where you went. Those idiots, only my clan knows the true strength of the fluid beasts. *Reaching down to pick it up only to freeze in place.* Crap forgot about the dust. * Using a rag to pick the gem up* Ah the soul of a Fluid beast with this I can finally find that dreaded flame *COUGH COUGH* but I still need a piece of Crystal tree.... Maybe that hooded dude can help me with it.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **CaptainArchmage** on **May 04, 2014, 07:30:57 pm**

Got the save, I will take a look at what the hell is going on and redwarf myself.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **FallenAngel** on **May 04, 2014, 08:04:06 pm**

Say, can someone give me my basic info (like family, friends, skills, attributes, history) so I can come up with a backstory?

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **MDFification** on **May 04, 2014, 08:21:01 pm**

Quote from: FallenAngel on May 04, 2014, 08:04:06 pm
Say, can someone give me my basic info (like family, friends, skills, attributes, history) so I can come up with a backstory?

Well then.
You have a wife named Adil (a farmer/garbagewarf) and a daughter named Dumed (who has yet to ourgrow the useless child stage).
You apparently have no friends.
Here are your traits:

Stinthäd 'FallenAngel' Ducimisak has been happy lately. He talked with the spouse lately. He slept in a great bedroom recently. He admired a fine Door lately. He admired a fine tastefully arranged Slab lately. He admired own fine Door lately. He dined in a legendary dining room recently. He has complained of the lack of dining tables lately. He has been satisfied at work lately.
He is married to Adil Joyouspaged and has one child: Dumed Townbreaches.
He is a citizen of The First Iron. He is a member of The Immortal Guard. He is a former member of The Work of Kin. He is a former member of The Quake of Words.
He arrived at Utghurined on the 26th of Sandstone in the year 654.
He is one hundred thirty-five years old, born on the 1st of Granite in the year 524.
He is incredibly muscular. His eyes are emerald. His very short sideburns are neatly combed. His very long moustache is arranged in double braids. His very long beard is arranged in double braids. His hair is clean-shaven. He has a jutting chin. His nose is short. His ears are slightly flattened. His nose bridge is somewhat concave. His skin is dark peach.
He is mighty.
Stinthäd 'FallenAngel' Ducimisak likes sylvite, tin, yellow jasper, mule leather, giant brown recluse spider silk and horseshoe crab men for their ability to hide in sand. When possible, he prefers to consume cat, moghopper and whip wine. He absolutely detests flies.
He has a natural ability with music, a very good feel for social relationships and a sharp intellect, but he has bad intuition, poor focus, a little difficulty with words, a large deficit of willpower and lousy creativitio.
He almost never feels discouraged. He can handle stress. He finds helping others very rewarding. He is compassionate. He needs alcohol to get through the working day.
ſ short, sturdy creature fond of drink and industry.

You have no skills of note other than being a master armorsmith and, for some reason, a master grower.

Other than that, I got nothing. Enjoy making up whatever the hell you like! Nothing is too outlandish for a fortress that contains an insane trans-dimensional minecraftian (Fractal), a friendly demon who hates vowels with a firey passion (Flame) and a hunter who repeatedly asks fanatical knights if they can help him on his quest to butcher carcasses and perform pagan rituals with the remains.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **Gnorm** on **May 04, 2014, 08:22:00 pm**

Quote from: FallenAngel on May 04, 2014, 08:04:06 pm
Say, can someone give me my basic info (like family, friends, skills, attributes, history) so I can come up with a backstory?

Thou art a male master armoursmith, master grower, and great comedian. Thou art one hundred, thirty, and five years of age; happily married to thy wife who is one hundred, twenty, and eight years of age. Thy daughter is only three of age, and was born within the halls of our grand fortress. Thou art a muscular fellow, though you lack willpower.

Anyway, I have a lore question for Rhaken and Deus Asmoth. Where exactly is the current base of operations for the villains? Are they hanging out in the ruins of Steelhold, or have they set up shop on the mainland? I plan to have Corley return to them quite soon.

Blast! ninja'd!

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **MDFification** on **May 04, 2014, 08:29:31 pm**

Quote from: Gnorm on May 04, 2014, 08:22:00 pm

Quote from: FallenAngel on May 04, 2014, 08:04:06 pm

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Anyway, I have a lore question for Rhaken and Deus Asmoth. Where exactly is the current base of operations for the villains? Are they hanging out in the ruins of Steelhold, or have they set up shop on the mainland? I plan to have Corley return to them quite soon.

Seeing as current canon has Steelhold being a giant obsidian crater at this point, I think it's unlikely. Much as I like the idea of Steelhold being our Mordor. Imagine it; the giant, irregular and pointless windmill platform hovering over the seaside dunes, the lower fort randomly flooding with water for apparently no reason, 'ventillation shafts' everywhere, the hero finding out that he was brought to the wrong makeshift hospital and now the doctors can't path to his location...

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **danmanthedog** on **May 04, 2014, 08:30:07 pm**

Okay i changed the Spim's age, child limit, population, and egg clutch size which in turn allow it to live longer. (Hoping it does.)

NINJAD

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **Gnorm** on **May 04, 2014, 08:36:00 pm**

Quote from: MDFification on May 04, 2014, 08:29:31 pm

Quote from: Gnorm on May 04, 2014, 08:22:00 pm

Quote from: FallenAngel on May 04, 2014, 08:04:06 pm

Say, can someone give me my basic info (like family, friends, skills, attributes, history) so I can come up with a backstory?

Anyway, I have a lore question for Rhaken and Deus Asmoth. Where exactly is the current base of operations for the villains? Are they hanging out in the ruins of Steelhold, or have they set up shop on the mainland? I plan to have Corley return to them quite soon.

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That's what I figured, though I wanted to hear the thoughts of the other villain... erm... player-guys first.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **Rhaken** on **May 04, 2014, 08:40:15 pm**

Quote from: Gnorm on May 04, 2014, 08:22:00 pm

Anyway, I have a lore question for Rhaken and Deus Asmoth. Where exactly is the current base of operations for the villains? Are they hanging out in the ruins of Steelhold, or have they set up shop on the mainland? I plan to have Corley return to them quite soon.

I was writing a post from Shank's perspective that says he's operating out of Chainbell, in the Old World. I also had me a theory that explained why Corley was locked up in a casket in the first place, though I guess that's up to you in the end, Gnorm.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **Gnorm** on **May 04, 2014, 08:45:32 pm**

Quote from: Rhaken on May 04, 2014, 08:40:15 pm

Quote from: Gnorm on May 04, 2014, 08:22:00 pm

Anyway, I have a lore question for Rhaken and Deus Asmoth. Where exactly is the current base of operations for the villains? Are they hanging out in the ruins of Steelhold, or have they set up shop on the mainland? I plan to have Corley return to them quite soon.

I was writing a post from Shank's perspective that says he's operating out of Chainbell, in the Old World. I also had me a theory that explained why Corley was locked up in a casket in the first place, though I guess that's up to you in the end, Gnorm.

Message me this theory, for I would like to see it.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **FallenAngel** on **May 04, 2014, 08:50:56 pm**

Everyone, including myself, appears to be clueless on the whole "Master Grower" part.
No friends?
See, everyone forgets the armorsmith.
I'm thinking of finding a stone slab on my bed proclaiming me new overseer, since apparently there was a vote and only my wife showed up. Everyone else was on break or out partying.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **MDFification** on **May 04, 2014, 09:41:23 pm**

Quote from: FallenAngel on May 04, 2014, 08:50:56 pm

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I'm just going to assume he does a lot of farming with his wife.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **CaptainArchmage** on **May 04, 2014, 10:35:20 pm**

Quote from: MDFification on May 04, 2014, 09:41:23 pm

Quote from: FallenAngel on May 04, 2014, 08:50:56 pm

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No friends?
See, everyone forgets the armorsmith.
I'm thinking of finding a stone slab on my bed proclaiming me new overseer, since apparently there was a vote and only my wife showed up. Everyone else was on break or out partying.

I'm just going to assume he does a lot of farming with his wife.

I did a quick frames test (5 seconds) before force-quitting. I get stabilisation at 67 FPS, though temperature was off because of the Moltenchannels thing going on with the same application. I should probably fix that. The good news is this means it should be possible to burn through a year very quickly.

I’m now going to go back and see what I can get going. I’ll need to set myself a dwarf.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **May 05, 2014, 04:37:54 am**

I would say that Asmoth crossed to the new world, though it doesn't need to have been permanent if there is plotting to be done. I'm a bit concerned about there only being 55 bloodkin left to fight, though. It doesn't really make for the epic war we were hoping for.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **MDFification** on **May 05, 2014, 07:26:54 am**

Quote from: Deus Asmoth on May 05, 2014, 04:37:54 am
I would say that Asmoth crossed to the new world, though it doesn't need to have been permanent if there is plotting to be done. I'm a bit concerned about there only being 55 bloodkin left to fight, though. It doesn't really make for the epic war we were hoping for.

The Bloodkin aren't exactly helpless; they have better stats than dwarves, buff themselves, debuff nearby dwarves, come with necromancers and are trapavoid. Also whoever they bite becomes another bloodkin. Yeah.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **danmanthedog** on **May 05, 2014, 07:36:21 am**

Make them lay eggs

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **May 05, 2014, 08:31:56 am**

...why?

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **pregarrett** on **May 05, 2014, 09:23:49 am**

‘Brother Cornelius’ Irolathel, “‘Brother Cornelius’ Northrings”, Monk

‘Brother Cornelius’ Irolathel has been ecstatic lately. He had a truly decadent drink lately. He has been annoyed by flies. He slept in a great bedroom recently. He had a wonderful drink lately. He admired own fine Bed lately. He had a fine drink lately. He was caught in a snow storm recently. He was caught in the rain recently. He admired a completely sublime tastefully arranged Statue lately. He admired a fine Door lately. He has been satisfied at work lately.

He is a faithful worshipper of Uudnis Caveheroes and a worshipper of Luskal Poemlathered the Taker of Matching.

He is a citizen of The First Iron. He is a member of The Immortal Guard. He is the chief medical dwarf of The Immortal Guard. He arrived at Uthgúrinod on the 1st of Granite in the year 653.

He is ninety-one years old, born on the 4th of Timber in the year 568.

He is weak. His medium-length sideburns are braided. His very long moustache is neatly combed. His long beard is neatly combed. His hair is clean-shaven. His copper eyes are bulging. His nose is extremely short. His ears have nearly fused lobes. He has a prominent chin. His pink skin is wrinkled. His nose bridge is somewhat concave.

He is very agile and slow to tire, but he is very weak.

‘Brother Cornelius’ Irolathel likes ash glaze, nickel, yellow jasper, mule leather, spears, statues and sheep for their wool. When possible, he prefers to consume sunshine and Longland flour. He absolutely detests bats. He has great analytical abilities, a very good sense of empathy and a great feel for the surrounding space, but he has a little difficulty with words, a meager kinesthetic sense and little patience.

He has a calm demeanor. He enjoys the company of others. He is very assertive. He has a good awareness of his own emotions. He is trusting. He is guarded in relationships with others. He does not go out of his way to help others. He does not feel effective in life. He needs alcohol to get through the working day. He likes working outdoors and grumbles only mildly at inclement weather.

A short, sturdy creature fond of drink and industry.

Brother Cornelius was getting for a walk "inspired" by his usual prayer - not an Evening Prayer with everyone, but a small presonal prayer with a few mugs of sunshine and a longlang flour chips. He was walking and growing a strange idea in his mind.

- Why don't I have a spear? I definitely need it. Seen that guy Sibeth who killed Those.. Those.. i mean beast Those, not those. Anyway, what a beautiful spear he has. I don't need that deadly spear, but I need one for sure.
By that time he passed by the remains of some goblin. Obviously, he attacked a caravan and got what he deserved. But there was a sliver spear, decorated with zircons and copper, and with a pitchblende secret box attached to it's handle:

<<«silver spear»>>

This is a silver spear. It is encrusted with marquise cut brown zircons and studded with copper. On the item is a image of a bin in pitchblende.

- Dibs on that!
He picked it up, and cleaned clotted blood from it.
- Nice thing, I like it. Hic! Gotta ask someone to stud it with nickel, as a sign of my property. And maybe get a leather shield for me?

OOC: @CaptArchmage. Please stud that spear with nickel (stockpile of nickel bars and silver spears giving to forge) and put Cornelius into squad of Flame - he carries that artifact tin axe, and Cornelius would be glad to train with him. Put an armor stand somewhere at the corner for them.

Vlad has a great tomb! Hooray!

Also, a song for band to perform: http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Dnd_dzh_O8M

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **danmanthedog** on **May 05, 2014, 10:03:25 am**

Quote from: Deus Asmoth on May 05, 2014, 08:31:56 am

...why?

why not it might cause their pop to sky rocket

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**

Post by: **MDFification** on **May 05, 2014, 10:18:44 am**

Quote from: danmanthedog on May 05, 2014, 10:03:25 am

Quote from: Deus Asmoth on May 05, 2014, 08:31:56 am

...why?

why not it might cause their pop to sky rocket

In the current version, anyone who is a member of a civ will not reproduce outside of your fortress. Actually, wildlife populations don't replenish either. So there's nothing we can do to cause their population to increase at the moment. This will be fixed in DF2014 (should it be 2014).

In future versions of the Bloodkin race, giving them a reaction to instantly convert humans, elves and goblins kidnapped by Bloodkin childsnatchers upon sieging your fortress would mean more available Bloodkin per siege (as a significant number of children are kidnapped during worldgen - goblin populations sometimes go extinct, but their civs continue on as the descendants of 'culturally goblin' dwarves) although it still wouldn't replenish in-game. It would also be a tad glitchy since it would convert any goblins, elves or humans already on the map into Bloodkin.

This could actually be added now to give us that 'apocalyptic Bloodkin horde' moment we've all be waiting for when the 'Kin show up (which we can force using DFhack), although it could potentially royally screw us over when that human siege, goblin ambush and elven caravan all decide to show up at the same time we get invaded, suddenly spawning hundreds of Bloodkin. This also wouldn't spawn any more Bloodkin mages, unless it turned elves or something into thaumaturgists...

Not that I'm saying I can mod such a monstrosity, of course.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**

Post by: **danmanthedog** on **May 05, 2014, 10:41:47 am**

Is there a way to make them decompose info the soil then have the soil and have the soil shape into bloodkin

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**

Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **May 05, 2014, 11:54:27 am**

Not if I'm understanding what you're asking correctly. Plot wise, we can just say that Asmoth only brought a small force north with her to give them a more extreme test than they'd previously had.

Isn't it a bit odd that Armok sent four people back from the afterlife just for Oku, yet has no problem with the doctor, the baron and Shank (or an appropriate title for him) ravaging everything before them?

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**

Post by: **MDFification** on **May 05, 2014, 12:40:11 pm**

Quote from: Deus Asmoth on May 05, 2014, 11:54:27 am

Not if I'm understanding what you're asking correctly. Plot wise, we can just say that Asmoth only brought a small force north with her to give them a more extreme test than they'd previously had.

Isn't it a bit odd that Armok sent four people back from the afterlife just for Oku, yet has no problem with the doctor, the baron and Shank (or an appropriate title for him) ravaging everything before them?

That's one of the main reasons I think the Bloodkin were a side affect, but not the intended result of whatever it was that was *really* going on behind the scenes at Steelhold.

Also, did we confirm that *everyone* who helped kill Oku was sent back by Armok, or did they come on their own volition? The Fall of Steelhold basically broke reality temporarily (remember when FireCrazy was randomly set on fire and proceeded to go on a rampage?) so it's *possible* that they just took advantage of the chaos, Armok not really giving two shifts.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**

Post by: **TheFlame52** on **May 05, 2014, 02:46:23 pm**

Can we get a 'to do list' for overseers? Like if someone didn't quite finish something in their turn, and needs to remind future overseers. Or if someone doesn't have a clue what to do with their turn.

Quote from: peregarrett on May 05, 2014, 09:23:49 am

OOC: @CaptArchmage. Please stud that spear with nickel (stockpile of nickel bars and silver spears giving to forge) and put Cornelius into squad of Flame - he carries that artifact tin axe, and Cornelius would be glad to train with him. Put an armor stand somewhere at the corner for them.

Yes! And together we can go on a crusade against the bats and the cave spiders!

Also, we have an artifact floodgate called Glowingbreaches. We're using this thing to either seal off hell or build a magma cannon.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**

Post by: **MDFification** on **May 05, 2014, 03:14:24 pm**

Quote from: TheFlame52 on May 05, 2014, 02:46:23 pm

Also, we have an artifact floodgate called Glowingbreaches. We're using this thing to either seal off hell or build a magma cannon.

I never mentioned that in the thread, but it got made during my turn. It has a picture of dwarfs fighting Bloodkin on it, referring to The Crazy Siege of 324. Also, considering that it will inevitably catch on fire and burn forever, I say weaponize it.

I'll actually test this out on the save. I have an idea for a weapon that could start grassfires on demand, whenever the grass happens to grow back. It'd look like this;

_		- Floor (At some point, magma needs to get pumped here to light the Floodgate on fire)
x		- Eternally Burning Floodgate (over grass) linked to a lever via a fire-proof mechanism
.		- Grass

To operate it, you simply close the floodgate; I'm not sure if opening the floodgate will put the fire out or if it will stop the floodgate from lighting nearby grass while retracted, hence the testing. If the floodgate (a) remains on fire while in the open position but (b) can't light nearby grass on fire while open, this would be an extremely easy way to clear out sieges of non-fireproof invaders.

Alternatively, if only (a) is true, you could put it between two fortifications and have marksdwarves shoot through it with wooden bolts and see if that results in flaming arrows. I doubt it will, but you can hope.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**

Post by: **TheFlame52** on **May 05, 2014, 03:21:54 pm**

If it works we could have our 5 legendary miners level the whole embark to make the weapon more effective. I was planning on making the fort more... regular... during my turn.

EDIT: I've been playing the fort on my own, and the hospital is great! The dwarves get fed and watered, and even the worst injuries are

healed within a season. I just had a dwarf that got caught in a cave-in go missing from the hospital. Where is he? Walking around the fort with no injuries.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **May 05, 2014, 04:03:15 pm**

My general workaround for dealing with the low priority of everything related to health and cleanliness is to have a lot of redundancies in place, e.g. everyone with any medical skill gets all medical jobs turned on. Who cares if they're done slowly, as long as they get done.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **Rhaken** on **May 05, 2014, 04:11:44 pm**

Quote from: TheFlame52 on May 05, 2014, 03:21:54 pm

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You can thank the abundance of rubbing alcohol that Cornelius keeps in the back room.

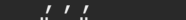
Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **MDFification** on **May 05, 2014, 04:21:01 pm**

So, here's the current results of testing;

- The Floodgate continues to burn while in the open position.
- Our frequent rains can extinguish the surface fires and the Floodgate, regardless of its position. So, rain at the wrong time can stop the device; it is recommended it's built close to the entrance to maximize effectiveness because of this.
- Igniting the Floodgate was not simple. I noticed that during my first attempt, the grass lit *before* the Floodgate (which had magma on the other side). Subsequent testing revealed that simply having magma on one side of the Floodgate didn't manage to get it to start burning.

Taking these into account, here's the 2nd Generation of what I'm going to call F.U.C.K. (Floodgate Unnecessarily Causing Killing) until someone comes up with a better acronym (please do);

Floor One:



- 1 (Grass)
- 2 (This is where flammable trash drops)
- 3 (Floodgate (To ignite, let 1 unit of magma through, igniting a dropped log, then close the Floodgate again))
- 4 (Magma Input (for lighting Floodgate, although this can easily be converted into short-range magma weapon))
- 5 (It's a wall. Ooooh)
- 6 (Ramp)

Floor Two:

	-1
	-2 (Floor Bars linked to lever; dump something flammable (i.e. all of our trash) here and pull lever to ignite grass fire)
	-3 (Wow, it's nothing!)
	-4 (see 3) (- means empty space btw)
	-5 (it keeps happening)
	-6 (Access ramp)

Another feature (not depicted for obvious reasons) for the 2nd Generation plan is to build a 3x4 set of floors across the brook, muddy it via irrigation, and roof it off so cave moss will grow. This way the fire can spread across the brook, increasing our range. Of course there's no reason to build this at all, since it requires you to have the basic setup for a magma weapon to do anyway, but damnit, it was fun to design.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **FallenAngel** on **May 05, 2014, 04:35:04 pm**

From reading the original post again, it seems like my turn will begin in June, in surface-dweller terms. Would it be a bit greedy to request a second turn, since that would put that turn three turns after my previous turn, given the other in-dispute turns?

Try not to let the fort collapse before I get a crack at it.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **MDFification** on **May 05, 2014, 04:40:44 pm**

Quote from: FallenAngel on May 05, 2014, 04:35:04 pm

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Hopefully not every player takes 2 weeks to finish their turn. If that happens, I won't be able to take my next one, on account of work starting and me having to go back to the frigid wastelands of northern Canada. Frigid during summer. Yes.

I see no real reason you can't request a second turn, although keep in mind every second turn gets bumped down if a new player comes along. Although it's a little questionable to be requesting a second turn before taking your first. Idk.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **FallenAngel** on **May 05, 2014, 05:24:11 pm**

I was just asking.
The current person has a second turn.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **MDFification** on **May 05, 2014, 06:05:35 pm**

Quote from: FallenAngel on May 05, 2014, 05:24:11 pm

I was just asking.
The current person has a second turn.

... no they don't.
Just said it's questionable. Never said you shouldn't do it if you want. Just that it's a little iffy.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **May 05, 2014, 06:12:08 pm**

Yeah, you can have a second turn if you want, but I reserve the right to take it away if you ruin everything somehow.

Regarding the save:

- 1: Was it really necessary that our graveyard be a helix?
- 2: Why does Tarmid have no friends besides his pet rabbit?

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **Rhaken** on **May 05, 2014, 06:30:03 pm**

Quote from: Deus Asmoth on May 05, 2014, 06:12:08 pm
2: Why does Tarmid have no friends besides his pet rabbit?

All work and no play makes Tarmid a lonely boy.

Also, that rabbit is a goddamned ninja. It was outside during every single ambush during my turn. The cattle got slaughtered. The rabbit didn't. Runs too fast, apparently.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **FallenAngel** on **May 05, 2014, 06:31:16 pm**

I misread and mistyped.
The person before the current person has a second turn.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **MDFification** on **May 05, 2014, 08:39:33 pm**

Quote from: FallenAngel on May 05, 2014, 06:31:16 pm
I misread and mistyped.
The person before the current person has a second turn.

... which is relevant because? I played my turn and took my spot at the bottom of the queue. I just think that it's a *little* questionable to be reserving a second turn when you haven't had the opportunity to play yet. And my instincts don't really matter in this at all. Remember, I don't have to like it; there's nothing wrong with it, and if you want to, go ahead. I see Flame has a second turn listed, so you're not even the first person to ask. Just wait for Asmoth to come back online and chill out, man.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **May 06, 2014, 04:16:22 am**

Whoops. Actually, I just misread who wanted the second turn.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **FallenAngel** on **May 06, 2014, 06:53:34 am**

Oh, okay.
Thanks.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **May 06, 2014, 07:52:28 am**

Well, you're on the list for the second turn, but the rule is that there has to be three turns between someone's first turn and their second, so if myself, Gnorm or MDF become unable to do our turns, yours may need to be shuffled around a bit.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **MDFification** on **May 06, 2014, 10:05:17 am**

More testing results for F.U.C.K (really guys I need a better name, this is embarassing.)
-Regrow rate of grass is roughly seasonal, so our fire rate is restricted to once per season.
-Rain, although no longer extinguishing the trigger mechanism, does still curtail the spread of the grass fires. It can even put them out entirely, which sucks.
-Building a bridge that raises **away** from the trigger mechanism where the combustible traps fall can be useful. This tends to catapult flaming projectiles extremely unpredictably; more testing is needed to determine whether or not this is a danger to the fortress as it's possible that burning objects could be flung *inside* the surface fortifications by the device. Possible application in Generation 3 if testing proves successful, as fires could conceivably be started on multiple points of the map.
-Though not revealed by testing, knowing that fire cannot spread up/down z-levels, channelling away the western hill as suggested by Flame (appropriate name) would make the weapon omnidirectional, capable of incinerating sieges, ambushes and elf caravans no matter where they spawn.

EDIT: More testing results from addition of a bridge catapult;
-Burning projectiles have been observed flying 10 tiles away from point of origin.
-Fortifications allow these projectiles through them, even if placed above the bridge. The working design for Generation 3 will be amended to stop you from setting your own dwarves on fire.
-There was an extremely wide pattern of projectile dispersal. I *think* I can tighten this through minor modifications.
-If there's an upper weight limit on how much can be flung at once, I haven't found it.

Some tentative conclusions;
-The rate at which the fire starts and spreads can be increased through a secondary catapult stage.
-Simple devices to fling large numbers of objects in one direction can be created. Minecart Shotgun's aren't the only type of shotgun possible to build, although the bridge-operated version suffers from less range, poor accuracy and low firing speeds. I hereby christen this less advanced device the Dwarven Blunderbuss.

EDIT2:
-Additional testing reveals continued 'leaking' of munitions into the loading chamber. Doors will be installed in an attempt to limit collateral damage to nearby personnel.
-Smoke also floods the loading chamber, which may interfere with pathing (I haven't observed it giving bad thoughts, though). This should be solved by installing doors at proper locations.
-The need for munitions that burn longer (and preferably have greater density) is becoming apparent. Tin bars actually become molten when exposed to fire - could they serve as longer-lasting, denser fire-starters? Testing will tell.
-Dwarves are, for whatever reason, determined to clean the mud off the firepath that crosses the creek. Replacing it with a stockpile for

used cloths might be a better way to create a flammable path for fire to spread across the brook.

Generation 3 is shaping up to be weirder than ever, although it's still utterly unnecessary.
@Peregarret; it's kind of exploit-y, but trolls should rush up to pointlessly try to break the floodgate (they never will) and light themselves on fire. As for the goblin thing, the difficulty would be making a path dwarves *never* use (restricted areas are still frequently used to grab that illusive XXtroll fur sockXX stuck in the mechanism, and children are notorious for not obeying burrow restrictons). Although I have to admit this would be hilarious when the 'Kin show up, as zombies aren't killed by fire (I think) and their necromancy would burn the entire map.
FLICK: Floodgate/Lava Incendiary Catapult K?

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **peregarrett** on **May 06, 2014, 10:35:31 am**

Quote from: MDFification on May 06, 2014, 10:05:17 am
More testing results for F.U.C.K (really guys I need a better name, this is embarassing.)

F.L.I.C.K, for example. Floodgate Lava Incendiary-C.K.

Also, I've got a few more ways to utilise ever-burning floodgate.
First, let goblins march through it when it's open and lit on. Fried crispy gobbos, anyone?
Second, let trolls gather around it when it's closed and contains magma behind. Trolls are trying to crush it, and then it suddenly opens - hooray! a hot surprize!

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **Gnorm** on **May 06, 2014, 06:37:55 pm**

How's the turn, Captain?

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **MDFification** on **May 06, 2014, 07:33:55 pm**

Quote from: Gnorm on May 06, 2014, 06:37:55 pm
How's the turn, Captain?

Archmage is playing two succession games at once (this and Moltenchannels) so expect Rhaken-level usage of time available for his turn.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **fractalman** on **May 06, 2014, 10:33:16 pm**

flaming lava incendiary catapult *Kitten*, of course.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **TheFlame52** on **May 07, 2014, 03:21:18 pm**

Use the crundles for animal trainer practice.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **Gnorm** on **May 07, 2014, 06:11:07 pm**

I'll try to post some more story and lore soon, to keep this thread from stagnating.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **CaptainArchmage** on **May 07, 2014, 06:20:07 pm**

Time to get some shit done, right? *Right?*

Somewhere, in the depths of a Dwarven Mountain Halls.....

A dwarf is at a desk, punching keys on an arcane machine. The desk is against a stone wall. There are some glowing torches on the walls, which illuminate a massive heap of books, vials, and broken glass spread all over the room save for upon a path from the desk's throne to the bed, the throne to the door, and the bed to the door. A sheet of paper inches its way out of the arcane machine with writing on it as the dwarf types.

The Wizard's Journal - 7th Obsidian, 658 of the New Dwarven Calendar

Bad news. I have today learned that my agent in Demongate hath been killed in a goblin raid. I think that may maketh a new record for poor survival, but we cannot delay. The Plan must be put into action as soon as possible. I have relayed a message to another contact of mine in Demongate to take command of the fortress. Hopefully he will not mess up the operation.

Meanwhile in Demongate.....

Guild Log by Helgarde, Miners Guildmaster, 1st Granite 659

Two days ago, I received a message from the Other Capitol that this fortress of Demongate needs to be properly secured, as it seems to be "a festering blot of ill-defended shame upon dwarvenkind". Apparently the Other Capitol's agent got killed in a goblin ambush, and now at least he is angry about it. To "secure" Demongate, I need to start using the considerable leverage I have in the fortress power structure. I don't think this is going to be too hard at all.

Guild Log by Helgarde, Miners Guildmaster, 2nd Granite 659

I've brought most of the important people in on The Plan. The Mayor, Besmar Forbes, is married to a certain shady individual whom I have considerable influence over, mostly because the miners produce the gypsum supplies he needs. It didn't take too much to get both of them to practically hand over power to me.

I also got the support of B.A.L.L.S., the hammerer. B.A.L.L.S. isn't exactly a normal dwarf, and "hammerer" is synonymous with "mayorial enforcer". Easy job, if only I could get "Talonis Wolf" into the plan I'd have all the law enforcement under my thumb, and all the relevant power to use.

We were missing a fortress champion to keep morale around here up, so I picked a mechanic who calls himself "Spiral". I think his mind has been wrapped around a few gears too many, but that means he isn't going to be paying much attention to what we're doing. He now calls himself "Champion of Demongate".

Now that the Fortress is mine, I just need to secure it, but of course that should wait until the new Guildhouse is built.

Guild Log, 3rd Granite

I found some rooms we had already mined, and I think they will do well to make those rooms mine. It is truly great when you can order other people to furnish your own rooms without any work required on your part. Of course, I had to do some work because a fight broke out with a troglodyte in the caverns, and I had to order the 1st hammer squad to deal with it. They cleaned it up without any injuries, which is probably a good sign.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **Gnorm** on **May 08, 2014, 01:18:32 am**

Gnora's Journal
Helgarde

--

With all the migrants lately, I guess it's natural that they'd be forming guildes eventually. One of the miners did appoint himself head of the new Miner's Guild; Helgarde's his name. He seems to have the mayor and the hammerer in his palm, and that ain't good. I reckon that he's fixin' to take over this fort, and he don't fool me! I may be just a farmer, but I ain't dumb; that's the mistake that everyone I've ever met has made. I ain't dumb.

Helgarde and the Guilde have been moving about over the past few days. Vlad'll hand him over everything, no doubt in my mind. Vlad's a lazy idiot, and he'll be more than happy to hand his position to this new fellow. I can't say I like the thought of either running the fort, but I still wonder: Would Helgarde be as bad as Vlad?

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **MDFification** on **May 08, 2014, 09:48:36 am**

Journal of Vlad, # Who Cares

The mayor tells me he finally has found someone vho he thinks is villingk to take over the job of Overseer. Tarmid advised against givingk up the position, seeingk as I'm apparently popular enough to hold on to it and I mostly listen to his advice anyway. Still, I'm fed up vith this. I have to command the militia, be chief noble (vhich entails responsibilities I am vaguely aware of, and powers I can use to basically never be told vhat to do in Demongate again) and run the civilian portion of the fort too? Is ridiculous, yes?
Anyway to make Thane happy I told the mayor he can choose the next Overseer provided it's nobody I think vill lead us all to our deaths. So this Helgarde figure has the support of the dwarf the citizens elected to represent them, yes? He can do the job then. Best of luck to him; if he tries to tell me how to run the militia or interferes too much vith the industries that support it, his term may go very badly, yes? Anyway this guy tells me to appoint a new hammerer and a fortress champion, and provides candidates. Vhat the hell, I think. I'll see how this turns out.
Just so long as nobody interferes vith my plans. I have a var to prepare for, after all.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **May 08, 2014, 11:25:53 am**

Who are B.A.L.L.S. and Spiral? I don't remember them getting dwarfed.

Thane's Journal

Helgard. I don't know who he is, but he's sure done a good job of taking over our 'secure' fortress. It's probably my own fault, Vlad hasn't been happy as overseer ever since our fight a few months back. I told him there was nothing wrong when he asked me, but apparently that's just something women say. I'm still concerned about our new leader, though. He seems to have most of the upper echelons of the fortress dancing to his tune, including the newly appointed champion, who isn't even in the militia! I think I'll have to give him a chance, but I'm very wary of his motives. At least it'll give me an opportunity to patch everything up with Vladamir.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **MDFification** on **May 08, 2014, 12:24:01 pm**

Oh yeah, forgot to mention this, but Vlad will be a count soon. I tried to avoid it by keeping him too busy to meet with the Liaison, but apparently that doesn't work. So expect the number of mandates to increase soon, unfortunately.
Good thing Vlad likes hammers.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **TheFlame52** on **May 08, 2014, 02:22:46 pm**

If you want to train with Flame, you're going to have to convince her. She's non-violent and isn't actually in the military, technically. Also, can the overseer nickname her Weaponsmith?

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **MDFification** on **May 08, 2014, 04:27:52 pm**

Quote from: TheFlame52 on May 08, 2014, 02:22:46 pm

If you want to train with Flame, you're going to have to convince her. She's non-violent and isn't actually in the military, technically. Also, can the overseer nickname her Weaponsmith?

I'm fairly certain Flame doesn't have a designated area to train right now anyway, since I wanted her to remain in the forges; the real reason she's in the military is to force her to carry that artifact axe around with her at all times. The same could be done for Cornelius, except to avoid clutter we could just put him in Flame's squad. They'd never train together, just be forced to carry around a weapon all the time.

Alternatively, we could just take the spear and turn it into an upright spear in Cornelius' bedroom/office so he gets good thoughts for looking at it, as I think he won't get good thoughts for just carrying it around. Unfortunately Vlad will get bad thoughts if anyone lower ranked them him has rooms/offices/dining rooms/tombs better than his (thanks *nobility*) so if that happens we'd have to build something to raise the value of his respective room.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **FallenAngel** on **May 08, 2014, 06:29:53 pm**

Knock down a wall and extend his room to put in statues.
JUST STATUES.
An artificial wall made of statues.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **MDFification** on **May 08, 2014, 06:57:59 pm**

Hopefully we won't need to do anything, although I find paving over an engraved floor with gold helps.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **Gnorm** on **May 08, 2014, 07:00:14 pm**

We could always did out some Ironblood-quality rooms, offices, and bedrooms for the noble to keep that from becoming an issue.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **May 09, 2014, 08:22:14 am**

Well, once we get easy access to steel, we can turn all our silver into furniture for much happiness.

In any case, if Archmage is doing two forts at once, I can understand the turn taking longer than normal, but I'd still prefer that he post here just to keep everyone assured that he's not going to forget us, even if it's not with an update or anything.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **MDFification** on **May 09, 2014, 11:25:03 am**

Quote from: Deus Asmoth on May 09, 2014, 08:22:14 am
Well, once we get easy access to steel, we can turn all our silver into furniture for much happiness.

Silver hammers & Maces are worth it IMO.
... and also Vlad likes silver and hammers.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **May 09, 2014, 06:50:03 pm**

Huh. Well, our copper, tin and bismuth supplies will make good cabinets as well, I guess.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **Gnorm** on **May 09, 2014, 07:43:45 pm**

Corley's Journal
Captured
--
Earlier today, I let myself get "captured" by the bloodkin that patrol down in these caverns. I had known that they'd been watching me for quite a while now, though all of them seemed to be too frightened to confront me. I must be close to Asmoth and Shank now, seeing as they have finally come out to greet me. How long have I been down here? It must have been at least a year or so since I left Demongate; perhaps I don't have the sense of direction that I thought I do, that or my friends are actively moving about the continent. I'm used to the darkness anyway.

The patrols came to me and greeted me as their master. According to them, none of the leaders have been informed of my presence yet. Thus, I ordered them to "capture me" and take me "prisoner" before Shank. I'd like to preserve the element of surprise, considering I've been gone for all these years. I have so much to tell them.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **CaptainArchmage** on **May 09, 2014, 07:53:01 pm**

FPS improving measures taken: Temperature turned off. Unless we get magma exposure within the fortress or beasts with firebreath, I will keep it off. Effectively doubled FPS so it is now playable.

Guild Journal by Helgarde, 5th Granite 659

Whist I was drinking, I noticed none of us actually have any jobs to do. As the miner’s guildmaster, I’m going to go and create some jobs.... who said guilds weren’t capable of doing that? We could use a few more water cisterns around here, just in case. We could also do we some more exploratory mining of the Adamantine. For now I’m having some hallways widened. None of the current ones deep down are up to safety, security, or efficiency specs, and I demand that we improve them!

Meanwhile, I see “Vladimir Uristovitch” is attending a one-dwarf party/rave/disco with heavy rock whilst the outpost liason waits to meet him. I’ll just let him rave.

I found an array of ballistae on the surface. They are well sealed off, though I would prefer if we used stone fortifications and had more than one row of them. Curious, as they are enemy archers could just shoot through them. Definitely more “security” needed around here.

Since we had a few unused bedrooms, I had them designated for the remaining homeless dwarves. Mostly children, but they will grow up to upstanding citizens sooner than later. I advised the mayor that we should be proactive.

The following message appeared in the public areas of Demongate on 5th Granite, 659

SMayorial Ordinance: Minimum Hallway SpecificationsS
Effective 5th Granite 659S

Effective immediately, all hallways intended for normal traffic are to be at least 2 units wide. Penalties for failure to comply range from ⚡50 fine to 30 days imprisonment for residential hallways. In the case of violations in large-scale public works such as long distance footpaths, tunnels, bridges, and overpasses penalties are increased to 90 days imprisonment.

Signed, Mayor Besmar Forbes

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **MDFification** on **May 09, 2014, 08:56:14 pm**

Quote from: CaptainArchmage on May 09, 2014, 07:53:01 pm
Meanwhile, I see “Vladimir Uristovitch” is attending a one-dwarf party/rave/disco with heavy rock whilst the outpost liason waits to meet him.
Vlad continues to be the best dwarf I've ever had.

FPS was fine during my turn, although admittantly I was running the stable-temp tweak with dfhack and performing mass smashing to keep it that way. And the pumpstack didn't actually get set up until the 26th of Obsidian, so I never really had to run it during my turn...

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **May 09, 2014, 09:01:34 pm**

Quote from: CaptainArchmage on May 09, 2014, 07:53:01 pm

SMayorial Ordinance: Minimum Hallway SpecificationsS
Effective 5th Granite 659S

Effective immediately, all hallways intended for normal traffic are to be at least 2 units wide. Penalties for failure to comply range from ⚡50 fine to 30 days imprisonment for residential hallways. In the case of violations in large-scale public works such as long distance footpaths, tunnels, bridges, and overpasses penalties are increased to 90 days imprisonment.

Signed, Mayor Besmar Forbes

TYRANT!

Title: Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes
Post by: MDFification on May 09, 2014, 09:06:14 pm

Quote from: Deus Asmoth on May 09, 2014, 09:01:34 pm

Quote from: CaptainArchmage on May 09, 2014, 07:53:01 pm

**§Mayorial Ordinance: Minimum Hallway Specifications§
Effective 5th Granite 659§**

Effective immediately, all hallways intended for normal traffic are to be at least 2 units wide. Penalties for failure to comply range from \$50 fine to 30 days imprisonment for residential hallways. In the case of violations in large-scale public works such as long distance footpaths, tunnels, bridges, and overpasses penalties are increased to 90 days imprisonment.

Signed, Mayor Besmar Forbes

TYRANT!

It's ok. Vlad dug most of those tunnels as exploration shafts, and he's above the law. Which is why he's partying alone.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **Senshuken** on **May 10, 2014, 03:21:08 am**

Artyom Barkov's journal

It would seem that the current overseer is now the head of the local miner's guild...

It isn't like I wanted the job or anything... Would have been nice to have been asked when the guild was being founded, but what can you do. Maybe I'll try to take the position once the current head of the miner's guild gets himself killed one day, but whatever.

Gnona seems to have been rather upset as of late.. I'll pay her a visit later just to hang out and drink something. We have both been here since the start and I am a little ashamed to admit that I don't know her as well as I would like.

~~Doesn't hurt that she isn't been looking either~~

Until next time.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **CaptainArchmage** on **May 10, 2014, 02:43:28 pm**

During the month of granite, the following ordinances were issued from Mayor Besmar Forbes

**§ Mayorial Ordinance: Conventional Furnace Shutdown§
Effective 7th Granite 659**

Effective immediately, all conventional furnaces are to cease operation as the fortress makes the transition to magma furnaces.

Signed,
Mayor Besmar Forbes

**§Mayorial Ordinance: Designs Approved for Invader Disposal Paraphernalia§
Effective 10th Granite 659**

Approval has been given for the constructions of:

- i) drowning chamber by the brook in order to dispose of invaders.
- ii) impalement chamber on wall to dispose of invaders, minimum drop 10 levels.

Signed,
Mayor Besmar Forbes

§ Mayorial Ordinance: Designs Withdrawn §
Effective 19th Granite 659

Designs for impalement chamber on wall have been withdrawn owing to improper hallway dimensions and disruptions on a route of military importance.

Signed,
Mayor Besmar Forbes

**SMayorial Ordinance: Preliminary Approval of Magma Furnace DesignsS
Effective 22nd Granite 659**

Preliminary designs have been approved for magma forges on level 101, next door to the drinks stockpile and current forge arrangements. Magma channels will be excavated on level 100. Significant noise levels anticipated in residential areas.

Signed,
Mayor Besmar Forbes

**§Mayorial Ordinance: Plumbing Network and Pimping Station§
Effective 23rd Granite 659**

Designs have been approved for a plumbing network to be excavated down to the ceiling of the second cavern layer. A pimbing station has been approved for supplying water from the broom.

Signed,
Mayor Besmar Forbes

SMayorial Ordinance: Resizing of Pimping StationsS
Effective 23rd Granite 659

The specifications for the pimping station have been increased to at least two pimps. Further pimps are to be added at the discretion of the Miner's Guild.

Signed,
Mayor Besmar Forbes

§ Mayoral Ordinance: Magma Furnaces §
Effective 24th Granite 659

The miners guild will be excavating space for 10 magma furnaces, of which five will be magma smelters, two will be magma kilns, and three will be glass furnaces. Further space has been designated for two magma smelters for the sole purpose of processing special goods. Tunnelling work will be carried out for two dedicated isolateable feed lines, each supplying magma to five magma furnaces. Two minecart terminals have been designated for supplying sand and clay to the glass furnaces and kilns respectively.

Signed,
Mayor Besmar Forbes

SMayorial Mandate: FloodgatesS
Effective 25th Granite 659

Masons are to construct a minimum of four magma-safe floodgates by 25th Felsite. Failure to produce the required number of floodgates will result in a fine of 50 and 5 days imprisonment per floodgate.

Signed,
Mayor Besmar Forbes

SMayorial Ordinance: Top-Of-Wall Walkway ThingyS
Effective 27th Granite 659

The northern walls of Demongate will have an extended walkway built to minimum specifications at least.

Signed,
Mayor Besmar Forbes

End of Month Report by Helgarde, 28th Granite 659

After a full month on the job, we seem to be going somewhere towards securing this fortress. The expansion has been easy, but the planning has been a nightmare. What a nightmare! Fortress planning can send the most sane mind into a spiral of insanity. At least I can get the mayor to do pretty much everything I want now.

You see, we need to have furnaces operating around here for processing “gypsum”. That is not the gypsum in our stone stockpiles, which is only one component of “gypsum”. Usually, it requires the cooperation of the furnace operators, but you need to have working furnaces to do that, and we just had the conventional ones shut down for the switchover to magma. This means the Miner’s Guild and furnace operators can hold all the so-called “gypsumheads” to ransom by controlling the speed of the switchover, and as the mayor’s level of “gypsumhead” is worthy of legend, it means we, or rather, I, now run everything around here. The only side effects of the “gypsum” shortage I’ve seen around here is that the “gypsumheads” are on the verge of losing their marbles, and it shows.

I’m going to get a message to the Other Capitol about the progress around here in the next month if I can. If I can’t get a reliable messenger in the fortress though, I will have to wait for the Spring caravan or the next migrant wave. Usually, there are certain people who hang around outside the fortress area for a while.

Here’s to a prosperous month of Slate!

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **May 10, 2014, 07:15:38 pm**

A pimping station?

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **Gnorm** on **May 10, 2014, 07:22:29 pm**

Quote from: Deus Asmoth on May 10, 2014, 07:15:38 pm

A pimping station?

Now *that's* a project I can back.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **TheFlame52** on **May 10, 2014, 07:23:42 pm**

You haven't heard of pimping stations? You can build them when the economy is turned on. A dwarf gets into the pimping station and levies money from all the dwarves that pass by. It's a good way to collect taxes for your fort. :P

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **CaptainArchmage** on **May 10, 2014, 08:45:47 pm**

Quote from: TheFlame52 on May 10, 2014, 07:23:42 pm

You haven't heard of pimping stations? You can build them when the economy is turned on. A dwarf gets into the pimping station and levies money from all the dwarves that pass by. It's a good way to collect taxes for your fort. :P

Well played, well played.

Aquifer flood = !!NO FPS!!

Guild Entry by Helgarde, 2nd Slate 659

Absolute disaster. Apparently, there is a huge fucking aquifer in the entire layer of loamy sand, which is preventing us from building like anything in there. It also means the “pimping” station is really just that - we don’t need pumps, we can just tap the aquifer for water. “Pimping station”, damn. The mayor must be losing her marbles. I heard this could happen when a “gypsumhead” went into withdrawal, but never thought it would be that..... perfect. I’m sure I can work with a “pimping” station without the plumbing, and I will modify the current designations later.

The good news is I now have a means to get us **OVER 9000** units of power if I can get the mayor to sign the mandate legibly.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **FallenAngel** on **May 10, 2014, 09:15:23 pm**

Excerpts from Stinthäd "FallenAngel" Ducimisak's Notebook

Finally got a hold of an actual notebook and not a stone tablet. Despite not being dwarven it is much more effective. Either way, I have heard that furnaces will be shut down temporarily, although I cannot understand why. I miss the smell of burning coal already, but I've comforted myself by taking some from the stockpile and slowly burning it in my quarters. Wait, is paper flammable? I better rip out this page fast, a corner of this notebook is on fire.

The rest of the notebook is a pile of chars.

(OOC: This is the first time I've done something like this, so it's probably not great)

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **Gnorm** on **May 10, 2014, 09:43:28 pm**

I take it that this FallenAngel dwarf isn't exactly the sharpest knife in the drawer.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **FallenAngel** on **May 11, 2014, 10:02:51 am**

Dwarves don't exactly sit on piles of paper.
What's the chance that a dwarf knows that paper is made from trees and is flammable?
Really low, that's what.
Not even the best bookkeeper would know.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **CaptainArchmage** on **May 11, 2014, 03:44:20 pm**

Quote from: FallenAngel on May 11, 2014, 10:02:51 am

Dwarves don't exactly sit on piles of paper.
What's the chance that a dwarf knows that paper is made from trees and is flammable?
Really low, that's what.
Not even the best bookkeeper would know.

DISPATCH FROM THE OVERSEER: Paper isn't used *that much* in Dwarf Fortress, unless we are running mods, which is why dwarves don't. I don't see no mods, but if there are any there are none that add custom book making. Writing in the game either goes on stone or on ass fiend leather. Ass fiend leather is harvested from the finest asses fiends, which have fiery breath, so as far as I am concerned it is not flammable.

Please don't make me write fucking fire regulations for Demongate. Trust me, you have good dwarves and it would be a shame if something were to happen to them.

Upcoming: Stuff gets done, stuff doesn't get done. Migrants seem a little low in number, are we already at the 1000 population point where that stuff happens?

Guild Journal by Helgarde, 17th Slate 659

The last thing I wrote down in here was about the fucking aquifer incident. I don't know how I missed that, but I had to frantically call off the mining designations for the minecart route. We have just one layer of solid rock between us and the flooding of the fortress! I think we need some storm drains around here, just in case. The Other Capitol were right, this place is indeed not as safe as I thought.

The insanity continued. Firstly, we had a restless ghost rise from the dead, Rakust Intensedike, a macedwarf. Afterwards, we had about three births between Lokum Usânsolon the miner, Litast Solothalal the Blacksmith, and Ber Inolkeskal the Siege Engineer. Vladimir Uristovitch the Mercenary then imposed a ban on the export of war hammers.

I changed the burrow rules to keep all the children in the upper half of the fortress, away from the troglodyte infested first cavern layer. I added a new door with some beautiful marble framing, but it probably won't be long until it gets splattered with blood. I took "Brother Cornelius" off engraving and added him to the same burrow as the children, because that way he will actually work on important things like the magma-safe floodgate mandate. Did I tell you the entire stone stockpile is full of fucking gypsum and clay? I had to make a new stockpile just for magma-safe stone.

I then discovered five cages with dead animals in them. There was a stray giant bushtit, which died of old age, which I think I heard about that one. There four other dead animals had actually starved to death, because they needed to eat grass. Damnation! Do I have to ask the mayor to draft animal welfare ordinances to keep shit together?

No sooner had we finished excavating the smelters, we got migrants, about nine of them. Here's the list:
i) Tulon Workburn, who seems to be a high ranking member of House Ber, the guild of farmers and fisherdwarves.
ii) Onol Wheeledbridged, a great miner. Finally, the guild is getting more members! This guy is great at negotiation and an expert in intimidation, consoling, and pacifying. I'll have him apply pressure to the mayor once he learns the ropes around here.
iii) Zaneɡ Lancednature, wife of Tulon Workburn, novice marksdwarf, great bonecarver, great negotiator, has novice mechanical, siege operating, and pumping skills. I suspect she was drafted into the military.
iv) Áblel Tradedgang, also from House Ber. She is a great beekeeper, an accomplished conversationalist, and talented negotiator, intimidator, and flatterer. She can also do milking and cooking. She is the wife of Zas.
v) Zas Palaceblazes, a great comedian and a great boyer.
vi) Rith Catchdaggers, a hunter of House Fer, who is also an armoursmith. This individual dropped her expensive crossbow, quiver, and bolts so I am definitely not happy with her.
vii) Udil Grantehoist the Blacksmith.

The other migrants disappeared into the crowd before I could find them. I will take the opportunity now to send the message back to The Other Capitol.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **Gnorm** on **May 11, 2014, 04:34:35 pm**

Quote from: CaptainArchmage on May 11, 2014, 03:44:20 pm

Quote from: FallenAngel on May 11, 2014, 10:02:51 am

Dwarves don't exactly sit on piles of paper.
What's the chance that a dwarf knows that paper is made from trees and is flammable?
Really low, that's what.
Not even the best bookkeeper would know.

DISPATCH FROM THE OVERSEER: Paper isn't used in Dwarf Fortress, unless we are running mods, which is why dwarves don't.

Neither are typewriters; I feel that a certain segregation between game-play and story is acceptable for something as trivial as paper to write upon.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **MDFification** on **May 11, 2014, 04:42:32 pm**

Quote from: CaptainArchmage on May 11, 2014, 03:44:20 pm

Quote from: FallenAngel on May 11, 2014, 10:02:51 am

Dwarves don't exactly sit on piles of paper.
What's the chance that a dwarf knows that paper is made from trees and is flammable?
Really low, that's what.
Not even the best bookkeeper would know.

Upcoming: Stuff gets done, stuff doesn't get done. Migrants seem a little low in number, are we already at the 1000 population point where that stuff happens?

Nope. We just haven't been producing a ton of value recently.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **CaptainArchmage** on **May 11, 2014, 04:55:34 pm**

Quote from: MDFification on May 11, 2014, 04:42:32 pm

Quote from: CaptainArchmage on May 11, 2014, 03:44:20 pm

Quote from: FallenAngel on May 11, 2014, 10:02:51 am

Dwarves don't exactly sit on piles of paper.
What's the chance that a dwarf knows that paper is made from trees and is flammable?
Really low, that's what.
Not even the best bookkeeper would know.

Upcoming: Stuff gets done, stuff doesn’t get done. Migrants seem a little low in number, are we already at the 1000 population point where that stuff happens?

Nope. We just haven't been producing a ton of value recently.

That would be good news. We do have a demonic fortress down there, so maybe the count from the denizens of that place is causing issues?

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**

Post by: **MDFification** on **May 11, 2014, 04:58:44 pm**

Quote from: CaptainArchmage on May 11, 2014, 04:55:34 pm

Quote from: MDFification on May 11, 2014, 04:42:32 pm

Quote from: CaptainArchmage on May 11, 2014, 03:44:20 pm

Quote from: FallenAngel on May 11, 2014, 10:02:51 am

Dwarves don't exactly sit on piles of paper.
What's the chance that a dwarf knows that paper is made from trees and is flammable?
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Upcoming: Stuff gets done, stuff doesn’t get done. Migrants seem a little low in number, are we already at the 1000 population point where that stuff happens?

Nope. We just haven't been producing a ton of value recently.

That would be good news. We do have a demonic fortress down there, so maybe the count from the denizens of that place is causing issues?

Nah, the undead down there don't count for the dead units list until they get re-killed, as they spawned undead. Although I notice that the ones I reveal occasionally just run off into the unexplored caves for no reason, so something weird is going on down there. As it currently stands anything willing to path through the water can actually access all of our cavern levels. They're super interconnected. It's kind of dangerous.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**

Post by: **FallenAngel** on **May 11, 2014, 04:59:34 pm**

From the engravings of Stinthäd "FallenAngel" Ducimisak

Well, until the furnaces are up and running again, I'm banned from the bar stockpiles. Something about "no burning charcoal in your room". To pass the time until I can make stuff out of metal again, I've decided to sit around in the food stockpile and light the vermin on fire by hitting flint against some iron I found. It's practically the same thing. Sadly, since my notebook burned, I have to go back to engraving my notes on rocks. Either way, have you ever seen a brown recluse spider burn to death? It flails wildly, like a dwarf would. Hopefully nobody notices me burning small creatures in the food stockpile.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**

Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **May 11, 2014, 06:20:43 pm**

Thane's Thing.

I'm worried about this Fallen Angel person. He's been sitting in the food stockpiles, setting fire to spiders. Apparently the overseer prefers this to him setting fire to his rooms again. I can only assume that Helgarde doesn't know what happens when you set fire to a barrel of alcohol.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**

Post by: **FallenAngel** on **May 11, 2014, 07:00:51 pm**

From the engravings of Stinthäd "FallenAngel" Ducimisak

Well, a burning spider ran atop (and subsequently died) some donkey tripe that had a little note on it that says "Save for Overseer". I politely put the spider's charred remains inside the tripe. Spiders are full of nutrients and the brown recluse kind are safe to eat. That's what my father told me, anyway.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**

Post by: **MDFification** on **May 11, 2014, 08:11:42 pm**

You know, I'm really, really happy Vlad's probably off partying alone still. He escaped all of this tomfoolery.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**

Post by: **danmanthedog** on **May 11, 2014, 09:08:14 pm**

What in good lord name!?! Did that dwarf just set fire to a spider, killed it and stuff it into a tripe.... I just don't know any more.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**

Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **May 12, 2014, 06:10:02 pm**

Just a quick question: the update to DF2014 is only a few days/weeks/months/years away, and there is a strong likelihood that Demongate won't be dead by the time it comes out. I was just wondering if there would be any interest in genning a new world and playing out the next chapter of Steelhold there once the initial bugs are ironed out, since there are quite a few unforeseen problems in Demongate's lore, what with the bloodkin barely having enough members to attack us even the once. The obvious drawback is that we lose the fortress we've been playing for the last months, but on the plus side I'd pay more attention to the world once it's been created to ensure maximum possibility of painful death. Of course, this could just turn out to be a non issue if the fortress dies by that time or something.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**

Post by: **TheFlame52** on **May 12, 2014, 06:43:48 pm**

I can kill the fortress when my turn comes around, and have good story to go with it too. We should wait until DF2014 is actually released to kill it, though.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**

Post by: **Gnorm** on **May 12, 2014, 06:51:13 pm**

I say we play this fortress to the best of our ability for now and beat back the bloodkin! After all, Dwarf Fortress updates haven't exactly been known for being predictable. Should it come out, I think we should continue this thread, practice the new version by ourselves, and work on modding the bloodkin raws to make them better.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **FallenAngel** on **May 12, 2014, 07:04:09 pm**

Yes, I propose we wait until after it comes out and even then keep continuing.
Even so, if it just so happens that we want to kill it during my turn, I'll flip EVERY LEVER.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **TheFlame52** on **May 12, 2014, 07:27:48 pm**

Assuming there are more levers than there are now. We don't really have a more doomy lever than "let goblins into the fort". And if you flip every lever from its current position, then it still won't let goblins in.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **FallenAngel** on **May 12, 2014, 07:42:03 pm**

Then I'll MAKE a lever that does something stupid.
With enough magma anything is possible.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **Gnorm** on **May 13, 2014, 01:14:47 am**

For now, more story!

Gnora's Journal
Things Past
--

Things grow dull here, and this ain't what I wanted. The trees are mostly gone now, cutted up and walls built all over the place. I do remember loving the natural beyutee of here, almost as much as my farm. Now even the farm no longer excites me; it's still the most important work in the world, I reckon, but there are too many farmers and too many people. I remember when I was planting and brewing for just us seven, and I recall being mighty tempted to spit in Vlad's food back then; things how they are I wish I had, and now my chance is gone. I've taken to avoiding my old "friends" entirely, except for Tarmid, who is now strictly the schoolmaster to me. The old scribe has what he wants: a baron whose boot he'll lick.

I might could make friends with some of them newer migrants. Maybe I could learn 'em a thing or two.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **MDFification** on **May 13, 2014, 11:21:27 am**

Excerpt from he Secret Histories

One should seek to understand one's own nature before one determines ones friends and foes. The name we're called by outsiders is misleading. There is no Marble Faction; its last members, civilian or Revolutionary Guard, died in the Fall. What they call the Faction is really just whatever loose collection of dissidents or freethinkers local to an area. Admittedly, most were inspired by the manifestos written by Jovus and Uristovitch, the co-leaders of the original Faction following Emdief's second death. These were smuggled out of Steelhold on one of the numerous 'relief' caravans dispatched to the colony following its taking its monarch hostage; not all of the 'donations' were given out of fear that the monarch would be harmed, as her tyranny was well known. Some 'cells' call themselves some variation of the Faction in tribute. Many others have their own names. Our commune here has no name; contact with the outside is forbidden, so naming our home would serve no purpose. The perception that we are a vast conspiracy is erroneous. The phenomenon of the various 'cells' is in reality a simple reaction to our times; we have been exposed to vast hardship, and dwarves are beginning to question beliefs that have not served them well. This wave of discontent has been met, of course, with systematic oppression. In the South, this takes many forms. In the North, only one method is utilized; inquisition, carried out by the Knights of St. Zane, our so called protectors from the Bloodkin. To survive, a dissident must keep their head down. Is a revolution comming? It is unlikely that our disparate groups could even form lines of communication to plan such an undertaking. In any case, most dissidents do not share the same ideologies. Local successes can be reached, as in Steelhold, but it is unlikely that these free settlements will survive. Knowledge, however, shall set you free. One day, when all of this is able to be discussed in the open, change will come. All things erode in time, and even the will of the inquisition must fade. Until then, one does what they must to survive.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **TheFlame52** on **May 13, 2014, 12:05:51 pm**

Watching a kobold walk into the entrance and get discovered by the military is soooooo satisfying.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **MDFification** on **May 14, 2014, 08:27:08 pm**

Quote from: TheFlame52 on May 13, 2014, 12:05:51 pm
Watching a kobold walk into the entrance and get discovered by the military is soooooo satisfying.
"You came to the WRONG neighbourhood, skulker."

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **danmanthedog** on **May 14, 2014, 08:55:18 pm**

Quote from: MDFification on May 14, 2014, 08:27:08 pm
Quote from: TheFlame52 on May 13, 2014, 12:05:51 pm
Watching a kobold walk into the entrance and get discovered by the military is soooooo satisfying.
"You came to the WRONG neighbourhood, skulker."

"Prepare your anus my good sir, because we all out of honey and slime."

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **CaptainArchmage** on **May 15, 2014, 03:20:43 pm**

I don't even.

*Mayorial Ordinance: Obsidian Fabrication Plant Approved
17th Slate 659*

A large-scale obsidian fabrication plant has been approved for excavation and assembly in Demongate, with mining works to begin immediately.

Mayorial Ordinance: Surface Cleanup

The surface is a fucking mess. Get some of those exotic weapons and bars into storage and remove the corpses from the nearby area.

Letter from Helgarde, Mining Guildmaster of Demongate to Wizard's Chamber of the Other Capitol
15th Slate 659

You know whom to give this to.

I have taken effective command over the fortress of Demongate from the previous overseer, who stepped down, and from Mayor Besmar Forbes. Securification is in progress. Lodgings have been excavated near the deep fortress. The conventional forges have been shut down and we are moving over to magma. Some incidents with troglodytes but no casualties. Area seems to have a goblin presence.

P.S. Next time, tell me about the fucking aquifer.

Guild's Monthly Report by Helgarde, 28th Slate 659

What a month. Firstly designs had to be cancelled because of the aquifer, then we have all the obsidian fabricator desgisns to do, and finally I have to move the whole system down two levels because we really want to keep those nice quartzite floors intact. I did, however, find a way to make the job quicker. Instead of digging out each level of the fabricator, we'll dig from underneath.

Apparently a Legendary "Gypsum" Dealer, married to the current mayor, ran into a troglodyte. Fortunately the dwarf was in the military and made short work of the troglodyte. I think we should just seal off that area until it becomes safer.

I ordered clearance of certain items from the surface, and replaced two of the planned magma smelters with magma forges, which are now up and waiting for magma. There is still much smoothing to do.

We completed the mandate for magma-safe floodgates on time, which is good news. We are also producing many, many totems, mostly out of cat skulls, which we can sell to the elves! It isn't like the stonecrafters are busy these days.....

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **FallenAngel** on **May 15, 2014, 05:44:53 pm**

From the engravings of Stinthäd "FallenAngel" Ducimisak

Despite what discussions I have overheard from the food stockpile, the overseer seems to have not gotten wind of what I am doing. Strange, since I can smell burning spider from the dining room. Either way, I hope he likes my special gift for him. The lad looks a bit skinny. He needs the protein.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **Gnorm** on **May 16, 2014, 10:27:56 pm**

I want to see updates! Though if this lull continues, I'll be forced to write that book of lore to stimulate activity.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **MDFification** on **May 17, 2014, 08:05:58 am**

Quote from: Gnorm on May 16, 2014, 10:27:56 pm
I want to see updates! Though if this lull continues, I'll be forced to write that book of lore to stimulate activity.

I think we have about until next week for Archmage to get through the year. Meanwhile; Dark Souls 2.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **danmanthedog** on **May 17, 2014, 03:19:16 pm**

Staring at the Soul orb What secrets do you hold and how can I can I learn them.... That darn Hooded dwarf just disappeared on me. *Hack Hack Cough* I need to do the enchantment but I still need venom, maybe their are some venomous creatures or plants around some where?

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **Gnorm** on **May 17, 2014, 03:38:50 pm**

Quote from: danmanthedog on May 17, 2014, 03:19:16 pm
Staring at the Soul orb What secrets do you hold and how can I can I learn them.... That darn Hooded dwarf just disappeared on me. *Hack Hack Cough* I need to do the enchantment but I still need venom, maybe their are some venomous creatures or plants around some where?

...
Quote
their are

...
Quote
their are

Hmm....
Quote
their are
Learn grammar, you crazy dwarf!

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **danmanthedog** on **May 17, 2014, 04:21:15 pm**

Shut up gnorm haa. I can spell alright but grammar for me is really bad.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **May 17, 2014, 05:25:07 pm**

Is the soul orb the thing you got from the forgotten beast?

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**

Post by: **danmanthedog** on **May 17, 2014, 05:47:40 pm**

Quote from: Deus Asmoth on May 17, 2014, 05:25:07 pm

Is the soul orb the thing you got from the forgotten beast?

Yes all Forgotten beasts have an item that stores their soul, some have rocks or just their hearts but all fluid ones have a gem that stores it.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**

Post by: **CaptainArchmage** on **May 17, 2014, 05:59:24 pm**

Because of a vast amount of stuff going on at current, progress is slow but still existent (digging out an obsidian fabricator). If people want I can just turn over part of a year.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**

Post by: **Gnorm** on **May 17, 2014, 07:04:13 pm**

Quote from: CaptainArchmage on May 17, 2014, 05:59:24 pm

Because of a vast amount of stuff going on at current, progress is slow but still existent (digging out an obsidian fabricator). If people want I can just turn over part of a year.

It would be unfortunate, though I feel it is best to preserve the original rule of one-week turns—Rhaken's generously long turn notwithstanding. If, however, you are able to offer a reasonable time-frame for yourself, we might be able to compromise. Spear hasn't been seen for several weeks now, so should your turn be handed over, it would more than likely be to TheFlame52.

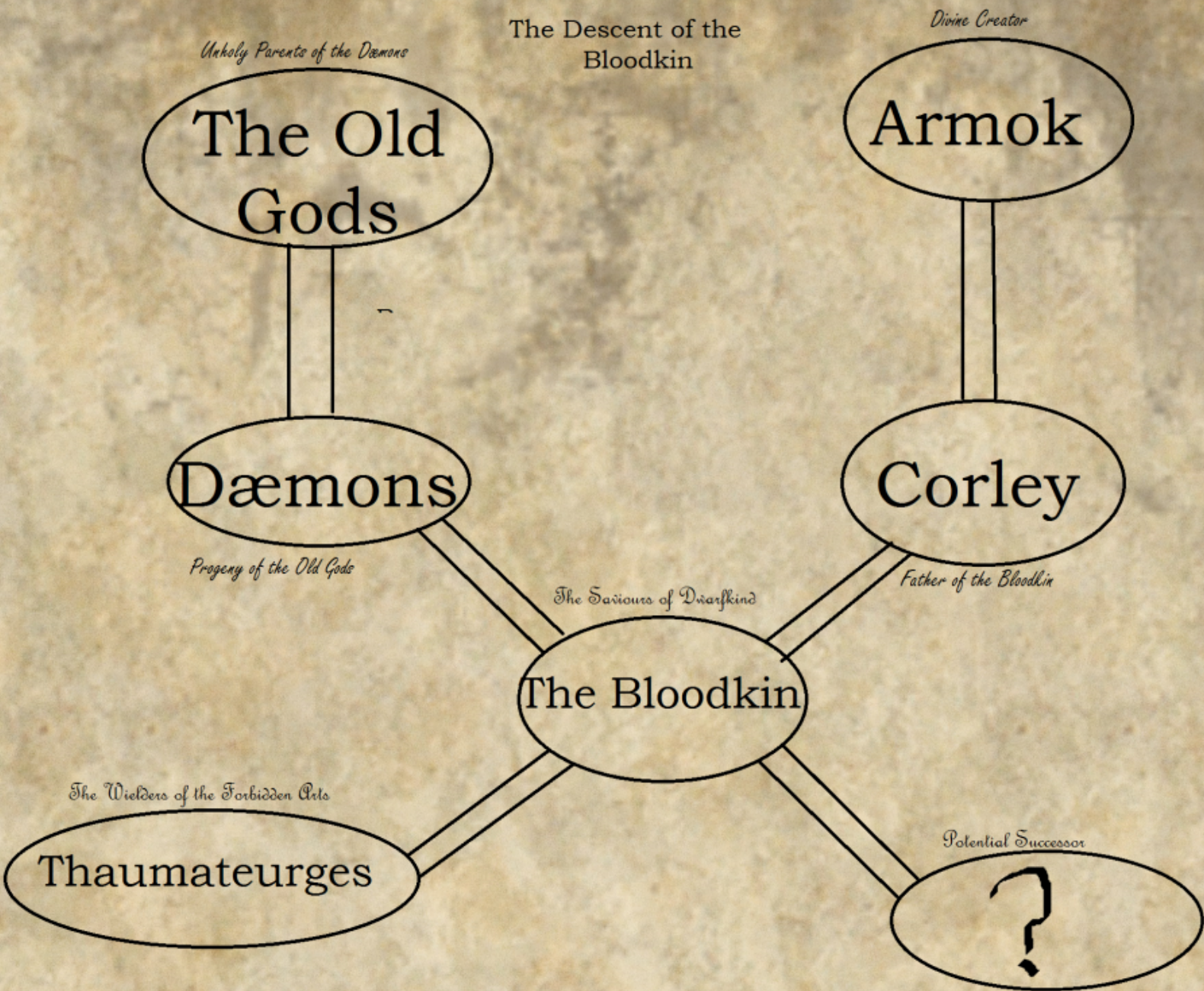
Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**

Post by: **Gnorm** on **May 18, 2014, 01:01:32 pm**

More lore posting.

Page from one of Corely's journals (circa 375 Old Era) found within the private study of Corley's fortress in the Old World.
Spoiler (click to show/hide)

BLOODKIN RESEARCH



Subject I



"ELFKIN"

- Subject was locked in private cell for two hours afterward; objervations taken and recorded through barred-window
- Observations:
 - Transformation appeared to cause subject more pain than for a Human or Dwarven candidate
 - Subject tore off clothing after fifteen minutes in cell
 - Subject's language diminshed into incoherant babbling after twenty-five minutes in cell
 - Subject's fangs emerged after one hour in cell; fingers at this point began to stiffen
 - Subject continued to run about cell like an animal for the remainder of the experiment
- Conclusions:
 - Elves, and possibly goblins, are incompatible with the Bloodkin form, likely due to the vampirism upon which it is based
 - Primary subjects in future will be of Human or Dwarven descent
- Further Actions:
 - Venom extracted from subject's fang tested on bloodkin
 - Bloodkin experienced only slight dizziness as result
 - Venom tested on dwarf from farm with similar results
 - Venom does not cause transformation
 - Subject properly disposed of

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **May 18, 2014, 07:30:36 pm**

I feel disappointed that I get no credit for our monstrosities.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **MDFification** on **May 19, 2014, 12:32:10 pm**

Quote from: [Deus Asmoth on May 18, 2014, 07:30:36 pm](#)
I feel disappointed that I get no credit for our monstrosities.

Asmoth only did the actual work of creating the 'kin. Corley on the other hand... stabbed Asmoth, ranted about genocide and then bugged off.
Eh.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**

Post by: **Gnorm** on **May 19, 2014, 12:46:08 pm**

Quote from: MDFification on May 19, 2014, 12:32:10 pm

Quote from: Deus Asmoth on May 18, 2014, 07:30:36 pm

I feel disappointed that I get no credit for our monstrosities.

Asmoth only did the actual work of creating the 'kin. Corley on the other hand... stabbed Asmoth, ranted about genocide and then bugged off.
Eh.

Corley set things in motion, though Asmoth did do the actual work of converting the group of crazed vampires into an army of biologically-altered monsters. Still, Corley has never been fond enough of his grand-aunt to give her credit.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**

Post by: **CaptainArchmage** on **May 19, 2014, 12:59:15 pm**

I can get to at least mid-summer by Wednesday or so. I will see what I can do. Next up will be finishing the obsidian fabricator and relevant quarters for lever-pullers and miners.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**

Post by: **MDFification** on **May 19, 2014, 05:06:59 pm**

So by the end of your turn, our note count should be close to breaking 60.
Why are there so MANY.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**

Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **May 19, 2014, 07:16:17 pm**

I guess it's just backlash from the anarchy of Steelhold's "organisation". Plus, there does seem to be a lot of levers in Demongate.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**

Post by: **CaptainArchmage** on **May 19, 2014, 09:09:53 pm**

Quote from: MDFification on May 19, 2014, 05:06:59 pm

So by the end of your turn, our note count should be close to breaking 60.
Why are there so MANY.

1) Label your levers.
2) Levers are used to control things. There are a lot of things to control in a large Dwarven fortress like Demongate.

I’ve edited my last post about the events at the end of Slate. In other news:

Mayorial Ordinance: Temporary Hunting Ban
5th Felsite 659

No further hunting is to take place in Demongate in the interests of protection from goblin ambushes. ☼250 penalty for violations.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**

Post by: **TheFlame52** on **May 20, 2014, 04:47:53 pm**

But who will supply our bonecarvers with bones?

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**

Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **May 20, 2014, 06:51:32 pm**

I'm sure we have enough cats that we could convince a few to make a sacrifice for the greater good.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**

Post by: **CaptainArchmage** on **May 21, 2014, 04:42:49 pm**

Quote from: TheFlame52 on May 20, 2014, 04:47:53 pm

But who will supply our bonecarvers with bones?

The size of the units list is already restricting migration to the fortress.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**

Post by: **MDFification** on **May 21, 2014, 09:13:45 pm**

Quote from: Deus Asmoth on May 19, 2014, 07:16:17 pm

I guess it's just backlash from the anarchy of Steelhold's "organisation". Plus, there does seem to be a lot of levers in Demongate.

Do you think it the three hospitals (of which only one was properly equipped, except I never filled the cistern...) were the straw that broke the camel's back? Or perhaps it was the functionless ventilation shafts that ended up serving as very inefficient pathways from a dining hall to a residential area/Gratuitous Church of Zane?

My biggest regret from my turn was I never did find the time to construct a device to purge the fortress with sea water. It would have been a *great* way for the fort to die. Vampire tantrum spirals just didn't seem... clusterfucky enough for Steelhold.

Also yeah, as much as it pains me to say it, we're going to have to start enforcing turn time limits eventually. How much longer do we want to give Archmage? Turn definately shouldn't be reverted because of engineering shennanigans being generally good if we end it prematurely, so I guess in that case we'd just do what we did with Rhaken/4mask?

On that note, my exams are comming up and then come summer I'll be without internet, so I'm probably going to have to be skipped indefinitely. Hopefully the fort will still be here after July - I could get a few days off to mess around with it. But in the (much more likely) event that the fortress dies horribly before then, I suppose I'll just hope it didn't end up being Vlad's fault.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**

Post by: **Gnorm** on **May 22, 2014, 12:31:47 am**

I'd very much like to see the Captai's work realized, but there is only so much leniency we can allow. If we fail to see legitimate progress in the immediate future, I fear that we must pass along the fort.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **May 22, 2014, 05:03:19 am**

If we haven't heard from him by tomorrow, I'll PM him, and if there isn't some progress after that, the fort will get passed along at the end of the weekend.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **CaptainArchmage** on **May 22, 2014, 07:45:28 pm**

Sorry guys, I was completely occupied by real life stuff, but I will attempt to get this completed by the weekend. Before the weekend, even.

Because fuck, this fort is getting high.

Quote from: Gnorm on May 22, 2014, 12:31:47 am

I'd very much like to see the Captain's work realized, but there is only so much leniency we can allow. If we fail to see legitimate progress in the immediate future, I fear that we must pass along the fort.

I HAVE A DREAM THAT ONE DAY, THE CHILDREN OF DEMONGATE WILL BE JUDGED, NOT BY THE FACT THEIR BEING ELVES, BUT- OhFuckItWrongSpeech.

No shit, that speechwriter should be fired. Out of a magma cannon.

BREAKING NEWS: OUR FORTRESS IS UNDER SIEGE

Mayorial Ordinance: Prepare for the Elves!
5th Granite 659

The surface is still a mess. Clear up those corpses and make ready for trading with the elves! Employment opportunities available!

Guildmaster's Journal by Helgarde, 14th Slate 659

Damnation. I'd made some cleanup arrangements outside and built some outdoor minecart tracks to make things nicer for the merchants, and force them to take a sane path to the fortress. Because merchants usually use wagons, it is usual to travel by a wagon-accessible route, which I made as convenient as possible for this fortress. The wagons cannot go over minecart tracks because they stick.

After days of hauling trash or corpses into an anything-goes heap for sorting, we're now under siege. This probably means we will not be seeing the elves, but it also means we have a battle to fight. All dwarves fall back to the fortress! To arms! Close off the trade depot!

15th Slate 659

The sieging forces killed one of our injured hunting dogs, who was trying to make it back inside. Otherwise, even the cats had the judgement to get back inside when the alarm rang. I will try to arrange a full memorial if we get out of this alive.

I have raised the 1st Axe to wipe the trade depot. I gave orders to pull the levers and close the gates, but the order reached some fucking moron at the bottom of the fortress and by the time the lever was pulled, we had many trolls inside the trade depot trying to destroy it. When the gate closed, the trolls were hurled in all directions with significant injuries, but a few ended up atop our walls, splitting the forces. I have ordered the inner gate to the trade depot opened, so the 1st Axe will clean them out, while the 1st Sword will deal with the trolls atop our walls.

There is only one elite crossbowgoblin, which is somewhat fortunate as we have not established our higher fortifications, but it is dangerous because I have heard those can shoot through fortifications.

16th Slate, 659

Today the mayor was yelling at me that there was some "gypsum" stored in the trade depot but there were trolls in there and I should go save it. No shit. The 1st Sword are in the tower stairwells, while the 1st Axe are waiting for another moron to pull the lever opening the inner gate of the trade depot.

17th Slate, 659

Spoiler: Thanatos' Battle Logs (click to show/hide)

The militia captain strikes The Troll in the left lower leg with the pommel of his +bismuth bronze short sword+, fracturing the bone through the <<large alpaca wool robe>>!

The militia captain stabs The Troll in the lower body with his +bismuth bronze short sword+, bruising the muscle and bruising the left kidney through the <<large giant cave spider silk cloak>>!

The militia captain slashes The Troll in the right lower leg with his +bismuth bronze short sword+ and the severed part sails off in an arc!

The militia captain stabs The Troll in the right hand with his +bismuth bronze short sword+ and the severed part sails off in an arc!

The militia captain slashes The Troll in the left lower leg with his +bismuth bronze short sword+ and the severed part sails off in an arc!

The militia captain stabs The Troll in the lower body with his +bismuth bronze short sword+, bruising the muscle and fracturing the lower spine's bone through the <<large giant cave spider silk cloak>>!

The militia captain slashes The Troll in the left hand with his +bismuth bronze short sword+ and the severed part sails off in an arc!

The militia captain punches The Troll in the right upper leg with his right hand, bruising the muscle through the <<large giant cave spider silk cloak>>!

The militia captain stabs The Troll in the left upper arm with his +bismuth bronze short sword+, bruising the muscle through the <<large giant cave spider silk cloak>>!

The militia captain stabs The Troll in the left hand with his +bismuth bronze short sword+, tearing apart the muscle through the <<large giant cave spider silk left glove>>!

An artery has been opened by the attack and a sensory nerve has been severed!

The militia captain stands up.

The militia captain stands up.

The militia captain stands up.

The militia captain stands up.

The militia captain slashes The Troll in the head with his +bismuth bronze short sword+, tearing apart the muscle, shattering the skull and tearing apart the brain through the <<large drunian leather hood>>!

An artery has been opened by the attack!

A tendon in the skull has been torn!

The militia captain slashes The Troll in the head with his +bismuth bronze short sword+, tearing apart the muscle and shattering the skull through the <<large giant cave spider silk hood>>!

An artery has been opened by the attack!

A tendon in the skull has been torn!

The militia captain stabs The Troll in the head with his +bismuth bronze short sword+, tearing apart the muscle and tearing the upper spine's nervous tissue through the <<large giant cave spider silk hood>>!

An artery has been opened by the attack!

A tendon in the upper spine has been torn!

The militia captain stands up.

s: Search

z: Zoom to location

Announcement Date: 17th Felsite, 659

Spoiler: The Mayor's Battle Logs. Notice the Title of Shame. (click to show/hide)

→The Mayor/Legendary Drug Addict hacks The Troll in the left upper leg with her ðbismuth bronze battle axeð, but the attack is deflected by The Troll's <<large rhesus macaque leather cloak>>!

The Mayor/Legendary Drug Addict stands up.

The Mayor/Legendary Drug Addict stands up.

The Mayor/Legendary Drug Addict stands up.

The enemy are charging the front gate, but the traps are holding. I'm ordering the front bridge retracted to prevent them entering the fortress at an inconvenient time. The lever to the depot has finally been pulled, and the surviving trolls stuck left inside are charging out into the company of axedwarves. The mayor is in a rage and is going after one with an exceptional bismuth bronze battle axe, but without much success. Meanwhile, Thanatos has cleared the last of the trolls from the walls!

18th Slate, 659

Spoiler: Trap logs. The traps were very effective. (click to show/hide)

Page 1/1FPS: 200 (25)D 20th Felsite, 659

The +large, serrated clear glass disc+ strikes The Troll in the upper body, bruising the fat and bruising the right lung through the <<large cave spider silk cloak>>!
The Troll is having trouble breathing!
The Troll jumps away from The spinning +large, serrated clear glass disc+!
The +large, serrated clear glass disc+ strikes The Troll in the left lower leg, fracturing the bone through the <<large kakapo leather robe>>!
The +large, serrated clear glass disc+ strikes The Troll in the upper body, bruising the muscle through the <<large cave spider silk cloak>>!
The +large, serrated clear glass disc+ strikes The Troll in the lower body, bruising the fat through the <<large cave spider silk cloak>>!
The +large, serrated clear glass disc+ strikes The Troll in the right lower arm, bruising the muscle through the <<large cave spider silk cloak>>!
The *large, serrated clear glass disc* strikes The Troll in the right hand, fracturing the bone through the <<large giant cave spider silk right glove>>!
A ligament has been torn and a tendon has been torn!
The *large, serrated clear glass disc* strikes The Troll in the left upper arm, bruising the muscle through the <<large cave spider silk cloak>>!
The *large, serrated clear glass disc* strikes The Troll in the lower body, bruising the muscle and bruising the pancreas through the <<large cave spider silk cloak>>!
The Troll gives in to pain.
The Troll falls over.
The Troll regains consciousness.
The Troll gives in to pain.
The Troll regains consciousness.
The Troll is no longer stunned.
The Troll gives in to pain.
The Troll regains consciousness.
The Troll is no longer stunned.
The Troll gives in to pain.
The Troll loses hold of the <<large wolf leather hood>>.
The Troll loses hold of the <<large troll fur cap>>.
The Swordsdwarf slashes The Troll in the head with his <-«steel short sword»-> and the severed part sails off in an arc!

s: Search
z: Zoom to location

Announcement Date: 19th Felsite, 659

[font=trebuchet msThe traps cut down the goblins and trolls who entered in through the front gate, as our civilian rangers took shots at them. Meanwhile, one of the trolls from the trade depot made a beeline for the hatches leading underground, and I mobilised the crossbow dwarves. I think the trolls within the fort are now dead.]/font]

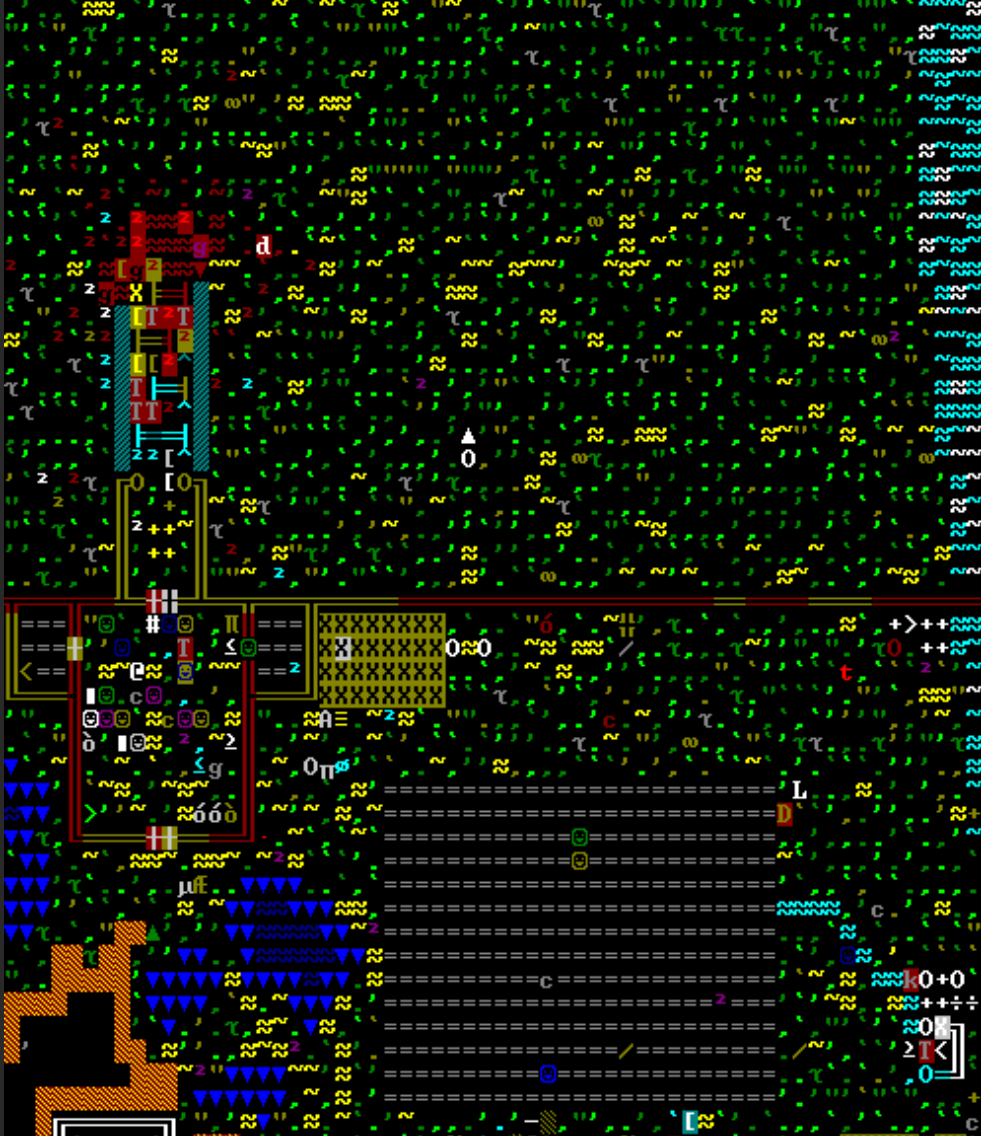
19th Slate, 659

With most of the enemy dead or heavily injured, I finally sent out the 1st Sword to finish them off. They didn't stand a chance. One squad of goblins survived without any injuries, but they didn't reach the fortress and turned back as they saw the carnage. Demongate reigns supreme! All hail Demongate!

Guildmaster's Journal, 20th Slate 659

Spoiler: Aftermath of the Siege (click to show/hide)

FPS: 200 (25)Dwarf FortressIdlers: 14

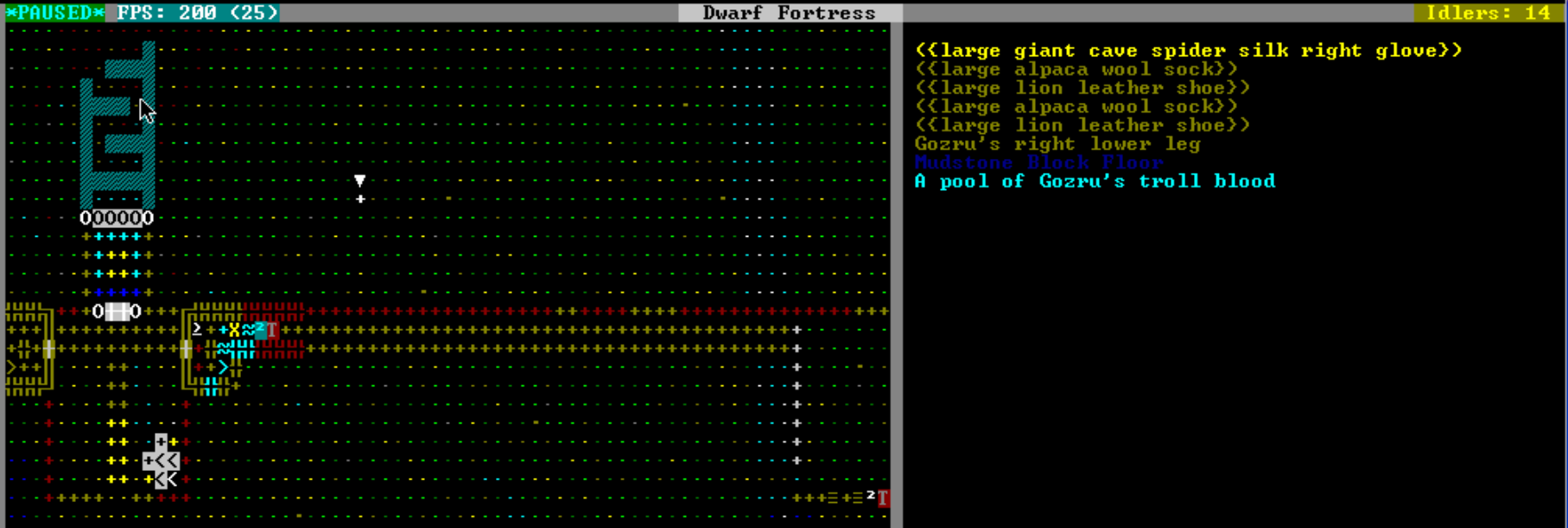


≡draltha bone bolt≡
≡horse bone bolt≡
≡drunian bone bolt≡
(silver flail)
(cave spider silk right glove)
(cave spider silk sock)
(alpaca wool sandal)
(copper shield)
(cave spider silk right glove)
(copper morningstar)
(copper shield)
(giant cave spider silk left glove)
(giant cave spider silk right glove)
(troll fur sock)
(rhinoceros leather shoe)
(troll fur sock)
(rhinoceros leather shoe)
(silver morningstar)
(large sheep wool loincloth)
(large reindeer leather trousers)
(large troll fur tunic)
(large cave spider silk robe)
(large giant cave spider silk cloak)
(large sheep wool cap)
(large giant cave spider silk hood)
(large cheetah leather left glove)
(large cheetah leather right glove)
(large alpaca wool sock)
(large sheep wool sandal)
(large alpaca wool sock)
(large sheep wool sandal)
Olngö Ozuduxo's right foot
Snang's left tusk
Amxu Ubspuolngö's left upper leg
Asno's mutilated corpse
Weapon Trap
sand
A pool of Asno's troll blood
A pool of Amxu Crestmonstrous's goblin blood
A spattering of Olngö's troll blood
A spattering of Aslot Uiledistant's goblin blood
A pool of Ozud Masterdemon's goblin blood
A spattering of Kutsmob Doomfuture's goblin blood
A pool of Snang Holedread's goblin blood
A spattering of goblin blood
A spattering of Snodub Hatedfails's goblin blood

Spoiler: Dead trolls within the fortress. (click to show/hide)



Spoiler: Dead trolls atop our walls. (click to show/hide)



Spoiler: Trade depot after the siege. (click to show/hide)



Spoiler: What happens when levers are pulled at the wrong time. (click to show/hide)

Page 1/1 FPS: 200 (25) D 20th Felsite, 659

The <<large cave spider silk trousers>> strikes The Stray Kitten in the right front leg, shattering the bone!
The spinning <<large giant cave spider silk shoe>> strikes The Stray Kitten in the right rear leg, but the attack has no force!
The Stray Kitten slams into an obstacle!
The Stray Kitten's left rear leg takes the full force of the impact, bruising the muscle!
The Stray Kitten's upper body takes the full force of the impact, bruising the muscle and bruising the liver!
The Stray Kitten's tail takes the full force of the impact!
The Stray Kitten gives in to pain.
The Stray Kitten regains consciousness.
The Stray Kitten stands up.
The Stray Kitten is no longer stunned.
The Stray Kitten gives in to pain.
The Stray Kitten falls over.
The Stray Kitten regains consciousness.
The Stray Kitten is no longer stunned.
The Stray Kitten stands up.
The Stray Kitten gives in to pain.
→The Stray Kitten falls over.

I've checked the state of the fortress following the siege. The place is a mess, with troll blood splattered within our walls and a mixture of troll and goblin bodily fluids spread over our bridges and traps. It is no matter, for we lost only one members of the fortress.

The first was the hunting dog, who was unable to make it inside before being overtaken by the hoard. We did, however, have a second near-miss.

Remember when I ordered the drawbridge at the gate to be retracted? One of the usual individuals pulled the lever after the siege was over, after our swordsdwarves were back inside, but still dropping a kitten down a long drop. We could use some improvements in lever management.

Because the alert was out-of-date, it also confined our dwarves to the upper sections of the fortress, and halted construction of the obsidian fabricator. I will draw up some new burrows and alerts that are more worthy of this fortress.

I have added all the battle logs and drawn up some images of the mess left, attaching them to the previous entries in my diary so future historians, artists, and military leaders may know how the battle progressed and how we achieved our heroic victory today.

We will not likely be getting any elves to trade, but we are safer now.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **MDFification** on **May 22, 2014, 09:05:22 pm**

Quote from: CaptainArchmage on May 22, 2014, 07:45:28 pm
Sorry guys, I was completely occupied by real life stuff, but I will attempt to get this completed by the weekend. Before the weekend, even.
I HAVE A DREAM THAT ONE DAY, THE CHILDREN OF DEMONGATE WILL BE JUDGED, NOT BY THE FACT THEIR BEING ELVES, BUT- OhFuckItWrongSpeech.
No shit, that speechwriter should be fired. Out of a magma cannon.

Not a problem man, just gotta keep poking you to make sure you're alive. Things tend to get a bit hectic this time of year for most people.

As for the speechwriter... well we could make a pumpstack to the surface. It'd take some doing, though. We'd need... a 5x3 block of dirt/stone through the aquifer? It can be done. It's damn inconvenient though, because we'd be dropping it right on top of the magma forges.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **CaptainArchmage** on **May 22, 2014, 10:43:22 pm**

Quote from: MDFification on May 22, 2014, 09:05:22 pm
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The alternative is to use the draining method with pumps, which will also get our dwarves nice and strong. Ideally we can dig out most of the aquifer so the stone just underneath it is useful.

Aquifer powerplants are both feasible and powerful.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **Sarrak** on **May 23, 2014, 03:15:46 am**

It looks like things started to move after all. Perfect!

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **danmanthedog** on **May 23, 2014, 09:12:10 am**

"ARGHGGGGGG!! TO BATTLE MY BROTHERS, FIGHT ON TO THE VERY LAST BOLT." *Well shooting bolts by the handful.*

So did I get any kills in the battle.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **MDFification** on **May 23, 2014, 10:11:32 am**

Quote from: CaptainArchmage on May 22, 2014, 10:43:22 pm
Quote from: MDFification on May 22, 2014, 09:05:22 pm
Quote from: CaptainArchmage on May 22, 2014, 07:45:28 pm
Sorry guys, I was completely occupied by real life stuff, but I will attempt to get this completed by the weekend. Before the weekend, even.
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The alternative is to use the draining method with pumps, which will also get our dwarves nice and strong. Ideally we can dig out most of the aquifer so the stone just underneath it is useful.

Aquifer powerplants are both feasible and powerful.

True that. Although ideally we should minimize digging in general; apparently simply having a mined-out space lowers the framerate since it's now included in pathing calculations. So for the sake of Framerate it'd probably be best to fully exploit the expanse of brook we have until our power requirements rise above what it can easily provide.

It's be a good idea to set up a minor thing by the aquifer so we can pump water directly from it to fortress cisterns, however, if only for medical purposes. Right now I'm pretty sure we're drinking out of the brook/ponds at the surface, which is kind of bad. They get befouled easily, and inevitably we will fuck up and let the surface get overrun. Speaking of which, a secondary gate (to seal off the fortress interior from the surface defenses) is probably a good thing to set up, and won't take much time. ENGINEERING FOR THE ENGINEER GOD.

... a device to cleans the access to the caverns with magma might also help us survive dangerous syndromes when they inevitably appear? Damn this game.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **Gnorm** on **May 23, 2014, 05:00:17 pm**

Quote from: MDFification on May 23, 2014, 10:11:32 am
Right now I'm pretty sure we're drinking out of the brook/ponds at the surface, which is kind of bad.
What about my wells! They're channeled into the aquifer.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **CaptainArchmage** on **May 23, 2014, 07:49:31 pm**

I have updated posts with images of the battle’s aftermath, and the battle logs. I have also backed up a save, so if there is a horrific crash that corrupts the save files, I have something to fall back upon.

Quote from: danmanthedog on May 23, 2014, 09:12:10 am

"ARGHGGGGG!! TO BATTLE MY BROTHERS, FIGHT ON TO THE VERY LAST BOLT." *Well shooting bolts by the handful.*

So did I get any kills in the battle.

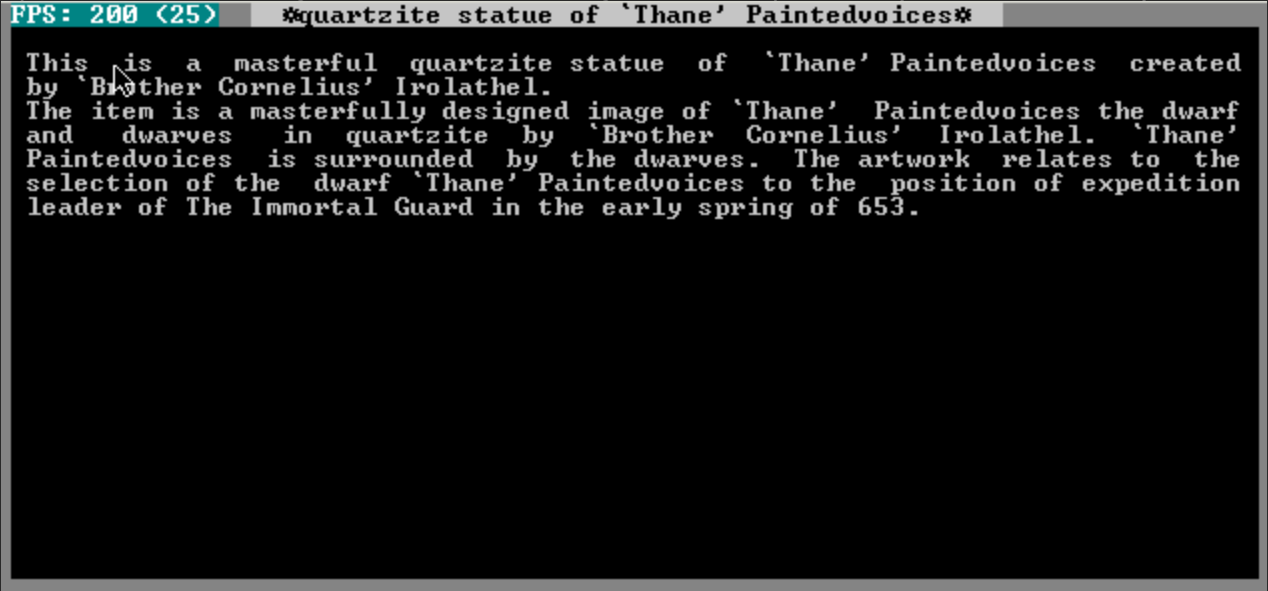
Your last named kill is listed as being in the year 656, so unfortunately not. However, I will try to get you some more kills if there are future battles. If shit doesn’t happen I can try to use dfhack to force an invasion, and this likely includes bloodkin battles.

To get around the migrant limitations, which are growing, when it is time for another wave I can spam “force migration” (I need to load the script first) to get something like 40-50 migrants, which will almost certainly cause the fortress to go into panic mode. I’d really like to have a heavily populated metropolis over here, though not necessarily one that is the capital.

The following message is to be found in numerous locations

Citizens of Demongate!

Spoiler: This is an image of a statue. The image is hurriedly drawn. (click to show/hide)



Following our victory over the goblins, ‘Brother Cornelius’ has carved a masterpiece! Where shall it be placed? You decide!

Mayorial Ordinance: Health and Safety Mandates
22nd Felsite 659

Magma is dangerous! Magma can burn! Demongate needs magma-safe grates! The construction of 10 Magma-Safe Grates is mandated to take place by 22nd Galena this year. Grates must be installed around the power interface for the magma pimpstack by 22nd Galena of this year. Failure to comply will result in penalties ranging from ☼5000 fines to anti-troglodyte duty.

Guildmaster’s Log, 25th Felsite, 659

Today, we finished carving out the obsidian fabricator, but the work doesn’t stop there. We need some way to safely connect the fabricator to magma, and we need working water plumbing for that as well. That will be a task for the coming months. We also need to site a control room for the magma plumbing for the forges. Maybe we should have one, centralised control chamber instead of a few control rooms here and there?

To fulfil the mayor’s mandate, I have ordered a few grates and am installing them around the magma “pimpstack”. Knowing the mayor, we also need to pimp out the place with engravings too.

I have received a suggestion from “Gnorm” to set the statue in a Hall of Founders, and to construct the Hall of Founders if it does not exist yet.

As I was listening to the Warcraft II theme during this, this announcement played out in a most appropriate voice.

Guildmaster’s Log, 26th Felsite, 659

Spoiler: The Announcement (click to show/hide)



Hell, it is about time.

Seasonal Report, 1st Hematite, 659

Spoiler: Current Overview of the Fortress (click to show/hide)

City UthFPS: 200 (25)ongate"										1st Hematite, 659, Early Summer																			
Animals					Kitchen					Stone					Stocks					Health					Justice				
Created Wealth:		2500720*?					Population:		162																				
Weapons:		224744*																											
Armor and Garb:		98240*					Miners		7		Axedwarves					None													
Furniture:		119830*					Woodworkers		8		Axe Lords					None													
Other Objects:		1206710*?					Stoneworkers		10		Swordsdwarves					None													
Architecture:		464156*					Rangers		12		Swordmasters					None													
Displayed:		147138*					Metalsmiths		7		Macedwarves					None													
Held/Worn:		239907*					Jewelers		1		Mace Lords					None													
							Craftsdwarves		18		Hammerdwarves					None													
Imported Wealth:		311549*					Nobles/Admins		14		Hammer Lords					None													
							Peasants		None		Speardwarves					None													
Exported Wealth:		30112*					Dwarven Childrn		28		Spearmasters					None													
							Fishery Workers		11		Marksdwarves					None													
Food Stores:		12890?					Farmers		39		Elite Mrksdwrvs					None													
Meat		31		Seeds		710		Engineers		7		Wrestlers					None												
Fish		None		Drink		4252		Trained Animals		8		Elite Wrestlers					None												
Plant		1745		Other		6156		Other Animals		102		Recruit/Others					None												

To summarise my first season as the Mining Guildmaster in Demongate, I have taken control of the fortress owing to the ~~Mayor's urgent need of rehabilitation~~ general state of things, and overwhelmed and defeated an immense goblin siege. Our Baron, Vladimir Uristovich, has just begun negotiations with the Outpost Liason for this year’s trade agreement. Our fortress has grown to 162 dwarves, which probably means will be considered a metropolis once the Outpost Liason gets back to the capital. We’re in the process of switching the forges over to magma, and some carefully labeled levers have been set up next to the library, which are carefully labeled. The signs clearly say, ‘1’, ‘2’, and ‘S’ where the numbers are the magma branches, and ‘S’ is the main supply.

We have also dug out some living quarters in the depths of our domain, and also dug out an obsidian fabricator, but completion will have to wait until we

finish digging out some extra forges and link the adamantine processing area.

Spoiler: A New Threat is Upon Us (click to show/hide)



A new threat has emerged in the depths of our domain as a three-tailed Dimetrodon shows up. It cannot fly, but it might swim around to the adamantine mines, in which case we will have to fight it. The quarters we dug down there aren't furnished in any way, but it would be really bad if the area were overrun.

The latest tasks I ordered were more smoothing, tree-cutting, and because of a bag shortage, I'm having cloth bags made. We should have more wood, sugar and dyes at the end of this. I attached a millstone to the surface power conduit, and that is working for now.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **May 23, 2014, 08:09:56 pm**

We're avoiding using third party tools here. It's in the rules and everything.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **Gnorm** on **May 23, 2014, 08:29:06 pm**

Place the statue in the Hall of the Founders. If such a hall does not exist, make it exist.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **CaptainArchmage** on **May 23, 2014, 11:22:10 pm**

OK, some things have come-up in game. I really don't know how to Roleplay it though, because it is so crazy. Mostly RNG stuff. Also we have flowing magma, and we didn't set anything on fire yet.

Quote from: Gnorm on May 23, 2014, 08:29:06 pm
Place the statue in the Hall of the Founders. If such a hall does not exist, make it exist.

It does not exist, so I'm going to build it.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **Gnorm** on **May 24, 2014, 02:29:13 am**

Quote from: CaptainArchmage on May 23, 2014, 07:49:31 pm
I have received a suggestion from "Gnorm" to set the statue in a Hall of Founders, and to construct the Hall of Founders if it does not exist yet.

"Gnorm" is not a character; Gnora is. I don't think she'd be the one to suggest making a hall dedicated to the founders at this point in time though, so it might be best to just label it as a generic dwarf's suggestion.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **May 24, 2014, 10:57:39 am**

Forgotten beasts are building destroyers, right? Does that mean it can destroy the adamantine sword?

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **danmanthedog** on **May 24, 2014, 12:25:59 pm**

Quote from: Deus Asmoth on May 24, 2014, 10:57:39 am
Forgotten beasts are building destroyers, right? Does that mean it can destroy the adamantine sword?
No... maybe but I would be hard to test.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **CaptainArchmage** on **May 24, 2014, 03:43:53 pm**

Guildmaster's Log, 9th Hematite 659

Spoiler: What is this I don't even (click to show/hide)

FPS: 200 <25>Lertethnal Lanzildák, "Tanglehours the Venerable Tree", a iron spear

This is a masterful iron spear created by an unknown artisan. This object is adorned with hanging rings of gold.

Four Notable Kills

ingiz Laststeel the dwarf vampire, d. 656
Ngerxung Dredgedevils the goblin, d. 657
Utes the forgotten beast, d. 658
Thöse the forgotten beast, d. 658

One Other Kill

One troglodyte <ð> in Demongate

Slayer

Sibrek Boatskunk the dwarf, four kills

Spoiler: Miasma underground (click to show/hide)

PAUSED

FPS: 200 <25>

Dwarf Fortress

Idlers: 9



Aslot Omospmam's rotten left upper arm
Snang's rotten right foot
Miasma
Dense floor fungus
A spattering of troll blood
A spattering of goblin blood

Inside Dark Subterranean
Enter: View F: Follow
f: Forbid d: Dump m: Melt
ESC: Done +-*/: Scroll

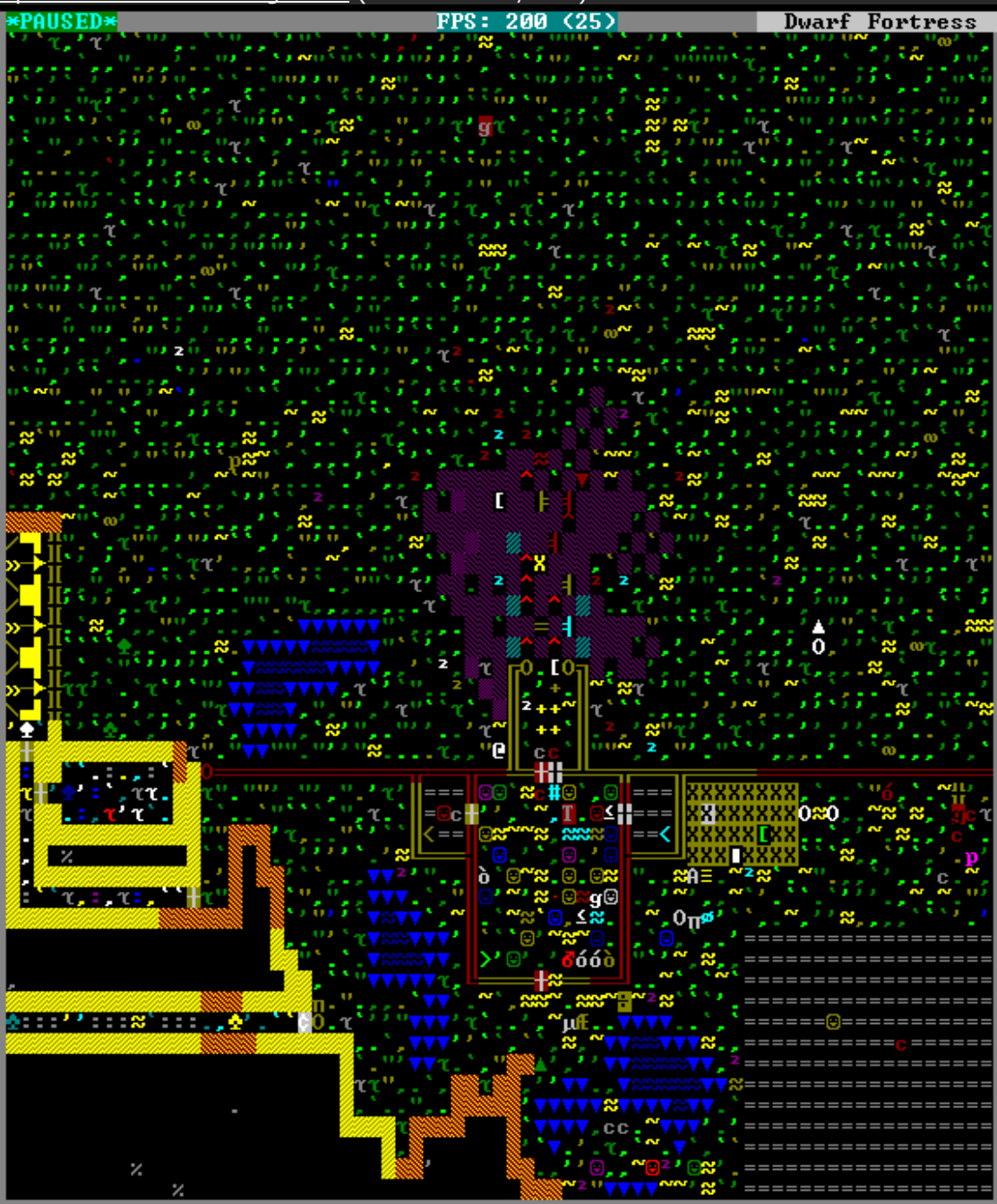
Spoiler: Miasma aboveground (click to show/hide)

PAUSED

FPS: 200 <25>

Dwarf Fortress

Idl



<large troll fur loincloth>
<large giant cave spider silk trousers>
<large alpaca wool tunic>
<large chicken leather robe>
<large giant cave spider silk cloak>
<large kakapo leather cap>
<large giant cave spider silk hood>
<large troll fur left glove>
<large alpaca wool sock>
<large giant mole leather shoe>
<large giant mole leather shoe>
Zolak's rotten mutilated corpse
Weapon Trap
Miasma
sand

Outside Light Above Ground
Enter: View F: Follow
f: Forbid d: Dump m: Melt
ESC: Done +-*/: Scroll

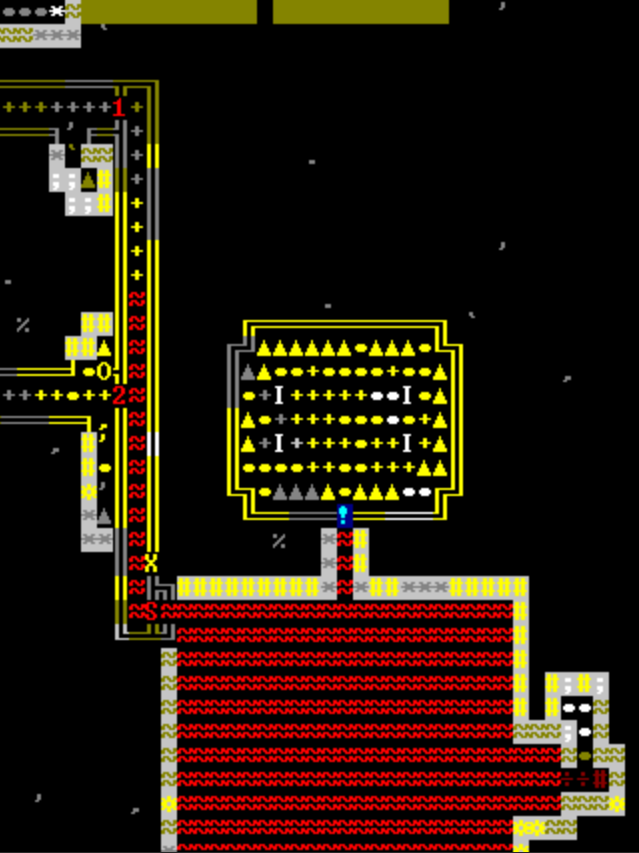
Today, the mayor's spouse and known gypsum dealer had a bit of a nervous breakdown and grew attached to a masterwork iron spear before bestowing upon it the name "Tanglehours the Venerable Tree". The spear has some history behind it.

We’ve developed a miasma problem, as the corpses rotting in the pit are generating an awful stench reaching the surface. I think we’ll have to ride this one out.

In the meantime, final preparations are being made for the powering of the magma furnaces, and we should get the supply branch filled soon. I had the power disconnected for installation of gears to switch off the pumpstack if necessary.

Guildmaster’s Log, 20th Hematite 659

Spoiler: We have magma! (click to show/hide)



The blood of the earth is pouring into the channel we dug for it. Not long now until the forges can be restarted! We just need some more cleanup and smoothing, the rest will take care of itself.

Unfortunately, I’ve discovered a flaw in the obsidian fabricator design that requires the thing to have an extra level added on top.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **FallenAngel** on **May 24, 2014, 04:43:47 pm**

From the engravings of Stinthäd "FallenAngel" Ducimisak

I've heard that the forges will be back up and running soon. It's just as well; I swear the spiders are starting to become less prevalent. To my surprise, I have not been questioned once about what I am doing.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **TheFlame52** on **May 24, 2014, 04:47:14 pm**

On the wall of Flame/Unib's room

The blood of the earth flows in our forges. Back to work!

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **CaptainArchmage** on **May 24, 2014, 05:34:13 pm**

Quote from: TheFlame52 on May 24, 2014, 04:47:14 pm

On the wall of Flame/Unib's room

The blood of the earth flows in our forges. Back to work!

It will take a few more days to smooth up the last few conduits and get the stone out of them.

Guildmaster’s Journal, 21st Hematite 659

Today I just noticed a new mayor was elected, one of the fisherdwarves. It must have happened during all the chaos with the siege, but now we do not have a legendary-grade gypsumhead in charge of things we’re probably going to see things running a bit more smoothly.

End of Month Report, 28th Hematite 659

Spoiler: Aftermath of troglodyte battle (click to show/hide)



Spoiler: Troglodyte battle logs (click to show/hide)

The Macedwarf bashes The Troglodyte in the right hand with her <steel mace>, shattering the bone!
The Macedwarf bites The Troglodyte in the upper body, tearing the fat and bruising the muscle and bruising the liver!
The Macedwarf latches on firmly!
The Macedwarf shakes The Troglodyte around by the upper body, tearing apart the upper body's skin and bruising the fat!
The Troglodyte misses The Macedwarf!
The Macedwarf shakes The Troglodyte around by the upper body, tearing apart the upper body's skin and bruising the fat!
The Troglodyte gives in to pain.
The Macedwarf shakes The Troglodyte around by the upper body, tearing apart the upper body's fat!
The Macedwarf shakes The Troglodyte around by the upper body, tearing apart the upper body's fat!
The Macedwarf bashes The Troglodyte in the head with her <steel mace>, bruising the muscle and tearing the upper spine's nervous tissue!
The Macedwarf bashes The Troglodyte in the head with her <steel mace>, bruising the muscle and shattering the skull!
→The Macedwarf bashes The Troglodyte in the head with her <steel mace>, bruising the muscle, jamming the skull through the brain and tearing the brain!

Today, I said I would finish the end of month report by the end of the month, so here it is. Two days ago, Meng Fenceddabbles the Soap Maker ran into some troglodytes in the caverns. Not sure what he was doing down there, but he was in the 1st Hammer so I called them to arms. Why would you put a macedwarf in the “1st Hammer”? Maybe we will never know. Meng now has two hammer kills and I have attached a drawing of her with Oddom Voicedrings the Beekeeper, who is a proper hammerdwarf.

Other than the change of mayor and the modifications to the obsidian caster, the month was uneventful. The furnace conduits are all ready to go once the mechanic installs the gears. Then we pull the levers and get all the furnace operators back to work!

Spoiler: Zaneq installing the new gears (click to show/hide)

Dwarf Fortress



Zaneq Kûbukegom, Bone Carver
"Zaneq Lancednature"
♀

Construct Building
Novice Marksdwarf
Novice Siege Operator
Novice Dodger
Novice Animal Trainer
Novice Animal Caretaker
Novice Trapper
Master Bone Carver
Novice Mechanic
Novice Pump Operator
Great Negotiator

c: Combat b: Labor m: Misc
g:Gen i:Inv p:Prf w:Wnd z:St
ESC: Done f: Follow

Spoiler: The new lever room (click to show/hide)

PAUSED FPS: 200<25>

Dwarf Fortress

Idlers: 20



quartzite Lever
Pull the Lever

a: Add new task +/-/*: Select
c: Cancel Current Task
p: Promote Current Task
r: Repeat s: Suspend
P: Workshop Profile
x: Remove Building
ESC: Done

Spoiler: Operational Furnaces (click to show/hide)



Guildmaster’s Journal, 2nd Malachite 659

Today we switched on the furnaces. Everything is working and there were no casualties. Excellent news, now we can re-start the smelting of ore.

This notice was found in the dining hall shortly after the magma furnaces went online.

FURNACE WORKERS WANTED

Adamantine strands need to be turned into wafers in the furnaces. Sign up now, start immediately.

Flame: You find the following message under your door.

Your personal magma forge is operational! We have enough steel for two battle axes.

====Alright, that’s probably enough Dwarf Fortress for today, unless we’re going to siege the HFS.=====

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **TheFlame52** on **May 24, 2014, 08:14:16 pm**

On the wall of Flame/Unib's room

Hooray! As part of the forge overhaul, I got my own magma forge!

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **TheFlame52** on **May 25, 2014, 06:50:12 am**

Hey, next time, can we please, *please*, not generate so many demons, titans, and FBs?

To make a long story short, I managed to extract the randomly generated raws from the Demongate file. I used a utility called DFWorldTinker.

But to get to the demons, which is what I wanted, I had to scroll past *a thousand titans and FBs*. Then I get to the demons, and there are *thirty-three* of them. Why do we need this many demons? And to top it all off, none of the demons are formatted (there are no indents), so I have to format 33 creatures. My tab button is going to hate me after this.

But I can now answer any of your questions about demons or FBs, including what poisons they have. I will also be writing a super-top-secret post about the demons unless more than half the thread complains about it. In fact, I'm going to put it up no matter what, because it was hard as shit to get the info I needed.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **May 25, 2014, 09:02:09 am**

I always gen a large number of titans. It ensures that some of them survive when the world is old and increases the chances that one of them can melt people's faces with its gas.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **TheFlame52** on **May 25, 2014, 10:38:18 am**

I finished formatting the demons, it didn't take as long as I thought. Also, I vote for letting the fort eventually fall to demons, as I'm going to make a race of demons out of these guys anyway and they might as well be included in Steelhold III.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **FallenAngel** on **May 25, 2014, 10:50:53 am**

May I do the honors of causing a demony death?

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **TheFlame52** on **May 25, 2014, 11:52:21 am**

FLAME'S TOP SECRET DEMON FILE

DO NOT OPEN IF SANE, MORTAL, OR PREGNANT

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

Demon #1

Name: monster of steam

Description: A towering leech composed of steam. It has wings and it has a gaunt appearance.

Attack: blood sucking

Poison: N/A

Natural skill level: 10
Danger Level: negligible

Demon #2
Name: flame monster
Description: A gigantic humanoid composed of flame. It has three long, curving horns and it undulates rhythmically. Beware its poisonous vapors!
Attack: poison gas, fire
Poison: bleeding, coughing blood, unconsciousness, pain, swelling
Natural skill level: 10
Danger Level: high

Demon #3
Name: snow devil
Description: A huge ceratopsid composed of snow. It has a pair of fan-like antennae and it squirms and fidgets.
Attack: none
Poison: N/A
Natural skill level: 10
Danger Level: negligible

Demon #4
Name: ghost of brine
Description: A towering sloth composed of salt. It has large mandibles and it has a bloated body.
Attack: none
Poison: N/A
Natural skill level: 10
Danger Level: negligible

Demon #5
Name: horned wraith
Description: An enormous bison composed of snow. It has four short horns and it has a bloated body. Beware its poisonous sting!
Attack: poison sting
Poison: swelling, dizziness, bleeding, coughing blood, drowsiness
Natural skill level: 10
Danger Level: medium

Demon #6
Name: monster of snow
Description: An enormous monitor composed of snow. It has a square shell and it has a bloated body.
Attack: none
Poison: N/A
Natural skill level: 10
Danger Level: negligible

Demon #7
Name: flame monster
Description: A huge serpent composed of flame. It has a knobby trunk and it squirms and fidgets.
Attack: fire
Poison: N/A
Natural skill level: 10
Danger Level: medium

Demon #8
Name: lizard brute
Description: A great eyeless lizard twisted into humanoid form. It appears to be emaciated. Its heliotrope scales are small and close-set. Beware its deadly spittle!
Attack: poison spit
Poison: paralysis, eye impairment, vomiting blood, nausea
Natural skill level: 14
Danger Level: medium

Demon #9
Name: bull monster
Description: A huge bull twisted into humanoid form with lidless eyes. It has a bloated body. Its turquoise hair is long and straight. Beware its fire!
Attack: fire
Poison: N/A
Natural skill level: 14
Danger Level: medium

Demon #10
Name: pale blue fiend
Description: A huge skinless tortoise twisted into humanoid form. It squirms and fidgets. Beware its webs!
Attack: webs
Poison: N/A
Natural skill level: 14
Danger Level: medium

Demon #11
Name: three-eyed monster
Description: A gigantic three-eyed ass twisted into humanoid form. It undulates rhythmically. Its eyes glow violet. Beware its deadly dust!
Attack: poison dust
Poison: numbness, drowsiness, bleeding
Natural skill level: 14
Danger Level: high

Demon #12
Name: clear demon
Description: A gigantic scaly badger twisted into humanoid form. It squirms and fidgets. Its clear scales are large and close-set. Beware its fire!
Attack: fire
Poison: N/A
Natural skill level: 14
Danger Level: medium

Demon #13
Name: squirrel devil
Description: A great feathered squirrel twisted into humanoid form. It squirms and fidgets. Its slate gray feathers are fluffed-out. Beware its noxious secretions!
Attack: poisonous liquid secretions
Poison: heart impairment, nausea

Natural skill level: 14
Danger Level: low

Demon #14
Name: anteater fiend
Description: A huge feathered anteater twisted into humanoid form. It has a bloated body. Its slate gray feathers are downy. Beware its noxious secretions!
Attack: poisonous gaseous secretions
Poison: coughing blood
Natural skill level: 10
Danger Level: low

Demon #15
Name: antelope monster
Description: A gigantic skinless antelope twisted into humanoid form. It undulates rhythmically. Beware its poisonous gas!
Attack: poison gas
Poison: drowsiness, bruising, blisters, unconsciousness
Natural skill level: 10
Danger Level: high

Demon #16
Name: lizard brute
Description: A great lizard twisted into humanoid form with lidless eyes. It squirms and fidgets. Its periwinkle scales are small and set far apart. Beware its noxious secretions!
Attack: poisonous liquid secretions
Poison: coughing blood, swelling, pain, paralysis, drowsiness
Natural skill level: 10
Danger Level: high

Demon #17
Name: squirrel monster
Description: An enormous noseless squirrel twisted into humanoid form. It undulates rhythmically. Its charcoal hair is long and shaggy. Beware its fire!
Attack: fire
Poison: N/A
Natural skill level: 10
Danger Level: medium

Demon #18
Name: mantis brute
Description: An enormous one-eyed mantis. It has a broad shell and it has a bloated body. Its moss green exoskeleton is warty. Beware its noxious secretions!
Attack: poisonous liquid secretions
Poison: necrosis, drowsiness, pain
Natural skill level: 10
Danger Level: high

Demon #19
Name: clear fiend
Description: A gigantic hairy grasshopper. It has large mandibles and it squirms and fidgets. Its clear hair is short and even. Beware its poisonous bite!
Attack: poison bite
Poison: numbness, pain, necrosis
Natural skill level: 10
Danger Level: high

Demon #20
Name: elephant fiend
Description: A gigantic feathered elephant. It has a pair of knobby antennae and it undulates rhythmically. Its pale taupe feathers are fluffed-out. Beware its poisonous bite!
Attack: poison bite
Poison: bleeding, necrosis, localized organ impairment, fever, paralysis
Natural skill level: 10
Danger Level: DEADLY

Demon #21
Name: one-eyed monster
Description: A gigantic one-eyed lizard. It has three stubby tails and it undulates rhythmically. Its gray scales are small and set far apart. Beware its deadly spittle!
Attack: poison spit
Poison: nausea, dizziness, fever
Natural skill level: 10
Danger Level: low

Demon #22
Name: burnt sienna brute
Description: A towering hairy weevil. It has a curling trunk and it appears to be emaciated. Its burnt sienna hair is patchy. Beware its poisonous bite!
Attack: poison bite
Poison: fever, nausea, blisters
Natural skill level: 10
Danger Level: low

Demon #23
Name: sauropod fiend
Description: A towering one-eyed sauropod. It has large mandibles and it has a bloated body. Its slate gray scales are jagged and set far apart. Beware its webs!
Attack: webs
Poison: N/A
Natural skill level: 10
Danger Level: high

Demon #24
Name: ribbon worm devil
Description: A gigantic feathered ribbon worm. It has wings and it has a bloated body. Beware its deadly spittle!
Attack: poison spit
Poison: blisters, drowsiness, fever
Natural skill level: 10
Danger Level: low

Demon #25
Name: boiling demon

Description: A huge blob composed of steam. It has a spiral shell and it squirms and fidgets.
Attack: none
Poison: N/A
Natural skill level: 10
Danger Level: negligible

Demon #26
Name: tick brute
Description: A towering eyeless tick. It has a pair of knobby antennae and it has a bloated body. Its clear exoskeleton is sleek and smooth. Beware its noxious secretions!
Attack: poisonous powdery secretions, blood sucking
Poison: bleeding, swelling, coughing blood
Natural skill level: 10
Danger Level: low

Demon #27
Name: wren fiend
Description: A great wren with external ribs. It has a pair of branching antennae and it squirms and fidgets. Its gray feathers are patchy. Beware its poisonous gas!
Attack: poison gas
Poison: oozing
Natural skill level: 10
Danger Level: low

Demon #28
Name: termite brute
Description: A towering three-eyed termite. It has a spiral shell and it is slaving. Its gray exoskeleton is waxy. Beware its deadly blood!
Attack: poison blood
Poison: vomiting blood, coughing blood, pain, dizziness
Natural skill level: 10
Danger Level: medium

Demon #29
Name: smoky quartz fiend
Description: An enormous humanoid composed of smoky quartz. It has a twisting, jointed trunk and it undulates rhythmically. Beware its webs!
Attack: webs
Poison: N/A
Natural skill level: 10
Danger Level: DEADLY

Demon #30
Name: nematode demon
Description: An enormous feathered nematode. It has a round shell and it has a gaunt appearance. Its charcoal feathers are fluffed-out. Beware its fire!
Attack: fire
Poison: N/A
Natural skill level: 10
Danger Level: medium

Demon #31
Name: lacewing brute
Description: A towering hairy lacewing. It has four long, spiral horns and it has a gaunt appearance. Its mauve taupe hair is long and straight. Beware its fire!
Attack: fire
Poison: N/A
Natural skill level: 10
Danger Level: medium

Demon #32
Name: maggot fiend
Description: A towering eyeless maggot. It has lacy wings and it has a bloated body. Its peach exoskeleton is rough and cracked. Beware its poisonous vapors!
Attack: poison gas
Poison: organ impairment, oozing
Natural skill level:
Danger Level: DEADLY

Demon #33
Name: fire specter
Description: A huge humanoid composed of flame. It has wings and it squirms and fidgets.
Attack: fire
Poison: N/A
Natural skill level: 10
Danger Level: medium

OOC: I call killing the fort with demons. Not only is Flame the demon ambassador, but I am already coding the civilization of demons.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **CaptainArchmage** on **May 25, 2014, 11:59:37 am**

Quote from: TheFlame52 on May 25, 2014, 11:52:21 am

FLAME'S TOP SECRET DEMON FILE

DO NOT OPEN IF SANE, MORTAL, OR PREGNANT

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)

Demon #1

Name: monster of steam

Description: A towering leech composed of steam. It has wings and it has a gaunt appearance.

Attack: blood sucking

Poison: N/A

Natural skill level: 10

Danger Level: negligible

Demon #2

Name: flame monster

Description: A gigantic humanoid composed of flame. It has three long, curving horns and it undulates rhythmically. Beware its poisonous vapors!

Attack: poison gas, fire

Poison: bleeding, coughing blood, unconsciousness, pain, swelling

Natural skill level: 10

Danger Level: high

Demon #3

Name: snow devil

Description: A huge ceratopsid composed of snow. It has a pair of fan-like antennae and it squirms and fidgets.

Attack: none
Poison: N/A
Natural skill level: 10
Danger Level: negligible

Demon #4
Name: ghost of brine
Description: A towering sloth composed of salt. It has large mandibles and it has a bloated body.
Attack: none
Poison: N/A
Natural skill level: 10
Danger Level: negligible

Demon #5
Name: horned wraith
Description: An enormous bison composed of snow. It has four short horns and it has a bloated body. Beware its poisonous sting!
Attack: poison sting
Poison: swelling, dizziness, bleeding, coughing blood, drowsiness
Natural skill level: 10
Danger Level: medium

Demon #6
Name: monster of snow
Description: An enormous monitor composed of snow. It has a square shell and it has a bloated body.
Attack: none
Poison: N/A
Natural skill level: 10
Danger Level: negligible

Demon #7
Name: flame monster
Description: A huge serpent composed of flame. It has a knobby trunk and it squirms and fidgets.
Attack: fire
Poison: N/A
Natural skill level: 10
Danger Level: medium

Demon #8
Name: lizard brute
Description: A great eyeless lizard twisted into humanoid form. It appears to be emaciated. Its heliotrope scales are small and close-set. Beware its deadly spittle!
Attack: poison spit
Poison: paralysis, eye impairment, vomiting blood, nausea
Natural skill level: 14
Danger Level: medium

Demon #9
Name: bull monster
Description: A huge bull twisted into humanoid form with lidless eyes. It has a bloated body. Its turquoise hair is long and straight. Beware its fire!
Attack: fire
Poison: N/A
Natural skill level: 14
Danger Level: medium

Demon #10
Name: pale blue fiend
Description: A huge skinless tortoise twisted into humanoid form. It squirms and fidgets. Beware its webs!
Attack: webs
Poison: N/A
Natural skill level: 14
Danger Level: medium

Demon #11
Name: three-eyed monster
Description: A gigantic three-eyed ass twisted into humanoid form. It undulates rhythmically. Its eyes glow violet. Beware its deadly dust!
Attack: poison dust
Poison: numbness, drowsiness, bleeding
Natural skill level: 14
Danger Level: high

Demon #12
Name: clear demon
Description: A gigantic scaly badger twisted into humanoid form. It squirms and fidgets. Its clear scales are large and close-set. Beware its fire!
Attack: fire
Poison: N/A
Natural skill level: 14
Danger Level: medium

Demon #13
Name: squirrel devil
Description: A great feathered squirrel twisted into humanoid form. It squirms and fidgets. Its slate gray feathers are fluffed-out. Beware its noxious secretions!
Attack: poisonous liquid secretions
Poison: heart impairment, nausea
Natural skill level: 14
Danger Level: low

Demon #14
Name: anteater fiend
Description: A huge feathered anteater twisted into humanoid form. It has a bloated body. Its slate gray feathers are downy. Beware its noxious secretions!
Attack: poisonous gaseous secretions
Poison: coughing blood
Natural skill level: 10
Danger Level: low

Demon #15
Name: antelope monster
Description: A gigantic skinless antelope twisted into humanoid form. It undulates rhythmically. Beware its poisonous gas!
Attack: poison gas
Poison: drowsiness, bruising, blisters, unconsciousness
Natural skill level: 10
Danger Level: high

Demon #16
Name: lizard brute
Description: A great lizard twisted into humanoid form with lidless eyes. It squirms and fidgets. Its periwinkle scales are small and set far apart. Beware its noxious secretions!
Attack: poisonous liquid secretions
Poison: coughing blood, swelling, pain, paralysis, drowsiness
Natural skill level: 10
Danger Level: high

Demon #17
Name: squirrel monster
Description: An enormous noseless squirrel twisted into humanoid form. It undulates rhythmically. Its charcoal hair is long and shaggy. Beware its fire!
Attack: fire
Poison: N/A
Natural skill level: 10
Danger Level: medium

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Name: mantis brute
Description: An enormous one-eyed mantis. It has a broad shell and it has a bloated body. Its moss green exoskeleton is warty. Beware its noxious secretions!
Attack: poisonous liquid secretions
Poison: necrosis, drowsiness, pain
Natural skill level: 10
Danger Level: high

Demon #19
Name: clear fiend
Description: A gigantic hairy grasshopper. It has large mandibles and it squirms and fidgets. Its clear hair is short and even. Beware its poisonous bite!
Attack: poison bite
Poison: numbness, pain, necrosis
Natural skill level: 10
Danger Level: high

Demon #20
Name: elephant fiend
Description: A gigantic feathered elephant. It has a pair of knobby antennae and it undulates rhythmically. Its pale taupe feathers are fluffed-out. Beware its poisonous bite!

Attack: poison bite
Poison: bleeding, necrosis, localized organ impairment, fever, paralysis
Natural skill level: 10
Danger Level: DEADLY

Demon #21
Name: one-eyed monster
Description: A gigantic one-eyed lizard. It has three stubby tails and it undulates rhythmically. Its gray scales are small and set far apart. Beware its deadly spittle!
Attack: poison spit
Poison: nausea, dizziness, fever
Natural skill level: 10
Danger Level: low

Demon #22
Name: burnt sienna brute
Description: A towering hairy weevil. It has a curling trunk and it appears to be emaciated. Its burnt sienna hair is patchy. Beware its poisonous bite!
Attack: poison bite
Poison: fever, nausea, blisters
Natural skill level: 10
Danger Level: low

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Name: sauropod fiend
Description: A towering one-eyed sauropod. It has large mandibles and it has a bloated body. Its slate gray scales are jagged and set far apart. Beware its webs!
Attack: webs
Poison: N/A
Natural skill level: 10
Danger Level: high

Demon #24
Name: ribbon worm devil
Description: A gigantic feathered ribbon worm. It has wings and it has a bloated body. Beware its deadly spittle!
Attack: poison spit
Poison: blisters, drowsiness, fever
Natural skill level: 10
Danger Level: low

Demon #25
Name: boiling demon
Description: A huge blob composed of steam. It has a spiral shell and it squirms and fidgets.
Attack: none
Poison: N/A
Natural skill level: 10
Danger Level: negligible

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Name: tick brute
Description: A towering eyeless tick. It has a pair of knobby antennae and it has a bloated body. Its clear exoskeleton is sleek and smooth. Beware its noxious secretions!
Attack: poisonous powdery secretions, blood sucking
Poison: bleeding, swelling, coughing blood
Natural skill level: 10
Danger Level: low

Demon #27
Name: wren fiend
Description: A great wren with external ribs. It has a pair of branching antennae and it squirms and fidgets. Its gray feathers are patchy. Beware its poisonous gas!
Attack: poison gas
Poison: oozing
Natural skill level: 10
Danger Level: low

Demon #28
Name: termite brute
Description: A towering three-eyed termite. It has a spiral shell and it is slavering. Its gray exoskeleton is waxy. Beware its deadly blood!
Attack: poison blood
Poison: vomiting blood, coughing blood, pain, dizziness
Natural skill level: 10
Danger Level: medium

Demon #29
Name: smoky quartz fiend
Description: An enormous humanoid composed of smoky quartz. It has a twisting, jointed trunk and it undulates rhythmically. Beware its webs!
Attack: webs
Poison: N/A
Natural skill level: 10
Danger Level: DEADLY

Demon #30
Name: nematode demon
Description: An enormous feathered nematode. It has a round shell and it has a gaunt appearance. Its charcoal feathers are fluffed-out. Beware its fire!
Attack: fire
Poison: N/A
Natural skill level: 10
Danger Level: medium

Demon #31
Name: lacewing brute
Description: A towering hairy lacewing. It has four long, spiral horns and it has a gaunt appearance. Its mauve taupe hair is long and straight. Beware its fire!
Attack: fire
Poison: N/A
Natural skill level: 10
Danger Level: medium

Demon #32
Name: maggot fiend
Description: A towering eyeless maggot. It has lacy wings and it has a bloated body. Its peach exoskeleton is rough and cracked. Beware its poisonous vapors!
Attack: poison gas
Poison: organ impairment, oozing
Natural skill level:
Danger Level: DEADLY

Demon #33
Name: fire specter
Description: A huge humanoid composed of flame. It has wings and it squirms and fidgets.
Attack: fire
Poison: N/A
Natural skill level: 10
Danger Level: medium

OOC: I call killing the fort with demons. Not only is Flame the demon ambassador, but I am already coding the civilization of demons.

Normally I go for generating 1000 demons and procedural creatures where the variety will actually mean something.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **Gnorm** on **May 25, 2014, 01:34:54 pm**

We're not going to intentionally kill this fort; it will kill *itself* in due time. That's what Dwarf Fortress is all about, and what makes it fun.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **TheFlame52** on **May 25, 2014, 03:12:10 pm**

I'm still making the demon race, though. I'm about 1/3 of the way done and I'm going to use it as part of the Fire Imp Civilization+ mod anyway.

EDIT: If anyone needs to know the poison from a forgotten beast, then just ask me. I'll need the description of the beast. In-story, ask danmanthedog because he knows all about forgotten beasts.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **Gnorm** on **May 25, 2014, 03:47:00 pm**

Quote from: TheFlame52 on May 25, 2014, 03:12:10 pm

I'm still making the demon race, though. I'm about 1/3 of the way done and I'm going to use it as part of the Fire Imp Civilization+ mod anyway.

I frankly do not see how your personal modding ventures have anything to do with this fortress or its end.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **TheFlame52** on **May 25, 2014, 04:06:08 pm**

Ok, I won't talk about them on this thread anymore.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **May 25, 2014, 05:11:03 pm**

You can talk about them if you want, but people just might not want it as part of the story unless it's good. And Demongate isn't a sequel to Deathgate.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **danmanthedog** on **May 25, 2014, 05:36:22 pm**

You know the knowing of the poisens would be a good story addition to my character so thanks Flame. ;)

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **TheFlame52** on **May 25, 2014, 06:39:31 pm**

You're welcome. [joking] Also, I vote we unleash the termite fiends on the elves' forests! [/joking]

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **MDFification** on **May 25, 2014, 07:13:04 pm**

Killing the fort on purpose is explicitly against the rules. Try it and get your turn reverted.

That being said, I'll watch your mod with interest. Hope you have fun with it.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **CaptainArchmage** on **May 25, 2014, 09:03:44 pm**

Guildmaster’s Journal, 6th Malachite 659

Because we have a pumped magma network already operational, I wanted to see how we could bring it to the surface. It looks like the aquifer is in the loamy sand layer just above the stone.

Soil Layers:

- 1. Tan Sand*
- 2. Yellow Sand*
- 3. Fire Clay*
- 4. Loamy Sand*

There is an area of soil which is raised, which would be a useful defensive location. The soil here is two-levels higher, giving room to pump magma above the aquifer, if we carefully channel out the aquifer above the stone layer. We might be able to utilise the aquifer for power generation, too.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **MDFification** on **May 25, 2014, 09:54:49 pm**

... I hope nobody minds if I write discussions between their characters and Vlad? Or just between characters? I'll try to not state anything of actual importance.

So. The fortress under civilian rule has been more... functional than I might otherwise have suspected. I call it worrying. The mayor is clearly under someone's thumb. Or perhaps some thing. Everythingk is progressingk smoothly. Ve continue to fight off sieges, but military resources are no longer required to deal vith civilian problems. The fortress and the colony are now two different thingks, yes? There's still the matter of the beast. Why have you done nothing? Vhat do you mean, the beast? Another beast by the adamantine. We haven't received orders to engage it. ... no one told me. Vhy is this. We only just heard about it from Thane. She just got back from pacifying the troglodyte population. She also wanted to see you, I presume. ... so if I haven't heard about it, then, it vasn't detected by the military. Which means the cavern watch has stopped reporting to me. The civilian watches have always reported directly to the mayor. The mayor, until recently, has passed that on to the militia commander. Vell, of course. The mayor is a soldier. The civilian networks are one of our resources. Are you sayingk the mayor is vithholdingk information from me? That, or there's some organized group watching the caverns that doesn't report to the mayor. Seeing as Thane found out, they can't keep their mouths shut about what they find. But who is organized enough to pull off something like that? That we know of? The Miner's Guild or the medical clerics are the only ones who spring to mind, and I can't imagine the latter endangering the fortress. Besides, they don't go near the caverns with any frequency. So it's likely the miners, seeing as they're still operating down by the adamantine. On the other hand... Tarmid, I think it's time we told the good baron. Tell me vhat? There have been many cases of... groups interested in adamantine, and the curse it's associated with. Cults that operate in secret, beyond the law or civil society. Worshippers of demons, perhaps like the beasts that seem to be attracted here like flies to honey. Cults that have, in the past, been associated with Bloodkin infiltration. I trust you see where we're going with this? ... damn. Ve have to go on a vitchhunt now, don't ve? I don't have time for that. I have a var vith the humans to plan. Turn the populace against us, and ve're likely to get strung up for that diplomat's... purgingk. I think the knights are better suited to rooting out problems like this. Don't worry - we're capable of discretion. The fact that you don't hear about that only proves how well it works. ... I'll leave it to you then, yes? Best I don't get involved if this all goes bollocks up. I saw vhat happens vhen a mob forms at Savagewinds. In the meantime, ve should dispatch Dantheman and the archers to take care of the beast. Ask the masons and the miners to prepare some vay to engage the beast vithout baiting it toward our entrance. Keepingk some recruits - not people ve can't afford to loose in accident - on standby is also a good idea. Ve'll tip our hand, yes, but ve can't risk a beast unchecked. Anything else? Of course. Ve'll be vanting more interior gates and a central command room so that ve can seal off upper and lower caverns and the

surface if ve loose either. Ve need to explore that... anomaly in the lower caverns discretely, and without further risks, before one of those *things* decides to see if beingk dead allows it to hold its breath longk enough to assault our fortress from below. Ve need to separate mixed weapon troops from hammerdwarves, appoint a champion with the experience required to be actually useful trainingk troops, rearm the milita vith steel veapons and armor as much as possible before the humans show up, so on. But ve can't do everythingk at once, so I'll get Thane and the others on that. The two of you do vhat you have to do, and pass on the message to *someone* that I need that beast taken care of. I von't be the one to loose this fortress, yes?

Very well. This concludes our meeting. Armok preserve us.

Armok preserve us all. I'll see you at prayers.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **Gnorm** on **May 25, 2014, 09:57:18 pm**

Quote from: MDFification on May 25, 2014, 09:54:49 pm

... I hope nobody minds if I write discussions between their characters and Vlad? Or just between characters? I'll try to not state anything of actual importance.

Do it by all means. The characters are amongst the many things that make this thread worthwhile.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **TheFlame52** on **May 26, 2014, 08:28:45 am**

Hey danman, how does your dwarf feel about mine? Unib stays away from you because she doesn't want to catch what you have, but Flame knows what you have isn't contagious and think's you're OK.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **danmanthedog** on **May 26, 2014, 08:38:56 am**

As long as she doesn't use and dark or thaum magic I would say it will be fine.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

And if shes not a vegetarian to.

Okay men it looks like we are all alone on killing this Forgotten on today, but don't worry *HACK HACK* according to the both of thane's description and my clan's history books it's just a giant lizard with a nasty bite today. So also long as you stay clear of its mouth you should be fine. So any questions or worries speak up now?

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **TheFlame52** on **May 26, 2014, 11:30:14 am**

Usu's bite causes nausea, full-body bleeding, localized bruising, paralysis, and pain.

Pain sets almost immediately. Paralysis sets in a bit later. Then bruising of the bitten area, the pain begins to subside, and nausea sets in. After a while, the bruising begin to subside. Then the paralysis reaches its peak, and full-body muscular bleeding sets in. As the paralysis subsides, the nausea also begins to subside. Soon after, the bleeding slows. After a long while, the nausea stops, then the pain. A little bit later the bruising fades, the paralysis ends, and finally the bleeding stops.

Usu is an 5/10 on the danger scale and a 7/10 on the toxicity scale. His bite will almost certainly kill you. If you don't get torn to shreds by Usu, then the paralysis or bleeding will get you.

[DESCRIPTION:A huge hairy dimetrodon. It has three long, straight tails and it squirms and fidgets. Its pale chestnut hair is long and straight. Beware its poisonous bite!]

-snip-

[CE_NAUSEA:SEV:100:PROB:100:START:425:PEAK:1659:END:3358:RESISTABLE:SIZE_DELAYS:SIZE_DILUTES]

[CE_BLEEDING:SEV:100:PROB:100:START:1066:PEAK:1926:END:4192:BP:BY_CATEGORY:ALL:ALL:VASCULAR_ONLY:RESISTABLE:SIZE_DELAYS:SIZE_DILUTES]

[CE_BRUISING:SEV:100:PROB:100:START:302:PEAK:748:END:3943:LOCALIZED:VASCULAR_ONLY:MUSCULAR_ONLY:RESISTABLE:SIZE_DELAYS:SIZE_DILUTES]

[CE_PARALYSIS:SEV:100:PROB:100:START:184:PEAK:1042:END:4091:RESISTABLE:SIZE_DELAYS:SIZE_DILUTES]

[CE_PAIN:SEV:100:PROB:100:START:18:PEAK:344:END:3369:RESISTABLE:SIZE_DELAYS:SIZE_DILUTES]

Danman: I'm not sure which magic is which, but she *can* use demon magic, she just doesn't. Danmandorf would have no reason to know that she can.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **MDFification** on **May 26, 2014, 12:18:59 pm**

Flame: I'd keep that kind of raw-diving out of the thread. Also, don't do that during your turn.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **TheFlame52** on **May 26, 2014, 12:45:21 pm**

Very well then.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **MDFification** on **May 26, 2014, 01:01:11 pm**

When/if we do a hellbreach though; I don't know if we have webber demons, but if so, catch one. The silk they make is apparently fireproof and magmaproof.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **jrrocks05** on **May 26, 2014, 01:10:37 pm**

Hey guys I have not been able to look at this forum for a while now I'm back. My character is awesome now a captain and he got shot in the leg. Though I am back now I will be gone from June 27th too august 13th.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **TheFlame52** on **May 26, 2014, 01:13:37 pm**

There are two kinds of webber demons.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **Gnorm** on **May 26, 2014, 01:28:05 pm**

Quote from: jrrocks05 on May 26, 2014, 01:10:37 pm

Hey guys I have not been able to look at this forum for a while now I'm back. My character is awesome now a captain and he got shot in the leg. Though I am back now I will be gone from June 27th too august 13th.

Good to have you back.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **MDFification** on **May 26, 2014, 01:28:58 pm**

Quote from: jrrocks05 on May 26, 2014, 01:10:37 pm

Hey guys I have not been able to look at this forum for a while now I'm back. My character is awesome now a captain and he got shot in the leg. Though I am back now I will be gone from June 27th too august 13th.

Welcome welcome.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **TheFlame52** on **May 26, 2014, 01:38:46 pm**

How much can I divulge about each FB? Can I give a list of symptoms? Or am I just limited to a 1-10 rating on the "how fucked are you if you get bit" scale?

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **jrrocks05** on **May 26, 2014, 01:55:45 pm**

Thanks guys happy to be back.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **Gnorm** on **May 26, 2014, 01:56:55 pm**

Gnora's Journal
Queer Dwarves
--

I've been looking about for more dwarves to talk to, and I've found that there're a lot of queer dwarves in the fort. I haven't taken yet to get too close to any of them, but I ain't too eager after what I seen.

Flame: She seems like a sweet sort of girl; good manners and all. But I don't reckon that she's all right in the head. I swear I've heard her talk about how she's "a demon," or something like that. How do I approach a dwarf as skewed-up as that? I don't want to get on the nerves of a girl like that, or she might go berzerk.

FallenAngel: An interesting name for an interesting dwarf. I ain't never seen a dwarf get so happy from tormenting insects. I was taking a late-night stroll the other day and I found him in the food-stockpyles. He was just sitting there, setting fyre to the bugs! I reckon he might burn down the entire fort if no one stops him. I hezitate to tell him off myself, but if no one does it, I don't think anyone will. I'll talk to him, but I can't say for serten that I ain't lying right now.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **May 26, 2014, 05:57:12 pm**

Quote from: MDFification on May 26, 2014, 01:01:11 pm

When/if we do a hellbreach though; I don't know if we have webber demons, but if so, catch one. The silk they make is apparently fireproof and magmaproof.

Isn't it impossible to capture a webmaking demon, though? They're web immune, so the standard GCS method won't work, and they're stun immune, so the cave in method won't work. Plus they can fly, so you can't just drop them on a cage trap.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **TheFlame52** on **May 26, 2014, 06:00:53 pm**

Hm. I lied, there are three web demons. We don't want to mess with one, it's fucking scary. The other two are OK. But to capture a web clown, you have to make a drawbridge trap with furniture bait. Artifact furniture is good, but not necessary.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **May 26, 2014, 06:04:49 pm**

Quote from: TheFlame52 on May 26, 2014, 01:38:46 pm

How much can I divulge about each FB? Can I give a list of symptoms? Or am I just limited to a 1-10 rating on the "how fucked are you if you get bit" scale?

Generally, it's best to avoid absolute certainty on things that are supposed to be lost to history. Something like "This red feathered winged dimetron has a bite which causes total paralysis within forty two minutes when quantities in excess of three milligrams are injected into the bloodstream" is bad. Something like "The tales say that this monstrosity's bite will turn a man's flesh to stone inside the hour" is better. Of course, you're some form of demon, so it's not outside the realms of possibility that you have first hand experience with a lot of forgotten beasts, but on the other hand it's not like you have a perfect memory for things you briefly saw centuries ago, either.

"I think you might have been right, you know," Thane said quietly, staring at her finger circling the rim of her mug.
"About vat?" Vlad asked sleepily.
"I don't know," she shrugged. "Just... this. Maybe we should have gotten out while we still could."
"It's not too late," the baron of Demongate smiled.
"It is for some people," the weaponsmith said sadly.
"But not for us," Vlad insisted.
Thane looked at him for a moment, perhaps searching his face for a lie. The corners of her mouth briefly twitched upwards. "Maybe it's not. But they still need us here, don't they?"
"Vlad's father taught Vlad one thing, and Vlad has always followed his lesson: look out for Vlad, and only Vlad," Vlad vladded vladdily.
"You told me your father left before you were born," Thane frowned.
"Yup," he grinned. Thane gave a snort of laughter.
"Perhaps we should stay a little longer anyway," she said. "They need us around to stop this place burning down around their ears."
"Just so long as the booze keeps flowing," Vlad nodded. Their mugs clanged together, and the evening prayers resumed.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **TheFlame52** on **May 26, 2014, 06:08:48 pm**

I'm going to tell serious symptoms an a 1/10 danger rating. No more than 3 symptoms.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **MDFification** on **May 26, 2014, 06:42:59 pm**

Quote from: TheFlame52 on May 26, 2014, 06:08:48 pm

I'm going to tell serious symptoms an a 1/10 danger rating. No more than 3 symptoms.

Only 3 symptoms per syndrome exist though.
I think it would be best to keep knowledge that wasn't gained through just playing vanilla out of the thread entirely if that's alright. My last character was supposedly highly occult, but that didn't mean I used magic to resolve sieges or savescum to fortell future events. We don't use 3rd party tools, and should just stick to purely playing the game and calling on the general expertise in how to play the game from the players.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **CaptainArchmage** on **May 26, 2014, 06:59:55 pm**

Quote from: Deus Asmoth on May 26, 2014, 05:57:12 pm

Quote from: MDFification on May 26, 2014, 01:01:11 pm

When/if we do a hellbreach though; I don't know if we have webber demons, but if so, catch one. The silk they make is apparently fireproof and magmaproof.

Isn't it impossible to capture a webmaking demon, though? They're web immune, so the standard GCS method won't work, and they're stun immune, so the cave in method won't work. Plus they can fly, so you can't just drop them on a cage trap.

It is possible to trap a webmaking demon in a properly designed silk farm, however.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **TheFlame52** on **May 26, 2014, 07:14:28 pm**

It is anywhere from 1-5 symptoms. And if there is only, say, 3 symptoms, then I will tell 1 or 2 depending on how serious they are.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **MDFification** on **May 26, 2014, 07:16:33 pm**

Quote from: TheFlame52 on May 26, 2014, 07:14:28 pm

It is anywhere from 1-5 symptoms. And if there is only, say, 3 symptoms, then I will tell 1 or 2 depending on how serious they are.

I think this is a bad idea in general and will actively ignore you, but whatever floats your boat. The thread isn't intended for me to boss people around, it's intended for people to have fun doing lore. Which you're doing.

EDIT: By this I mean I won't read spoiler-y posts. Can you possibly spoiler your arcane knowledge of demonkind?

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **CaptainArchmage** on **May 26, 2014, 07:31:44 pm**

Stuff that happened: Design. Beehives. Green glass tubes. Marble gets to stockpiles. Adamantine wafers get made. Power and magma conduits get carved across the fort. I found a reasonable way to bypass the aquifer without resorting to cave-ins. The advantage is we can now build gigantic aquifer batteries. I will try to get some reports too.

Edit: Flame’s magma forge gets a masterwork bauxite door. That too.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **MDFification** on **May 26, 2014, 07:38:21 pm**

Quote from: CaptainArchmage on May 26, 2014, 07:31:44 pm

Stuff that happened: Design. Beehives.

Oh god no. It's McKiwi's most recent Moltenchannels turn all over again. Bees. BEES. BEES. **BEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEES**

Edit: I wonder how Gnora will cope with more booze variety, seeing as sunshine is the devil's drink.
What's your aquifer bypass? I'm curious.

Military recommendations: Kill the beast before it kills you. Action against the demonfort is both unnecessary, distracting and dangerous at this point. Its a good idea to reveal more of it though as the number of undeads in there will gradually be reduced by them randomly running off into the far caverns. Moving the weapon users without many comrades into a new squad is also something that could be done so we can accelerate the production of effective hammerdwarves.

Also, Asmoth; Remove me from the turnlist please. I've got about 3 weeks left of internet. And that's if I stop studying.
Edit2: Asmoth, Vlad vladded vladdily is perhaps the single greatest quote to come out of this thread and I hope to one day summon the initiative to add it to the memorable quotes gallery.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **jrrocks05** on **May 26, 2014, 07:58:11 pm**

I want a admantine sword

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **CaptainArchmage** on **May 26, 2014, 08:21:59 pm**

OK, I can confirm we can get passed the aquifer using the new, tested digging method. It involves channeling out the soil from above, and digging a conduit below in the stone until it reaches an area where the aquifer is 2 z-levels below. This bypasses the aquifer We can then pump the magma to the surface next to the under-construction Castle Helgarde. We can bypass other things than magma conduits, such as highly-pressurised dihydrogen monoxide plumbing, minecart tracks, and power. Aquifer power plants will enable us to power everything else that needs power.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **danmanthedog** on **May 26, 2014, 08:46:41 pm**

Quote from: CaptainArchmage on May 26, 2014, 08:21:59 pm

OK, I can confirm we can get passed the aquifer using the new, tested digging method. It involves channeling out the soil from above, and digging a conduit below in the stone until it reaches an area where the aquifer is 2 z-levels below. This bypasses the aquifer We can then pump the magma to the surface next to the under-construction Castle Helgarde. We can bypass other things than magma conduits, such as highly-pressurised dihydrogen monoxide plumbing, minecart tracks, and power. Aquifer power plants will enable us to power everything else that needs power.

But will all those Blend?

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **MDFification** on **May 26, 2014, 08:52:03 pm**

Quote from: danmanthedog on May 26, 2014, 08:46:41 pm

Quote from: CaptainArchmage on May 26, 2014, 08:21:59 pm

OK, I can confirm we can get passed the aquifer using the new, tested digging method. It involves channeling out the soil from above, and digging a conduit below in the stone until it reaches an area where the aquifer is 2 z-levels below. This bypasses the aquifer We can then pump the magma to the surface next to the under-construction Castle Helgarde. We can bypass other things than magma conduits, such as highly-pressurised dihydrogen monoxide plumbing, minecart tracks, and power. Aquifer power plants will enable us to power everything else that needs power.

But will all those Blend?

Yes, in a beautiful, terrible way that will doubtlessly kill scores of dwarves during testing and application.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**

Post by: **Gnorm** on **May 26, 2014, 08:56:23 pm**

Quote from: MDFification on May 26, 2014, 07:38:21 pm

Edit: I wonder how Gnora will cope with more booze variety, seeing as sunshine is the devil's drink.

Poorly, though as of now that's currently just the icing on her psychological cake. I think she's more concerned about her paranoia and hostility towards the other six founders and the lack of sanity present in some of the other citizens.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**

Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **May 27, 2014, 09:27:33 am**

Ok, MDF is off the overseer list. Hope you're not gone forever.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**

Post by: **MDFification** on **May 27, 2014, 11:18:31 am**

Quote from: Deus Asmoth on May 27, 2014, 09:27:33 am

Ok, MDF is off the overseer list. Hope you're not gone forever.

I'm basically gone until September. So if the fort's still around then, I'll see if I can get back into it.
I'm just hoping to see the end of Archmage's turn before I leave so I can keep the fort going for those two months. Not that I'll have a lot of time to play vidya gaems. Gotta actually do my job and socialize and whatnot.

Still though, the fort's come a long way these past few turns. A really long way. We went from basic survival to overstocked, actually reasonable living conditions and large-scale engineering projects in like 2.5 turns. I can't wait to see where we go in the future.
My Vlads go to whoever can put them to good use.

EDIT: This would be a rather pointless FPS drain, but you theoretically could cause our brook to drain into the aquifer, could you not? It'd be cool to see the river flow into the fort and then not flow out the other side. Plus, it'd be a good plot explanation for our INFINITE POWER.
Again, though, it's a pointless exercise. Not sure if FPS would improve or get worse because of it; we might have more or less flow tiles created depending on the aquifer location. If you put floor grates in there though you could wind up with automated fish capture.
Yeah, this project probably shouldn't end up happening.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**

Post by: **danmanthedog** on **May 27, 2014, 01:08:29 pm**

How many dwarfs do we have, because I could try to take a turn if the fort it's self is not to much of a FPS hog ha.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**

Post by: **CaptainArchmage** on **May 27, 2014, 03:31:58 pm**

Quote from: MDFification on May 27, 2014, 11:18:31 am

Quote from: Deus Asmoth on May 27, 2014, 09:27:33 am

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Yeah, this project probably shouldn't end up happening.

As it is I’m getting 74 FPS when it isn’t raining, and with temperature off. I will probably turn temperature on for things like obsidian casting. When it is raining, we have a rather low FPS.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**

Post by: **MDFification** on **May 27, 2014, 03:36:04 pm**

Quote from: CaptainArchmage on May 27, 2014, 03:31:58 pm

Quote from: MDFification on May 27, 2014, 11:18:31 am

Quote from: Deus Asmoth on May 27, 2014, 09:27:33 am

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I guess my computers significantly better than yours then - I have a drastically better framerate once dfhack tweaks that improve framerate without altering gameplay are on. Have you tried what the wiki recommends?

EDIT: You might want to try disabling weather in the init as well. I don't think weather is a very significant factor here (now that morale is high enough a little rain won't put us in serious danger of a spiral) and it'll stabilize your FPS at its current maximum.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **May 27, 2014, 03:37:52 pm**

I've finally started updating the OP with links to overseer posts. It'll take a while, because damn there is a lot of plot going on here.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **MDFification** on **May 27, 2014, 03:38:55 pm**

Quote from: Deus Asmoth on May 27, 2014, 03:37:52 pm
I've finally started updating the OP with links to overseer posts. It'll take a while, because damn there is a lot of plot going on here.

Just copy/paste from my first post in this thread - I've got all current overseer posts linked there.
Your naming scheme is hilarious though.

EDIT: I just realized something hilarious.
Demongate is being controlled from behind the scenes. A group of shadowy officials meet in secret to decide the fortresses fate, overruling civilian government decisions and running the fortress on their every whim. Drunk beyond belief with power and copious amounts of Sunshine, they control by decree the entire settlement.
Their name is 'the Evening Prayer Group', and they shall broke no interference in their plans.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **TheFlame52** on **May 27, 2014, 04:44:11 pm**

Could we put a basic bath somewhere in a hallway? Just a few tiles of 4/7 water? The rain was the only thing washing the dwarves off.

Also, someone needs to floor over the ponds inside the walls. Remember that guy that drowned?

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **May 27, 2014, 05:23:38 pm**

Quote from: TheFlame52 on May 27, 2014, 04:44:11 pm
Remember that guy that drowned?

Is it bad that my first thought on seeing that was 'You're gonna have to be more specific'?

At least the Evening Prayer Group's decisions cause misery because of incompetence rather than spite. Only three or four more fortresses and we'll have a society whose existence actually benefits people!

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **TheFlame52** on **May 27, 2014, 06:14:31 pm**

He was a siege something-or-other that got knocked into a pond while carrying a cage during an overseer transition.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **Gnorm** on **May 27, 2014, 06:29:04 pm**

Quote from: TheFlame52 on May 27, 2014, 06:14:31 pm
He was a siege something-or-other that got knocked into a pond while carrying a cage during an overseer transition.

I don't believe he actually drowned.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **TheFlame52** on **May 27, 2014, 06:33:18 pm**

See, this is what me playing the fort by myself does to me. It confuses me on what has actually happened.

Also, we need to floor over the pool around the drop zone under the traps. Body parts and corpses fall in there and we can't get them out.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **MDFification** on **May 27, 2014, 09:02:48 pm**

Quote from: Deus Asmoth on May 27, 2014, 05:23:38 pm
Quote from: TheFlame52 on May 27, 2014, 04:44:11 pm
Remember that guy that drowned?
Is it bad that my first thought on seeing that was 'You're gonna have to be more specific'?

At least the Evening Prayer Group's decisions cause misery because of incompetence rather than spite. Only three or four more fortresses and we'll have a society whose existence actually benefits people!

Funnily enough, Evening Prayer Group's drunken oligarchy seems to be remarkably efficient when confirmed to work in concert. When individual overseers make choices, things get overlooked. (must... resist... urge to point out low morale pre-Vlad)

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **Gnorm** on **May 27, 2014, 09:48:01 pm**

Quote from: MDFification on May 27, 2014, 09:02:48 pm
Quote from: Deus Asmoth on May 27, 2014, 05:23:38 pm
Quote from: TheFlame52 on May 27, 2014, 04:44:11 pm
Remember that guy that drowned?
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Funnily enough, Evening Prayer Group's drunken oligarchy seems to be remarkably efficient when confirmed to work in concert. When individual overseers make choices, things get overlooked. **(must... resist... urge to point out low morale pre-Vlad)**

Thinking of anyone in particular? Hmm?

Gnora sat quietly in the schoolhouse, busying herself by reading a small scroll on mathematics. With the aid of a piece of paper and a pen, she could now perform basic arithmetic, though she still preferred to count in terms of fingers and hands, simply out of force of habit. She had little time to study, and she rarely attended lectures of Tarmid. Nevertheless, she figured that there were certain things that a girl simply ought to know in the world, and she would devote some of her free time to these studies.

She had not yet spoken to the dwarf known as FallenAngel; she was worried that the crazed bug-killer would turn on her. After all, one that derives such pleasure from the incineration of insects could not possibly be the most stable fellow around. She had taken to the problem of the dwarf as she did with her problems with the other founders: she avoided him.

Gnora put down her scroll as she thought of the other founders and their allies. They always gathered together in the evening to guzzle down their alcohol until they were more intoxicated than a dwarf should have the ability become. To make matters worse, they were drinking sunshine! They had let themselves forget that they're dwarves, not men. Gnora knew that, although the founders could hide in the caverns and drink themselves to death for all she cared, she would have to save the rest of the fort.

But how exactly could she do it? She began to shudder noticeably as she thought of poisoning the sunshine barrels; such a thing would be going too far. Any direct damage she did to the supplies would be attributed to her automatically, and in her eyes the entire fortress seemed to be out for her blood as it was. Was there any way that she could subtly rid the fort of the sunshine? Her mind began to turn to politics. Such a field was, after all, what all the "modern" dwarves were getting into. Perhaps she could convince the overseer to ban the substance?

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **CaptainArchmage** on **May 29, 2014, 10:18:42 am**

Again, real life means construction of Castle Helgarde and this-can't-possibly-go-wrong arrangement of hot and cold plumbing, power transmission, and superspeed minecarts is going a bit slow. Highlights are the unnecessary decoration of magma forges, lack of bins, and need for **MOAR POWAH**.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **danmanthedog** on **May 29, 2014, 01:02:25 pm**

Who's turn is it right now!!?? If we are still waiting on the same guy whelp I say that he has long enough.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **May 29, 2014, 02:55:16 pm**

You know, the first post has a lot of information about rules and whose turn it is. I keep it updated and everything.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **FallenAngel** on **May 29, 2014, 04:02:54 pm**

Would it be alright if I added FallenAngel to the wiki?
And where on the Demongate page would I put him?

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **TheFlame52** on **May 29, 2014, 04:06:25 pm**

DEMONGATE HAS A WIKI?
TELL ME WHERE
I WILL HELP

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **FallenAngel** on **May 29, 2014, 04:08:56 pm**

It's in the original post.
My wikia account is Cacame.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **MDFification** on **May 29, 2014, 04:33:43 pm**

Indeed, the Wiki hungers for addition. Feed it text. FEED IT.

@FallenAngel there'll be a section on the Demongate page that lists current fortress inhabitants. If your dorf isn't already on there (I updated it recently) feel free to add them. There's also an example of how to format a person article on the front page.

EDIT: The Evening Prayer Group definitely needs to be listed as a faction in the OP. Hell, it basically runs all other local factions bar the guilds at this point through inclusion of their local leaders

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **Sarrak** on **May 29, 2014, 05:33:38 pm**

Right. This is a great time to feed ONE THAT HUNGERS!

I'm mostly here now and will try to recover some more notable personalities from a Steelhold era before moving back to present. By the way things are going on with Wiki, we're just as far from completing it as always.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **MDFification** on **May 29, 2014, 07:46:02 pm**

Our investigation has run its course, Baron.
... that sounds suspiciously similar to your lordship. Vhat did you find?
We were... unable to discover any cultist activity, should a cult be present. It's possible they escaped our detection - me and Tarmid are hardly inquisitors.
... meaningk? I am, as you vell know, not a smart dwarf. Except of course when it comes to my business.
'Repurposing' the belongings of the dead?
No, my business is fightingk. The boot thinkk is just a hobby.
If no cult is operating in Demongate, the most likely organization maintaining a line of communication to the lower caverns we don't know about is the mining guild. If it's just them, they're clearly operating outside their perimeters. The militia hasn't ordered any more exploratory tunnels dug, and the mayor *should* at least know enough to ask permission before expanding our current digsites. The lower level is still restricted under your decree.
... troublingk. Vhy would no report be made to the militia of the beast's presence? I mean nobody wants to get punished for violatingk the law, but you think that would come second to the hopes of not gettingk eaten by a monstrosity from the darkest reaches of the world, yes?
We think that they hoped that if it came close enough to the entrance to be identified as a threat, they'd be able to report it then. The question remains... what in Armok's name were they digging for in the lower cavern? I don't think any valuable ores have been found down there besides the adamantine.
Perhaps they thought there might be another vein, yes? Harvest it away from the vigilant, bloodshot eyes of the militia and smuggle the

wafers to a caravan and they'd all be rich as lords. Vell, lords who aren't in charge of a settlement like Demongate. They'd be able to buy passage back to the mountainhomes and live richly for generations, yes?

That's certainly on possibility, although how they think they'd get away with refining the adamantine is beyond me. Thane may not spend as much time working in the forges any more, but she basically has all the smelters under her thumb.

I have... another possible solution. During the search we discovered that some dwarf or group of dwarves has been dealing a drug known as 'gypsum' in the fortress. Are you familiar of it?

A few buddies of mine tried it while I was still with the company, yes? Apparently it's good stuff. Makes you stark raving mad after a while unless you keep taking more and more of it, though. And if you take too much of it... vell, the users I knew didn't survive long enough for me to find out what it was that happened. We lost that entire unit at Savagewinds.

The substance is, of course, highly illegal. I suspect that most of the components are being dug in the lower caverns by the miners guild. Someone is then cooking that up into gypsum and distributing it to the populace. We haven't been able to locate that someone. Other guilds might be involved; it's worrying that this much activity was able to take place with me, the manager, knowing.

A disgusting thing to sell. They should all be locked up.

Vell, if most of the miners guild and more dwarves are in on it, we certainly don't have the cell space, yes? I'd mandate more cells dug, but I'm not the Overseer any more. The only real power I have as baron is to have officials report to me. Vell, and the ability to make sure the militia does whatever the hell it pleases, but that's not officially accepted.

Nevertheless, something should be done to curtail this gypsum ring. A sizable cartel operating in this fortress could cause... problems if not held in check.

I say get Talonis and the Fortress Guard to crack down. Brenzen can go along too, since I bet you're just itching to bust some gypsum-dealer heads. Rough up any distributors you can find, and try to intimidate the miners. Hopefully, the cartel will get the idea that we're on to them.

Distasteful as it is... we might not want to risk conflict with this organization. We have no idea how big it is, and of course there's a war coming. We can't risk our attention being diverted.

Vell then, we'll scare them until they decide to talk. Oh, your honor won't be sullied. I'll handle things; we'll keep cartel activity within reasonable limits. No gypsum for children or essential workers, get the miners to report to us as they should - and then once we feel secure, we burn their supply, rough up the lackies and imprison the leaders without charges. It's good to be a tyrant, yes?

I think I speak for Brenzen as well when I say this doesn't sit right with me. Nevertheless... we have a higher duty to keep this fortress safe. It would be wise to take the most pragmatic course of action.

I'll tell Talonis what is required of him. He should be ready to punch something by now. Haven't seen him howl at the moon in some time. Blasted heretic. His ability to punch people is without rival, though. I'll see you at Prayers.

See you at prayers, Knights. Fine work.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **TheFlame52** on **May 29, 2014, 08:05:29 pm**

Carved into Unib/Flame's wall

Some dwarves approached me, asking my permission to worship me. I told them no. They were remarkably polite about the whole ordeal, most people don't ask their god whether or not it wants to be worshiped. But I've run into trouble with cults before, and I don't want to be crucified again.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **jrrocks05** on **May 29, 2014, 08:07:58 pm**

hey guys I am part of evening prayer group right?

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **danmanthedog** on **May 29, 2014, 08:12:56 pm**

Quote from: MDification on May 29, 2014, 07:46:02 pm

I'll tell Talonis what is required of him. He should be ready to punch something by now. Haven't seen him howl at the moon in some time. Blasted heretic. His ability to punch people is without rival, though. I'll see you at Prayers.
See you at prayers, Knights. Fine work.

Unknown to the Knights a little spy was watching, a Lizard snail has heard everything they said. Come back to me my pet. *The Lizard-Snail doing as it's been told retreats to the cracks of the walls and through the busy corridors of the fort to the hidden back alley where his master is.* "Ah there you are my scaly slimy ball what have you seen and heard." *Taking out the blue soul orb* To think I have the same powers as a high council shaman all thanks to you. Know let's see what you saw. *Taking the soul orb he slowly touch the lizards shell to unlock the hidden secrets in its brain. As soon as the orb touches the shell the user is flood with the conversion.* "Whew arhh! Know that *COUGH COUGH HACKY* felt strange but so they think there's a cult here hmm.... this might help me find that blasted flame.

NINJA'ED

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **jrrocks05** on **May 29, 2014, 08:40:09 pm**

THE PLOT IS REAL!!!!

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **danmanthedog** on **May 29, 2014, 08:54:34 pm**

What plot...
[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)
Wouldn't ask this but tried to modify the last post but instead quoted it ha.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **MDification** on **May 29, 2014, 09:12:14 pm**

Quote from: jrrocks05 on May 29, 2014, 08:07:58 pm

hey guys I am part of evening prayer group right?

So far, confirmed members of Evening Prayers are:
-Cornelius
-Tarmid
-Brenzen
-Vlad
-Thane
-Gnora (at least barged in once, doesn't really seem like she's a regular)

I see no reason for Thanatos not to be in there, provided he wants in. Mind you, that basically aligns him with this shadow government we're apparently running, so keep that in mind.

EDIT: Thanatos was confirmed not to be in Evening Prayers in the start of Vlad's turn. Invitation to Evening Prayers could have occurred any time after that, if that's what you want. I think the Evening Prayers crowd regularly overlaps with the Militia Captains (advice/orders being given both ways) anyway.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **jrrocks05** on **May 29, 2014, 09:26:59 pm**

his name is Thanatos literally death in dark hooded clothing I think it makes sense for him to be in the shadow goverment.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **danmanthedog** on **May 29, 2014, 09:45:10 pm**

Hm that is indeed a deep plot to which i counter with an even deeper plot!

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **jrrocks05** on **May 29, 2014, 09:52:26 pm**

Thanatos will be the shadow of death for the shadow goverment!

(See what I did there)

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **Gnorm** on **May 30, 2014, 01:07:19 am**

Corley's Journal
Waiting and Wondering
--

I've been waiting in this cell for quite a while. I ordered the bloodkin to announce that their "prisoner" wanted an audience with whomsoever was in charge of this fortress, be it Asmoth, Shank, or the former queen. I do not doubt that this request was relayed, but it seems that no one has any motivation to invite me to an audience. Perhaps one of the bloodkin spilt the secret and spoiled my surprise, or perhaps they've known who I am all along. Whatever the case may be, it doesn't seem that I'll get a meeting any time soon.

In the meantime, I've had various dwarves from the nearby farms smuggled into my cell; their bodies are disposed of by the guards. Honestly, after how many years I was sealed away, my thirst is stronger than it ever was in the past era. I still remember the taste of the first one after I awoke, and now I'm stuck with farmed dwarf and troglodyte. IT JUST DOESN'T TASTE AS GOOD! I NEED SOMETHING FRESH!

I need to calm down now. Just then I almost tore the page asunder with my nib. If all goes according to plan, my thirst will be quelled permanently. I should only need a handful of years to realize it, for everything seems to be falling into place. I've been sending for books and documents from this cell, and I've managed to get some good information. From my studies, I've confirmed that the fortress beneath Demongate is indeed Sedilkosoth. I suppose I'll be paying them another visit in the near future.

Intelligence reports from the thaumateurges at my fortress indicate that the search has indeed been resumed now that I am once again able to oversee the project. As of now, two of the corpses have been successfully located, with several leads on the third. I've ordered my thaumateurges to be on high-alert, for their continued existence is vital to the success of my plans.

Now that I sit here and think about it, I think that I'll just pay the leader of this fortress a visit myself! It's surely better than waiting around for something to happen. I'm "breaking-out" to-morrow.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **peregarrett** on **May 30, 2014, 04:23:02 am**

Oh, finally got back here. Have something epic happened? What's with Cornelius and his style of Drunk Silver Spear training?

I've made wiki pages for Cornelius and Evening Prayer.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **May 30, 2014, 10:08:49 am**

I'll be sending a PM to Cap tomorrow to see what the situation is. Five days without a new plot post is less than stellar.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **MDFification** on **May 30, 2014, 12:20:28 pm**

On an unrelated note, has anyone seen Spear? He needs to redorf if he's going to play his turn.
IDK where in the year cap is, but we could go to a 2-season turn and pass the rest off the next person like we did with Rhaken if he feels he's not capable on finishing the turn promptly enough. What say you, thread? 1 more week till we demand the save and pass it to the next player?

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **danmanthedog** on **May 30, 2014, 03:00:43 pm**

I say 5 days till he hands it over or I will send a catapult to his house.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **FallenAngel** on **May 30, 2014, 03:27:47 pm**

I'll crash my truck through his wall if need be.
I can cover the legal fees.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **jrrocks05** on **May 30, 2014, 03:31:17 pm**

No that is not the dwarven way. Just send a bloody elf head to his house with a note that says " you are now legally considered an elf to dwarf kind, put this on".

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **danmanthedog** on **May 30, 2014, 04:02:49 pm**

Quote from: danmanthedog on May 30, 2014, 03:00:43 pm
I say 5 days till he hands it over or I will send a catapult to his house.

Yeah I did the joke wrong I meant a cat-apult that only fires flaming kittens. ha

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**

Post by: **CaptainArchmage** on **May 30, 2014, 04:08:40 pm**

Alright, I’m going to be completing my turn now. Stay tuned for updates. Fear not, for my absence has been caused by a dreaded beast the name of which begins with E and ends with an S.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**

Post by: **MDFification** on **May 30, 2014, 04:24:59 pm**

Wow. Y'all take turn time limits a bit more seriously than I do it seems. Catapults, assault with trucks... damn.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**

Post by: **jrrocks05** on **May 30, 2014, 04:26:02 pm**

And a Elf head!

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**

Post by: **CaptainArchmage** on **May 30, 2014, 05:03:48 pm**

Guildmaster’s Journal, 10th Malachite 659

Today, work began on a new project: Bring magma to the surface! The challenge is to bypass the aquifer. However, at one point the stone layers are pulled up by two whole levels, so if we channel out the aquifer soil from above, it is possible to pipe magma and other things such as power and minecarts without resorting to complex pumps or dangerously collapsing sections of Earth. By inducing flow in the aquifer, we can also extract a large amount of energy.

Guildmaster’s Journal, 22nd Malachite 659

Spoiler: Migrants have arrived! (click to show/hide)

Page 1/1

FPS: 200 (25)

D 23rd Malachite, 659

Id Kikrostkir, Stoneworker cancels Plant Seeds: Needs sun berry seeds.

Stray Cat (Tame) has given birth to kittens.

You have struck bauxite!

You have struck lignite!

You have struck gypsum!

Ber Inolkeskal, Siege Engineer cancels Store Item in Stockpile: Item inaccessible.

Rovod Udiliden, Clothier cancels Dig: Inappropriate dig square.

You have struck gypsum!

You have struck bauxite!

You have struck clear tourmaline!

You have struck lignite!

Rovod Udiliden, Clothier cancels Dig: Inappropriate dig square.

You have struck gypsum!

You have struck selenite!

Digging designation cancelled: damp stone located.

You have struck lignite!

Mestthos Besmarkêshshak has created a masterpiece!

You have struck lignite!

Digging designation cancelled: damp stone located.

You have struck gypsum!

You have struck selenite!

Mestthos Besmarkêshshak has created a masterpiece!

You have struck clear tourmaline!

You have struck bauxite!

Stray Cat (Tame) has given birth to kittens.

Lokum Usânsolon, Miner cancels Dig Channel: Inappropriate dig square.

‘Brother Cornelius’ Irolathel has created a masterpiece!

‘Brother Cornelius’ Irolathel has created a masterpiece!

→Some migrants have arrived.

Stray Cat (Tame) has given birth to kittens.

Asmel Medtobozsit, Lye Maker has given birth to a girl.

Asmel Medtobozsit, Lye Maker cancels Store Item in Stockpile: Seeking Infant.

s: Search

z: Zoom to location

Announcement Date: 22nd Malachite, 659

Migrants have arrived! For some reason, these individuals seem to have surprisingly high social skills compared to their other skills. They also carry some strange and bizarre job titles.

For example, there is a “Siege Weapon Fanatic” and a “Gunji Ota”. I don’t know what the hell is the difference between the two. We also have a “costume roleplayer”, the “socialist” with the highest skills of anyone among the migrants, the “comedian”, the “bone wizard” with great skills at crafting bones, and a Representative of the Engineer’s Guild. Finally we have the least out-of-place dwarves of the bunch, a glassmaker who isn’t also a miner, and a blacksmith. The glassmaker is going straight to work in the forges, while the “costume roleplayer” will help us out ending the shortage of bags around here.

Greetings from your new mayor!

As my first decree, I am mandating the processing of at least 20 boulders of gypsum into plaster powder, to be completed before the arrival of the autumn caravan.

*Yours everlasting,
Mayor èrith Boardcloisters*

Guildmaster’s Journal, 23rd Malachite 659

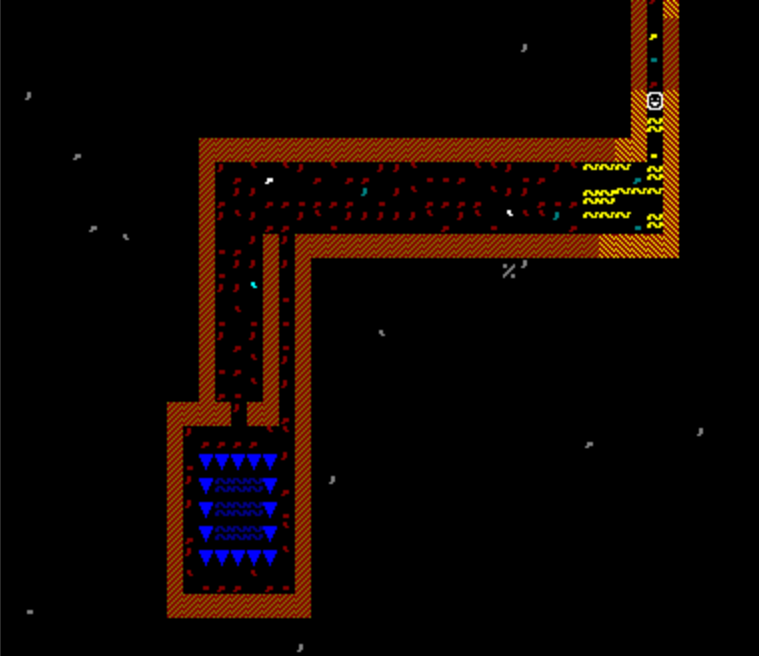
Of course we’d have a mandate sent, barely legible, asking us to produce more gypsum. This is a huge mandate, and will require us to dedicate a few kilns to producing yet another gypsumhead’s quota.

End of Month Report, 28th Malachite 659

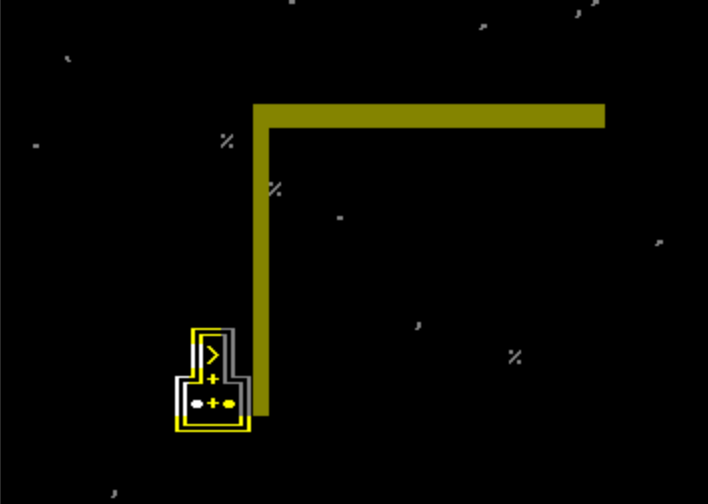
With the arrival of the Engineer’s Guild Representative, I will probably need to designate another guildhouse. However, completion of the aquifer bypass

project takes precedence.

Spoiler: Aquifer bypass excavations from the top (click to show/hide)



Spoiler: Top of pumpstack with proposed channel (click to show/hide)



I fear that lives will be put at risk as we carve into the aquifer, but it will be for the greater glory of dwarvenkind. We shall have magma upon the surface to pump out upon our foes! We shall be able to show the entire world the might of our forges! Thus we shall continue.

Spoiler: Our iron supplies (click to show/hide)

(25)

The Wealth of Uthgúrinod

iron bars [94]

silver bars [33]

copper bars [56]

nickel bars [2]

bronze bars

tin bars [72]

fine pewter bars [2]

lay pewter bars [2]

sterling silver bars [3]

bismuth bars [45]

bismuth bronze bars [10]

adamantine wafers [50]

coke [520]

pearlash [6]

forgotten beast soap [24]

horse soap

cow soap

badger soap [5]

draltha soap [4]

Most of our iron appears to have been obtained from equipment left behind by goblins. We do, however, have 520 bars of coke in our stockpiles and a considerable amount of marble, so I will turn the current 94 bars of iron into 94 bars of steel. Our furnaces have run out of adamantine thread to process, but we will not use adamantine until we get truly legendary weaponsmiths and armoursmiths to work it.

Spoiler: Gypsum processing (click to show/hide)

Idlers: 10

Magma Kiln

Make plaster powder

Make plaster powder

Make plaster powder

Make plaster powder

Make plaster powder

Make plaster powder

Make plaster powder

Make plaster powder

Make plaster powder

Make plaster powder

We are dealing with the mayor’s gypsum mandate. Fortunately, it isn’t holding up anything else in the fortress.

Meanwhile, I am preparing to trade with the humans, and I have heard we have the materials to make tooth items with us. I am interested in what the bonecarvers will use and produce for us to trade away.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **Gnorm** on **May 30, 2014, 05:46:32 pm**

I had no idea that simple plaster had such self-destructive uses to the dwarves.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **MDFification** on **May 30, 2014, 05:50:05 pm**

Quote from: Gnorm on May 30, 2014, 05:46:32 pm
I had no idea that simple plaster had such self-destructive uses to the dwarves.

Much worse than Sunshine, eh?
I think that actual plaster isn't the drug though - the drug is a chemical creation of which one of the components is a byproduct of gypsum processing.

Title: Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes
Post by: Gnorm on May 30, 2014, 05:59:00 pm

Quote from: MDFification on May 30, 2014, 05:50:05 pm

Quote from: Gnorm on May 30, 2014, 05:46:32 pm

I had no idea that simple plaster had such self-destructive uses to the dwarves.

Much worse than Sunshine, eh?

Definitely not.

Quote

I think that actual plaster isn't the drug though - the drug is a chemical creation of which one of the components is a byproduct of gypsum processing.

That makes sense. But while on the subject, how much has the hospital been used as of yet?

Title: Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes
Post by: CaptainArchmage on May 30, 2014, 06:12:31 pm

Quote from: Gnorm link=topic=137030.msg5326454#msg5326454 date=1401490740
That makes sense. But while on the subject, how much has the hospital been used as of yet?
[/quote]

Not at all, and it is a good thing because it would have used adamantine thread for suturing dwarves.....

Quote from: MDFification on May 30, 2014, 05:50:05 pm

Quote from: Gnorm on May 30, 2014, 05:46:32 pm

I had no idea that simple plaster had such self-destructive uses to the dwarves.

Much worse than Sunshine, eh?

I think that actual plaster isn't the drug though - the drug is a chemical creation of which one of the components is a byproduct of gypsum processing.

Wait, so this fortress was already addicted to another drug?

Title: Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes
Post by: Gnorm on May 30, 2014, 06:17:43 pm

As far as drugs go, "gypsum" is definitely a drug. Sunshine, depending on whom you ask, is either a particularly good drink or the devil's brew. Lenehan and Corley essentially smoked whatever plants they could get their hands on, including tobacco and valley herbs.

Title: Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes
Post by: MDFification on May 30, 2014, 06:34:39 pm

Quote from: Gnorm on May 30, 2014, 06:17:43 pm

As far as drugs go, "gypsum" is definitely a drug. Sunshine, depending on whom you ask, is either a particularly good drink or the devil's brew. Lenehan and Corley essentially smoked whatever plants they could get their hands on, including tobacco and valley herbs.

*Depending on whether you asked Gnora or anyone else.

FTFY

Title: Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes
Post by: Cinder on May 30, 2014, 06:37:55 pm

I'm sorry if this is too much to ask, but how many unclaimed dorfs are there? Can I have an overview on what deities they follow?

Title: Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes
Post by: Gnorm on May 30, 2014, 07:08:33 pm

Quote from: Objective on May 30, 2014, 06:37:55 pm

I'm sorry if this is too much to ask, but how many unclaimed dorfs are there? Can I have an overview on what deities they follow?

There are probably quite a few. The Captain seems to be giving some of the unclaimed ones custom professions, but such practices can be easily taken care of. Were you interested in a dwarf?

Title: Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes
Post by: MDFification on May 30, 2014, 07:15:53 pm

Quote from: Objective on May 30, 2014, 06:37:55 pm

I'm sorry if this is too much to ask, but how many unclaimed dorfs are there? Can I have an overview on what deities they follow?

WeeeeIII, we should have a good 150+ dwarves now, and less than 20 dorfs.
That's a lot of deities to list though. Maybe it'd be better to list the deities so you can request a worshiper of one?

Title: Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes
Post by: CaptainArchmage on May 30, 2014, 07:26:41 pm

Quote from: Objective on May 30, 2014, 06:37:55 pm

I'm sorry if this is too much to ask, but how many unclaimed dorfs are there? Can I have an overview on what deities they follow?

There are plenty of unclaimed dwarves. I think, actually, most dwarves are unclaimed which is why I handed out so many custom profession titles. We have 175 now, by the way.

Quote from: Gnorm on May 30, 2014, 06:17:43 pm

As far as drugs go, "gypsum" is definitely a drug. Sunshine, depending on whom you ask, is either a particularly good drink or the devil's brew. Lenehan and Corley essentially smoked whatever plants they could get their hands on, including tobacco and valley herbs.

This fortress seems to have a lot of shady stuff going on.

Guildmaster’s Journal, 14th Galena 659

Spoiler: What trying to dig through a lot of damp stone looks like (click to show/hide)



No! Usu the forgotten beast with three tails is assaulting the adamantine mine! I have ordered the Knights of St. Zane, the 1st Axe, the 1st Hammer, the Tin Flames, and the 1st Sword to action. Unfortunately this means they have to get all the way from the surface down to the lower levels of the fortress. I’ve had the hatches locked but I don’t know how long they will hold.

Fortress Log, 16th Galena 659

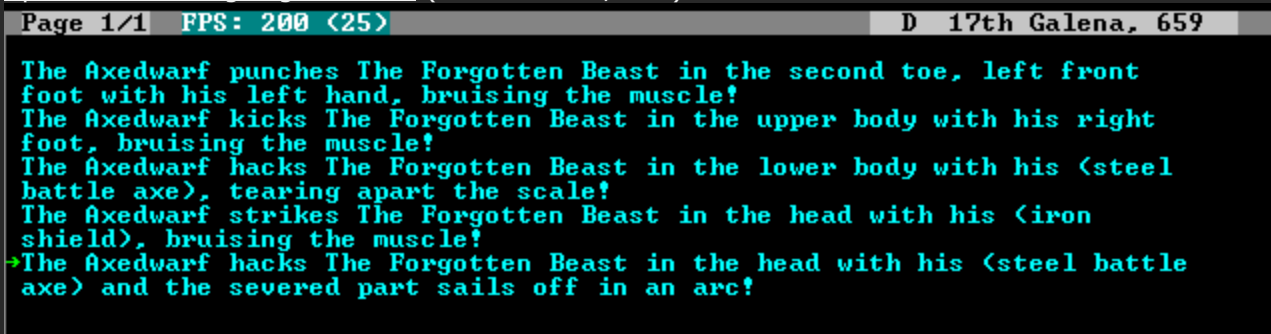
Spoiler: Athrig Acoeslo (click to show/hide)



Just as the combat squads are heading down to the depths, another horror arrives next to the underground structure. Usu is assaulting one of the bauxite hatches and it is taking damage. All squads, charge!

Fortress Log, 17th Galena 659

Spoiler: Battle logs against Usu (click to show/hide)



Spoiler: The battlefield (click to show/hide)



Spoiler: More details of the battlefield (click to show/hide)

FPS: 200 <24>

Dwarf Fortress

Idlers: 34

'Sir Brenzen' Zonazin Akestidek Shin, Knight

'Artyom' Dishmabatöl, Barkhov

Libash Itredmebzuth Uutram Egdoth, Swordsdwarf

Ustuth Musödvutok, Axedwarf

Sibrek Koganrungkak, Legendary Drug Dealer

Zasit Rithzâmbesmar, Axedwarf

Usu's head

Usu's mutilated corpse

Dense floor fungus

A pool of Usu's forgotten beast blood

Spoiler: The outpost liason is still following the Baron, even into battle (click to show/hide)

FPS: 200 <25>

Dwarf Fortress

Idlers: 34

Fath Losissigun, outpost liaison

"Fath Fainttour"

Outpost Liaison, ♂

g:Gen i:Inv p:Prf w:Wnd z:St

ESC: Done f: Follow v: Next

We have victory over Usu! The Axedwarf Ustuth Chastefigures decapitated the monster, his first kill. I will take the Baron off the 1st Axe to get him to meet the liason, and also fortify the lower caverns so this kind of attack does not happen again. We also have to replace the floor hatch, which is not a really good way to secure the fortress. That open area has suffered quite a few forgotten beast attacks in the past as the corpses show.

Hopefully we'll get the human caravan in the next few days to settle things back to normal, such as is possible.

Guildmaster's Journal, 17th Galena 659

Spoiler: Well Fuck (click to show/hide)

FPS: 200 <25>

A Siege!

The enemy have come and are laying siege to the fortress.

Spoiler: You don't say? (click to show/hide)

OUR TOWN IS UNDER SIEGE!

I was expecting a human caravan, but instead I got a human siege. Their leader is Genam Containedpriced, a human maceman. She rides a saltwater crocodile named Usa, and leads a squad of axemen. They will fucking regret laying siege to this fortress. I don't intend to send troops out to fight them, rather, I will draw them into a trap of my own design, imprisoning them in this fortress until they either meet their ends in our arena..... (the handwriting changes here momentarily) OR IN SOME OTHER MANNER. Citizens of Demongate, do not despair!

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **Cinder** on **May 31, 2014, 07:40:10 am**

See, the thing is I want to ask to be dorfed as some weird dwarf with a book which is sort of a telepathic link from his deity, and it would look kind of silly if the deity isn't related to literacy in some way.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **pregarrett** on **May 31, 2014, 01:07:49 pm**

Brother Cornelius, looking a bit tipsy (as he usual is) was passing by magma kilns.

- Oh. Hallo there! You're making gypsum powder, right?
- Well... yes... - cautiously replied one of furnace workers
- Can I watch?
- Ehm... why?
- I'm just curious how plaster powder is produced. I was using it for limb casts and suddenly got a though - how it's made from stone boulder? So. You take a boulder aaaand...?
- I... I take a boulder and... heat it in the owen.
- Aaaand...?
- And... burn it for about an hour at steady temperature...
- Aand...?
- And then... I mill it into powder. That's all.
- Really? Why are those chemicals for then?
- A... chemicals? We use them... for indication only. It helps to maintain temperature in the owen.
- Aha... got it. Can I watch?
- Well.. okay.

After hours of furnace work, during those Cornelius tried to keep up the chat and worker got more and more nervous, there were a few more bags of plaster powder and a half-full barrel of trashed chemicals

- Thank you very much for explanation and show. Now I know much more about gypsum. When you'll get into my hospital, you'll see how we use all this! Hehe, joking. Let me help you - *grabbing refuse barrel* - I'll take this to refuse pile.
- Oh... no, no! I mean... I usually empty it when it's full, and it's still half-empty.
- Oh, you're a pessimist? For me it's half-full! :D Don't worry, dude, I'll take it. No need to thank.

Padre grabs the barrel, turns and walks away his usual dangling style, ignoring worker's protests and mumbling to himself. As he gets out of his sight, the mumbling cuts and the steps gets more straight

- Must say to Vlad, the plan is going on.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **Gnorm** on **May 31, 2014, 01:34:48 pm**

Quote from: Objective on May 31, 2014, 07:40:10 am

See, the thing is I want to ask to be dorfed as some weird dwarf with a book which is sort of a telepathic link from his deity, and it would look kind of silly if the deity isn't related to literacy in some way.

I'm afraid we don't seem to have anything directly related to literacy. We do have one related to music and valor, but I think that's as close as we get.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **CaptainArchmage** on **May 31, 2014, 02:17:41 pm**

Quote from: Objective on May 31, 2014, 07:40:10 am

See, the thing is I want to ask to be dorfed as some weird dwarf with a book which is sort of a telepathic link from his deity, and it would look kind of silly if the deity isn't related to literacy in some way.

I can give you an unnamed dwarf with a custom profession title, or a dwarf with no name or custom profession title.

I did a quick check, and it seems the only dwarves that worship a deity were those generated within the fortress, not those who were historical figures pulled out of the existing population. The only adult dwarves who worship deities are the starting seven. The only other dwarves who worship deities are the children born within the fortress.

Deities I have seen worshipped:
Rakas
Most often takes the form of a male dwarf.
Associated with trade and wealth.

Geb
Takes the form of a female dwarf.
Associated with war and fortresses.

èzum Salvebusts the Crystalline Oars
Most often takes the form of a male dwarf.
Is associated with crafts.
History of cursing dwarves with vampirism and turning them into werebeasts.

Doren Minecopper the Wall of Crystal
Takes the form of a female bobcat.
Associated with mountains.

Vudnis Caveheroes
Takes the form of a male dwarf.
Associated with fame and rumors.

Luskal Poemlathered the Taker of Matching
Takes the form of a male dwarf.
Associated with music and valor.

útost
Takes the form of a female dwarf.
Associated with jewels, minerals, and metals.

Thun Firstrule the Regal Mastery of Kings

Takes the form of a female dwarf.
Associated with rulership.

And that’s it.

I can establish some temples for these deities in the fortress, but that’s going to be a project of its own.

Helgarde’s Personal Journal, 19th Galena 659

Spoiler: Drastic measures (click to show/hide)



Following the siege, I took the Baron off the 1st Axe and promoted Lôr Istbarsigun to captain of the squad, since I need him to meet with the outpost liason. If he does not, we’re not going to get urgent supplies other than gypsum from the autumn caravan. Since the mayor was in really poor shape, I went through some of his papers - there’s a default option to ship gypsum here if no specific trade agreement is made, but nothing else. This could be really bad.

Because the lower caverns are now being invaded by a fire-breathing dinosaur, I need to reinforce the adamantine mine by paving over the surrounding water and putting down some grates. I had two of the masterwork beds installed in the rooms we carved out at the beginning of the year and ordered a mason’s shop built, along with a stockpile for phyllite. It is being put in a corridor since we don’t really have anywhere else to put it at the moment. Since the former mayor is a high master mason, I found a way to get her to process the phyllite into blocks right where we need it.

The Other Capitols have been researching some bizarre “magicks”, and I managed to get a hold of an unpublished tome called “Geass for Gypsumheads” before I arrived here at Demongate. Recently, with all the chaos and the magma forges starting up, I decided to read it and see whether there was any kind of useful information in there. Man, this stuff is deep. Suffice it to say the Geass puts the subject under a spell of compulsion for a yet-uncertain period of time, and I managed to put it on the former mayor to create a detox zone. I tweaked the spell to also cover the Baron, so he should be forced to stop storing his old military equipment. The zone covers the mayor’s chambers, the Baron’s chambers, the food stockpile, the dining hall, the furnaces, and the area around the adamantine mine with the required equipment to make phyllite blocks and furniture. I’ve put the “Geass Zone” onto the formal burrow list so nobody gets confused.

I also put down some restrictions on walking over tree saplings and forgotten beast webs, ordered a completion of the entrance paving in preparations for laying down cage traps, and am going to test out the aquifer for power generation.

Yes, we’re down to taking some drastic measures.

Helgarde’s Personal Journal, 24th Galena 659

Spoiler: Hell, its about time (click to show/hide)



Spoiler: The baron’s new clothes (click to show/hide)

‘Uladamir Uristovitch’ Tathtakavuz Avum Tathtat.
“‘Uladamir Uristovitch’ Waspmined the Culmination

x(alpaca wool dress)x, Upper body
x(alpaca wool hood)x, Head
coating of Bosa’s troll blood <left foot>
coating of Bosa’s troll blood <right foot>

After being hit by my Geass spell, the Baron went to his quarters to get changed. After the liason followed him in, I locked the door. He is conducting the meeting with the liason and not wearing much clothing at all.

Spoiler: Forgotten beast butchering (click to show/hide)



The main body of Usu the forgotten beast got butchered. There is still the tail and head to go, but I think we’ve got a lot more meat and fat.

End of Summer Report by Helgarde, 28th Galena 659

Spoiler: A promotion is in order (click to show/hide)

Th Mrcnry ‘Uldmr Urstutch’ Tthtkvz Avm Tthtt mts wth th otpst lsn Fth Lsssg

You continue to impress! I have come empowered to elevate this land in the eyes of our realm.

a - Finish peeking in on conversation.

The year rapidly draws to a close, even though half of it is left. It looks like the Baron is being promoted to a Count, which means more mandates to deal with. A pump is in construction in the flooded area where we removed the aquifer above the magma pipes, and I will experiment to see whether we can use it for power generation. We may be able to get 1200 or more urists of power out if it works.

Other highlights of the season involve being sieged for a second time by a small band of humans, fighting off a forgotten beast in the adamantine mine, the election of a new mayor, carving out an obsidian fabricator, digging out a new pumpstack, and getting the magma furnaces running.

Guildmaster’s Journal, 1st Limestone 659

Spoiler: What we’re ordering (click to show/hide)

Th Mrcnry ‘Uldmr Urstutch’ Tthtkvz Avm Tthtt mts wth th otpst lsn Fth Lsssg		
Type	Good	Priority
Headwear	Dwarven Wheat Flour	---!0
Handwear	Dwarven Sugar	---!0
Footwear	Dimple Dye	---!0
Legwear	Gypsum Plaster	---!0
Shields		
Toys		
Instruments		
Pets		
Drinks		

Today the Baron finalised the order from the Mountainhomes.

Guildmaster’s Journal, 10th Limetone

I’ve confirmed we can induce a flow in a good portion of flooded terrain, which means we can generate power. Having taken a short break, we will commence mining work to convert this area into a power plant.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **Gnorm** on **June 01, 2014, 03:25:11 am**

Oh my! Corrupt drug-cartels, inebriated shadow governments, production of sunshine, and now mind-control magick? This fort just keeps getting better and better.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **TheFlame52** on **June 01, 2014, 08:20:48 am**

Quote from: Gnorm on June 01, 2014, 03:25:11 am
Oh my! Corrupt drug-cartels, inebriated shadow governments, production of sunshine, and now mind-control magick? This fort just keeps getting better and better.

This is some OP-worthy stuff right here.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **danmanthedog** on **June 01, 2014, 08:26:04 am**

Hm now only I could find Usa's head then I could try to pry out the soul gem.... What you think snails-worth? * Cue little meep from the lizard snail.* Hm yes thagt sounds like a *HACK HACK* good plan, we just need to capture a animal from the caverns s it can help look for the head. I shall look for one well you go spy on Thane and Vlad.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **Senshuken** on **June 01, 2014, 12:53:22 pm**

Meanwhile, Artyom is just sort of hanging around, doing nothing of any real worth or attention.... I don't think he is dead, since I'm pretty sure that would have been brought up; being a Founder and all.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **danmanthedog** on **June 01, 2014, 01:16:36 pm**

Quote from: Senshuken on June 01, 2014, 12:53:22 pm
Meanwhile, Artyom is just sort of hanging around, doing nothing of any real worth or attention.... I don't think he is dead, since I'm pretty sure that would have been brought up; being a Founder and all.

Hes just rotting in the sun and all that covered in rat-slugs

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **June 01, 2014, 02:50:27 pm**

What exactly is a lizard snail?

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **MDFification** on **June 01, 2014, 02:53:08 pm**

I like how immediately after seeing Vlad naked, the liaison promotes him.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **CaptainArchmage** on **June 01, 2014, 03:41:55 pm**

I did an extended session today, taking us through to winter. I don't think I was as productive as I could have been, but we got some interesting stuff done.

For some reason we got ANOTHER mayor.

End of Month Report by Helgarde, 28th Limestone 659

I expanded the aquifer excavation so we can fit a total of 12 waterwheels for 1200 Urists of power. The flow doesn't seem to cease once it has begun, which means we do not need to keep the pump going. Unfortunately, we've run out of quartzite and bauxite, so I'll have to lay down some mudstone grates. The good news is we have plenty of phyllite and mudstone blocks coming out of the shops.

Mining work is now switching over to channeling out the floor over the obsidian fabricator on the top level. This is risky since there is a lot of area and if the work is badly done, some of us could fall a long way down.

I had "Flame" forge a giant steel axe blade, ordered the remaining pearlash turned into clear glass windows, and tried to keep up gypsum and hive production as necessary. The siege is not moving and if it doesn't go away or charge by the beginning of Timber, we may have to fight it outside. We did, however, manage to finish the cage traps.

Because of the arrival of another forgotten beast, a web-shooting lobster, I am rushing the fortification of the adamantine mines so we can resist another attack.

End of Month Report by Helgarde, 28th Sandstone 659

This month the Count finally finished his meeting with the outpost liason, who somehow made it out of the fortress alive, so his title is now formalised. The aquifer power plant is still waiting on grates, to be completed. The adamantine mine is fully fortified, which means we should not have to fear attack from the lake.

THIS JUST IN: Human squad is moving towards fortress. Everybody is being ordered inside and the siege operators have been called to action. Fire at will!

Guildmaster's Journal, 14th Timber 659

The human invasion has been defeated and we now await the autumn caravan. None of the squad made it through the weapons traps, and the ballistae were completely ineffective, but two, including the leader dodged into the pit and were later caged in the existing line of traps. I didn't see what happened to the saltwater crocodile. I sent out the 1st Axe and 1st Sword to chase down the survivors, but they fled. Oh well.

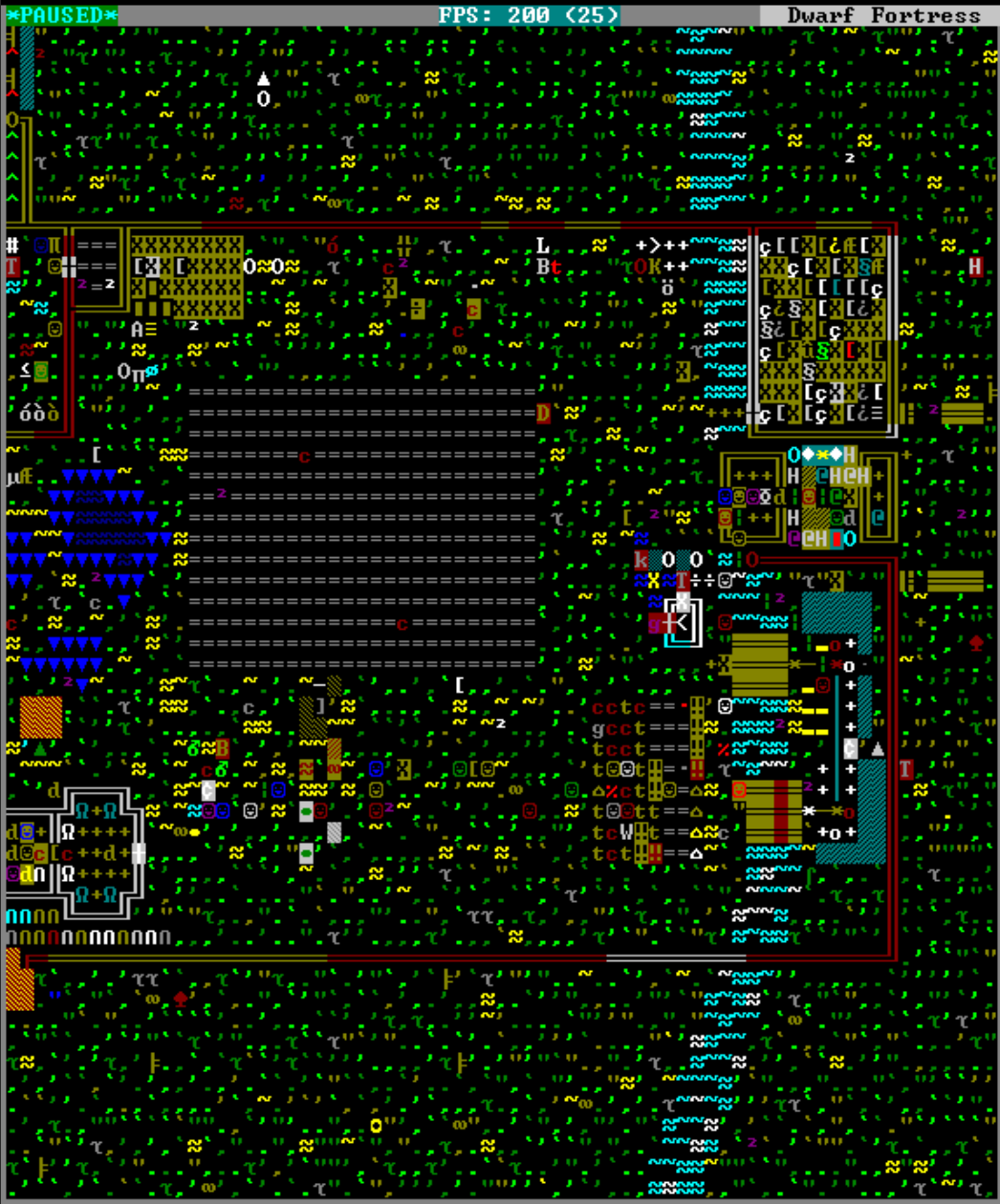
End of Autumn Report by CaptainArchmage, 28th Timber 659

Spoiler: Aftermath of the Siege (click to show/hide)



The season has been chaotic, too chaotic. It turned out that the crocodile Usa, not to be confused with the forgotten beast Usu, was killed on one of the weapon traps outside. I count about nine dead out of the squad, and maybe six fled after sustaining heavy injuries. Their leader survived without any injuries, and ended up in a cage, along with an axeman.

Spoiler: Main fortress with caravan trading (click to show/hide)



(large troll fur tunic)
(large giant olm leather cap)
(large naked mole dog leather hood)
(large honey badger leather right glove)
(large cave spider silk sock)
(large cave spider silk shoe)
Genam Putiowba's corpse
Dag Budoala's corpse
Snang Gozruáz's mutilated corpse
Dense dropseed grass

Outside Light Above Ground
Enter: Uiew F: Follow
f: Forbid d: Dump m: Melt
ESC: Done +-*/: Scroll

Having gotten rid of the siege, the caravan rolled in a vast number of wagons. It looks like my order was fulfilled! While they were unpacking, I decided to test out the drowning chamber, stuffed it with the two survivors from the human siege, one goblin who was trapped before I took over the fortress operation, and a goblin and a troll from the spring siege, and locked the hatch. After the citizens panicked seeing them through the windows, I laid down some pathing restrictions and had the chamber pumped full of water. I have drawn the aftermath.

Spoiler: The Trial (click to show/hide)

The Accused:

Genam Containedprice, Maceman (Human)
Dag Budoala, Axeman (Human)
Snang Gozruáz, Axegoblin (Goblin)
Zolak Xunustngom, Hammergoblin (Goblin)
Smuntsu (Troll)

The Charges:

Engaging in a siege against a Dwarven Citadel
Disruption of an gypsum production site
Murder
Attempted Murder
Disorderly Conduct
Attempted Vandalism

The Judge:

Vladimir Uristovitch Waspmined the Culmination of Plunging, Count of Demongate

The Jury:

Ex-Mayor Besmar Forbes (Absent due to rehab fortress security commitments, voted Guilty in abstentia)
Helgarde, Mining Guildmaster (vote: Not Guilty)
Ex-Mayor èrith Boardcloisters (vote: Guilty)
Mayor Lolor Boltscrows (vote: Guilty)
Hammerer B.A.L.L.S. (vote: Guilty)
Tirist Riperazor, Gunji Ota (vote: Guilty)
Urvad Wayroof, Comedian (vote: Not Guilty)
Obok Praisedroughness (vote: Guilty)
Vabôk Paddlehandles (voted Not Guilty in abstentia)
Mebzuth Walledchannel (vote: Guilty)
Kol Esteemedtower (vote: Not Guilty)

Monom **Kissacks** (vote: Guilty)

The Outcome:

8 votes for Guilty of all Charges
4 votes for not Guilty, all for technical reasons
Helgarde: Prisoners may be useful in the future, should rather be sent to the arena.
Urvad: The accused would make better siege weapon targets.
Vabôk: Prisoners could enhance gypsum production speed.
Kol: The accused should be used for archery target practice.

Lack of unanimous verdict lead to Count Vladimir Uristovitch Waspmined the Culmination of Plunging making the final decision.

Final decision: Guilty of all charges.

The Sentence:
Death by drowning chamber.

Spoiler: Fortified Adamantine Mine (click to show/hide)



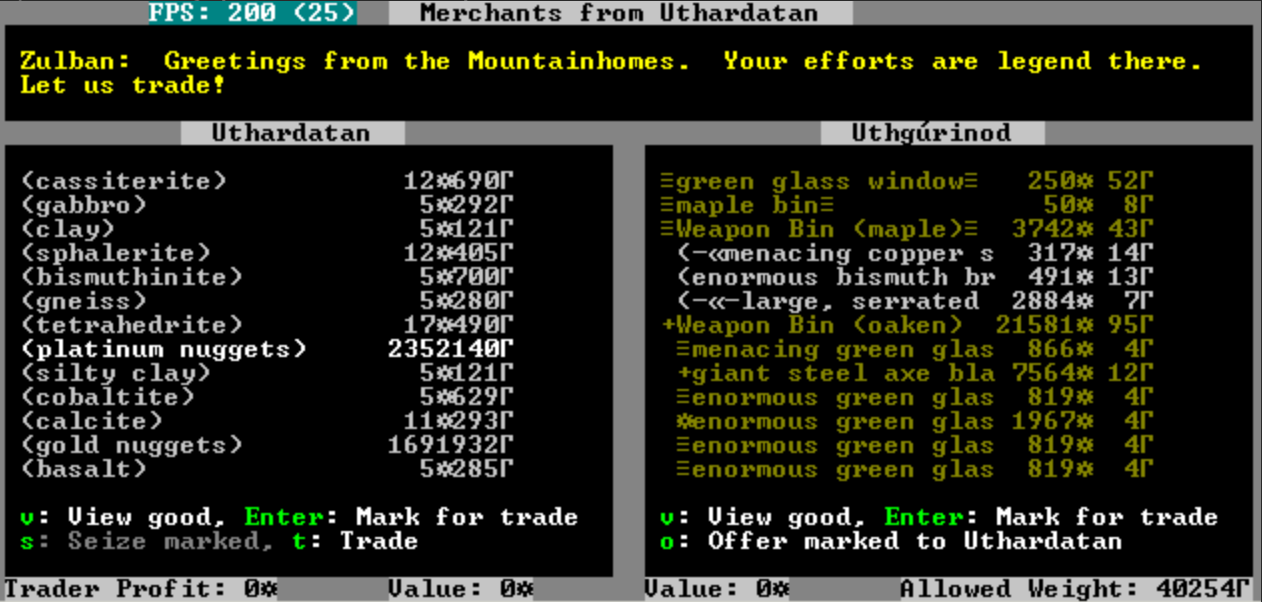
This is the fortified adamantine mine. There are plenty of grates which certain forgotten beasts could shoot through, but they are quite hard to destroy from underneath.

Spoiler: Aquifer Power Plant (click to show/hide)



The aquifer power plant still needs the second row of wheels completed, but when it is done it will produce 1200 Urists of power. That will be the project for the coming season.

Spoiler: Trading (click to show/hide)



We finished one round of trading so far, selling off the glass trap components for all the metal bars, a large amount of gems, all the caravan’s food, and some thread. They brought most of the items I requested, particularly the heavy stone and ore. The trap components carried a much higher price with the merchants because of our trade agreement. Unfortunately, we skilled over negotiating a specific import agreement for next year because of the chaos, but that is OK. I’m sure they will bring the right items along.

Spoiler: Fatgangs, a legendary green glass window (click to show/hide)

FPS: 200 <25>Erinsél, "Faggangs", a green glass window

This is a green glass window. All crafts dwarfship is of the highest quality. It is encrusted with cushion gold opal cabochons and round gypsum cabochons, studded with steel and decorated with rose cut green glass gems and sheep wool.

On the item is an image of dwarves and bloodkin in giant cave spider silk. The dwarves are refusing the bloodkin. The artwork relates to the defeat of The Incidental Board and takeover of Visegilt by The First Iron in the midspring of 369 during The Second Conquest of Visegilt.

Spoiler: Yes, this dwarf (click to show/hide)

FPS: 200 <24>Doren Isancatten, "Doren Stilledchanneled", Glassmaker

Doren Isancatten has been ecstatic lately. He slept without a proper room recently. He is quite pleased with making an artifact. He received water recently. He has complained of the lack of dining tables lately. He admired a fine tastefully arranged Seat lately. He was caught in the rain recently. He admired a fine Seat lately. He has been satisfied at work lately.

He is married to Urvad Wayroof.

He is a citizen of The First Iron. He is a member of The Immortal Guard. He is a former member of The Riddled Construct. He arrived at Uthgúrinod on the 22nd of Malachite in the year 659.

He is eighty-seven years old, born on the 1st of Granite in the year 572.

He is scrawny. His brass eyes are slightly protruding. His very short sideburns are neatly combed. His very long moustache is arranged in double braids. His very long beard is arranged in double braids. His hair is clean-shaven. His nose is sharply hooked. He has a prominent chin. His skin is cinnamon. His nose bridge is somewhat concave.

He is clumsy and weak.

Doren Isancatten likes alunite, copper, pinfire opal, crystal glass, two-humped camel leather, the color pink, shields, windows, rabbits for their ability to burrow and rats for their playfulness. When possible, he prefers to consume giant king cobra and fisher berry wine. He absolutely detests leeches.

He has a great kinesthetic sense, a natural ability with music, a natural inclination toward language, a great feel for the surrounding space, willpower and the ability to focus, but he has an iffy memory.

He is often nervous. He is very quick to anger. He is very active. He does not trust others. He is immodest. He has a sense of duty. He needs alcohol to get through the working day.

A short, sturdy creature fond of drink and industry.

During the chaos, the Comedian's husband - yes, the glassmaker who arrived here on 22nd Malachite - got possessed by some otherworldly being and took over one of the magma glass furnaces. He made this green glass window called "Fatgangs" commemorating the 290th anniversary of our victory over the Bloodkin at Visegilt.

Spoiler: Another New Mayor, Lolor Boltscrows (click to show/hide)

FPS: 200 <25>Lolor Aláthustir, "Lolor Boltscrows", mayor

Lolor Aláthustir has been happy lately. He was nauseated by the sun lately. He slept in a poor bedroom recently. He admired a fine tastefully arranged Seat lately. He was upset to be wearing old clothing lately. He dined in a fantastic dining room recently. He slept in a great bedroom recently. He dined in a legendary dining room recently. He was caught in the rain recently. He has been satisfied at work lately. He admired a fine Door lately. He admired own fine Cabinet lately. He talked with the spouse lately.

He is married to 'B.A.L.L.S.' Climatenet and has one child: Rigòth Postbelt.

He is a citizen of The First Iron. He is a member of The Immortal Guard. He is a former member of The Stoked Channel. He is the mayor of The Immortal Guard. He is the former mayor of The Immortal Guard. He arrived at Uthgúrinod on the 4th of Slate in the year 654.

He is one hundred forty-two years old, born on the 1st of Granite in the year 517.

He is weak. His eyes are silver. His sideburns are clean-shaven. His very long moustache is neatly combed. His very long beard is arranged in double braids. His hair is clean-shaven. His somewhat short ears have nearly fused lobes. His extremely short nose is broad. His skin is burnt umber.

He is quick to heal, but he is very weak and very quick to tire.

Lolor Aláthustir likes gypsum, bronze, milk opal, goblin-cap wood, milkfish bone, the color carmine, shields, ballista arrows, sheep for their wool and giant masked lovebirds for their loving nature. When possible, he prefers to consume clown loach and mead. He absolutely detests jumping spiders.

He has an amazing spatial sense, a natural inclination toward language and willpower, but he has a shortage of patience, very bad intuition and a lousy intellect.

He often feels discouraged. He doesn't handle stress well. He is assertive. He isn't given to flights of fancy. He does not have a great aesthetic sensitivity. He tends not to openly express emotions. He is put off by authority and tradition. He doesn't go out of his way to do more work than necessary. He is occasionally given to procrastination. When there's a pause in a conversation, he often starts talking to himself. He needs alcohol to get through the working day. He does not mind being outdoors, at least for a time.

A short, sturdy creature fond of drink and industry.

For some reason, the mayor got replaced AGAIN. For some reason erith Boardcloisters didn't survive more than one season, and got kicked out of office. The new mayor is also married to the hammerer. The first thing he did was mandate was the construction of three ballista arrows, which have just been proven to be completely ineffective.

Spoiler: The Wealth of Demongate (click to show/hide)

City Uthgúrínod, "Demongate" FPS: 200 (24) 3rd Moonstone, 659, Early Winter									
Animals Kitchen Stone Stocks Health Justice									

You don't need to take them off the squads (and shouldn't since they have subordinates) - you can just make sure no barracks are designated for that squad to train it to get a militia member idle.
EDIT: 4 months to go, let's get this on with. Excuse my impatience, I want that precious save before I'm off the internet for 2 straight months.

Come on my snail lizards are dieing of old age people lets move this along!

Alright, lots of material and lore here. Just two months left.

Guildmaster’s Trading Report, 8th Moonstone 659

Spoiler: Got Gypsum? (click to show/hide)

FPS: 200 <25>

Merchants from Uthardatan

Zulban: Greetings from the Mountainhomes. Your efforts are legend there. Let us trade!

Uthardatan

Uthgúrinod

<rock nuts Bag <shee 50* 1Γ [T]

<dwarven sugar Bag < 450* 13Γ

<gypsum plaster Bag 80* 56Γ [T]

<dimple dye Bag <alp 410* 12Γ

<sand Bag <pig tail 61* 4Γ

<black sand Bag <gia 178* 3Γ

<gypsum plaster Bag 227* 56Γ [T]

<white sand Bag <gia 178* 3Γ

<red sand Bag <llama 31* 3Γ

<rock nuts Bag <pig 80* 2Γ [T]

<dwarven sugar Bag < 450* 13Γ [T]

<red sand Bag <giant 178* 3Γ

<dwarven wheat flour 420* 12Γ [T]

v: View good, Enter: Mark for trade

s: Seize marked, t: Trade

Trader Profit: 8413* Value: 6528*

q: Search

≡green glass window≡ 250* 52Γ [T]

≡maple bin≡ 50* 8Γ

≡Weapon Bin <maple>≡ 3742* 43Γ

<-<menacing copper s 317* 14Γ

<enormous bismuth br 491* 13Γ

<-<-large, serrated 2884* 7Γ

+Weapon Bin <oaken> 21581* 95Γ

≡menacing green glas 866* 4Γ [T]

+giant steel axe bla 7564* 12Γ

≡enormous green glas 819* 4Γ [T]

enormous green glas 1967 4Γ [T]

≡enormous green glas 819* 4Γ [T]

≡enormous green glas 819* 4Γ [T]

v: View good, Enter: Mark for trade

o: Offer marked to Uthardatan

Value: 14941* Allowed Weight: 84048Γ

w: Search

I’ve finally traded for the Gypsum, and actually just about everything else the caravan brought - stone blocks, boulders, gems, metal bars, lye, anvils, food, milk, dye, cloth, and a few barrels of bobcat blood. Hey, it might come in useful. Most of the items we traded were old pieces of clothing that still had a lot of value and clothing items left behind by sieges, followed by trade goods we happened to have lying around, and finally a healthy supply of green glass tubes and trap components. I have ensured none of the items traded away were hammers or quivers, since those have export bans on them.

Guildmaster’s Journal, 14th Moonstone 659

Spoiler: Snow! (click to show/hide)

Page 1/1	FPS: 200 <25>	Dwarf Fortress	14th Moonstone, 659
Lokum Usânsolon, Miner cancels Collect Webs: Needs 10 undisturbed thread. An animal has grown to become a Stray Cat. There is nothing to catch in the northeastern swamps. A snow storm has come. Id Kikrostkir, Stoneworker cancels Plant Seeds: Needs plump helmet spawn. Id Kikrostkir, Stoneworker cancels Plant Seeds: Needs plump helmet spawn. The merchants from Uthardatan will be leaving soon. Doren Isancatten has created a masterpiece! Litast Stukoskokeb has created a masterpiece! Bëmbul Zuglarmis has created a masterpiece! Ingish Mengud has created a masterpiece! There is nothing to catch in the northwestern swamps. The weather has cleared.			
s: Search z: Zoom to location			
Announcement Date: 10th Moonstone, 659			

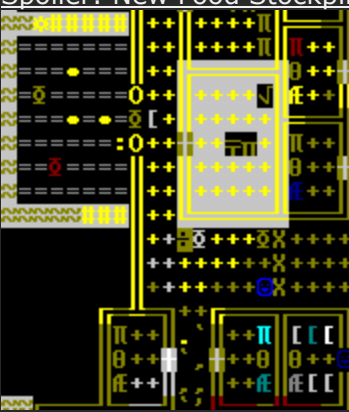
We’ve just come out of a four-day snowstorm. I am very glad to be working underground, and not aboveground constructing Castle Helgarde. With our main stone blocks now being made of Phyllite and Mudstone, I decided to continue construction without them. As we have enough blocks, I released Besmar Forbes from the Geass, and he promptly went to work building the castle. We had to reinforce the foundations of the tower, so she went outside. Now, meanwhile I am working on removing floor above a huge drop, the ex-mayor just has to lay down some foundations. What could possibly go wrong?

Spoiler: You’ve got to be fucking kidding me (click to show/hide)

PAUSED	FPS: 200 <25>	Dwarf Fortress	Idlers: 14
a: View Announcements b: Building r: Reports c: View Civilizations d: Designations o: Set Orders u: Unit List j: Job List m: Military s: Squads N: Points/Routes/Notes w: Make Burrows h: Hauling p: Stockpiles i: Zones q: Set Building Tasks/Prefs R: View Rooms/Buildings t: View Items in Buildings v: View Units H: Hot Keys n: Nobles and Administrators z: Status k: Look Tab: Move this menu/map ?: Help ESC: Options =: Movies D: Depot Access l: Artifacts Space: Resume .: One-Step			

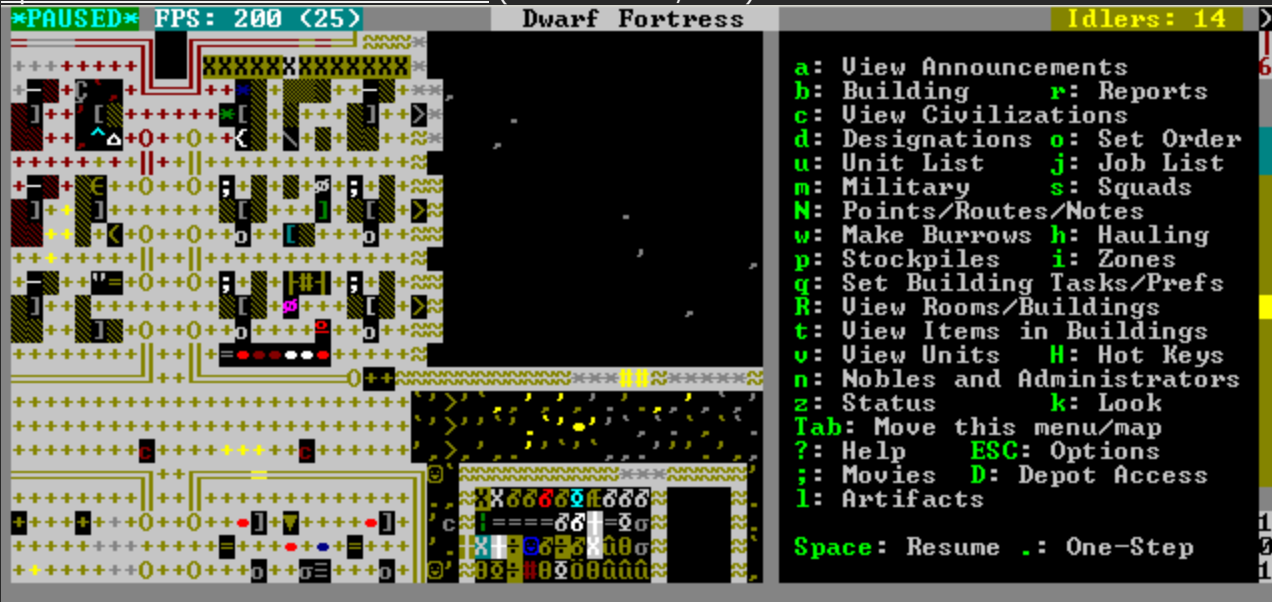
This is what happened. I don’t know whether she was still under the influence of gypsum or the snowstorm got her lost, but the ex-mayor somehow walled herself into the foundations, and I now have to get her out somehow.

Spoiler: New Food Stockpile! (click to show/hide)



Because the main food stockpile seemed full up, I designated another in the empty room directly across the Baron’s dining room. The room will also be smoothed up, which is good. This could save us some walking.

Spoiler: More leather and new stone! (click to show/hide)



After learning that petrified wood is magma-safe, I had it put in this stockpile. It will make for some bright red levers for critical functions in the fort. The massive amount of leather we purchased is now filling up our stockpiles and I don’t think we will need more for a while now.

Helgarde’s Personal Journal, 14th Moonstone, 659

Damn. I didn’t sleep well last night, there was a lot of noise coming from next door. That place is entirely the same as the one I am living in. I’m sure it isn’t the food stockpile being filled, because that’s further away and the dwarves dealing with that are really careful. I’m also sure it isn’t the Scribes of St. Zane, because they’re never this loud. If this keeps up I’m going to have trouble sleeping. I’ll put a word in with the mayor about it tomorrow when I’m done with my shift.

Helgarde meets with B.A.L.L.S. the Hammerer, 15th Moonstone 659

The mayor’s office was as Helgarde remembered it, before the beginning of the year. It had been hewn out of an immense gypsum cluster, crossed by a vein of lignite and with a small patch of clear tourmalines beneath the throne. It had two murals, “The Strapping Whiskers” depicting the striking down of the human Enthep Binssubmerges by the bronze colossus Saba Boltsbore the Shock of Direction in The Steppes of Meditation. The furniture was the same with a dirty tin table and throne, and the silver coffer, armor stand, and weapon rack behind the throne. The same statues lined the walls, with the obligatory commemoration fo the foundation of the fortress nearly seven years before exceptionally rendered in in mudstone by Reg Udalâth, a rendition of a sheep in orthoclase by Logem Murakdodók, a granite statue of a snail by B.A.L.L.S., a quartzite statue of many snails by Logem, a slightly better image of dwarves also by Logem, and a statue of B.A.L.L.S. herself in-

B.A.L.L.S. turned around to face Helgarde, revealing her rendition of a llama in granite behind her, and clumsily walked towards him, placed one foot upon the mayorial throne and resting upon the table. Both groaned under her immense weight - not the weight of dwarven fat and muscle, but rather of muscle and enchanted metal and stone."

Is the mayor in?

B.A.L.L.S. stared back for about half a minute. Unsure of whether to refer to Lolor Boltscrows as her "husband" or her "charge" Helgarde chose to call upon his power of office instead.

He’s gone drinking. He will be back in a few days, by the 20th.

Alright, I will come back in then.

...

It is about some..... noises I have been hearing. Have you heard anything unusual recently?

...

I don’t mean filling up the new food stockpile or smoothing it up, it isn’t that. It isn’t the Scribes of St. Zane either. Scraping noises in the night. Have you heard them?

There is a new ghost around town. An Axedwarf. You should put it away if it annoys you.

.....

Helgarde felt taken aback. B.A.L.L.S. was not entirely a dwarf, but there was something unexpected and alien for her to refer to the ghostly axedwarf Mistêm Sackbends as an object.

It doesn’t sound like a ghost..... and I think he’s a person too, not an.... “it”.

..... maybe you should check for yourself then.

Fine. I’ll check the place on my way to work then. Goodbye.

Helgarde absconded the room, passing the Baron’s throne room. From within he heard the familiar sounds of sparring between 'Tarmid' Seedwhips and 'Lokast' Foldtomb - the clip of metal crossbows against one another. Something was going on here. He ran through a crowd of dwarves carrying various pots of dwarven beer into the food stockpile, then backtracked to the empty abode, trying the knob on the door before heading down the stairs towards the obsidian fabricator.

Guildmaster’s Journal, 15th Moonstone 659

Spoiler: The merchants are packing up (click to show/hide)



Today the merchants started packing up. It will probably take a long time for them to pack up, but they should hopefully be gone soon so I can seal up the trade depot again. As it is there is too much traffic in or out to safely raise either drawbridge.

Spoiler: New resident from the netherworld! (click to show/hide)



We have a new ghostly resident! Mistêm Fathmat used to be an Axedwarf, but perished without being memorialised. He’s quite restless but doesn’t really cause any trouble around here. I think I’ll leave him unmemorialised just so we have some more characters around here.

Helgarde’s Personal Journal, 15th Moonstone, 659

I went to see the mayor today in the “morning”, but found B.A.L.L.S. in there. The mayor’s going to be out getting drunk and doing bureaucracy until the 20th, so I’ll have to wait until then. B.A.L.L.S. doesn’t seem to have noticed anything out of the ordinary, though she doesn’t seem to do well with ghosts. I don’t know why, it isn’t like they cause a nuisance or anything around here.

She did suggest I take a look at the place, and there was a fair bit of noise in there last night, like pots and barrels being scraped along the floor, so I tried the door on my way to the obsidian fabricator excavations. It was firmly locked, and was also locked on my way back, so I guess I’ll have to find someone with the key. It is probably in the Guildhouse or with the Mayor because those are the places you go to get lodging or supplies. There isn’t any fuss in there right now so I’ll finish up my ☼Horse Tallow Biscuit☼ and turn in to a good night’s sleep.

Helgarde’s Personal Journal, 16th Moonstone, 659

Last night I had a good night’s sleep, and woke up to look for that key. After checking through the Mining Guild’s keys I couldn’t find it, but on my way to the excavations I did bump into the mayor, who was heading off to get drunk. He was kind enough to check through the list of keys, and it turns out that some keys weren’t transferred over from èrith, and still more are still with Besmar Forbes. Guess who had the key, and is currently stuck behind a fucking wall.

Guildmaster’s Journal, 17th Moonstone, 659

Spoiler: Finally! (click to show/hide)



Today, Besmar Forbes finally got out of her predicament and is heading off to design one of the pumps that will pump magma up to the aquifer bypass. Why do I have a very bad feeling about this?

I also have to get the foundations fixed again. Hopefully the next dwarf to get there won’t wall themselves in like a fucking moron.

Helgarde’s Journal, 17th Moonstone 659

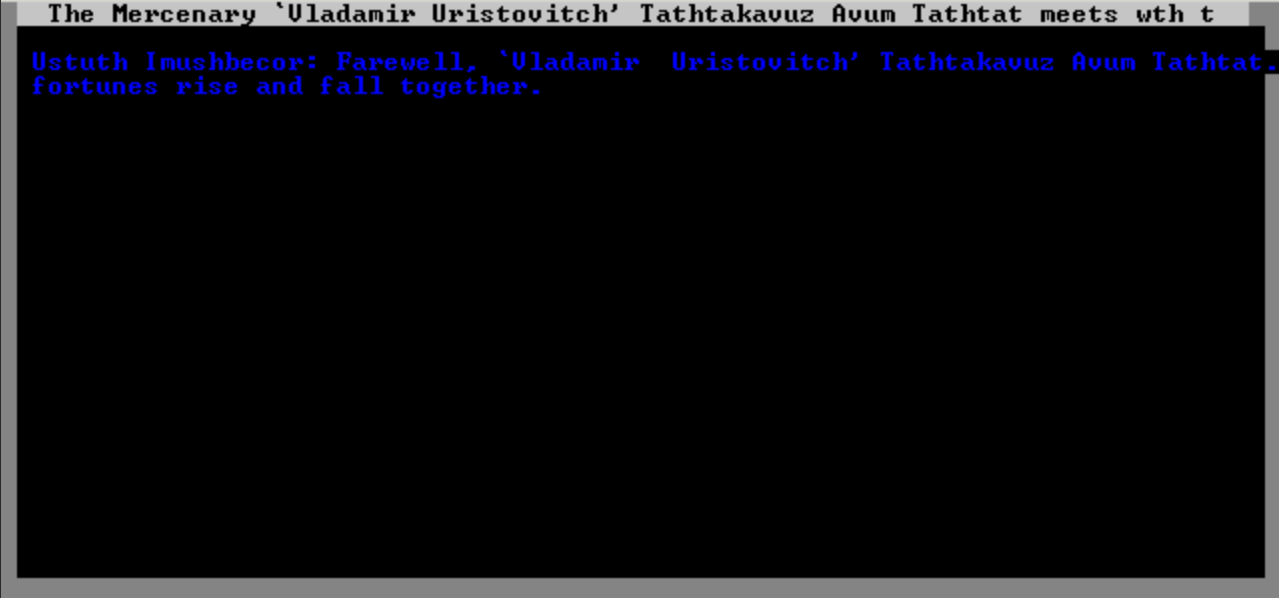
Since Besmar Forbes got out, I haven’t been able to ask her about the key, because she’s busy moving items to build the magma pump. The door to the place is still locked but there’s a serious racket going on inside there, like someone is engraving the inside, and my bedroom is resonating like the inside of a fucking fiddle.

Helgarde’s Journal, 18th Moonstone 659

What a night. The noise didn’t stop and is still going on. Whoever is doing that needs a meeting with B.A.L.L.S. in her formal capacity as hammerer because it is getting ridiculous. I couldn’t find Besmar Forbes either, she’s probably doing gypsum inside the new pumpstack whilst designing a complete fucking disaster.

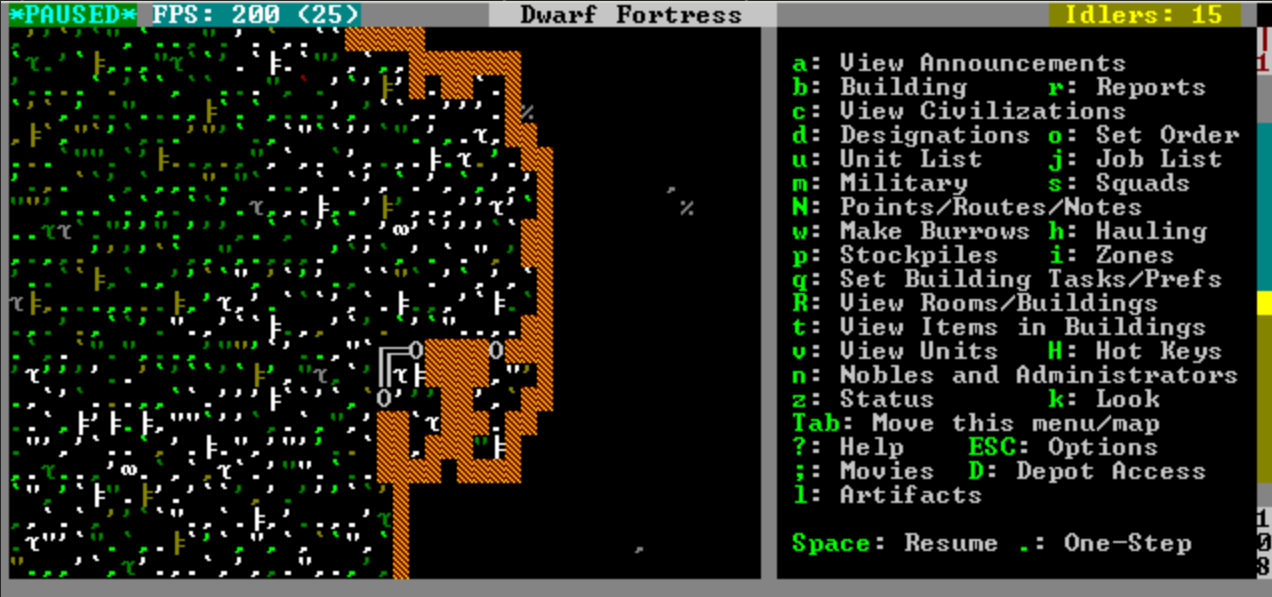
Guildmaster’s Journal, 19th Moonstone 659

Spoiler: Departure of this year’s Outpost Liason (click to show/hide)



I have two pieces of good news for the fortress! Firstly, the Outpost Liason finished meeting with the Baron, so I am releasing him from his Geass.

Spoiler: Foundations have been fixed (click to show/hide)



Secondly, the mason Bomrek Cunstructworked managed to finish the foundations without walling himself in! We can now continue building Castle Helgarde.

Helgarde’s Journal, 19th Moonstone 659

My bedroom still sounds like the interior of a fiddle, and to top it all I’ve been told by the haulers some pots have gone missing from the stockpile next to the furnaces. Luckily I put in an order for clay pots a few days ago. I’ll have to investigate further. I’m going to even try sleeping here tonight, I’ll put in a night shift at the fabricator.

Helgarde’s Journal, 22nd Moonstone 659

After the better part of a week of my bedroom being rocked by the mysterious engraving works, the noise finally stopped. Peace and quiet, at last!

Except someone just told me some fucking soap and a bed have been pinched. It happened, as usual, when nobody was around.

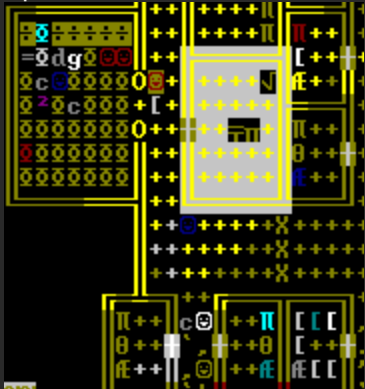
End of Month Report by Helgarde, 28th Moonstone 659

Spoiler: Smoothed Deep Quarters (click to show/hide)



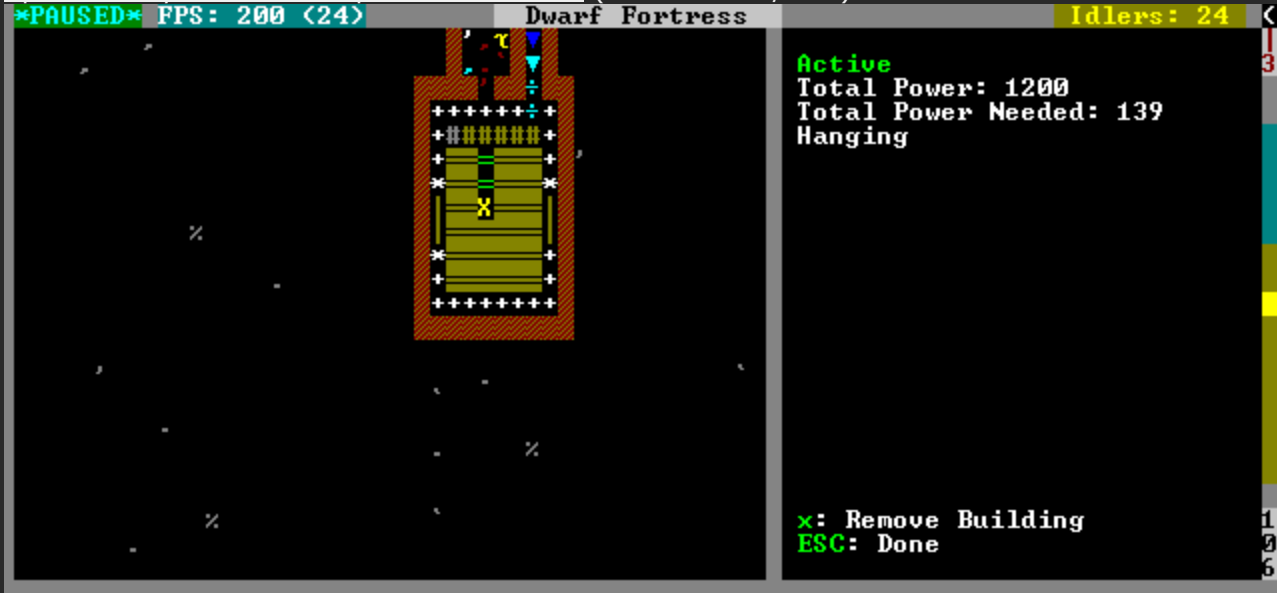
We’ve had a good month, and fulfilled the ballista bolt mandate. Besmar Forbes even finished the magma pumps without anything breaking! No promotion has been given to elevate us to a duchy just yet, but I’m expecting that to happen next year. The deep quarters have been smoothed up. I am now waiting on furniture to be finished for these. This is right above the fortified adamantine mine.

Spoiler: Smoothed Food Stockpile (click to show/hide)



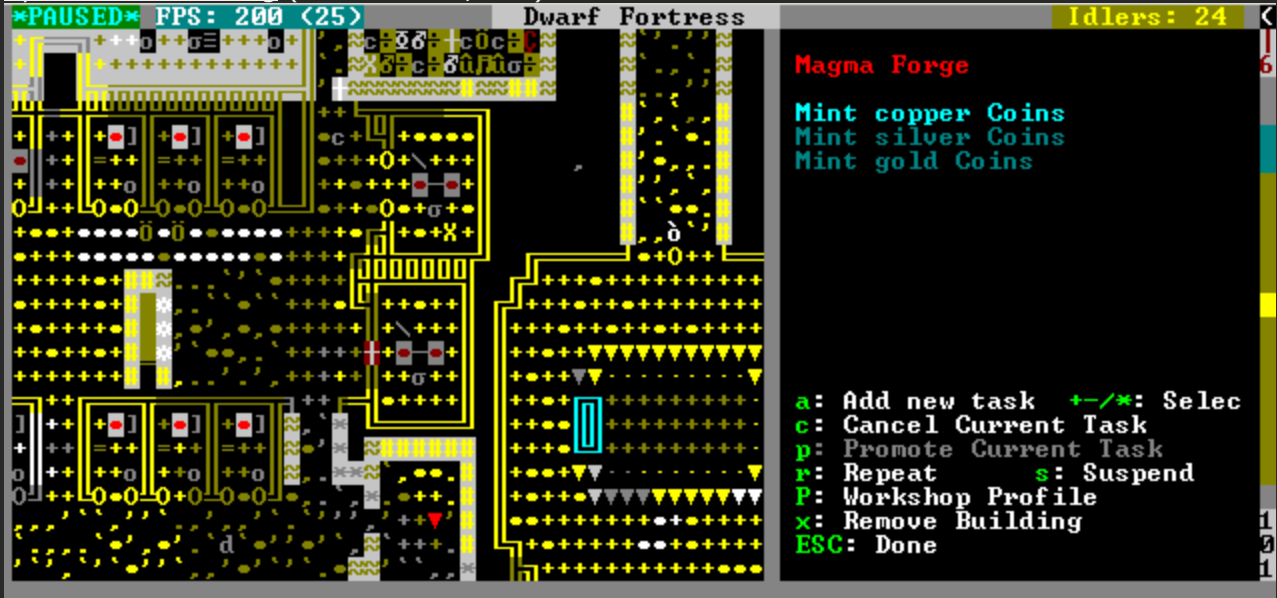
It took a surprisingly long time to get started, but the new food stockpile was finally finished.

Spoiler: Fully Functional Aquifer Power Plant (click to show/hide)



The aquifer power plant is now fully functional and generating 1200 urists of power!

Spoiler: Coin Minting (click to show/hide)



I decided to have some coins minted last month, and we’re still waiting on the metal crafters to finish them.

Spoiler: Smoothed Coal and Gypsum Stockpile (click to show/hide)

EDIT: The only mind control Vlad was under was the prevention of him leaving the burrow, right?
Also, am I the only one confused by Vlad right now? I started out intending to use him as comic relief/a healthy dose of ruthless pragmatism, yet now he's forced by circumstance to become competent/actually care about the dwarves under his authority. Bizarre stuff. I like it, just... not what I was expecting to do at all.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **CaptainArchmage** on **June 03, 2014, 07:16:26 pm**

Quote from: MDFification on June 03, 2014, 10:51:48 am

Quote from: Deus Asmoth on June 03, 2014, 10:36:35 am

Well, we'd have to think of a valid reason for doing so, like the mayor not liking Vlad interfering with his gypsum ring, or Gnora being angry and racist, or a hostile takeover of the forges. I can't really think of a situation that would require both of them to be locked up together aside from them being the most likely to make a fuss if the other one suddenly disappeared.

Vlad just got a promotion based off the liaison seeing his genitals.
I think this is reason enough.

EDIT: The only mind control Vlad was under was the prevention of him leaving the burrow, right?

This, and only so he would meet with the liason before the caravan showed up. Having met with the second liason, he is now a free dwarf.

Because of the water freezing I've turned temperature back on. This cuts FPS to about 1/2 or worse.

Guildmaster's Journal, 4th Opal 659

Spoiler: The waterwheels are frozen! (click to show/hide)



Today, the water froze over, which means the waterwheels over the brook are no longer functioning. Meanwhile, the aquifer power plant continues to provide 1200 Urists of power.

We're going to have some difficulties finishing all the projects by the end of the year, so I will attempt to finish the most critical ones such as connecting up magma conduits and removing flooring first. That way nobody else is likely to screw them up.

Gnora came to me today and suggested that the production of a drink called "Sunshine" be banned. It seems the drink is distilled from Sun Berries, which grow in good-aligned regions and are popular among the elves. The drink is significantly more valuable than most others, even more valuable than whip wine. I'll need to investigate whether the drink actually poses a health and safety risk, which should be by the end of the month.

Today, Brother Cornelius showed up and said one of his exceptional mudstone thrones he'd just finished was gone. He just finished making it in the mason's shop, and when he came back with the next boulder it was gone. We seem to be suffering an epidemic of petty theft, it doesn't seem like we have a kobold infestation or anything, and usually kobolds don't make off with chairs. I'm putting a word in with Mayor Lolor and with Talonis Wolf, the Captain of the Guard about it.

This notice is found in the dining hall on 4th Opal

PETTY THEFT WARNING - 4th Opal 659

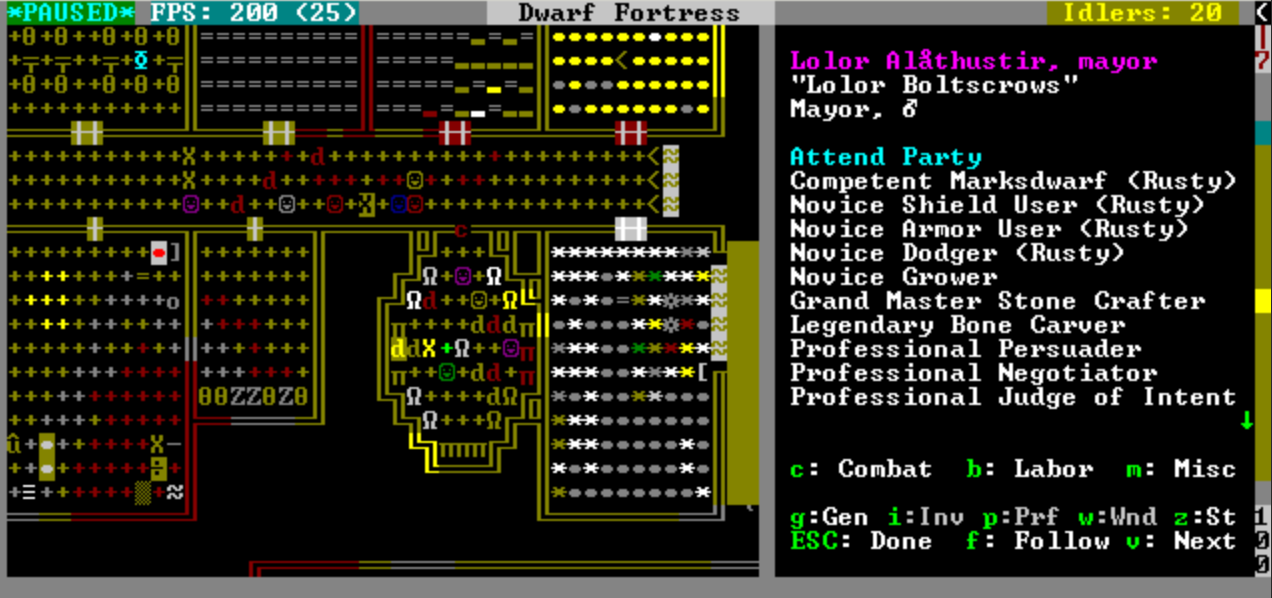
Citizens of Demongate
The fortress is currently suffering from an epidemic of petty theft.
Keep a close eye on your valuables and make sure you keep doors locked at all times.
Any suspicious activity should be reported to Talonis Wolf, Captain of the Guard.

Your mayor,
Lolor Boltscrows

P.S.
Party at the Granite Statue.
Extra booze for medical dwarves.

Guildmaster's Journal, 5th Opal 659

Spoiler: The mayor has thrown a party (click to show/hide)



As the notices that appeared yesterday have told everyone so far, there is a party going on at the granite statue.



That is, if you didn't like the party also going on in the dining hall, where you would have to be to read the notice anyways.

Petty theft cases continued last night, with a diorite table also being pinched from the mason's shop where Brother Cornelius was working. I think I'm going to post a guard there to find out what the hell is going on down there. I'm also going to get the next load of furniture he makes installed in the new Guildhouse, at least we will know where it is going.

Spoiler: The export agreement for next year (click to show/hide)



I got a hold of the export agreement for next year's caravan. Large gems have the highest price multiplier, and we can make some of those from rough glass. Powder has the second highest price multiplier, but I don't think we will be exporting any of that. We can deal with the figurines and crowns, however.

I've decided that Talonis Wolf and one of our other legendary leatherworkers should go back and produce some leather coats and trousers for us, because we'll need new items of clothing. I'm also ordering some more cloth robes.

The magma safe stone stockpile will now be taking mica, obsidian, olivine, and basalt as well as bauxite, quartzite, and petrified wood. We need to get more magma safe doors made! Brother Cornelius is beginning to tire of working with Mudstone.

Helgarde's Personal Journal, 6th Opal 659

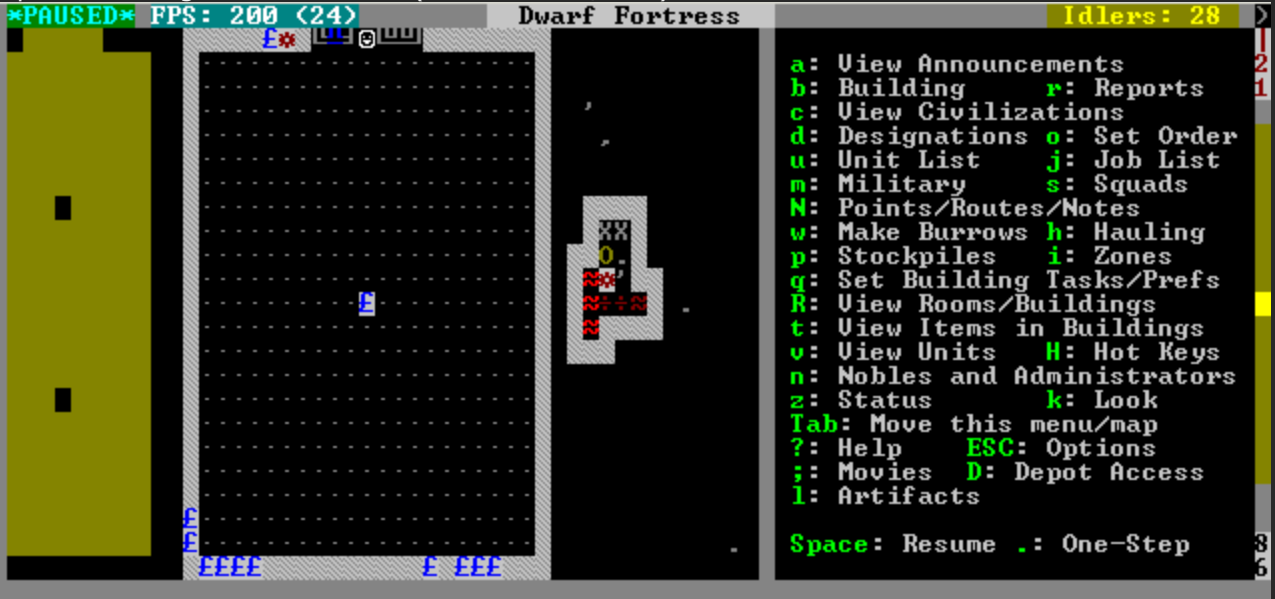
I thought the trouble was over, but it was not. There's a really pungent smell along the hallway with my current rooms, along with the offices of the mayor and the baron. some kind of bitter, soapy smell. Someone's up to something and I really don't like it.

Helgarde's Personal Journal, 11th Opal 659

The smell's so bad I'm just going to finish up the obsidian fabricator and then check out what the hell is going on. Two areas are going to be smoothed up and then we're going to connect up the magma.

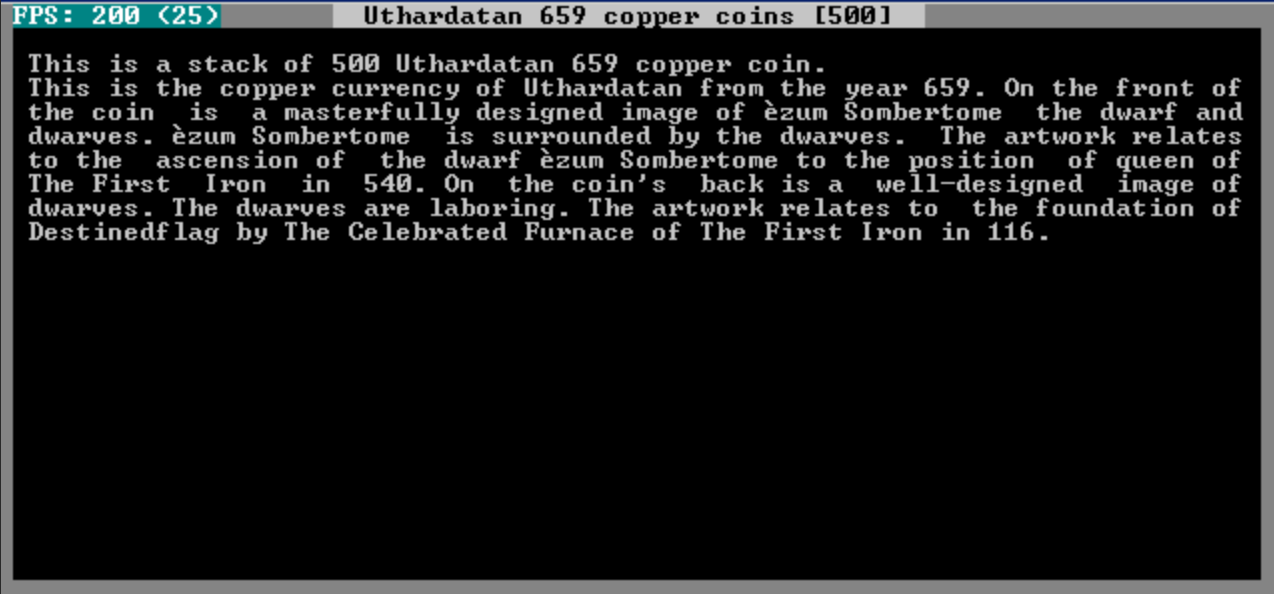
Guildmaster's Journal, 14th Opal 659

Spoiler: Mining works finished! (click to show/hide)



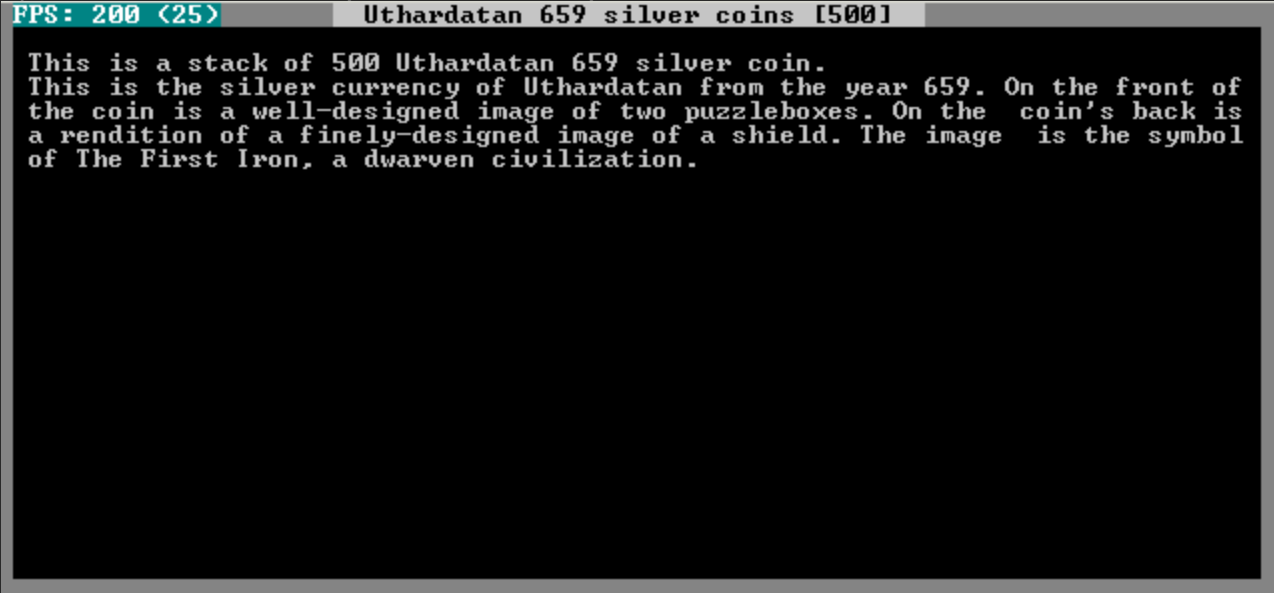
Today we finished mining work on the Obsidian fabricator! All that is left is to build some to hold the water for dumping on top of the magma, connect the system up to magma, connect the system up to water, and ensure the thing can be sealed and controlled properly by levers.

Spoiler: New Copper Coins (click to show/hide)



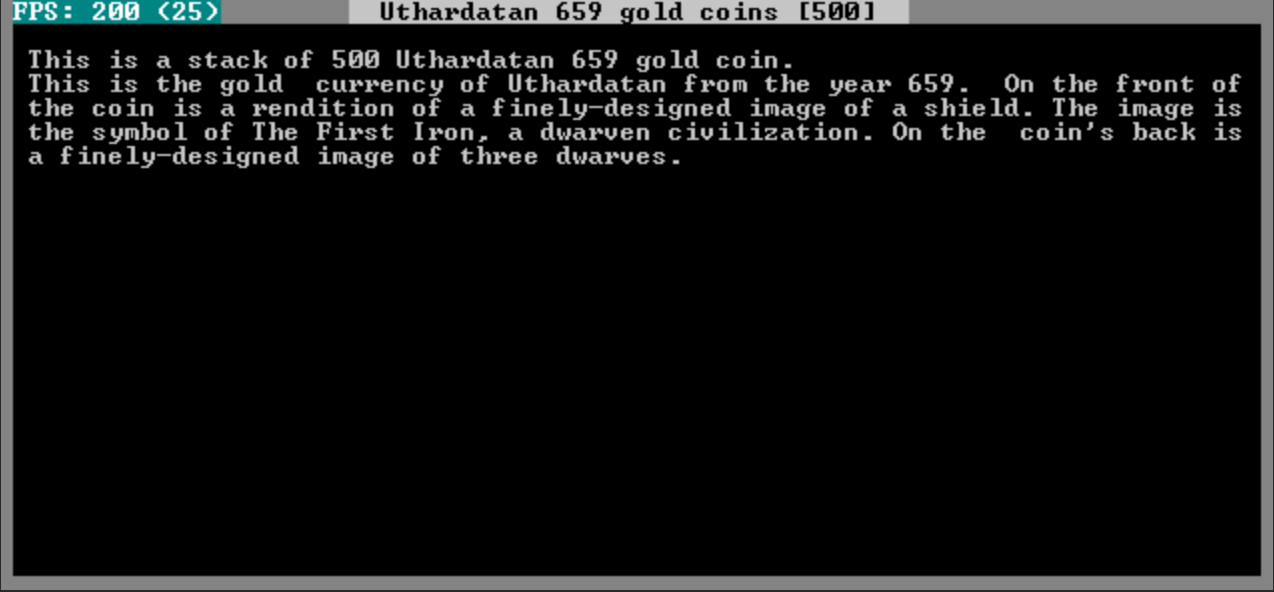
We completed a new run of coins for this year! The copper ones seem to have the most elaborate depiction of our history of the founding of a fortress over 500 years ago.

Spoiler: New Silver Coins (click to show/hide)



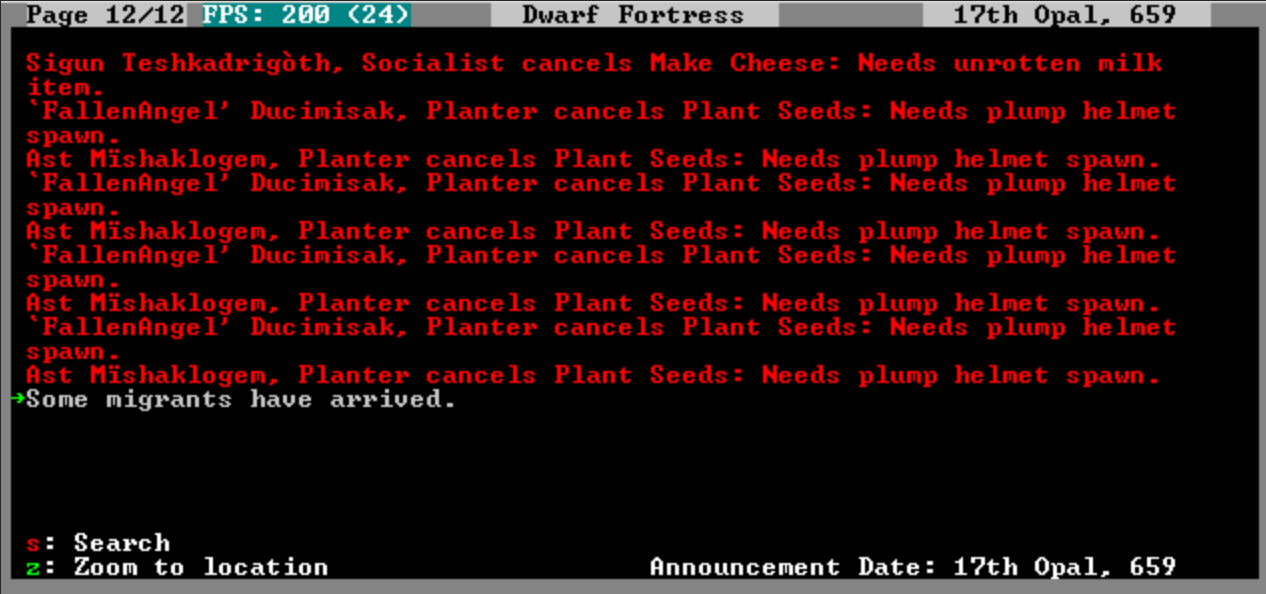
The silver coins carry the image of our civilisation, and an image of some puzzleboxes.

Spoiler: New Gold Coins (click to show/hide)



Finally the gold coins also carry the image of our civilisation, and a depiction of three dwarves. I think Vladimir Uristovitch might have been behind these.

Alright, next update is the WTF one. Both lore-wise and game-wise, all the stops are going to be pulled out.



Migrants, at this time of year?

Huzzah, updates!

Also if any cares to nominate more quotes? I'd like to reduce the percentage on the list that are mine. It comes off as kind of self-aggrandizing considering I maintain the list.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **FallenAngel** on **June 04, 2014, 08:02:29 am**

Wait, I'm a planter now?
I should be making metal into armor, smelling metal fumes all day.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **MDFification** on **June 04, 2014, 09:25:34 am**

Quote from: FallenAngel on June 04, 2014, 08:02:29 am
Wait, I'm a planter now?
I should be making metal into armor, smelling metal fumes all day.
After the spiders I'd say your dorf has had enough fumes.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **FallenAngel** on **June 04, 2014, 10:28:37 am**

Don't expect me to stay a planter when my turn rolls around.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **June 04, 2014, 11:41:17 am**

It might just be that there hasn't been much smelting work to do, so you've gained a lot of farm reload skills.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **Gnorm** on **June 04, 2014, 03:07:43 pm**

Where exactly have Shank and Asmoth been all this time? We're several years into the story, and they have been practically non-existent as of yet.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **MDFification** on **June 04, 2014, 03:37:12 pm**

Quote from: Gnorm on June 04, 2014, 03:07:43 pm
Where exactly have Shank and Asmoth been all this time? We're several years into the story, and they have been practically non-existent as of yet.

I presume Shank is caught up in his disturbing, whirlwind romance/farm ownership with old Queen Brasswords. You know, ruling the Old World with an iron fist, that sort of thing.
Asmoth is probably doing science. We don't want to know the results.

Also, if we really want to force a bloodkin invasion; write a syndrome that transforms all goblins/elves/humans it comes into contact with into bloodkin (a percentage become thaumaturges perhaps?), and link that to a custom material boulder that evaporates at any temperature we're like to encounter. Force a siege (or several) using DFhack. Then, use DFhack to spawn the boulders inside their formations, transforming that siege into bloodkin.
Violates the no 3rd party software clause, but allows us to have our Bloodkin sieges. No regrets.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **June 04, 2014, 05:30:01 pm**

Asmoth's always been a pretty reactive force. She didn't even get involved in Steelhold politics until she was forced to and only took over when she was pretty much the only option. She's currently trying to improve on the Bloodkin, since they were meant to transcend dwarfkind rather than be a devouring force, so she doesn't really see them as any more than means to an end at the moment. This is something I wrote from her POV, but it didn't really work the way I wanted it to.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

Asmoth's Log.
Further notes on Project Immortality:
I think that I will have to admit that Project Immortality has turned out to be a dismal failure. I sought to create a cure for all dwarven ailments, and instead I manufactured the greatest plague in our history. I still remember my dream all these years later; rising above all that was wrong with the world to become its masters. Perhaps those who read my notes will call me a hypocrite, considering the deaths that were woven into my plans from the beginning, but in the same way that fire can trigger new growth in an area, some malign influences had to be purged with blood for my plans to succeed. Perhaps my dreams would have borne fruit had I done some more purging. I cannot say what has triggered this train of my thoughts, but I realise now that I have been feeling this way for some time. With Thikut gone on her newest assignment, I can see my creations for what they truly are: savages, heedless of the consequences of their actions. What consequences could anything short of death have to something that heals near instantaneously and feels virtually no pain? But I look at the dwarven settlements we burn, and beneath the ashes are works of beauty. What can my immortals understand of love, suffering, hope? Even a hammer knows more of beauty than these twisted creatures. I would gladly wipe them from the earth in an instant, yet they still have their uses. They already have the instincts Shank bestowed on them, so it has not been difficult to train them to capture as many alive as is possible. Those that show promise are being saved for my new project, and those that do not... well, the Bloodkin desires just like any creature.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **Gnorm** on **June 04, 2014, 09:46:58 pm**

Corley's Journal
Leaving
--
I was honestly going to seek out and find the ruler of this fort after I left my cell, but I now have second thoughts. After all these years, whatever connection there ever was amongst the three of us has now eroded into nothing. I have no further need of Shank or Asmoth; I have my army and my plans. I see no use in dragging either of them into things, for it would be better to seek out allies and benefactors that will be easy to wrestle control from. Perhaps I'll cross paths with one of the others someday, or maybe I'll just find that Thikut's after me; either way would be a nice reunion, if only for a moment.

I've ordered all operations relating to my fortress and the Ascension Project moved to the New World. My work can be clandestinely accomplished in Demongate, close to Sedilkosoth. My ambassadors will seek out my candidates, hopefully resulting in some temporary alliances. Only the strongest will be able to secure the fortress, and they must therefore become as strong as possible.

Surreptitious activity may prove difficult as the fortress grows and develops, but I have confidence that I'll be able to handle whatever might come up. If it's anything like it was during my last visit, there are plenty of stupid dwarves willing to do my bidding.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **MDFification** on **June 05, 2014, 11:47:21 am**

The horn sounds. I stir from the dream.
I don't want to leave the dream. It's peaceful here. There's nothing to prompt me to ask questions. Questions such as 'who am I'. The oblivion I find here is soothing. When outside the dream, I have to come to terms with my soul. How much of it is really me anymore? When you force other souls out of their bodies, it's easy to let things... mingle. I found that out my first possession; the body always, always retains some trace of the mind of its former inhabitant. And when it dies, you carry that remnant with you.
He summons me. I've almost given up wondering what it is he's planning. But I can remember that urge to know, to understand, to manipulate and control from my own life and many of the lives I've used. I'm frightened to lose that. I've lost so much of my being already.
As I'm pulled from the dream, feeling floods back into me. My emotions - where did they come from? - revolt with the reintroduction to his realm. I see a figure polishing the floor, and instinctively recoil in disgust. Why? Who was that?
Oh. I remember now. I never met this person, though I knew him by reputation. He resembles his vile son, though his evil was... different. And he was fortunate enough to be given an opportunity to seek penance. He's almost done the hall, now. I wonder if the others will forgive him?
I'll never know. The others don't speak to me. They seem... sad, when they look at me. I knew them once; they're probably aghast that I've deteriorated so. They're still whole. I don't see them here now; probably they're further, in the next life proper.
He calls. My name... I think that was my name. Yes, I remember now. I was called that. I turn and go to him. He should not be kept waiting.
I am his herald. I bring to the world his will, in words or deed. I didn't understand, once, but I'm merely a weapon in his war. If I were still myself, I might resent that. How fortunate that I'm not.

I see he's picked out a victim. So I'll be killing again. This one's a woman, though not of my race, not any more. I... remember her. I hated her once. Why?
She sits atop a throne made of jet-black obsidian. It's well-made, but not gaudy. This one doesn't need to impress others with wealth. The fortress here is vast, crawling with the creatures this one rules. The land here was different, once. How could it have changed so quickly?
Where's her husband? Her servant. I remember him. That filthy bastard betrayed... no, it wasn't me. That was... my disciple? Follower? He was loyal to this fell Queen to the last. His devotion bordered on most inappropriate aspirations, I think.
Maybe she tired of him. In any case, he won't see her again. I reach through the void, and withdraw my crossbow. Eons of work went into this weapon. I think I made it, long ago. The mechanisms, the adamantine... looks familiar. And the device in the center... that was mine. I know it. I hardly need it now, but it should serve to keep this out of the wrong hands.
I place Queen Brasswords in my sights and squeeze the trigger. There's no sound beyond the click of the mechanism. She falls forward and crumbles to dust. No soul leaves her body - I would be able to see that. His will is done.
I pull out my knife, and carve the symbol into the throne. They need to know who did this. They need to know that vengeance comes. The Hammer and the Pick. I hope they still remember it. It's been so long.

I exit the world again. My task is not over. Who knows if it will ever be over. That is the price I pay. But seeing one of them destroyed for good... there's not a part of me that isn't satisfied with that.
I draw closer and closer to avenging myself.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **Gnorm** on **June 05, 2014, 11:55:59 am**

Oh dear.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **MDFification** on **June 05, 2014, 11:59:44 am**

Quote from: Gnorm on June 05, 2014, 11:55:59 am
Oh dear.

Just here to give you your daily dose of 'Steelhold was really, really fucked up'. Don't expect any vengeful, transgendered murderghosts to be in any way relevant. That sort of thing only happens to vaguely-described background characters.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **Gnorm** on **June 05, 2014, 12:16:20 pm**

Quote from: MDFification on June 05, 2014, 11:59:44 am
Quote from: Gnorm on June 05, 2014, 11:55:59 am
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Boy! that's a relief.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **MDFification** on **June 05, 2014, 12:30:46 pm**

Quote from: Gnorm on June 05, 2014, 12:16:20 pm
Quote from: MDFification on June 05, 2014, 11:59:44 am
Quote from: Gnorm on June 05, 2014, 11:55:59 am
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Boy! that's a relief.

The fact that our characters have legitimate cause to fear a gender-confused, undiagnosable mentally ill ghost assigned to kill them by an uncaring god of blood will never cease to be hilarious.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **Gnorm** on **June 05, 2014, 12:40:31 pm**

Quote from: MDFification on June 05, 2014, 12:30:46 pm
Quote from: Gnorm on June 05, 2014, 12:16:20 pm
Quote from: MDFification on June 05, 2014, 11:59:44 am
Quote from: Gnorm on June 05, 2014, 11:55:59 am
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Indeed, but we currently have more pressing matters at hand.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **MDFification** on **June 05, 2014, 12:48:57 pm**

Quote from: Gnorm on June 05, 2014, 12:40:31 pm

Quote from: MDFification on June 05, 2014, 12:30:46 pm

Quote from: Gnorm on June 05, 2014, 12:16:20 pm

Quote from: MDFification on June 05, 2014, 11:59:44 am

Quote from: Gnorm on June 05, 2014, 11:55:59 am

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Boy! that's a relief.

The fact that our characters have legitimate cause to fear a gender-confused, undiagnosable mentally ill ghost assigned to kill them by an uncaring god of blood will never cease to be hilarious.

Indeed, but we currently have more pressing matters at hand.

Such as building a quote pyramid, or waiting for Archmage to finish his turn?

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **Gnorm** on **June 05, 2014, 12:51:59 pm**

Quote from: MDFification on June 05, 2014, 12:48:57 pm

Quote from: Gnorm on June 05, 2014, 12:40:31 pm

Quote from: MDFification on June 05, 2014, 12:30:46 pm

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Quote from: MDFification on June 05, 2014, 11:59:44 am

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Boy! that's a relief.

The fact that our characters have legitimate cause to fear a gender-confused, undiagnosable mentally ill ghost assigned to kill them by an uncaring god of blood will never cease to be hilarious.

Indeed, but we currently have more pressing matters at hand.

Such as building a quote pyramid, or waiting for Archmage to finish his turn?

The latter, I'm afraid. I find it suspicious that he has disappeared after getting halfway through winter, which is too late to pass the file or to void the turn. I suspect that he has orchestrated this scenario on purpose, and has taken a vacation to the Bahamas.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **MDFification** on **June 05, 2014, 12:58:12 pm**

Quote from: Gnorm on June 05, 2014, 12:51:59 pm

Quote from: MDFification on June 05, 2014, 12:48:57 pm

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Post by: **Gnorm** on **June 05, 2014, 01:07:19 pm**

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You're probably correct.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **FallenAngel** on **June 05, 2014, 02:35:50 pm**

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You're probably correct.

Let us flail wildly until he returns.

No time to flail. I'm erecting a quote pyramid fit for a pharoh.

So many quotes but yeah so if we ever lose the fort we should use masterwork because we can do a 4 to 5 dwarf Armageddon fort!.

Blasphemy! Masterwork is an overstuffed, incredibly standardized fantasy game piggy-backing on Toady's great Dwarf Fortress!

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **FallenAngel** on **June 05, 2014, 04:29:29 pm**

Quote from: Gnorm on June 05, 2014, 04:01:50 pm

Quote from: danmanthedog on June 05, 2014, 03:03:59 pm

Quote from: MDFification on June 05, 2014, 02:53:14 pm

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I agree. We shall drink dwarven beer laced with kobold blood out of towercap barrels decorated with pictures of dwarves kicking goblins and elves, not their mithril crap.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **June 05, 2014, 04:46:04 pm**

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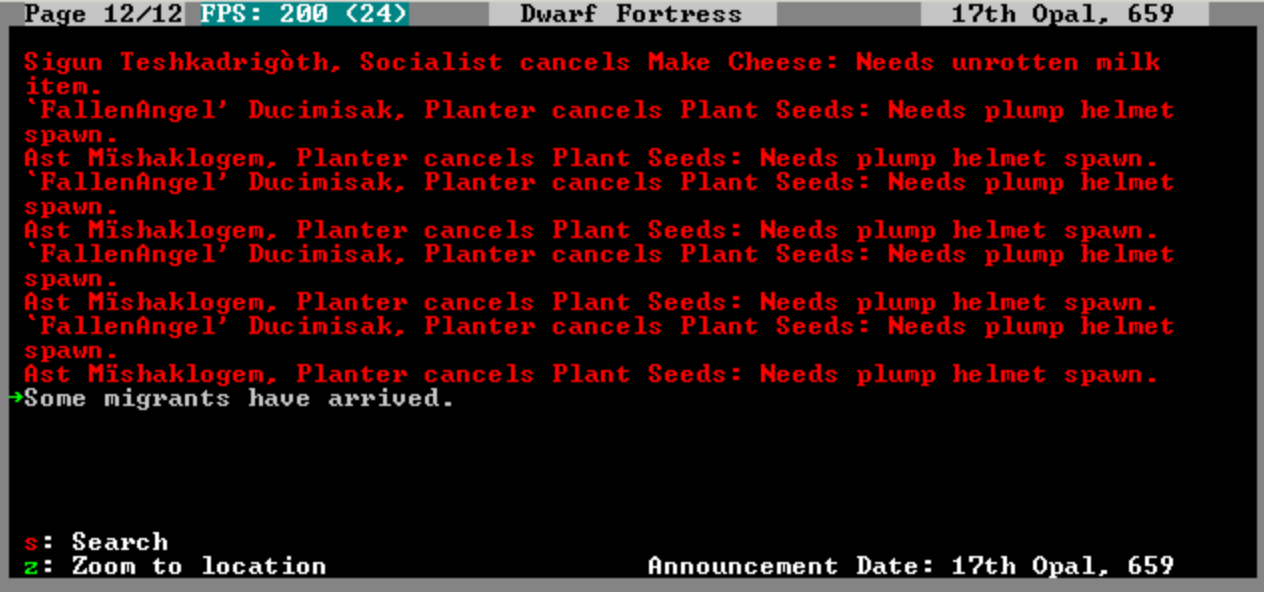
Yeah, switching to Masterwork would make it pretty difficult to maintain continuity. Also, I'm not sure of the rules here, but quote pyramiding has gotten threads locked on other forums I've frequented, so perhaps we shouldn't take this one too far?

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **CaptainArchmage** on **June 05, 2014, 05:41:52 pm**

Yes, yes, I am back. Time to completely finish off this year.

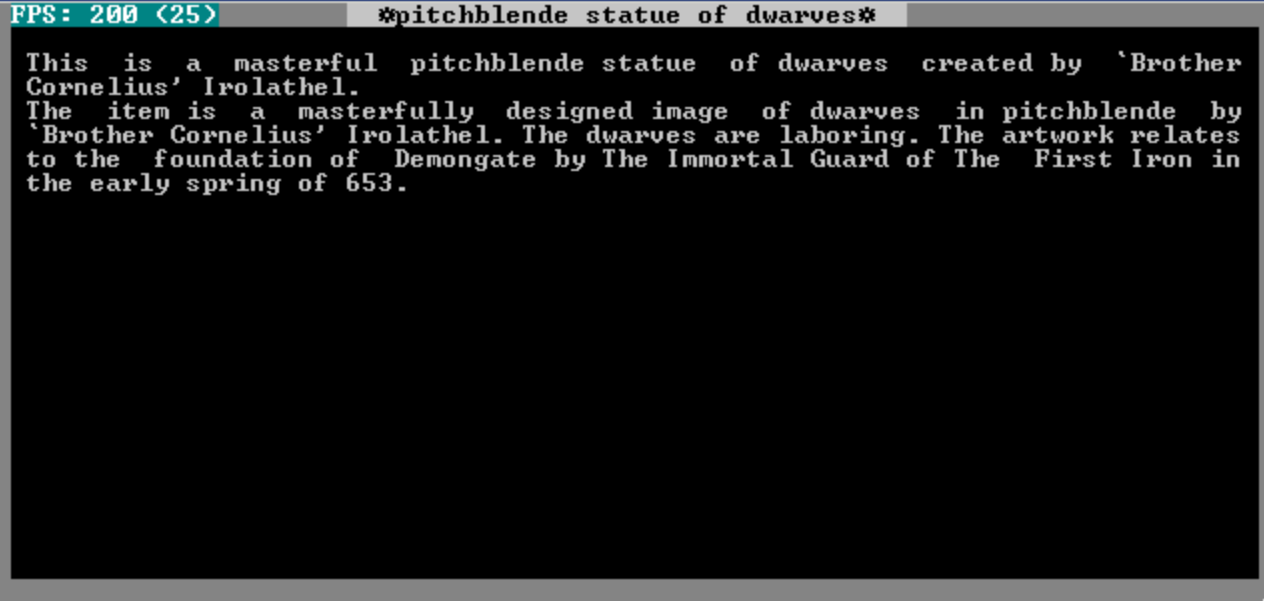
Guildmaster’s Journal, 17th Opal 659

Spoiler: Migrants?! (click to show/hide)



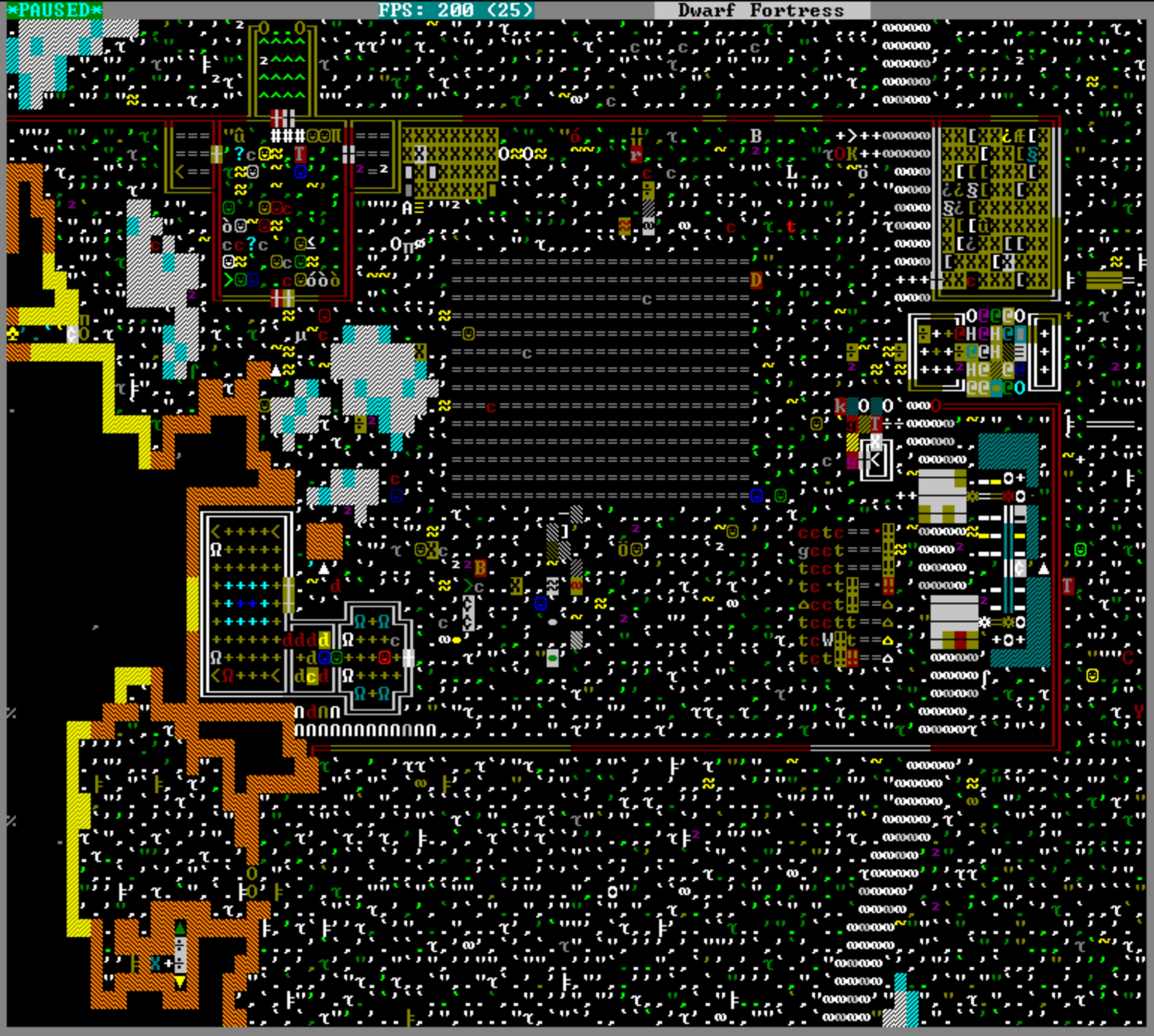
I just got back from designing a water tank for the new Guildhouse when I hear migrants have been sighted near the trade depot. At this time of year? Something is going on.

Spoiler: A Masterwork! (click to show/hide)



At that moment, Brother Cornelius drags me to the mason’s shop and shows me this masterwork statue. Nice statue, that is certainly going in the guild!

Spoiler: Migrants inside the fortress (click to show/hide)



Meanwhile, the migrants pour into the fortress, and I go out to meet them.

- List of Migrants:
- Goden Hawktheater, Marksdwarf
 - Cog Warmthlances, Great Woodcrafter (HAS A DEITY)
 - Athel Dawnarches, Marksdwarf/Shield User and Carpenter

Zefon 'Mistress Nero' Playtombs, Marksdwarf/Shield User
Oddom Handleshimmered, Marksdwarf/Shield User (HAS DEITY)
Onget Oillabored, Animal Trainer/Comedian/Intimidator/Consoles/Siege Operator
Nil Ivorybrooks, Macedwarf/Shield User
Dodók Oilhatchet, Gem Setter
Eshtân Fortressbastion, Marksdwarf/Dodger
Mafol Joyroads, Craftsdwarf

It turns out they are part of a full military contingent former by the Other Capitols, named The First Hellguard. I suspect the Other Capitols did not name them as such in honour of me. Their leader is Mistress Nero Playtombs, a Marksdwarf and Shield user, who claimed that they are here to help me secure the fortress. Strangely though, some of their number have no obvious training whatsoever. They were not carrying much equipment equipment either so I transferred to the military register with a standard crossbowdwarf uniform.

Spoiler: We are under attack! (click to show/hide)



Of course, no sooner had The First Hellguard entered the fortress, this giantess shows up and charges the front gate. I am calling the 1st Axe, 1st Hammer, 1st Sword, and The First Hellguard to action defending the fortress. To arms again!

Alright, I'm making a new post for the combat and the aftermath.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **Rhaken** on **June 05, 2014, 05:58:58 pm**

Who what where when. I LIVE.

Since we're looking into the lives of the Bloodkin lords, I might as well post this gem I've been working on.

Blood-curdling shrieks filled the grand chamber. They were the shrieks of the lost, the damned, and the insane. And they never stopped. Even with a dwarf's internal clock to tell night from day, there was nothing reliable to mark the passage of time down in the depths. Those who managed to fall sleep in the infernal cacophony prayed to Armok that they would never wake up.

Row upon row of dwarves, elves, humans and goblins, chained to the wall, the floor, and each other. Though plenty of them had been abducted from the surface, a significant portion had been born in the farms. Most of them did not know how to speak. They certainly knew how to scream though.

The dwarves were the worst. Or the best, in Shank's perspective. Especially those that failed their moods. They lost their minds, screamed, flailed and heaved. The ones that went berserk were particularly fun. They thrashed about, foaming at the lips, yet their heavy shackles kept them from harming the other cattle, which only infuriated them further.

Shank traversed the hallway for the millionth time, savoring the music of his monumental work. He could all but taste the suffering in the air, and it made his mouth water. It clung to every surface and refused to go away, like a dead man's blood.

At the far end of the stone corridor, the rows of shackles gave way to a silver-paved road, its luster maintained by the servants of the Four. At the end of the road, a set of gem-encrusted silver doors opened on a grand hallway, a monument to decadence dressed in all the splendor of dwarven wealth. In a bygone era, this was Chainbell's Noble Quarter. Now it housed the Four and their retainers. Shank walked to his chambers, opened the once-golden door to his personal space.

His throne room was a marvel to behold. In Chainbell's heyday, before Shank was even born, the miners of Chainbell had dug the chamber straight from a vein of gold in the heart of the mountain. They had cut the ceiling as high as it would go within the ore deposit, extracted what ore they could, engraved every surface, and filled it with luxurious furniture. The place had become a sort of summer home for the monarchs of the Gloves of Admiring. How fitting, then, that it now housed their last queen.

Twitching and shuffling about was a single Kin, golden eyes jumping in all directions, never still. Shank approached the once-dwarf, eager to hear of news.

The lunatic fidgeted, hugged himself. His words came in a shattered, reedy warble, the voice of a long-broken creature. "Hello Uncle. I kept Auntie company while you were gone. Did I do good?"

"Very good. You seem more agitated than usual, Stinthad," *Shank chirped.* "Have you seen things in your dreams?"

The creature named Stinthad seemed to shrink inwards. "Yes, Uncle. I saw things. Strange things, things from far away."

"What have you seen, broken one?"

"I saw food-dwarves, and a fortress of saints and madmen. They guard one of the Old Doors. I saw a bed of silver, long forgotten in the company of deep-fish."

"Go on, Stinthad," *Shank urged.* *The mad creature before him had a thing for forgetting where he was if he wasn't egged on.*

"The bed was in the mad-fortress. The sleeper woke up after a long pain-nap. I know the sleeper's face! I saw it before. Long before, when all was well and the Four were Four."

"Go on." *Shank had a pretty good idea of where this was headed.*

"I remember him, Uncle," *Stinthad warbled, shrinking inward again.* "He was there when our campaign ended, when the False Heroes struck down the General."

"Yes, who is he?"

Stinthad whimpered. He was seated on the floor now, wild eyes darting through the shadows. The memories of his visions always made him lose control of his extremities.

"Speak to me, Stinthad. Who is he?" *As if Shank didn't already know.*

"Father! Father has risen, Uncle! He's coming back!" *Stinthad hugged himself, rocked and spasmed on the floor.*

Just as he suspected. "You did well, Stinthad. Rest now." *From a pouch at his belt, Shank pulled two tiny skulls, ancient and bleached. He clicked them together to draw the broken creature's attention.*

"Here you go, my friend." *Shank tossed the skulls onto Stinthad's lap. The demented seer gasped, lifted the skulls into his arms and cradled them against his chest, humming a lullaby.*

"Father is coming, little ones," *the mad dwarf told the skulls.* "Oh, no, he's not like me. I'm your father, darlings, but he is Father of us all."

Shank watched the rambling loon as one would watch a troupe of actors. There was something immensely satisfying about witnessing that shattered mind spill its contents all over the floor. Perhaps because it was yet another thing Shank had enjoyed destroying.

"Why yes, dearies, I had a father too," *Stinthad continued.* *He raised his head to speak to Shank.* "You knew my father, didn't you Uncle?"

"Yes, I knew your father, Stinthad."

"He was a good dwarf wasn't he? Oh, but no good now, since we aren't dwarves anymore. Dwarves are too tasty."

"Yes, mad one, he was a good dwarf," *Shank replied, grinning like a maniac. He knew Stinthad's father alright. That was part of what made this all so satisfying.*

He left the broken seer to play with his dead daughters and walked further into the chamber. Heaped upon a throne of carven obsidian was a mangled skeleton, an amalgamation of bones stolen from dwarves, goblins and humans.

"Hello my dear," *Shank told the bone heap.* "Have you heard the news from our pet lunatic?"

"I have now. You know how tightlipped he can be when you're not around."

"Yes, yes he can. I suppose we should inform Asmoth," *Shank pondered.*

"Could you do that, dear heart? I need to speak to our old friend Amsan."

"Very well. Let's see if I can't find the old witch."

With that, Shank turned and headed for the door. Behind him he could hear the rolling clatter of bone and sinew as his darling queen made a heap of herself. He passed Stinthad and ripped the child skulls from the broken one's grasp. The deranged old bat fell over as if dead, and started snoring. Once outside the throne room, Shank peered down his tunic and spoke into his chest.

"Oh, I know. I was counting on it. Corley works best on his own. And this way we don't even lose troops."

Seconds went by, and Shank listened to the silence.

"Yes, I believe we can. We may have to deploy immediately though. If all goes well, they'll be distracted by Corley's forces and won't be expecting us."

More silence. Shank listened, nodding every few seconds.

"Well, that is unfortunate. I'll miss my darling. Suppose I'll have to do the burial myself. We can think on how to handle those phantoms later."

More silence. More listening.

"Yes. I understand. Your will be done."

He straightened, smoothed his tunic, and marched on down the hall. The screams of the damned engulfed him, drowned out the voice in his chest. Shank hummed softly to himself and stroked the golden mask through his tunic.

He had a war to plan.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **June 05, 2014, 06:19:49 pm**

Is the queen a lich or something similar now, then?

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **Rhaken** on **June 05, 2014, 06:23:04 pm**

Quote from: **Deus Asmoth** on **June 05, 2014, 06:19:49 pm**

Is the queen a lich or something similar now, then?

An animated pile of bones. Made her more credible to the necromancer Amsan.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **MDFification** on **June 05, 2014, 06:24:59 pm**

Are we talking about the queen from the first thread?
'cause I kind of just wrote her being disintegrated and her soul erased from reality.
... I guess we could just say what I wrote happens later?

EDIT: WB Rhaken!

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **Rhaken** on **June 05, 2014, 06:31:04 pm**

Quote from: MDFification on June 05, 2014, 06:24:59 pm

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Thanks mate. And yes, that is Kivish Brasswords. She gets disintegrated around the moment Shank leaves the room. He even acknowledges it to the mask.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **MDFification** on **June 05, 2014, 06:34:46 pm**

Quote from: Rhaken on June 05, 2014, 06:31:04 pm

Quote from: MDFification on June 05, 2014, 06:24:59 pm

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EDIT: WB Rhaken!

Thanks mate. And yes, that is Kivish Brasswords. She gets disintegrated around the moment Shank leaves the room. He even acknowledges it to the mask.

Ty for clarification.
I really have no idea what to do with Emdief other than remind people that he's scary. So feel free to use him for whatever, provided he doesn't get nerfed. I'd rather see him barely ever get used than get soundly beaten - although fighting him to a standstill is alright.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **CaptainArchmage** on **June 05, 2014, 07:03:50 pm**

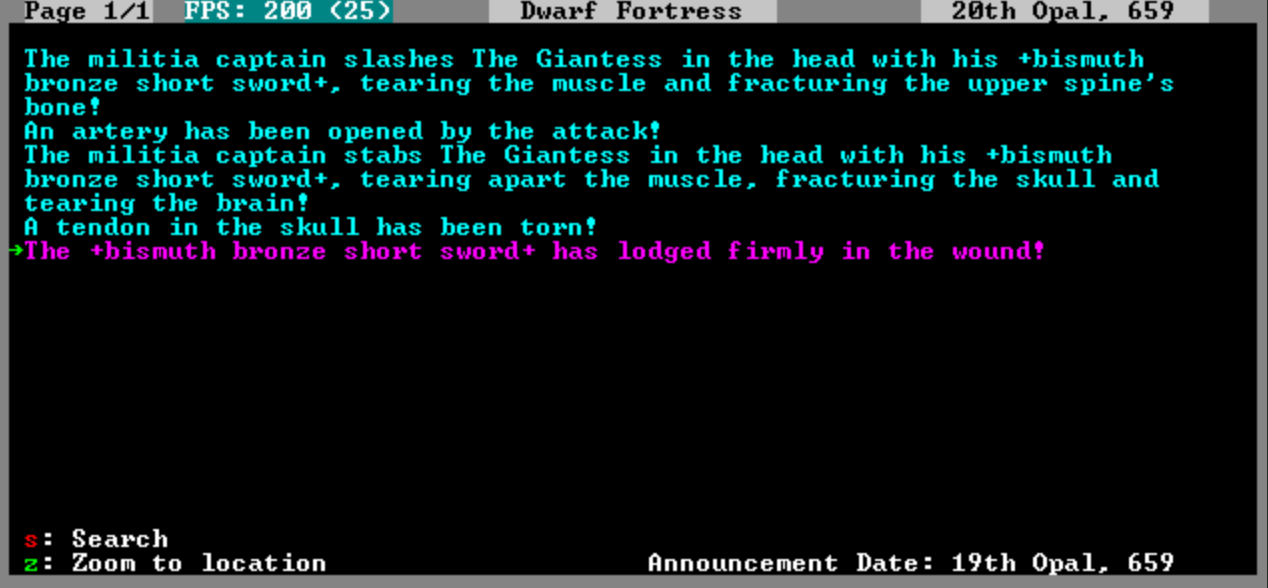
The RNG is producing a legendary hero right here.

Guildmaster’s Journal, 20th Opal, 659

Spoiler: The Giantess doesn’t last too long against our armies (click to show/hide)

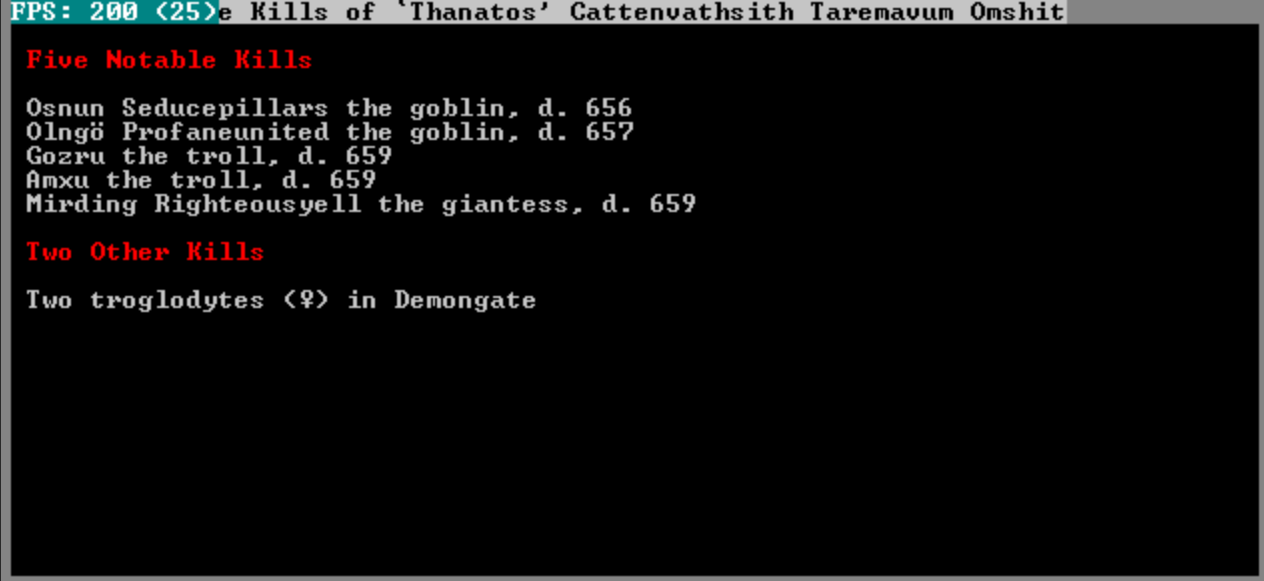


Spoiler: ‘Thanatos’ deals the finishing blow (click to show/hide)



The giantess is dead. Weakened by the injuries inflicted by multiple squads of our axe, hammer, and sword-wielding soldiers, she was no longer able to stand and ‘Thanatos’ dealt her the finishing blow earning his place as a hero of the Fortress of Demongate.

Spoiler: ‘Thanatos’ is now a hero. All hail ‘Thanatos’! (click to show/hide)



'Thanatos' Channelsquare now carries the title Taremavum Omshit, or in the human tongue the Fated Culmination of Suffering. All hail Thanatos Cattenvathsith Taremavum Omshit!

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



The First Hellguard never made it to the battle. Here, Mistress Nero is busy checking out the ammo supplies for his crossbow, though he lacks a quiver to put them in. Ultimately it doesn't matter, but I will be ordering some fresh gear made.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **FallenAngel** on **June 05, 2014, 07:09:21 pm**

Quote from: CaptainArchmage on June 05, 2014, 07:03:50 pm
'Thanatos' Channelsquare now carries the title Taremavum Omshit, or in the human tongue the Fated Culmination of Suffering. All hail Thanatos Cattenvathsith Taremavum Omshit!
Taremavum Omshit? OMSHIT, he's strong.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **June 05, 2014, 07:10:01 pm**

The strange thing is, I played a couple of years on my own save, and Thanatos' first action in combat in that game was to get shot in the face by a goblin crossbowman.

Isn't Vladamir the Culmination of something as well?

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **MDFification** on **June 05, 2014, 07:37:32 pm**

Quote from: Deus Asmoth on June 05, 2014, 07:10:01 pm
The strange thing is, I played a couple of years on my own save, and Thanatos' first action in combat in that game was to get shot in the face by a goblin crossbowman.
Isn't Vladamir the Culmination of something as well?

He's the Culmination of Plunging.
I had the Shaken Name of Moistness appear as a title in one of my forts to a promiscuous Urist married to BIG RAL, my fortress champion. The RNG sure loves its sexual innuendos.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **CaptainArchmage** on **June 05, 2014, 08:43:21 pm**

Alright, there's more! I did more to RP this, much of the whole military got drafted.

Helgarde's Journal, 22nd Opal, 659

Spoiler: You know you're living in a shitty neighbourhood when..... (click to show/hide)



Come on! After the migrants, and the battle with the Giantess, I did some work planning and carving out the power conduits from the Aquifer Power Station to the lower section of the Magma Aquifer Bypass pumps, which should yield us uninterrupted power to run the magma pumps. Then, everything seemed to be going perfectly, until I got back to my room to try to sleep. The moment I entered the hallway to my room, the smell of soap and what smelled like badly fermenting fruit hit me, so I ran inside and bolted up. The stench wasn't as bad inside, and there are two more doors between the entrance and my bed. I get to sleep.

Just after I drop off I get woken up by two massive crashing sounds and the door inside comes flying off the hinges and lands on top of me. I see "Mistress Nero", of The First Hellguard holding a torch up. He shouts "Mein Gött! We've got the wrong place! Its next door!" and the whole squad runs out. Right at that moment a colossal racket breaks out next door with cursing and the sound of frenzied footsteps and breaking pottery.

After I finally extricate myself from the sandwich between the mudstone door and the bed, I limp outside to see the Captain of the Guard, Talonis Wolf trying to restrain some guy dragging his bloodied female companion out by the hair from the next door dwelling. A cursory examination of the dwelling reveals its true purpose, the first room filled with pots full of what vaguely looks and smells like sunshine. The second room stores the raw materials for the clandestine operation, such as empty pots, and barrels filled with the large amount of sun berries that were reported missing. Finally, the bedroom contains a bed, a gypsum-dusted table, and a throne in one corner, and the still on the other side.

Spoiler: You've got to see this to believe it (click to show/hide)



The still is made out of fucking forgotten beast soap. Some genius decided they could up the potency of sunshine by making it in a chamber made from the saponified tallow of forgotten beast, and by the looks of it experimented with adding crocodile and dingo blood to the mix too.

Spoiler: The mastermind was caught red-handed (click to show/hide)



We did find out who was responsible for the mess - Obok Roughnesswarmth, the animal caretaker who arrived here in Slate, was caught in the act of making the adulterated sunshine and convicted for manufacturing and distributing this dangerous substance. She has been given a four-month community

service order doing engraving work, such as smoothing up the new jail.

Spoiler: All you need to know about Obok Roughnesswarmth (click to show/hide)

Obok Dumatsirab has been happy lately. She slept in a good bedroom recently. She dined in a legendary dining room recently. She slept without a proper room recently. She admired a fine Door lately. She was caught in the rain recently. She was caught in a snow storm recently. She has been satisfied at work lately.

She is a citizen of The First Iron. She is a member of The Immortal Guard. She is a former member of The Kind Rope. She arrived at Uthgúrinod on the 15th of Slate in the year 659.

She is seventy-eight years old, born on the 1st of Granite in the year 581.

She is skinny. Her hair is clean-shaven. Her somewhat narrow brass eyes are protruding. Her skin is dark tan. Her nose bridge is somewhat concave.

She is indefatigable and quick to heal.

Obok Dumatsirab likes stibnite, platinum, blue jade, crystal glass, giant spider monkey leather, phantom spider silk, battle axes, shields, barrels, bracelets and reindeer for their large herds. When possible, she prefers to consume strawberry wine and quarry bush leaves. She absolutely detests snails.

She has a very good sense of empathy, a sum of patience and a good feel for social relationships, but she has poor focus, poor spatial senses and a large deficit of willpower.

She is often nervous. She occasionally overindulges. She is assertive. She is mostly unaware of her own emotions and rarely expresses them. She needs alcohol to get through the working day.

A short, sturdy creature fond of drink and industry.

This is the personality file for Obok. If more migrants come here, we'd better make sure they're not going to spreading these dangerous elven substances.

Spoiler: My new residences in the Mining Guild (click to show/hide)



Now that the neighbourhood has officially gone to hell and smells like a sulphurous cocktail of sunshine, gypsum plaster, and forgotten beast soap I'm going to abscond to the new Guildhouse down in the caverns and above the adamantine mine.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **MDFification** on **June 05, 2014, 09:03:22 pm**

... the First Hellguard?
Are ya messing with my militia organization structure?

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **CaptainArchmage** on **June 05, 2014, 09:41:39 pm**

Quote from: MDFification on June 05, 2014, 09:03:22 pm

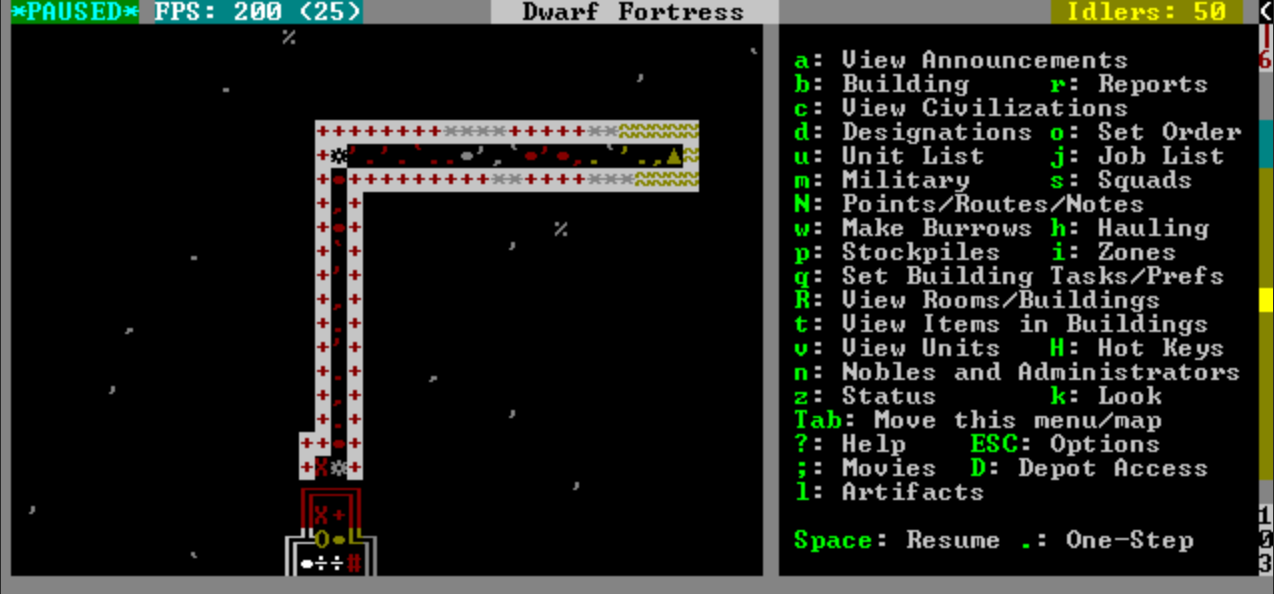
... the First Hellguard?
Are ya messing with my militia organization structure?

Just additions to the militia, not changes to the existing squads.

End of Month Report, 28th Opal, 659

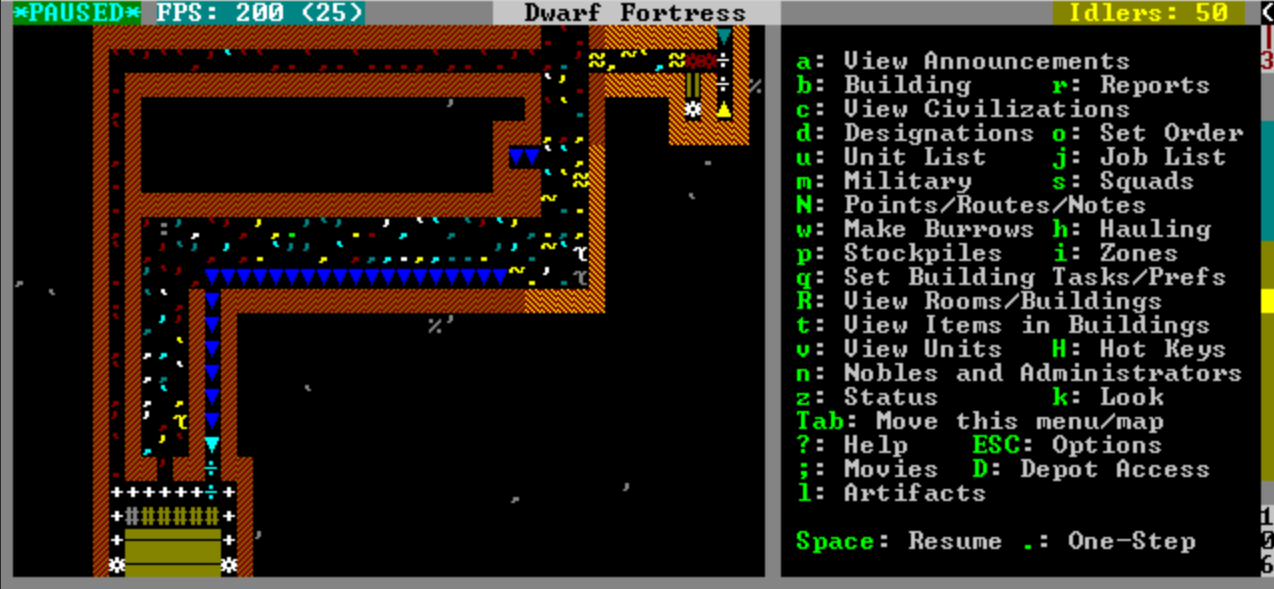
After the sunshine lab got busted, there haven't been any disturbances but people are more actively avoiding the place. The still was rendered inoperable by Talonis Wolf, but it was not dismantled.

Spoiler: Power conduit safely beneath aquifer (click to show/hide)



This month we got the power conduit dug. This section goes through the bauxite, and then up and over the aquifer.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



This section is the above-aquifer conduit run out of the aquifer power plant. The magma pimpstack to the surface is also shown.

Now, I will definitely be standing down at the end of the year. I have secured the fortress against most threats, but the task of leading the entire fortress needs to go to someone else, since in the new year, I will be pushing further expansion of our mining operations.

Alright, I'm done. Save upcoming. I will write up the report tomorrow though.

Summary:

- > Mining Guild HQ mostly dealt with. There's room for miners in there, two rooms assigned. The well is functional and there's a pump to get water from the cavern lake without nasty forgotten beasts getting in.
- > Magma connected up to aquifer bypass pumpstacks. You can now pump to the surface when one of the pumps is finished, and you remove the floor hatch blocking the intake. Make sure you can switch off the pumps from the power though first, I have two levers for that. If only the intake is switched off, the pump will still spew out the magma contained within the system.
- > System power use is 1266 power. When the water wheels freeze in winter, there will be a power shortfall of 66 units. You can make this up with windmills, build another aquifer power plant, or disconnect the surface wheels.
- > We lost one dwarf and some animal to old age right at the new year.
- > The forgotten beast with fire can still shoot through grates in the adamantine mine, it just can't get in.
- > The adamantine mine isn't fortified against the HFS.
- > Levers and gates are labeled.
- > Most levers are now in the statuary, where they will get pulled almost immediately.

SAVE: <http://dffid.wimbli.com/file.php?id=8616>

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **Gnorm** on **June 05, 2014, 11:46:11 pm**

From the looks of things, the dwarves could use some new clothes. The next overseer will have to make the clothing-industry a top priority.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **June 06, 2014, 07:23:05 am**

Thane dashed forwards, swinging her hammer in an arc that would have knocked her opponent into a bone shattered unconsciousness if it had connected. Instead, there was a crunch of wood on wood as Vladamir's shield turned the blow aside, his training axe already rising in a counterstroke. She felt the wind above her neck as she ducked, jabbing the head of her hammer into Vlad's ribs as she straightened up. Vlad doubled over, then dived into her as she backed away, knocking them both to the ground. Training axe and hammer went flying, but Thane felt the point of a very real dagger against her throat.

"Yield," Vlad suggested.

"Perhaps we should call it a draw instead?" Thane suggested.

"Look down, girlie," Vlad snorted.

Thane grinned. "Look further down, eunuch," she said. Vladamir looked, saw where Thane's knife was aimed and nodded silently.

"A good fight," he said.

"They found out who was contaminating the sunshine production," Thane said as they found their feet.

"Perhaps, but ve all know Gnora is the ringkleader," Vlad shrugged.

"They were working out of the rooms I had dug for the baron. If you'd just moved into them-"

"There are hundreds of other places they could have found to work, you should be thankful they were choosink somewhere so stupid, yes? Besides, what kind of crazy dwarf is needink three rooms to live in?"

Thane shrugged. "I don't know, it's just what nobles do."

"Vell, I will not. Is stupid for Vlad to have three rooms he never uses anyway when dwarves are havink nowhere to sleep."

"It impresses the liaisons. They might give better trade deals if they saw that we can waste so many supplies just to keep one person happy," Thane pointed out.

"Bah, liaison wants for us to get married as well. 'Is not fitting for nobility to be sleepink in same place as unmarried woman,' they are sayink," Vlad spat.

"Would it really be that bad?" asked Thane.

"Marriage? Perhaps not. But I will not do it just because some upjumped ambush bait thinks we should."

Thane nodded. "Another round?"

"I don't know, I'm kind of-" Vlad began, then swung his axe at her knees. Thane jumped, laughing wildly.

A small lizard wearing a snail shell watched the scene silently. So intently, in fact, that it didn't notice the cat behind it. Perhaps its reptilian mind would take some pleasure in the knowledge that Thane would sprain her ankle the next morning because the cat left its remains outside her door.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **MDFification** on **June 06, 2014, 07:31:27 am**

Yeah, morale's starting to dip again, we've got a few dwarves slipping down into 'fine'. Possiby also Vlad, since apparently he's utterly traumatized by Helgarde having nicer digs than him. He needs to get put back on duty then locked in a room with Thane for that 9-montly happiness boost.
Most common complaints are lack of clothing and being haunted by the dead, so getting those 3 ghosts memorialized also should be a thing that happens.

Your gameplay recommendations:
-Construct that magma cannon you've always wanted; make a bridge that's muddied and grows cave moss to allow fire to spread across the brook, turning it into an omnidirectional, omnicidal machine.
-Capture that flame-spewing forgotten beast. It can be put to good use.
-Merge the competent archers from the 1st Hellguard into the pre-existing squads, keep the Hellguard as a training squad. Rename 3rd Crossbow?
-Seperate macedwarves into their own squad. Get more trainee hammerdwarves and macedwarves.
-Install dwarven bathtubs to prevent syndrome spread.
-Somebody do something about that Slade Fortress. We'll need to clear it out eventually. It'll be a hefty challenge.
-The, ah, secret bunker is actually blocked off by tree growth, so if it's ever required for use, we can't. Recommendation; open it, cut down the trees, build floors all the way into the bunker, then re-seal it for emergency use only.
-We need a lot more bedrooms. Engraving of the bedrooms should start, to boost morale.

FPS Improvements:
-The pumpstack appears to have been left on all year. If we're not pumping out of the reservoir, it can be turned off.
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-A large amount of surplus power also drains the framerate; we should build a big network of gears we can turn on when we're not consuming power to burn off the excess into motion.
-Don't engrave, or dig, anything you don't absolutely have too. That drops the framerate permanently. Smoothing doesn't though, and neither does using the Obsidian Farm Archmage so kindly dug out for us.

EDIT: Vlad can't get put back in the militia due to his noble status apparently. Goddamnit, Archmage.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **danmanthedog** on **June 06, 2014, 08:16:46 am**

Damm cat killing my spy... Oh well I did catch a bog crawler and a cave spider. *Taking out the soul gem* "LISTEN CREATURES OF SMALL I AM YOUR MASTER AND YOU WILL FOLLOW MY COMMANDS TO YOUR DEATH!" *A pale blue gas coming from the gem slowing surronds the pests.* "SPIE ON MY ENEMYS AND FIND THEIR WEAKNESS SO SAYS YOUR MASTER! Now go spie on thane from the ceilings and in their rooms!" *Both pests slowly make their leaves.* Hah hah I need to find the magic users fast *Hack Hack * this gem is draing me to fast.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **MDFification** on **June 06, 2014, 08:18:57 am**

Quote from: danmanthedog on June 06, 2014, 08:16:46 am
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>mfw Dantheman is the only magic user in the fort.

EDIT: Has someone PM'd Spear? Is he even still active?

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **danmanthedog** on **June 06, 2014, 08:39:19 am**

Quote from: MDFification on June 06, 2014, 08:18:57 am
Quote from: danmanthedog on June 06, 2014, 08:16:46 am
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EDIT: Has someone PM'd Spear? Is he even still active?

Yeah but i'm using shamam magic and at least im not a drug trafficker like some people in this fort. Also we went from defending the dwarfern way from bloodkin to dealing with drugs and lizard snails... I got to say its a good fort.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **June 06, 2014, 11:27:11 am**

Shaman magic!
- Fueled by harnessing the souls of creatures older than the world itself.
- Main use so far is to enslave the minds of small animals to spy on a woman.
- Morally better than other forms of magic(?)

Quote from: MDFification on June 06, 2014, 08:18:57 am
Quote from: danmanthedog on June 06, 2014, 08:16:46 am
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Oh yeah. I'll get right on that. My bad.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **TheFlame52** on **June 06, 2014, 11:33:04 am**

He hasn't been active since April. Try PMing him anyway.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **danmanthedog** on **June 06, 2014, 12:00:09 pm**

Meant to say this gem is draining me to fast not game.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **June 06, 2014, 12:09:06 pm**

PM sent. If Spear doesn't come back to us in 24 hours, bad things will happen. I'm not sure exactly what, wrath or his turn getting skipped probably.

Also, I will update the plot post again this weekend, and get the character statuses and such up to date.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **TheFlame52** on **June 06, 2014, 12:17:25 pm**

WELP I'd better get myself familiar with the fortress just in case.

EDIT: *looks at save* A dude died of old age? HERESY!
DOUBLEEDIT: Upon further review, it looks like she was a crazy cat lady. She had 7 pets: a goose and 6 cats. Her husband was dead before arriving at the fort. She had no friends, so no one will miss her.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **Gnorm** on **June 06, 2014, 12:41:58 pm**

I'd say it's going to be our friendly neighborhood daemon taking the next turn. Try not to break anything or get anyone killed.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **FallenAngel** on **June 06, 2014, 12:47:23 pm**

And after his (hopefully swifter) turn, the armorsmith-now-planter who burned spiders takes control.
I'll keep the fires to a minimum, unless giant cave spiders become involved somehow.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **MDFification** on **June 06, 2014, 01:21:07 pm**

I blacked out and when I came too I had played until early autumn.
... if I finish the year (including writeup) before Spear's grace period expires, can I just sort of insert it into the turn list?

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **Gnorm** on **June 06, 2014, 01:25:04 pm**

Quote from: MDFification on June 06, 2014, 01:21:07 pm
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I don't think that would be very fair to the newer players.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **MDFification** on **June 06, 2014, 01:36:01 pm**

Quote from: Gnorm on June 06, 2014, 01:25:04 pm
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I'm not quite sure how though. They'd be starting the turn at the same time they would otherwise.
... except there'd also be an (actually) deadly dust spewing forgotten beast blocking access to the caverns. Kind of a bummer.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **TheFlame52** on **June 06, 2014, 02:16:57 pm**

I've begun playing. Tell me if or when you want me to start posting updates.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **Gnorm** on **June 06, 2014, 02:34:25 pm**

Quote from: MDFification on June 06, 2014, 01:36:01 pm
Quote from: Gnorm on June 06, 2014, 01:25:04 pm
Quote from: MDFification on June 06, 2014, 01:21:07 pm
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I just think that the new players should get a chance before *anyone* gets another go, especially when you announce this at such short notice.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **June 06, 2014, 05:15:32 pm**

Flame, you might as well start posting updates. If Spear arrives within the time he has left, we can just say you're delusional.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **Gnorm** on **June 06, 2014, 05:39:36 pm**

I think we ought to change the subtitle of the thread, as it relates to a particular event that isn't particularly relevant at the current time.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **CaptainArchmage** on **June 06, 2014, 08:03:25 pm**

Quote from: MDFification on June 06, 2014, 07:31:27 am

Yeah, morale's starting to dip again, we've got a few dwarves slipping down into 'fine'. Possiby also Vlad, since apparently he's utterly traumatized by Helgarde having nicer digs than him. He needs to get put back on duty then locked in a room with Thane for that 9-monthly happiness boost.
Most common complaints are lack of clothing and being haunted by the dead, so getting those 3 ghosts memorialized also should be a thing that happens.

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FPS Improvements:
-The pumpstack appears to have been left on all year. If we're not pumping out of the reservoir, it can be turned off.
-A lot of stuff is ready to be smashed, and should be smashed. There are still usable materials in the path of the smasher, though - please reclaim those.
-A large amount of surplus power also drains the framerate; we should build a big network of gears we can turn on when we're not consuming power to burn off the excess into motion.
-Don't engrave, or dig, anything you don't absolutely have too. That drops the framerate permanently. Smoothing doesn't though, and neither does using the Obsidian Farm Archmage so kindly dug out for us.

EDIT: Vlad can't get put back in the militia due to his noble status apparently. Goddamnit, Archmage.

In Moltenchannels, I was able to make nobles such as the king anything other than militia commanders. You can put Vlad onto the #2 spot on a squad for example.

If you want to save FPS, turn off temperature. You can turn temperature on when doing magma-related works, or during attacks by flame-shooting forgotten beasts.

Quote from: MDFification on June 06, 2014, 01:21:07 pm

I blacked out and when I came too I had played until early autumn.
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Wait, did you pass out in front of the computer or something whilst letting Dwarf Fortress play? Lets just say your dwarf was running the fortress in a gypsum-and-sunshine-induced stupor, got into trouble, and have the NEXT guy on the list finish off your turn from autumn. Then pass the save to Spear. It sounds like it could work.

Title: **Re: Demongate: There Are No Heroes**
Post by: **MDFification on June 06, 2014, 10:54:57 pm**

Quote from: Gnorm on June 06, 2014, 02:34:25 pm

Quote from: MDFification on June 06, 2014, 01:36:01 pm

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I just think that the new players should get a chance before *anyone* gets another go, especially when you announce this at such short notice.

Fair 'nough. I don't see it that way - I think that they should get their turn, but if the turn wasn't being taken and a years worth of play got added to the save, they didn't loose anything; they still got to play when they would have played instead of being forced to wait while another player took a second, the fortress just grew by a year more than it already would have.
Whatever mate. Redundant point as Flame already started and I wouldn't want to make him loose his progress, or Spear's going to show up again and his grace period is still his grace period.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Petitioning for Legalisation of Gypsum Continues.**
Post by: **MDFification on June 07, 2014, 06:27:12 pm**

Sorry for doubleposting, but has Spear miraculously logged in and PM'd you Asmoth?

Title: **Re: Demongate: Petitioning for Legalisation of Gypsum Continues.**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth on June 07, 2014, 10:07:50 pm**

Nope, Flame's good to go.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Petitioning for Legalisation of Gypsum Continues.**
Post by: **MDFification on June 07, 2014, 10:12:04 pm**

Quote from: Deus Asmoth on June 07, 2014, 10:07:50 pm

Nope, Flame's good to go.

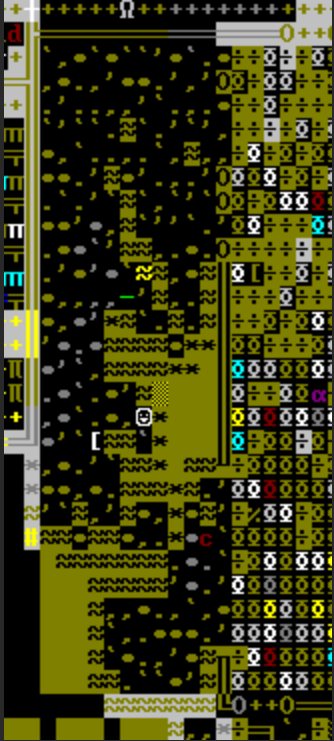
Huzzah!
Here's hoping his turn works out better than the year I just played did...

Title: **Re: Demongate: Petitioning for Legalisation of Gypsum Continues.**
Post by: **TheFlame52 on June 08, 2014, 08:02:28 am**

Alright my fellow dwarves! By some strange twist of fate, I have become your overseer for this year. Don't ask, I don't know either. The first order of business will be cleanup. I've ordered the dumping of goblin, troll, and human corpses, goblin, troll, and human body parts, all stray bone crossbow bolts, elven wooden weapons, all clothes too big or small for dwarves, and vermin remains. I've also ordered the melting down of all stray metal bolts, goblin and human arms and armor, and miscellaneous toys and instruments not produced here. And why in the underworld are there barrels of beer and metal bars in the dump zone?

We will also be slaughtering all adult cats in the fortress because we all hate tripping on them. I also see that a woodcrafter named Cog has claimed a workshop and is currently making something out of alder. It's too early to tell what it is.

I will be expanding the food stockpile west up to the dining room wall. Yes, part of the wall is engraved, but only one is a masterwork. Bomrek will be fine.
Spoiler (click to show/hide)



Title: **Re: Demongate: Petitioning for Legalisation of Gypsum Continues.**
Post by: **MDFification** on **June 08, 2014, 08:45:51 am**

Protip: Our morale is absolutely garbage right now and a tantrum is very, very possible.
Improve rooms, assign rooms, get clothing made, make Vlad's digs fancier than Helgardes (somehow he knows, and it's *hurting his feelings* pretty severely) and expanding the dining hall should provide you with some safety. Most bad thoughts right now are weather related (we can't do anything about that other than keep dwarves who don't need to go outside outside) Ghost related (slab up) or dining-hall related, but clothing-related thoughts are killer.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Petitioning for Legalisation of Gypsum Continues.**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **June 08, 2014, 02:43:49 pm**

You could also move Vlad into the rooms I had dug for when we got a baron and just let the engravers fix up the walls. We have nine bars of gold you can make some furniture out of, which should be enough to make all of Vlad's rooms legendary if they're engraved well.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Petitioning for Legalisation of Gypsum Continues.**
Post by: **MDFification** on **June 08, 2014, 03:14:10 pm**

Quote from: Deus Asmoth on June 08, 2014, 02:43:49 pm
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This issue isn't that Vlad's rooms aren't nice enough, just that Helgarde's rooms are so nice that it gives Vlad a ton of bad thoughts. And, because the RNG hates us, Vlad gets the worst possible thought for someone of a lower rank having same/higher quality rooms. Vlad tantrumming is... bad. He's actually trained, so he beats the shit out of everyone, and he can definately start a tantrum spiral since he has 3 friends (who are themselves well connected) and we've got a hammerer in residence.

The simple solution would be to confiscate Helgarde's stuff, but that's a can of worms in itself. You can boost the value of Vlad's tomb by putting electrum floor bars down, since they stack with the floor/engarvings rather than replace them.
Of course, this is only going to get harder on us as the year goes on and Vlad gets turned into a Duke... bleh.

Sorry to sandbag Flame with all of this morale micromanagement, but spirals, spirals are coming. I can feel it in my water.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Petitioning for Legalisation of Gypsum Continues.**
Post by: **Gnorm** on **June 08, 2014, 03:23:53 pm**

Anent our noble's room problem: we have resources. A small amount of adamantine can be sacrificed to improve the quality of Vlad's mood.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Petitioning for Legalisation of Gypsum Continues.**
Post by: **MDFification** on **June 08, 2014, 03:31:23 pm**

Eh... when we can afford to spend the cloth, building restraints in rooms is a good generator of happy thoughts?
Morale management is worst management. Which is why nobody's bothered to do anything about it for 7 years.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Petitioning for Legalisation of Gypsum Continues.**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **June 08, 2014, 05:07:45 pm**

I totally micromanaged morale for my turn. Back in my day, everyone had their own bedrooms, and the graveyard wasn't right next to them either. You could go to sleep without having to tune out the corpserot odours. And there was none of this nobility running around naked malarkey either, I'll tell you that!

In any case, Flame can always justify taking Helgards room as revenge for shutting down the forges for a while, or for the obvious favouritism he showed to the Miner's Guild over all the other guilds that presumably exist. I think that providing the noble is at least tied with everyone, he shouldn't get the bad thought about bedrooms/dining rooms/etc.

As a side note, is it worth asking to get the description in the hall of legends changed for the Steelhold series, since it's not really as relevant as it could be at the moment.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Petitioning for Legalisation of Gypsum Continues.**
Post by: **Gnorm** on **June 08, 2014, 05:21:56 pm**

What's wrong with having the coffins right next to the residential area? It just makes it that much easier to pay one's respects.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Petitioning for Legalisation of Gypsum Continues.**
Post by: **CaptainArchmage** on **June 08, 2014, 06:07:12 pm**

Quote from: MDFification on June 08, 2014, 08:45:51 am

Protip: Our morale is absolutely garbage right now and a tantrum is very, very possible.
Improve rooms, assign rooms, get clothing made, make Vlad's digs fancier than Helgardes (somehow he knows, and it's *hurting his feelings* pretty severely) and expanding the dining hall should provide you with some safety. Most bad thoughts right now are weather related (we can't do anything about that other than keep dwarves who don't need to go outside outside) Ghost related (slab up) or dining-hall related, but clothing-related thoughts are killer.

The best option is to make some steel traps and put a weapons trap in Vlad’s room. You only need one masterwork steel serrated disc in each room to bump the room beyond royal quality, and if you have anything under masterwork that is a weapons trap you can melt it down without worrying about losing bars. The excuse can be that it is for securing the fortress against threats.

The best way to improve room quality for people is to dig out some more large rooms like in the Miner’s Guild. You can maybe expand the existing rooms to do that.

There is one unoccupied room in the Miner’s Guild that can be used by nobles for one reason or other. It was supposed to be a dining or storage room but it never got finished.

You can also use Helgarde’s old room - there’s a bed in it, it is the place next to the “Sunshine Lab” - I think those were originally intended for Vlad but in the end a corner of one ended up used as a bedroom, and the other officially went to hell with the whole neighbourhood.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Petitioning for Legalisation of Gypsum Continues.**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **June 08, 2014, 06:28:15 pm**

Quote from: Gnorm on June 08, 2014, 05:21:56 pm
What's wrong with having the coffins right next to the residential area? It just makes it that much easier to pay one's respects.

Well, I'll grant you that that is probably a much valued convenience, but consider how many people have probably already come up the stairs at night completely hammered, taken a wrong turn and woken up next morning in the arms of someone who is considerably more decomposed than they remember their spouse being.

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Post by: **Gnorm** on **June 08, 2014, 06:40:17 pm**

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It's all in that dangerous sunshine stuff. Wise dwarves make better decisions about their health.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Petitioning for Legalisation of Gypsum Continues.**
Post by: **danmanthedog** on **June 08, 2014, 07:14:53 pm**

Quote from: Gnorm on June 08, 2014, 06:40:17 pm
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Sounds like a sexy night to some. ;D

Title: **Re: Demongate: Petitioning for Legalisation of Gypsum Continues.**
Post by: **Senshuken** on **June 09, 2014, 02:23:15 am**

Quote from: danmanthedog on June 08, 2014, 07:14:53 pm
Quote from: Gnorm on June 08, 2014, 06:40:17 pm
Quote from: Deus Asmoth on June 08, 2014, 06:28:15 pm
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It's all in that dangerous sunshine stuff. Wise dwarves make better decisions about their health.
Sounds like a sexy night to some. ;D

You are a strange little man Danmanthedog...

But yes, Vlad going crazy (In a bloodthirsty way... against dwarfs whom aren't Gnoma) would be bad for all concerned. I do admit that I'm curious to find out whom would managed to stop him or if Vlad would still be standing once everyone else in the fortress is dead.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Petitioning for Legalisation of Gypsum Continues.**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **June 09, 2014, 02:51:54 am**

Well, if I could influence the rng enough, I might get him to go berserk and get killed by Thane. It'd fit well into her slowly being driven insane story.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Petitioning for Legalisation of Gypsum Continues.**
Post by: **Gnorm** on **June 09, 2014, 12:49:12 pm**

Thane never struck me as particularly insane. Paranoid, but not really insane.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Petitioning for Legalisation of Gypsum Continues.**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **June 09, 2014, 03:24:37 pm**

She's being spied on by spiders. If she's not insane, people will think she is.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Petitioning for Legalisation of Gypsum Continues.**
Post by: **FallenAngel** on **June 09, 2014, 03:36:31 pm**

FallenAngel can help with the spider-spies.
He did declare war on them.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Petitioning for Legalisation of Gypsum Continues.**

Post by: **Cinder** on **June 09, 2014, 03:45:26 pm**

Can I be dorfed as a religious dwarf, custom name "Matthias", profession "Philosopher"?

Title: **Re: Demongate: Petitioning for Legalisation of Gypsum Continues.**

Post by: **peregarrett** on **June 09, 2014, 04:01:31 pm**

Brother Cornelius amost lost his interest to everythin that happens outside his cell. There's so much various drinks that ~~shoud~~ must be tested to be added or rejected from Evening Prayer cellar, so the priest was so much busy that he missed sudden unsusal change of rulership.

- Wat? Flame's 'n ovrseer naw? Holy crap. Those guys can't be left alone evn for a month. Vlad is depressed about Helgarde having quarters better that his one thoug he never seen it. Thane proposes marriage to him but he left no reply proposing another sparring session instead. That paranoid guy who stuffs snails with gems changes his ming to spiders. Cnora - oh Gnora! - still keeps her way with sunshine. Basically I have no idea what goes on around here and I don't say I really care. I just feel pity that Flame won't do trqaining with me... but I lost my spear somewhere. Gotta find it.. or better not. I guess it's still on the stockpile. Let's pretent it's there. I realay don't know what am I talking about, but that's okay. Thtat'a the purpose of Prayer. Dear gods, FUCK YOU! I'm the priest, amnd I'm hell tired of getting your attention. You never listen to me and don't give a fuck to what I ask. And now I ask you to not give a fuck for my prayer - got you, Gods? This time is th only time when you actually CARE about what's happening here! HAHAAHAHA!

....

The morning got Brother Cornelius laying under the statue of Vudnis Caveheroes, deity of fame and rumors. Cornelius is hugging the statue.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Petitioning for Legalisation of Gypsum Continues.**

Post by: **MDFification** on **June 09, 2014, 04:13:33 pm**

Quote from: Deus Asmoth on June 09, 2014, 03:24:37 pm

She's being spied on by spiders. If she's not insane, people will think she is.

We once had a random woman claiming to be the reincarnation of a dead engineer lead a revolution and become Overseer. The dwarves we write must be Getting Used to Clusterfuckery.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Petitioning for Legalisation of Gypsum Continues.**

Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **June 09, 2014, 04:29:56 pm**

"Gimme a drink, padre," Thane grunted, easing into her traditional prayer seat.

"Whas yer... thingie... type?" Cornelius bellowed back to her joyfully. He seemed to have started praying early this evening.

"Strong." It had not been a good day for Thane, though the cats that had taken to following her around were making a killing. The priest placed a mug of booze in front of her as delicately as her was able. Half of it didn't even spill. "Thane," he said solemnly. "I have something to tell you."

"What?" Cornelius beckoned, and she leaned forward, ready to hear news of dire importance.

"You have a spider in your hair," he stage whispered, then collapsed onto the table, shuddering with drunken laughter. Thane reached up, searching for a moment before she found the offending creature. It looked at her for a moment from the palm of her hand, then vanished into the depths of her slowly tightening fist.

"Whiddid you do that for?" said Cornelius indignantly. "Iwwas only a spider!"

"The damn things are everywhere, padre. All over the damn place. Watching me. And when it's not spiders, it's lizards, or snails, or lizards in snail shells, somehow."

"Thane. You sound crazy."

"Cornelius. You have no pants."

"What?" he checked, then began a frantic search for his missing clothes. Thane downed her drink, then walked out, absent mindedly wiping her hand on her trousers. She took care to step on the spider that was waiting for her outside.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Petitioning for Legalisation of Gypsum Continues.**

Post by: **peregarrett** on **June 09, 2014, 05:07:44 pm**

Oh lol!
Who needs pants here... Thats me! Gimme your pants and no one gets hurt!

Title: **Re: Demongate: Petitioning for Legalisation of Gypsum Continues.**

Post by: **Rhaken** on **June 09, 2014, 05:13:22 pm**

The following takes place around the time of the Master's visit to Sir Brenzen. If all had gone according to plan, I'd have written it months ago.

Knock knock. Another interruption. Tarmid sighed, threw the tarp back over the heliotrope array. He had been staring at it for over an hour, as one would stare at a naughty child, daring it to perform mischief, daring it to show its darkest omens. His eyes were beginning to burn from the strain.

He walked toward the entrance of his office.

"Who is it?"

"An old friend, Tarmid."

Tarmid's eyes widened. Though muffled through the stone door, he was certain he recognized the voice. Only one dwarf he had ever met could pull off such a natural tone of casual command. But what would he be doing here?

Tarmid opened the door an inch at a time, ready to slam it back in case of a trap. Beyond the threshold stood an old hooded dwarf, his beard flecked in grey. Though disguised as a wanderer, his back and shoulders were ramrod-straight, the bearing of a seasoned commander. Tarmid ushered him in, closing the door behind them. Then he fell to one knee.

"No need for any of that, Tarmid," *the Master admonished.* "There are more important things to worry about. I bring news. Some good, some bad."

Tarmid rose, struggled with the urge to rub his tired eyes. "What news, your lordship?"

"The good news first, I think."

From beneath his cloak, the Master produced a sterling silver carrying case, no more than a dwarf's forearm in length. Its surface was engraved with the sigil of the Order, placed above a quill crossed with a sword. The symbol of the Scribes.

"Tarmid Lenodbomrek," *the Master intoned,* ""With the power invested in me by the council, I proclaim you Loremaster of the Order of the Knights of Saint Zane. You henceforth retain all the responsibilities and privileges of the rank." *He stared Tarmid in the eye, and broke from the usual speech.* "I trust you know what this means."

Tarmid reached for the box as approaching a python, one that would bite him he made any sudden movements. He gazed up at Master Urist, who nodded approval. Tarmid opened the carrying case, examined its contents. A heavy brass key. A silver signet ring set with a single black tourmaline. An iron pendant, shaped like a shattered sword, hanging from a delicate iron chain. His new symbols of office.

"The Apocrypha?"

From beneath the cloak, another silver box. A larger one. Large enough to hold a couple of books, and sealed with three locks. Tarmid took it from the Master's arms with care, deposited it in a stone cabinet and locked the doors.

"You will want to speak with Sir Brenzen," *the Master told him.* "He is now High Magebane, and requires further education."

"My lord," *the scribe said, reticent,* "a question, if I may."

The Master nodded.

"Why me? And why Sir Brenzen?"

"Because we have grown short-handed, Tarmid," *the Master said, almost letting a crack of sorrow through his commanding tone.* "The Keep is empty of all but novices and maintenance personnel. All battle-ready Knights are out there already, fighting the threat to the best of their ability."

"The Enemy moves, Tarmid. What little resistance remained in the southern lands is fading fast. Pockets of civilization are being replaced by people-farms. Most of our contacts down there have vanished. We lost an entire battalion six months ago, and haven't the dwarfpower to investigate the disappearance."

"And before you ask. Loremaster Likot passed away last autumn. Her books will be sent to you in due course. She will be missed."

Tarmid's shoulders sank. The Order always had exactly one Loremaster, the second highest rank a Scribe could achieve. Traditionally, the Loremaster would reside in the Keep, in the Fifth Tower, a restricted area filled to the brim with ancient tomes. Tarmid had dreamed of one day being allowed inside, though not quite like this. And Master Urist had made it clear that the books would be coming to Tarmid.

"That doesn't fully answer my question, milord," *Tarmid dared to venture.* "There are many other Higher Scribes, many other magebanes. Why us?"

"Demongate is a funnel, Tarmid," *replied the Master, unfazed by the new Loremaster's boldness.* "The Steppes of Meditation are the only way into the north. From Demongate, it is possible to monitor all northbound traffic, and intercept it if necessary. The Council promoted Sir Brenzen because we he needs the authority when" *-that sounded more like an 'if' to Tarmid-* "we manage to send reinforcements. And you can't say he doesn't deserve the rank."

"We promoted you because you need to know the truth."

"The truth?" *Tarmid raised an eyebrow.*

"Not for me to say, Loremaster. You must see for yourself."

The Loremaster's mind raced with questions, and answers gave chase. He could feel his pulse accelerating as he tried to think of something to say. It took a moment of heavy silence for him to cobble together a sentence.

"Milord, I have a suspicion," *he blurted.* "The vampire we captured, Ingiz Laststeel. Did you receive my report?"

"I have. I am ashamed to admit that we did not know about King Fikod's... survival."

"Well, I've thought on this for some time now," *Tarmid continued.* "What he said about the caverns. History tells us that after Nish Woodlabor was slain, the First Iron was met with little resistance against the Bloodkin. Many times, our forces arrived at empty fortresses and simply occupied them."

The Master nodded for Tarmid to continue.

"It is commonly believed that the Knights and the soldiers of the First Iron slew most of the Bloodkin before eliminating Nish, thus breaking their resistance. But what if it didn't happen that way? What if the Bloodkin merely escaped, back across the ocean, through the caverns? That may well be how they arrived in the first place, since nobody remembers seeing Bloodkin ships. What if they are biding their time?"

The Master folded thick arms across a barrel chest. His stern but tranquil gaze gave nothing away, but Tarmid had seen the dwarf around a map table enough times to know when he was in deep thought.

"This Joyce you mentioned. If what you say is true, then Joyce was probably one of the Enemy, and is on his way back to the Old World to bring news. It also means that we will have our hands full monitoring the caverns, since the bloody things stretch under the world in all directions."

"This seems too perfectly coordinated for them. A long-dormant Bloodkin awakens at roughly the same time as they assert dominance over the south. Said Bloodkin escapes, presumably into the caverns, presumably back to the Old World with news. And while this is going on, Testtrumpets stirs."

The old master's shoulders slumped a fraction of an inch. "I do not like this, Tarmid. And as much as I wish, I cannot discuss it with you yet. Read the Apocrypha. Reach your own conclusions. And when I next stop by, we will have much to discuss."

Tarmid nodded, doing his damndest to hide his growing sense of worry. "How much am I permitted to tell Sir Brenzen?"

"That is for you to decide, Loremaster," *the old warrior replied.* "You outrank me in that area now."

They parted ways then. Master Urist left as quick as he came, and to most of the dwarves of Demongate, he was nothing but an eccentric old hermit, walking through Demongate on the way to the next chapter in his life. Knowing the Master, Tarmid was sure he preferred it that way.

He stashed his symbols of office within his clothing, and made his way down to Cornelius's backroom. The Padre was busy organizing hospital stocks when Tarmid barged in, taking his usual seat with barely a word.

"Evening prayers already, Tarmid? You're hours early," *Cornelius remarked, staring up at him over an armload of crutches.*

"I'm feeling pious. Now where's the hooch?"

Well the bog crawlers are spying either Thane or vlad but I think the bog would be better at spying on vlad. ;D

I wonder... Yes that would work! To think I made a cat proof pest... hmm what should I call it? *Deep thinking* Aha! A RAT-SLUGGER, and all it took was some magic and strange substance call GLUA. "Now little one I want you to scare the cat away because every body

knows cats hate slugs. *Taking out the soul gem* NOW GO REMOVE THE CATS FROM THANE'S PERSON FOR ME!" Now back to gluaing rats to slugs and all sorts of *SNORT HACK PITUWE* spy activities.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Petitioning for Legalisation of Gypsum Continues.**
Post by: **Rhaken on June 09, 2014, 05:21:49 pm**

Quote from: danmanthedog on June 09, 2014, 05:16:43 pm

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Honestly, at this point, I don't get it. Why continue to spy on Thane?

Title: **Re: Demongate: Petitioning for Legalisation of Gypsum Continues.**
Post by: **TheFlame52 on June 09, 2014, 05:26:04 pm**

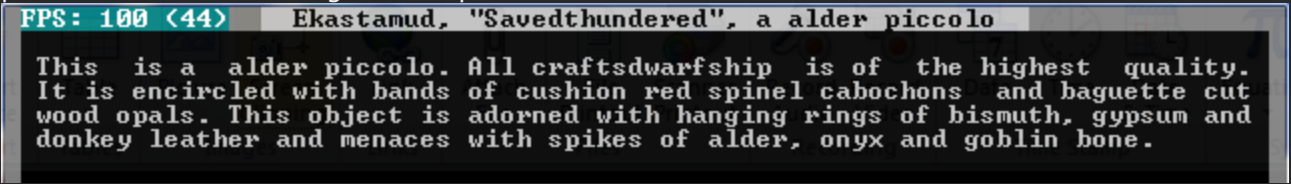
Carved on Flame/Unib's wall

Every senior member of the fort is drunk. I don't know why.

Overseer's log

No, stop dumping things right outside the hatches to the fortress. *Dump the in the actual garbage dump.* Who put that there?

Also, some migrants arrived. A fish cleaner/glassmaker, a great glassmaker, two great weavers, three great stoneworkers, a great cook, a great bone doctor/wound dresser, two ducklings, and a donkey foal. Except for the fish cleaner, a group of migrants any fortress would be proud to receive. And Cog made a piccolo.



((OOC:I don't have all that much free time right now. I'll play as much as I can.))

Title: **Re: Demongate: Petitioning for Legalisation of Gypsum Continues.**
Post by: **danmanthedog on June 09, 2014, 05:29:28 pm**

Quote from: Rhaken on June 09, 2014, 05:21:49 pm

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Because I still think shes evil, it was either her or tarmid.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Petitioning for Legalisation of Gypsum Continues.**
Post by: **Rhaken on June 09, 2014, 05:57:58 pm**

By damn. I have started writing the scene of Nish Woodlabor's death, and upon inspecting Legends mode, I found something truly interesting. That battle was the first victory of The First Iron over the Bloodkin.

Motivation to write: RISING.

...Any help would be appreciated. Though I should mention that I may choose to discard any idea thrown at me in favor of my own imaginings. And to the folks I PMed about this several weeks ago, try to keep it "spoiler-free", eh? I'd like to save some surprise for the readers. ;)

Title: **Re: Demongate: Petitioning for Legalisation of Gypsum Continues.**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth on June 09, 2014, 05:58:30 pm**

Why? Why does it have to be either of us? You're the crazy one, not me! AH, SPIDERS!

In any case, if a female vampire ever shows up, can you keep her safely locked away? I have... plans. (Don't worry, the fortress won't be getting vampirised)

Title: **Re: Demongate: Petitioning for Legalisation of Gypsum Continues.**
Post by: **MDFification on June 09, 2014, 06:02:25 pm**

Quote from: danmanthedog on June 09, 2014, 05:29:28 pm

Quote from: Rhaken on June 09, 2014, 05:21:49 pm

Quote from: danmanthedog on June 09, 2014, 05:16:43 pm

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Honestly, at this point, I don't get it. Why continue to spy on Thane?

Because I still think shes evil, it was either her or tarmid.

You'd think no further magic being detected for years in-game, no sign of suspicious behavior (besides Tarmid's general scribyness) and working closely with the two would lead Dorftheman to suspect someone else at this point.

I suspect the sickness Dantheman has is due to adamantine exposure - seeing as he got sick due to being exposed to magic in the first place and adamantine is confirmed to radiate it.

... if you want to spy on Vlad, go nuts. He's just the single most politically powerful dwarf in the fortress bar the overseer, a disgruntled soldier and one of the key figures in a conspiracy that runs most of the fort behind the scenes. Nothing could possibly go wrong.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Petitioning for Legalisation of Gypsum Continues.**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth on June 09, 2014, 06:27:40 pm**

Bah. Once I orchestrate Thane marrying into the nobility, Dan's going straight into a gulag. That'll teach him to mess with the fair and merciful baroness.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Petitioning for Legalisation of Gypsum Continues.**
Post by: **danmanthedog** on **June 09, 2014, 06:33:32 pm**

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Bah. Once I orchestrate Thane marrying into the nobility, Dan's going straight into a gulag. That'll teach him to mess with the fair and merciful baroness.
Bring I will make my pet Bog-spider crawl into your bed and bite your twice.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Petitioning for Legalisation of Gypsum Continues.**
Post by: **Gnorm** on **June 09, 2014, 06:42:40 pm**

Corley sat back against the large stalagmite as he listened to the sounds of the caverns. The Order had grown more interested in the caverns near northern part of the continent in recent times, and the group did not want to be heard. After becoming satisfied that the crackle of the fire that illuminated their faces and the vicinity was the only sound nearby, Corley relaxed and began to light his pipe.

"Father," one of the thaumateurges began, "what is our next step?"

"I'm not certain," their leader responded, "What is the status of the queen?"

Another of the group stood up. "The queen of The First Iron is growing old; roughly one hundred sixty-three years old as of now. No dwarf has been known to live over one hundred seventy."

"She is an ordinary dwarf," began a third, "rumor has it that she became obsessed with her own mortality years ago. She may be a prime collaborator."

"Yes," agreed Corley as he drew in the fumes of his pipe, "I feel that she may be able to better fund our searches, thus speeding up our plans noticeably."

"Talking of the search Father, it seems as if the third has become the prize of a human bonecrafter. It has sadly been reduced to a number of bracelets and scepters."

"A trivial concern, my child. In the days when the spimmators roamed the Mainland, there were more of them than the seven spoken of in the scroll. We'll simply have to re-designate the third."

"On another note, am I correct in saying that the dwarves of Demongate are warring against the men of the Union of Delighting?"

"It is so, Father. How does this affect your plans?"

"If anything, I would say that it simply gives the dwarves opportunity to hone in their skills. Also, it opens up opportunities for diplomacy with the humans for us."

"Excellent Father!"

"If I may, Father, who is to be the Maiden?"

"I can remember two young females from Demongate. Neither of them were particularly intelligent—though one was especially stupid—and I think that either would make a reasonable candidate. I suppose that when the time comes, I'll just take all of the females to Inner Sedilkosoth and see who is up for the task."

"Until then, I'll need to borrow one apprentice from each of you. They will assist me in my diplomacy with the two races. That is all for now, and you may return to your work."

Title: **Re: Demongate: Petitioning for Legalisation of Gypsum Continues.**
Post by: **MDFification** on **June 09, 2014, 06:45:16 pm**

Quote from: danmanthedog on June 09, 2014, 06:33:32 pm
Quote from: Deus Asmoth on June 09, 2014, 06:27:40 pm
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Although *I Vill Be Cuttingk You* policies have run their course, they may be reinstated at any time without warning.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Petitioning for Legalisation of Gypsum Continues.**
Post by: **TheFlame52** on **June 09, 2014, 08:00:35 pm**

If Danman ever takes a turn, story-wise he would probably take control by just threatening everyone with venomous animals. Also, Flame can cure Danman's sickness if it's adamantine-related.

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We voted once and ended up making Vlad the baron.
I say no more democracy.

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We voted once and ended up making Vlad the baron.
I say no more democracy.

To bad I already killed my opponent so you have to vote for me!

Title: **Re: Demongate: Petitioning for Legalisation of Gypsum Continues.**
Post by: **FallenAngel** on **June 09, 2014, 09:36:06 pm**

Instead of democracy, we should hold a contest on who can kill the most spiders WITH FIRE.
In fact, that could be the reason why I become the person running the fortress.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Petitioning for Legalisation of Gypsum Continues.**
Post by: **Gnorm** on **June 09, 2014, 09:50:42 pm**

We've never *really* had democracy in this fort. Thane was selected by the nobles, she passed the fort to Sir Brenzen, he passed it to Gnora, she passed it to Rhaken, he passed it to Cornelius, he passed it to Vladimir, and Helgarde just took it. Flame never explained how he/she/it took control of the fort, though. I assume the mayor is elected democratically, as the EPG didn't seem to have a handle in the matter during the Captain's turn, though the position is mostly a figure-head in comparison to the overseer. As for Vlad being the baron, though Barkov showed a desire to become the baron, my guess is that the EPG pulled some strings.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Petitioning for Legalisation of Gypsum Continues.**
Post by: **MDFification** on **June 09, 2014, 10:09:54 pm**

Quote from: Gnorm on June 09, 2014, 09:50:42 pm

We've never *really* had democracy in this fort. Thane was selected by the nobles, she passed the fort to Sir Brenzen, he passed it to Gnora, she passed it to Rhaken, he passed it to Cornelius, he passed it to Vladimir, and Helgarde just took it. Flame never explained how he/she/it took control of the fort, though. I assume the mayor is elected democratically, as the EPG didn't seem to have a handle in the matter during the Captain's turn, though the position is mostly a figure-head in comparison to the overseer. As for Vlad being the baron, though Barkov showed a desire to become the baron, my guess is that the EPG pulled some strings.

Yeah, we've all appointed successors... until Cornelius got drunk and made Vlad the Baron + Overseer, which *kind* of makes sense as Vlad already ran the military and worships the god of rulership. Vlad, following my turn, hands control of the fort over to democratically elected authorities. Which leads to us going through 3 mayors (all of them in the palm of Helgarde, resident drug kingpin) in rapid succession. Somehow Flame becomes Overseer. Nobody seems to know how this happened, least of all Flame. Since nobody's moved in to take it back, I suspect EPG involvement - empower a mostly-passive dwarf not perceived as very dangerous to be the Overseer to stop interference with the EPG's real plans for keeping the fort alive and in good spirits.

EDIT: Updated my OP. Anyone care to nominate new funny quotes?

Title: **Re: Demongate: Petitioning for Legalisation of Gypsum Continues.**
Post by: **Gnorm** on **June 10, 2014, 01:10:38 am**

MDF, I have noticed that you, in updating your OP, have removed the quote of mine that was present. Be it known that I take this as a personal offense and that I hereby declare war on you and all of your associates. You can expect several passive-aggressive messages your way from henceforth and forever.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Petitioning for Legalisation of Gypsum Continues.**
Post by: **MDFification** on **June 10, 2014, 08:02:55 am**

Quote from: Gnorm on June 10, 2014, 01:10:38 am

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I do periodically add/remove quotes that I find funny but people don't nominate. Since nobody nominated them though, if I don't think they're as funny as others, *the cull begins*.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Petitioning for Legalisation of Gypsum Continues.**
Post by: **Renugal** on **June 11, 2014, 05:10:22 am**

In other news, on the floor of Vlad's bedroom is the master artwork of Id Kikrostkir titled Soshvakist, "The Sandaled Lace". The image shows Dantheman surround by rats, utterly terrified. Presumed to be screaming as well. I'd like to imagine that Vladimir wakes up every day and just looks down at the engraving, wishing that the fortress had a pit full of rats then wondering if he should make that a mandate.

Also, hello. I've been here all along, my post are invisible.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Petitioning for Legalisation of Gypsum Continues.**
Post by: **MDFification** on **June 11, 2014, 07:39:17 am**

Welcome welcome. :D

Title: **Re: Demongate: Petitioning for Legalisation of Gypsum Continues.**
Post by: **danmanthedog** on **June 11, 2014, 08:02:58 am**

Quote from: Renugal on June 11, 2014, 05:10:22 am

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Also, hello. I've been here all along, my post are invisible.

I would tame those rats and I would make a wave of rats to escape out of the pit MHAAHAA.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Petitioning for Legalisation of Gypsum Continues.**
Post by: **MDFification** on **June 11, 2014, 01:33:14 pm**

Quote from: danmanthedog on June 11, 2014, 08:02:58 am

Quote from: Renugal on June 11, 2014, 05:10:22 am

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MHAAHAA

Title: **Re: Demongate: Petitioning for Legalisation of Gypsum Continues.**

Post by: **danmanthedog** on **June 11, 2014, 01:44:48 pm**

Quote from: MDFification on June 11, 2014, 01:33:14 pm

Quote from: danmanthedog on June 11, 2014, 08:02:58 am

Quote from: Renugal on June 11, 2014, 05:10:22 am

In other news, on the floor of Vlad's bedroom is the master artwork of Id Kikrostkir titled Soshvakist, "The Sandaled Lace". The image shows Dantheman surround by rats, utterly terrified. Presumed to be screaming as well. I'd like to imagine that Vladimir wakes up every day and just looks down at the engraving, wishing that the fortress had a pit full of rats then wondering if he should make that a mandate.

Also, hello. I've been here all along, my post are invisible.

I would tame those rats and I would make a wave of rats to escape out of the pit MHAAHAA.

MHAAHAA

MHAAAMHAMAHAAa COUGH COUGH HACK! Carry on.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Petitioning for Legalisation of Gypsum Continues.**

Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **June 11, 2014, 05:35:03 pm**

I counter your rats by filling your pit with magma when they begin to breed. Your move.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Petitioning for Legalisation of Gypsum Continues.**

Post by: **FallenAngel** on **June 11, 2014, 06:33:02 pm**

And then I walk in with a +Pine Bucket+ full of Brown Recluse Spider remains and pour it over Deus as a victory celebration.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Petitioning for Legalisation of Gypsum Continues.**

Post by: **Gnorm** on **June 11, 2014, 06:40:25 pm**

Gnora's Journal
Personal Hygiene
--

Helgarde's stepped down, and someone else has taken the fort. I don't pay attention to that stuf anymore. I'm happy to just work all day and sleep all night; I study only when I have nothing to do. I dont even really bath all that oftun anymore. Yes, now that I think about it, I'm a mess. I'm covered in dirt, my clothes are taterd, and my hare is tangled up. It doesn't really matter though, cause I don't reckon I'll be seeing anyone lately, though I think that the other farmers have taken notice.

I remember just the other day, we farmers was leaving for our meal when I past by the Padre. It was one of those rare occasions when he actually wasn't drunk. Anyway, he got in my way and had this look of pity on his face, but I could tell that it was fake, that he was just humoring himself. I think that he might could said something, but I wasn't listening. I just pushed on past him and went on my way.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Petitioning for Legalisation of Gypsum Continues.**

Post by: **danmanthedog** on **June 11, 2014, 08:12:36 pm**

Quote from: Deus Asmoth on June 11, 2014, 05:35:03 pm

I counter your rats by filling your pit with magma when they begin to breed. Your move.

Then I shall summon forth the powers of the fire snakes!

Title: **Re: Demongate: Petitioning for Legalisation of Gypsum Continues.**

Post by: **MDFification** on **June 11, 2014, 09:03:54 pm**

The only winning move is not to play.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Petitioning for Legalisation of Gypsum Continues.**

Post by: **FallenAngel** on **June 11, 2014, 09:07:37 pm**

Funny, I just heard that song.
...ironically, in Dwarf Fortress, EVERY MOVE is a losing move. Just some make the loss much more fiery/wet/dead/pointy/etc.
Also my dwarf declared war on brown recluse spiders because HOLY CRUD THOSE THINGS ARE POISONOUS. Only the giant ones should actually hurt things, but still.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Petitioning for Legalisation of Gypsum Continues.**

Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **June 12, 2014, 04:20:58 am**

Quote from: danmanthedog on June 11, 2014, 08:12:36 pm

Quote from: Deus Asmoth on June 11, 2014, 05:35:03 pm

I counter your rats by filling your pit with magma when they begin to breed. Your move.

Then I shall summon forth the powers of the fire snakes!

I dump a cistern of water on top of the magma.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Petitioning for Legalisation of Gypsum Continues.**

Post by: **TheFlame52** on **June 12, 2014, 11:14:28 am**

Overseer's Log

I've received some complaints from haulers about corpses falling into the water in the drop pit and becoming unreachable. I've ordered the water flooded over. While I'm at it, I've also ordered the flooring over of the water in the main stairway and the pond inside the walls.

Your miners have defaced a Bomrek Abanducin!
He'll be fine.
Bomrek Abanducin has been happy lately.
See?

I've ordered the war training of all available dogs in the fortress. The food stockpile is finished and people can start moving food there.

Fuck, nobody knows enough about this ghost to slab him.

Tulon Oslanmilol, Ghostly Merchant paralyzes Ilral Arrosablel, Farmer!
Ilral Arrosablel, Farmer cancels Dump Item: Paralyzed.

And doublefuck, the farmer went insane. Luckily, he's a widower with no friends. He has a pet dog, which will be war trained after his inevitable death.

Ilral Arrosablel, Farmer
"Ilral Thrownbust"
Stricken by melancholy...

Everything is done being floored over. You can now walk anywhere in the courtyard and not be in danger of drowning!

Vlad mandates a war hammer. I order our worst war hammer melted and I forge a new one. I let Unib take control because I know jack shit about making weapons.

Everything is done being dumped. I order the lever pulled.

A masterwork of Adil Gusilrab has been lost!
A masterwork of Lolor Alathustir has been lost!
A masterwork of Adil Gusilrab has been lost!
A masterwork of Lolor Alathustir has been lost!
A masterwork of Adil Gusilrab has been lost!
A masterwork of Lolor Alathustir has been lost!

OHSHITTHEMASTERWORKBONEBOLTS

Adil Gusilrab has been ecstatic lately. He admired a fine tastefully arranged Statue lately. He slept in a great bedroom recently. He dined in a legendary dining room recently. He has complained of thirst lately. He became a parent recently. He admired a fine Table lately. He was caught in the rain recently. He has suffered the travesty of art defacement.

Lolor Alathustir has been happy lately. He gave somebody water lately. He talked with a child lately. He slept in a poor bedroom recently. He admired a fine Door lately. He admired a fine tastefully arranged Slab lately. He admired own fine Bed lately. He has been satisfied at work lately. He was caught in the rain recently. He has suffered the travesty of art defacement.

Nah, they're fine. It's fine.

I order all dogs, war dogs, and puppies to be pastured in one corner of the fort. I can't believe I've gotten all this stuff done and its only mid-Spring.

((OOC: Expect more updates in the future. I have more free time than I did previously.))

Title: **Re: Demongate: Petitioning for Legalisation of Gypsum Continues.**
Post by: **MDFification** on **June 12, 2014, 11:56:49 am**

Vlad likes shields, hammers, silver (a very good material for the prior two, as shield material doesn't factor into anything except shield bashes) and sunshine. His mandates are the first I've had that are actually useful.
Also, hurrah for updates!

Title: **Re: Demongate: Petitioning for Legalisation of Gypsum Continues.**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **June 12, 2014, 04:57:34 pm**

I thought you couldn't make armour or shields out of silver?

Title: **Re: Demongate: Petitioning for Legalisation of Gypsum Continues.**
Post by: **danmanthedog** on **June 12, 2014, 05:16:22 pm**

Quote from: Deus Asmoth on June 12, 2014, 04:57:34 pm

I thought you couldn't make armour or shields out of silver?

You can in masterwork and in strange moods... I say we force the blacksmith to have a strange mood.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Petitioning for Legalisation of Gypsum Continues.**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **June 12, 2014, 05:48:24 pm**

I don't think there's any way to do that short of murdering everyone else in the fortress that hasn't had a mood already.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Petitioning for Legalisation of Gypsum Continues.**
Post by: **TheFlame52** on **June 12, 2014, 06:07:58 pm**

Silver is a weapons-grade metal. That means you can make armor, shields, and ammo out of it.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Petitioning for Legalisation of Gypsum Continues.**
Post by: **Zaerosz** on **June 12, 2014, 06:18:39 pm**

Quote from: TheFlame52 on June 12, 2014, 06:07:58 pm

Silver is a weapons-grade metal. That means you can make armor, shields, and ammo out of it.

Weapons-grade only means you can make weapons and ammo out of it. It's not possible to make armor out of silver with out modding or mooding.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Petitioning for Legalisation of Gypsum Continues.**
Post by: **TheFlame52** on **June 13, 2014, 07:33:19 am**

Quote from: Zaerosz on June 12, 2014, 06:18:39 pm

Weapons-grade only means you can make weapons and ammo out of it. It's not possible to make armor out of silver with out modding or mooding.

Opens up DF *Checks to make sure* Well, you're right. I guess I learned something new today.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Petitioning for Legalisation of Gypsum Continues.**
Post by: **TheFlame52** on **June 13, 2014, 07:57:46 am**

Overseer's Log

I found a yak starving in the lower levels, so I had it butchered. I also ordered the dumping of some tattered clothing.

Today I found a dwarf eating a sun berry. Not a sun berry roast, just a sun berry. DO WE NOT HAVE OVER FIVE THOUSAND PREPARED MEALS??

Several levels are to be smoothed completely. SMOOTHING FOR THE SMOOTHNESS GOD!

I surveyed the happiness of everyone. The only people who are unhappy are the farmer who went crazy and... Vlad. This is bad. He said

he didn't like how fancy Helgarde's office was. So I downsized Helgarde's office until Vlad's was better. And while I was down there I designated the mining of more adamantine. What's that look for? I guarantee it's all safe.

((OOC: Do you want me to mark on the map where the bottom of the safe adamantine is? My character has knowledge of hell. Also, Danman, Flame would like to propose an alliance.))

Title: **Re: Demongate: Petitioning for Legalisation of Gypsum Continues.**
Post by: **TheFlame52** on **June 13, 2014, 08:52:21 am**

Wait, hold on - bloodkin don't breed, right? But *why* don't they breed? They have both male and female castes, as well as child and baby tags.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Petitioning for Legalisation of Gypsum Continues.**
Post by: **danmanthedog** on **June 13, 2014, 09:10:24 am**

Hmm I will see how the alliance goes so do it still to sleepy to type shit sorry.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Petitioning for Legalisation of Gypsum Continues.**
Post by: **FallenAngel** on **June 13, 2014, 10:18:05 am**

To detect where it is safe to dig, use the Dwarven 6th Sense, aka the Beard Sense.
Set up a zone; if it lets you pit/pond, it's an open part of the vein.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Petitioning for Legalisation of Gypsum Continues.**
Post by: **TheFlame52** on **June 13, 2014, 10:20:44 am**

Overseer's Log

The miners finished mining out the adamantine - or should I say miner, because the only miner to actually show up to the dig site was Onul Kolsazir. We now have 118 more adamantine boulders, and the miners trust me more on matters of adamantine. They feel like if I was going to breach hell and flood the fort with demons, I would have done so already.

A vile force of darkness has arrived! Four squads of melee goblins led by unmounted weaponlords. Among those are two elite ranged goblins. There are also two squads of trolls. The only person outside is a potter carrying her baby, so I order her back inside and lock the doors.

The macegoblin squad comes toward the gates first, led by an elite crossbowman. I remember to open the trap bridges in time. The leader opens fire on someone's chicken outside. I check the doors again to make sure they are locked, and they are. It must have been out there to begin with. The leader steps on one of our traps, but jumps away before it can hurt him. Then, like an idiot, he steps back on, then jumps into the drop pit. He lands on the new floors I had installed - great! He breaks his hand. The traps shred a few more macegoblins, and one goblin's leg flies onto the balcony above the cage traps.

A second squad of lashers comes in, led by a spearmaster. The hammerer gives birth to a girl. I hear dwarven shouts from outside - it seems a weaver was out hunting, and was caught off guard by some trolls. It's too late for her. Luckily, she has no relatives to console, but she was a great weaver that arrived in the last migrant wave. The elite crossbowman is caught in a cage trap. We really need to find something to do with these captives. The lasher squad passes the entrance by, apparent heading for the weaver's body. There are already two squads of goblins and a squad of trolls there.

Meanwhile, the second squad of trolls comes for the entrance. The first one wades through many traps, the blades shredding his flesh and bone, until he finally passes out from pain. More trolls follow and die while the first one still hangs on by a thread. He dies as more trolls futilely hurl themselves onto the traps, only to be torn to bits. Upon seeing this, the macegoblin squad decides to retreat, leaderless.

Now, all four remaining squads are gathered around the weaver's corpse. We may not have beaten the siege, but we're safe for now. Vlad mandates some quivers, I order them made.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Petitioning for Legalisation of Gypsum Continues.**
Post by: **TheFlame52** on **June 13, 2014, 10:26:25 am**

Quote from: FallenAngel on June 13, 2014, 10:18:05 am

To detect where it is safe to dig, use the Dwarven 6th Sense, aka the Beard Sense.
Set up a zone; if it lets you pit/pond, it's an open part of the vein.

Yeah, I know about that. Also, cool, an alliance of magic users. But we won't be calling it that.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Petitioning for Legalisation of Gypsum Continues.**
Post by: **fractalman** on **June 13, 2014, 12:54:17 pm**

I smile at the lizard. Then I casually check to make sure nobody else is listening.

"Something is going on with the bloodkin. Contrary to expectations, they have not shown up. I think I shall leave the fort to gather more information. Take this quartz crystal. Find the place where the curse was cast. Shatter the crystal there. "

It took some effort to cajole the poor lizard into swallowing the crystal.

"Oh, and stay away from the gypsum powder. It may make you feel good in the short run, but unlike sunberries and sunshine, it does not contain anti-curse properties."

Title: **Re: Demongate: Petitioning for Legalisation of Gypsum Continues.**
Post by: **danmanthedog** on **June 13, 2014, 12:56:37 pm**

Quote from: fractalman on June 13, 2014, 12:54:17 pm

I smile at the lizard. Then I casually check to make sure nobody else is listening.

"Something is going on with the bloodkin. Contrary to expectations, they have not shown up. I think I shall leave the fort to gather more information. Take this quartz crystal. Find the place where the curse was cast. Shatter the crystal there. "

It took some effort to cajole the poor lizard into swallowing the crystal.

"Oh, and stay away from the gypsum powder. It may make you feel good in the short run, but unlike sunberries and sunshine, it does not contain anti-curse properties."

Wait is that my lizard or some random lizard... if its mine don't you be shoving stuff down their throats unless it makes them funny looking.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Petitioning for Legalisation of Gypsum Continues.**
Post by: **TheFlame52** on **June 13, 2014, 01:09:34 pm**

Flame was walking down the hall to find Tarmid to order some quivers for Vlad when she saw Dantheman further down the hallway. "Hey, Dantheman, I've been meaning to talk to you."

"Make it quick," Danthemen replied with a cough. "I have to find some more bugs. Thanks for having all the cats slaughtered, by the way."

"I have a proposition for you, a partnership of sorts."

"First, what's in it for me?"

"Well, for starters, I can cure that little sickness of yours."

"I don't believe you."

"That's fine, I can still do it. You're suffering from clashing magics. The natural thaumic magic here from all the adamantine is interfering with your shamanic magic, and it's making you sick."

"Alright, then, cure me." Flame unslung Ethadmerzeth from her back and held it in front of her face, looking very focused. The band of pyrites began to glow as Dantheman began to feel something in his body changing. As Flame put the axe back in its sling, Dantheman took an experimental breath. No coughing. He took a deeper breath, the deepest he had breathed in ages. "Thanks, Flame!" he said with a rare smile. "So, about that partnership?"

"Well, it's not that complicated an agreement. We will be free to call on each other's knowledge and abilities whenever possible. Also, I'll need to extract the thaum from your body periodically or you'll get sick again."

"Agreed." The two shook hands, then continued on their way.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Petitioning for Legalisation of Gypsum Continues.**
Post by: **danmanthedog** on **June 13, 2014, 02:26:25 pm**

INHALE DEEPLY "HA HA! To think that Flame person cured me!" *Exhale* Hmm he said that we could ask on each others magic... Maybe that strange thaum magic of his could help me make better spies. The dang clue keeps coming off my bog-spiders, now if I could get some demon rats and bats those two would be perfect together.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Petitioning for Legalisation of Gypsum Continues.**
Post by: **MDFification** on **June 13, 2014, 04:16:56 pm**

Quote from: TheFlame52 on June 13, 2014, 10:26:25 am

Quote from: FallenAngel on June 13, 2014, 10:18:05 am
To detect where it is safe to dig, use the Dwarven 6th Sense, aka the Beard Sense. Set up a zone; if it lets you pit/pond, it's an open part of the vein.

Yeah, I know about that. Also, cool, an alliance of magic users. But we won't be calling it that.

>exploits
>are you for serious

Title: **Re: Demongate: Petitioning for Legalisation of Gypsum Continues.**
Post by: **Gnorm** on **June 13, 2014, 04:42:35 pm**

As far as exploits go, I'd say that this one is fairly tame, though I myself would neither use it nor encourage its use. What I'm wondering is why we need to mine more when we supposedly have over one hundred eighteen boulders or raw adamantine as it is.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Petitioning for Legalisation of Gypsum Continues.**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **June 13, 2014, 05:43:54 pm**

Flame, if you want to use the zones to check where the safe adamantine ends for yourself, there's not much we can do to stop you. Don't mark the map though.

I can't help but wonder why a demon of all things would be capable of healing someone from an adverse reaction to adamantine exposure.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Petitioning for Legalisation of Gypsum Continues.**
Post by: **TheFlame52** on **June 13, 2014, 06:01:06 pm**

1. Flame is a super nice demon.
2. Demons have a lot of willpower. Willpower, if I remember correctly, is the basis of thaumic magic.
3. She's using a focus - her axe - to control the magic better.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Petitioning for Legalisation of Gypsum Continues.**
Post by: **MDFification** on **June 13, 2014, 06:06:00 pm**

Quote from: Deus Asmoth on June 13, 2014, 05:43:54 pm

I can't help but wonder why a demon of all things would be capable of healing someone from an adverse reaction to adamantine exposure.
--

I assume the demons have a long history of dealing with adamatine-related health problems, seeing as they're more likely to encounter an adamantine spire/weapon than any other being. Besides, it's probably magic, which operates on the principles of 'a wizard did it'.

The weird thing is that adamantine allergies exist at all - although it's probably more like a general magic allergy/accelerated aging as tiny changes to the bodies cells build up. In which case magic-absorbing materials (wood opals/transgendered murderghost ectoplasm apparently) would alleviate symptoms.

Also, how Dantheman (the dorf) thinks that magic using demon willpower as a source is any different from magic using his own belief as a source... although wait, his own belief is both why it works and why he thinks its in any way different. I'm dumb.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Petitioning for Legalisation of Gypsum Continues.**
Post by: **Gnorm** on **June 13, 2014, 06:22:53 pm**

I'm not sure that demoniac/shamanic magic has a set of hard rules. I suppose it would have limitations, though I feel that one's approach to it can only be so scientific.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Petitioning for Legalisation of Gypsum Continues.**
Post by: **Rhaken** on **June 13, 2014, 06:53:42 pm**

There's a wee device made of wood opal in Tarmid's office that should be going ass-backwards berserk right now.

I'd write a post about it if I wasn't about to disappear from Internetland for about 24 hours.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Petitioning for Legalisation of Gypsum Continues.**
Post by: **FallenAngel** on **June 13, 2014, 07:05:17 pm**

In an unrelated scenario, FallenAngel has switched from controlled pyrotechnics in his personal war on spiders to boot.
Yes, he's stepping on spiders.
And he's collecting their corpses and putting them into a bucket.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Petitioning for Legalisation of Gypsum Continues.**
Post by: **Gnorm** on **June 13, 2014, 07:19:53 pm**

Quote from: FallenAngel on June 13, 2014, 07:05:17 pm

In an unrelated scenario, FallenAngel has switched from controlled pyrotechnics in his personal war on spiders to boot.
Yes, he's stepping on spiders.
And he's collecting their corpses and putting them into a bucket.

Why exactly does he wage war upon the spider?

Title: **Re: Demongate: Petitioning for Legalisation of Gypsum Continues.**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **June 13, 2014, 07:24:13 pm**

Because they're creepy stalkers who just keep following people around and won't stop looking at them! Or is that just me? Please say no...

Title: **Re: Demongate: Petitioning for Legalisation of Gypsum Continues.**
Post by: **Gnorm** on **June 13, 2014, 07:25:47 pm**

Now that I think about it, is Barkov the only "ordinary" dwarf in the fort?

Title: **Re: Demongate: Petitioning for Legalisation of Gypsum Continues.**
Post by: **danmanthedog** on **June 13, 2014, 07:44:31 pm**

Quote from: Gnorm on June 13, 2014, 07:25:47 pm

Now that I think about it, is Barkov the only "ordinary" dwarf in the fort?

NAHHH he will be one of us soon. Yeah their are little to no rules for shamanism but my dwarf is very limited to what he can do, if I had more power I could be able to fuse two pest together but since I can't I just glue both of them together.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Petitioning for Legalisation of Gypsum Continues.**
Post by: **TheFlame52** on **June 13, 2014, 08:10:10 pm**

Overseer's Log

We have over 2500 plants. It will be made into booze. Also, all melee squads are to start training. No, just because I carry an axe doesn't mean I'm in a squad. All new squads are told to train in the barracks because those particular orders haven't been changed since the founding of the fort.

The invaders still stand over the weaver's corpse. Also it is summer now. And the depressed farmer died. His dog will be left out a goblin bait.

The dog is thrown off the wall over the traps. A few seconds later, the trolls start moving. The goblins follow. The first goblin on the scene is the spearmaster, leader of the lashers. He steps on the traps, moving like greased lightning over many of them. He finally steps wrong and falls down almost the exact center of the drop pit. He falls for the cage traps and we now have two captive weapon lords.

Meanwhile, the dog charges out toward the goblins. He gets killed in seconds. Some lashers get shredded by the traps. One cripple falls and gets caught in a cage. The trolls run up and get shredded too. A dwarf fetching one of the caged prisoners sees a crippled and unconscious troll, and opens fire with a crossbow. The trolls are all dead now, and half the lashers retreat. The other half just stand around.

The last two squads of goblins, both spear, approach the traps. The elite bowman shoots up a pump operator who was up on the walls for some reason He looks pretty bad. And a speargoblin who fell with only bruises beats a legendary brewer within an inch of his life. Both then fell into cage traps. The brewer lost a hand. I fear he won't be brewing for a while. I forbid everything in the pit.

Since no one seems to be helping the poor pump operator, I personally go up on the wall to save her. The next few shots narrowly miss me. Never mind about saving her then. And she has an arrow in her heart, so she won't last long. Her husband is dead and her child was snatched. When she dies, I forbid her corpse and possessions. Nobody is going up on those walls.

The elite bowman finally falls for the traps, falls down, and gets caught in a cage. We are running out of cages. I send the military down into the pit to clean up the survivors. A couple of hunters open fire on the goblins in the pit before Artyom singlehandedly kills all of them. He is a badass. Not the rest of the siege is just standing there, just outside the gate. I order an cage built near the cage stockpile and all the wild animals put into it. That will free up a lot of cages.

Someone's pet goose flew up out of the drop pit. It is killed but prompts some movement from the goblins. Since there is no more threat from ranged goblins, I order the marksdwarves up on the wall. The goblins retreat under the hail of bolts. All that are left now are the leftover lashers. Giving no ground, they are shot down like dogs.

The gates are opened and I send the military to mop up the last ones. Some of the marksdwarves run out in civilian uniform to shoot the goblins. Clothes are unforbidden, weapons marked for melting, corpses dumped, traps unclogged. The siege is broken. All is well.

((OOC: Barkhov is the only ordinary dwarf in the fort MY ASS!))

Title: **Re: Demongate: Petitioning for Legalisation of Gypsum Continues.**
Post by: **FallenAngel** on **June 13, 2014, 08:52:09 pm**

Quote from: Gnorm on June 13, 2014, 07:19:53 pm

Quote from: FallenAngel on June 13, 2014, 07:05:17 pm

In an unrelated scenario, FallenAngel has switched from controlled pyrotechnics in his personal war on spiders to boot.
Yes, he's stepping on spiders.
And he's collecting their corpses and putting them into a bucket.

Why exactly does he wage war upon the spider?

Can't have brown recluse spiders in your food stockpiles. Also they smell like burning coal when lit on fire.
And yes, Deus, that too. FallenAngel is serene in his strangeness.
Oh, and don't eat that biscuit. No, not that one. That one.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Petitioning for Legalisation of Gypsum Continues.**
Post by: **MDFification** on **June 13, 2014, 10:06:40 pm**

Quote from: Gnorm on June 13, 2014, 07:25:47 pm

Now that I think about it, is Barkov the only "ordinary" dwarf in the fort?

Ordinary dwarves risk life and limb to retrieve socks during the middle of the siege.
Barkov would probably be offended you assume he's that thick.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Petitioning for Legalisation of Gypsum Continues.**
Post by: **TheFlame52** on **June 14, 2014, 11:31:58 am**

Overseer's Log

Total Casualties:
2 dwarves
1 dog
1 puppy
1 rooster
1 goose

Total Prisoners
1 elite crossbowman (32 bolts remaining)
1 elite bowman (10 arrows remaining)
1 spearmaster
1 lasher
4 spearmen

I've created a stockpile in front of the smelters for goblin weapons and armor - that is, metal weapons and armor that are poorly crafted.
Vlad mandated 2 war hammers, so I ordered our 2 worst hammers melted and I made new ones.

Hey look, migrants. a great trapper, a great doctor, a great milker, a peachick, a great presser, a great leatherworker, a tanner, a cavy pup, and a calf. An ok migrant wave.

I finally remembered to free that brewer from before from his cage. The dwarf who freed him takes him to the hospital, where he is treated by our excellent doctors. He cannot stand or grasp, and he has no working limbs. He also has sensor and motor nerve damage. I hope he is able to brew again someday.

Happiness check! The only unhappy people are a metalsmith who was tormented by that ghost from before, and... Vlad again. This time he's angry about Helgarde's tomb. I order some silver statues made for Vlad's tomb to replace the stone ones already in there. I'm not sucking up to the baron, I just like to make hammers, and it's in all our best interests to keep a well-trained militia member happy.

The human diplomat from Gil Kemus has arrived! Wasn't that the nation that we killed their law-giver? Well, this diplomat is the law-giver too, but he isn't a vampire so we're fine. The caravan arrives soon after and I close the inner gate and open the outer gate. There are probably some snatchers here, too, but they might not have come because of the siege. Apparently the path fro wagon is blocked by some track that doesn't appear to have a purpose, so I order two urists of it destroyed to let the wagons pass.

The metalsmith, who is still dangerously depressed, is assigned war dogs in the event of his berserkness. A kobold thief is discovered in the barracks, then shot to death. Another thief is discovered by the depot and is killed by the humans.

((OOC: What should I buy from the humans? Should I trade with them at all? Also, do you guys want me to build an arena for our prisoners?))

Title: **Re: Demongate: Petitioning for Legalisation of Gypsum Continues.**
Post by: **MDFification** on **June 14, 2014, 11:46:34 am**

You should buy literally everything made of iron or steel we can afford, then melt it. We have a boatload of adamantine already, but steel production is still worthwhile - ntm we can train our weapon/armorsmiths further before we try to fully equip the militia with adamantine gear.
Another piece of advice; designate a stockpile (without bins?) that only accepts metal crafts/weapons and armor the dwarves can't equip by the forges. That way, anything we should be melting is conveniently placed close to our smiths.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Petitioning for Legalisation of Gypsum Continues.**
Post by: **Gnorm** on **June 14, 2014, 12:51:15 pm**

The dwarves do not negotiate with their enemies! Kill them all!

Title: **Re: Demongate: Petitioning for Legalisation of Gypsum Continues.**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **June 14, 2014, 01:49:27 pm**

Yeah, lots of steel is handy. I generally make shields out of steel instead of adamantine, since it makes shield bashes slightly more effective.

There isn't really much point in having an arena, since dwarves would just run away from it.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Petitioning for Legalisation of Gypsum Continues.**
Post by: **Gnorm** on **June 14, 2014, 01:54:55 pm**

Quote from: Deus Asmoth on June 14, 2014, 01:49:27 pm

There isn't really much point in having an arena, since dwarves would just run away from it.

It's tradition. Forts have had arenas since the 2D-era, even if they were never actually used.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Petitioning for Legalisation of Gypsum Continues.**
Post by: **TheFlame52** on **June 14, 2014, 02:52:56 pm**

Quote from: TheFlame52 on June 14, 2014, 11:31:58 am

I've created a stockpile in front of the smelters for goblin weapons and armor - that is, metal weapons and armor that are poorly crafted.

Quote from: MDFification on June 14, 2014, 11:46:34 am

Another piece of advice; designate a stockpile (without bins?) that only accepts metal crafts/weapons and armor the dwarves can't equip by the forges. That way, anything we should be melting is conveniently placed close to our smiths.

Way ahead of you. I'll set it to accept metal crafts, toys, and arrows, too.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Petitioning for Legalisation of Gypsum Continues.**
Post by: **TheFlame52** on **June 14, 2014, 03:29:47 pm**


```
Yeah, I did what I said.  
  
Peace is calling out to us. How do you respond?  
  
'Uladimir Uristovitch' Tathtakavuz Avum Tathtat:  
a - I hear her voice. Let us stop this war.  
b - We will drown her out with the screams of your dying. Begone.
```

So, Vlad, how do you respond?

Title: **Re: Demongate: Petitioning for Legalisation of Gypsum Continues.**
Post by: **FallenAngel** on **June 14, 2014, 03:38:41 pm**

If he says yes, I hand the diplomat a bag full of dead spiders.
If he says no, I pour a bucket of LIVE spiders over the diplomat.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Petitioning for Legalisation of Gypsum Continues.**
Post by: **Gnorm** on **June 14, 2014, 04:01:08 pm**

What would Vlad do? If you ask me, definitely the latter.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Petitioning for Legalisation of Gypsum Continues.**
Post by: **danmanthedog** on **June 14, 2014, 04:05:56 pm**

Say yes but give him a lizard-snail or bog-spider as a gift.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Petitioning for Legalisation of Gypsum Continues.**
Post by: **MDFification** on **June 14, 2014, 04:07:38 pm**

Eh, do whatever you want. Don't let the thread get in the way of your overseership.

... but Vlad's pragmatism would lead to peace. Don't fight people who are willing to buy your stuff, sell you stuff, and leave you alone otherwise if you don't have a good reason like "they are led by a vile, subhuman predator probably in league with the 'kin'". Besides, there's a larger amount of metal on the caravan than a siege would bring, at a fraction of the risk. Stuff like medical supplies or cloth for making clothing can also be acquired on the cheap, and they'll take goods that the only use we have for is draining our fps.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Petitioning for Legalisation of Gypsum Continues.**
Post by: **TheFlame52** on **June 14, 2014, 05:28:49 pm**

I don't think I'll buy anything, actually. We have a lot more metal now than we did at the start of my turn, about 700 bars. I've been melting down everything that isn't dwarven-made. We'll have even more once our smelters catch up with the backlog. I estimate more than 1000 bars by the end of my turn. Someone else can make it into steel and bismuth bronze.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Petitioning for Legalisation of Gypsum Continues.**
Post by: **Gnorm** on **June 14, 2014, 06:33:26 pm**

I believe that someone new requested a dwarf several pages back. You should probably put that on your to-do list.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Petitioning for Legalisation of Gypsum Continues.**
Post by: **TheFlame52** on **June 14, 2014, 07:45:43 pm**

Quote from: Objective on June 09, 2014, 03:45:26 pm
Can I be dorfed as a religious dwarf, custom name "Matthias", profession "Philosopher"?
done, finally

Overseer's Log

Vlad met with the diplomat. We made peace, as our only quarrel was with the former law-giver. After that, the law-giver left. I can't believe I didn't notice this before, but the temple is lopsided. I remedied that. We had just enough orthoclase blocks left to do it. Also, some fisherdwarf started calling himself 'Mattias the Philosopher' and saying he was 'one with the fish'. This man is obviously the picture of mental health. And I told everyone who was legendary due to a mood that they could make crafts now.

((No screenshots, my screenshotting program is on the fritz.))

Title: **Re: Demongate: Petitioning for Legalisation of Gypsum Continues.**
Post by: **FallenAngel** on **June 14, 2014, 09:33:53 pm**

And I celebrate by handing him a sack full of dead spiders, pat him on the back, and go eat some spleen.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Petitioning for Legalisation of Gypsum Continues.**
Post by: **danmanthedog** on **June 14, 2014, 09:53:09 pm**

Quote from: FallenAngel on June 14, 2014, 09:33:53 pm
And I celebrate by handing him a sack full of dead spiders, pat him on the back, and go eat some spleen.
Don't forget about the lizard-snail, everybody needs at least one lizard-snail in their lives.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Petitioning for Legalisation of Gypsum Continues.**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **June 15, 2014, 07:25:03 am**

I still don't see how a lizard snail would even function, or what the point of stealing the shell would be.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Petitioning for Legalisation of Gypsum Continues.**
Post by: **danmanthedog** on **June 15, 2014, 09:44:30 am**

Quote from: Deus Asmoth on June 15, 2014, 07:25:03 am
I still don't see how a lizard snail would even function, or what the point of stealing the shell would be.
I just glue a shell on to a lizard thinking it will boost defenses for the poor thing.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Petitioning for Legalisation of Gypsum Continues.**
Post by: **Renugal** on **June 15, 2014, 10:54:17 am**

Quote from: danmanthedog on June 15, 2014, 09:44:30 am

Quote from: Deus Asmoth on June 15, 2014, 07:25:03 am

I still don't see how a lizard snail would even function, or what the point of stealing the shell would be.

I just glue a shell on to a lizard thinking it will boost defenses for the poor thing.

But wouldn't the shell weigh down on the lizard, causing it to move much more slowly and inevitably be caught and eaten by a predator that it could have otherwise outrun?

Title: **Re: Demongate: Petitioning for Legalisation of Gypsum Continues.**
Post by: **danmanthedog** on **June 15, 2014, 11:28:47 am**

Quote from: Renugal on June 15, 2014, 10:54:17 am

Quote from: danmanthedog on June 15, 2014, 09:44:30 am

Quote from: Deus Asmoth on June 15, 2014, 07:25:03 am

I still don't see how a lizard snail would even function, or what the point of stealing the shell would be.

I just glue a shell on to a lizard thinking it will boost defenses for the poor thing.

But wouldn't the shell weigh down on the lizard, causing it to move much more slowly and inevitably be caught and eaten by a predator that it could have otherwise outrun?

NAH your just over thinking it, think more like a dwarf then an elf.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Petitioning for Legalisation of Gypsum Continues.**
Post by: **MDFification** on **June 15, 2014, 01:29:13 pm**

Quote from: danmanthedog on June 15, 2014, 11:28:47 am

Quote from: Renugal on June 15, 2014, 10:54:17 am

Quote from: danmanthedog on June 15, 2014, 09:44:30 am

Quote from: Deus Asmoth on June 15, 2014, 07:25:03 am

I still don't see how a lizard snail would even function, or what the point of stealing the shell would be.

I just glue a shell on to a lizard thinking it will boost defenses for the poor thing.

But wouldn't the shell weigh down on the lizard, causing it to move much more slowly and inevitably be caught and eaten by a predator that it could have otherwise outrun?

NAH your just over thinking it, think more like a dwarf then an elf.

Dwarves do engineering. Elves are magical.

Mhmmmmm?

Title: **Re: Demongate: Petitioning for Legalisation of Gypsum Continues.**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **June 15, 2014, 01:35:33 pm**

Were we able to get Vlad back as a captain, by the way, or is he just a regular soldier now?

Title: **Re: Demongate: Petitioning for Legalisation of Gypsum Continues.**
Post by: **TheFlame52** on **June 15, 2014, 03:22:45 pm**

I don't think he's either one.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Petitioning for Legalisation of Gypsum Continues.**
Post by: **TheFlame52** on **June 16, 2014, 10:06:09 am**

Overseer's Log

I pretty sure people are done dumping things, so I order dump zone crushed. Vlad mandates some shields so I order some leather ones made. Also, his statues are done, so I order the old ones in his tomb torn down and the new ones put in. Also it is Autumn now. I told one of the smelters not to melt objects any more, but instead to make pig iron and steel.

And the legendary brewer is up and about! Unfortunately, all he can do is flop around because he has severe motor nerve damage. I've seen him brew drinks by working the machinery with his teeth, so he'll be fine. Never doubt a dwarf's stubbornness. He's trying to clean himself now but he can't pick up the soap.

Vlad mandates war hammers, so I make some. Also, that metalsmith is fine now.

There is nothing to catch in the eastern cavern.
There is nothing to catch in the eastern cavern.
There is nothing to catch in the eastern cavern.
There is nothing to catch in the eastern cavern.
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There is nothing to catch in the eastern cavern.
There is nothing to catch in the eastern cavern.
There is nothing to catch in the eastern cavern.

OH MY GOD, LITAST. FISH SOMEWHERE ELSE!

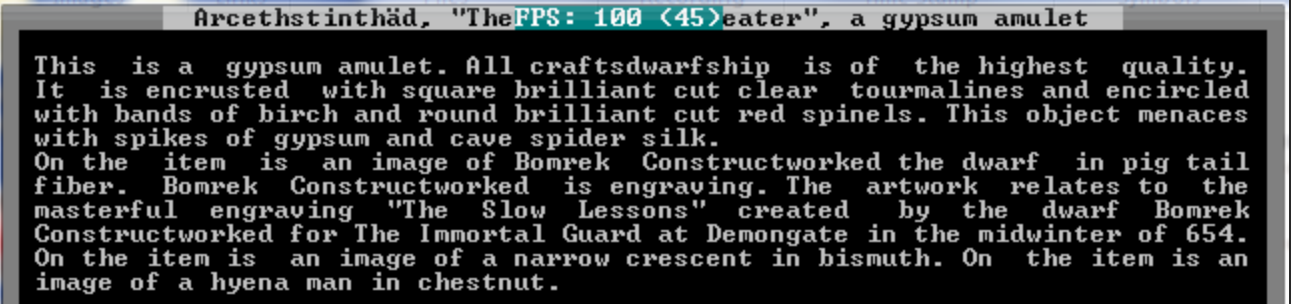
Some kid gets a fey mood. He's the son of Taloniswolf, who had a fey mood, and Athel Balancegild, who had a fey mood. He comes from good genes. Let's see what he makes.

We're digging out more adamantine, but first I want to see how big the vein is. 5 levels of painstaking exploratory mining later, we have mined out around the vein all the way down to the magma sea. Not all of them are safe.

And that kid starts his project! I can't tell what it's going to be yet, but the base is gypsum.

I order the digging of the obviously safe adamantine. I'll test the rest later. That makes 98 more raw adamantine when it's all mined.

Zon Dorendomas, Dwarven Child has created Arcethstinhäd, a gypsum amulet!



I ordered someone to cut all these trees we have in big rooms. That brewer is still trying to pick up the soap. I feel kind of bad about what happened to him. He was a pillar upon which the fort was built.

The giant lobster FB has been scaring people through the fortifications. It can't hurt anyone from there, and Danman says it has webs, so I won't deal with it.

Migrants! A great engineer, a great jeweler, a great woodcutter, a great engraver, a pet lamb, a pet keet, a great mechanic, a great miner, and a great ranger. The ranger goes in the military at once.

((Only a few screenshots today, Onenote is being weird. Maybe I'll screenshot the new adamantine later.))

Title: **Re: Demongate: Petitioning for Legalisation of Gypsum Continues.**
Post by: **danmanthedog** on **June 16, 2014, 02:29:09 pm**

Staring deeply into the eyes of the lobster "Hmm, lovely beauty you are aren't you, but just to make sure you don't do any thing bad. *picks up sharpen sticked.* POKE, POKE, POKE right in the eyes." *Said well jabbing the sharp stick into beasts eye spindle thing.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Petitioning for Legalisation of Gypsum Continues.**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **June 16, 2014, 03:08:16 pm**

I vote Dan gets sacrificed to the lobster for cruelty to animals. I mean, burning them alive or dunking them in magma is one thing, but poking them with a stick? There has to be standards.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Petitioning for Legalisation of Gypsum Continues.**
Post by: **danmanthedog** on **June 16, 2014, 03:21:47 pm**

Quote from: Deus Asmoth on June 16, 2014, 03:08:16 pm
I vote Dan gets sacrificed to the lobster for cruelty to animals. I mean, burning them alive or dunking them in magma is one thing, but poking them with a stick? There has to be standards.

Haa! Really standards in dwarf fortress and any ways I only poked it in it's 3 eyes but It still has one left. :P

Title: **Re: Demongate: Petitioning for Legalisation of Gypsum Continues.**
Post by: **FallenAngel** on **June 16, 2014, 03:26:18 pm**

But what about spiders?
Spiders are, well, spiders.
Also they're easy to hunt.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Petitioning for Legalisation of Gypsum Continues.**
Post by: **danmanthedog** on **June 16, 2014, 03:34:15 pm**

Quote from: FallenAngel on June 16, 2014, 03:26:18 pm
But what about spiders?
Spiders are, well, spiders.
Also they're easy to hunt.

Depend if I to see a spider and If it's touching me or not.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Petitioning for Legalisation of Gypsum Continues.**
Post by: **TheFlame52** on **June 16, 2014, 03:40:49 pm**

Quote from: Deus Asmoth on June 16, 2014, 03:08:16 pm
I vote Dan gets sacrificed to the lobster for cruelty to animals. I mean, burning them alive or dunking them in magma is one thing, but poking them with a stick? There has to be standards.

It's OK. The lobster has no eyes. He was just poking the shell.

The following is a speech given to the citizens of Demongate by Flame

The influx of mechanics has got me thinking. Our traps are our main form of defence, but they're the same traps we built years ago. They are out of date and are built with crappy mechanisms and a single glass serrated disc per trap. But we've got all this steel that we won't be using because we have adamantine now, and all these great mechanics sitting around doing nothing.

So I've got myself a project. We'll make new mechanisms, and all mechanisms of lower than superior quality will be atom-smashed. We'll replace all the trap mechanisms with exceptionals and masterworks and the levers with superiors. And we'll load the traps with masterwork steel serrated disks, made by yours truly. Now if you'll excuse me, I've got some discs to make.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Petitioning for Legalisation of Gypsum Continues.**
Post by: **FallenAngel** on **June 16, 2014, 03:46:47 pm**

...and I start peddling unnecessary iron protective gear for no reason besides boredom.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Petitioning for Legalisation of Gypsum Continues.**
Post by: **danmanthedog** on **June 16, 2014, 04:38:43 pm**

Quote from: FallenAngel on June 16, 2014, 03:46:47 pm
...and I start peddling unnecessary iron protective gear for no reason besides boredom.

'UMM BUTTSCRATCHER! ANY BODY WANT A LOBSTER BUTTSCRATCHER ONLY 20 COINS. That reminds me we should make some coins for the fortress just so we see what the coins will look like.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Petitioning for Legalisation of Gypsum Continues.**
Post by: **FallenAngel** on **June 16, 2014, 04:42:00 pm**

And so we can shoot them at our enemies to humiliate them.
I like your thinking.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Petitioning for Legalisation of Gypsum Continues.**
Post by: **MDFification** on **June 16, 2014, 05:15:24 pm**

And then the FPS can drop while metal is expended on projects that don't improve fortress morale or function.
:o

Title: **Re: Demongate: Petitioning for Legalisation of Gypsum Continues.**
Post by: **Gnorm** on **June 16, 2014, 05:18:16 pm**

Quote from: MDFification on June 16, 2014, 05:15:24 pm
And then the FPS can drop while metal is expended on projects that don't improve fortress morale or function.
:o

Do weapon traps not give dwarves happy thoughts?

Title: **Re: Demongate: Petitioning for Legalisation of Gypsum Continues.**
Post by: **Zaerosz** on **June 16, 2014, 05:45:29 pm**

Quote from: Gnorm on June 16, 2014, 05:18:16 pm
Quote from: MDFification on June 16, 2014, 05:15:24 pm
And then the FPS can drop while metal is expended on projects that don't improve fortress morale or function.
:o
Do weapon traps not give dwarves happy thoughts?

I *have* seen the thought "admired a fine Trap lately", but that was a cage trap, so I can't be sure it'd have the same effect.

EDIT: Also, I'd like to claim a marksdwerf if possible?

Title: **Re: Demongate: Petitioning for Legalisation of Gypsum Continues.**
Post by: **TheFlame52** on **June 16, 2014, 05:46:18 pm**

Overseer's Log

I gave a speech today about how we were going to redo the front gate traps. I'm going to be making a lot of steel serrated discs. I'd better get started on that.

The Stray Cavy Pup <Tame> has been found dead, contorted in fear!
OH SHIT THAT MERCHANT IS AT IT AGAIN
SOMEONE DIG HIS BODY UP FROM THE RIVER WHEN IT FREEZES

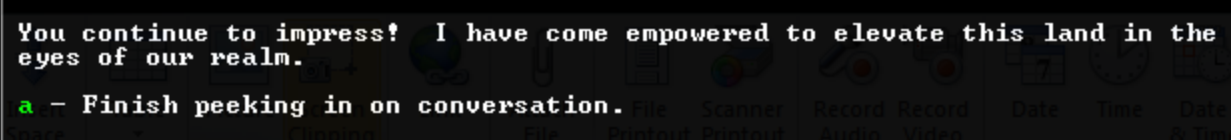
I let people into the second caverns so we could clean up all the junk in there. I also put some bags in the hospital so people could store medical supplies in there. I'm not sure why this wasn't done before. That brewer is still trying to wash himself. I think people are feeding him. He has an infected nail now.

The Forgotten Beast Gugol Ngulaspâd has come! A huge panda twisted into humanoid form with lidless eyes. It has a gaunt appearance. Its pink hair is long and wavy. Beware its poisonous gas!
SHIT A COLOSSAL PINK PANDA
AND SOME TROGS ARE HARASSING DWARVES
I don't have time to ask Danman what the beast's poison does, the thing is right by our dwarves. I send the military to kill it. A trog also killed a baby, but Thane kills it on the way to Gugol.

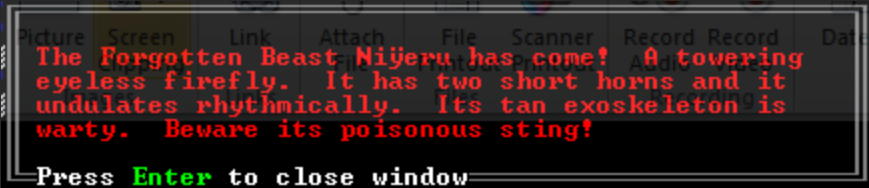
[announcervoice]Gugol's on his way to the fort now, he's tired of hanging around. Just before Gugol makes it into the entrance to the rest of the fort, he's intercepted by a hammerdwarf! Gugol stops to kill a fish cleaner, as he blows out a cloud of gas. Let's hope the gas isn't deadly. Gugol starts running after the fish cleaner, who is fast as shit, but the hammerdwarf pursues. He is joined by a macedwarf, who bashes Gugol in the eye. An unarmed siege operator joins the fray, but doesn't get off any hits. The macedwarf catches up with Gugol, but he turns and charges back at the macedwarf! The dwarf is knocked over! The macedwarf scrambles backwards, luring the beast towards the rest of the military. Two hammerdwarves and an axedwarf are waiting there. One hammerdwarf jumps a good seven feet into the air, reaches over the beast's head, and claws out Gugol's other eye! What a move! The beast is now completely blind! The other hammerdwarf takes advantage of the situation and breaks Gogul's left arm with a well-placed blow. The axedwarf hacks at the beast's leg, but doesn't make much of an impact. The second hammerdwarf brings his hammer down on Gugol's head with a crack, but it just makes him more pissed off! It doesn't change the fight much, as the first hammerdwarf breaks his other arm. Gogul opens one eye and lets out another cloud of gas, but gets his toe hacked off by the axedwarf for his trouble. Gogul's getting really beat up now, falling over with a broken paw. This looks like the end, folks. Hey, what's that smell? Oh, shit, the macedwarf's starting to swell up and rot! It looks like we're going to have to end this fight ASAP to operate on all involved in the fight. The beast's been blinded again, so it won't use it's gas anymore. Thane, Sir Brenzen, and some kid join the fray. It looks like they want to grab the glory after all the real fighting's over. Mid-swing, the macedwarf, whose name I've learned is Mosus, shouts out that he's naming his mace Shetbethmostod on his bismuth bronze mace. I guess he's afraid he won't live long enough to name it after the fight. After that, the beast keels over dead, but Mosus's blow wasn't what killed him even though it was the last one. Ah well, back to work, folks.[/announcervoice]

After Gogul's death, the rotting dwarves go up to the hospital for treatment. There are six infected: Mosus, the two hammerdwarves, the axedwarf, a siege engineer, and a kid.

The dwarven caravan arrived with the liaison.



He says we can be a duchy. OK.



Again? Really? Well, you can't get at us because you're in the third cavern layer, so ha. Dantheman says your sting causes unconsciousness and dizziness. Also, I saw the crippled brewer in the drinks stockpile today. I guess he takes breaks from trying to wash himself. And speaking of that, all the rotting dwarves got their rot excised. However, the doctors can't reach the rot in their joints, so all six of them will die slow, painful deaths from infection. How nice.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Petitioning for Legalisation of Gypsum Continues.**
Post by: **TheFlame52** on **June 16, 2014, 06:02:04 pm**

Hey, what should I order from the liaison? Do we really need anything?

Title: **Re: Demongate: Petitioning for Legalisation of Gypsum Continues.**
Post by: **Zaerosz** on **June 16, 2014, 06:14:49 pm**

Well, do we actually have soap? If not, some lye could come in handy since it's such a hassle to make.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Petitioning for Legalisation of Gypsum Continues.**
Post by: **MDFification** on **June 16, 2014, 06:29:38 pm**

I was talking about the coin making.

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)

The beasts can actually get in on the 3rd cavern layer. At least, when I kept playing the fort that happened with the fire-spewing beast. I never figured out how they get in though, since I didn't see any holes.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Petitioning for Legalisation of Gypsum Continues.**
Post by: **TheFlame52** on **June 16, 2014, 06:31:53 pm**

Quote from: Zaerosz on June 16, 2014, 06:14:49 pm

Well, do we actually have soap? If not, some lye could come in handy since it's such a hassle to make.

Yes. That's what the crippled butcher keeps trying to clean himself with.

Quote from: MDFification on June 16, 2014, 06:29:38 pm

The beasts can actually get in on the 3rd cavern layer. At least, when I kept playing the fort that happened with the fire-spewing beast. I never figured out how they get in though, since I didn't see any holes.

Well, I won't worry unless they actually get in. I'm pretty sure that if there was a hole, the other two would have found it.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Petitioning for Legalisation of Gypsum Continues.**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **June 16, 2014, 06:52:00 pm**

It could be a diagonal hole or something weird like that. Doesn't Demongate already have some coins, anyway? I thought Gnorm made some.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Petitioning for Legalisation of Gypsum Continues.**
Post by: **Gnorm** on **June 16, 2014, 07:14:24 pm**

Quote from: MDFification on June 16, 2014, 06:29:38 pm

I was talking about the coin making.

Quote from: Deus Asmoth on June 16, 2014, 06:52:00 pm

It could be a diagonal hole or something weird like that. Doesn't Demongate already have some coins, anyway? I thought Gnorm made some.

I like coins.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Petitioning for Legalisation of Gypsum Continues.**
Post by: **FallenAngel** on **June 16, 2014, 07:41:06 pm**

Do the coins have spiders on them?

Title: **Re: Demongate: Petitioning for Legalisation of Gypsum Continues.**
Post by: **danmanthedog** on **June 16, 2014, 08:59:02 pm**

Or lizard snails or how about the newly made pest called the hamster-leeches!

Title: **Re: Demongate: Petitioning for Legalisation of Gypsum Continues.**
Post by: **Gnorm** on **June 17, 2014, 01:20:36 am**

Gnora's Journal
Soldier of Fortune
--

Vlad was an axe-for-hyre, right? Then why has he become such a leader? Come to think, why would he make himself the leader of the militia? He ain't no small time soldier of fortune, he's a ful-blown warlord! His history is probably full of gruesome crimes, but I can't think of a way to actually learn any of it. Pity, it would be good amo to use against him.

I hear that the visiting diplomat is going to make him a duke. A duke! This joke has gone on far enough. I see no reason why he should join the nobility and reign over this fort. If only he didn't have every-one under his thum.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Petitioning for Legalisation of Gypsum Continues.**
Post by: **peregarrett** on **June 17, 2014, 03:00:13 am**

Cornelius met the Miasmic Procession at doors of the hospital

-Shit, guys, you stink like zombies. I better find you a closed corner so you don't infect the whole hospital... Oh well, the treatment. Take these bandages and this barrel, dip cloth into rum and wash your wounds with it. Hope this stops the decease spreading, and if rum helps dwarf *per os* it should aslo help *per dermis*. So, take your places and help yourselves. - ***Mumbles to himself***- ... Gotta prepare my surgical tools in case the gangrene spreads...

Title: **Re: Demongate: Petitioning for Legalisation of Gypsum Continues.**
Post by: **TheFlame52** on **June 17, 2014, 07:21:23 am**

Except it's more like "You guys are rotting from the outside in? Time to remove your skin!" *screams* "Well, you're better now. Time to get up!" "Wow, thanks, doc!"

Title: **Re: Demongate: Petitioning for Legalisation of Gypsum Continues.**
Post by: **MDFification** on **June 17, 2014, 07:26:22 am**

Quote from: Gnorm on June 17, 2014, 01:20:36 am

His history is probably full of gruesome crimes.

He once stole a loaf of bread to feed his sister's family, and then Russel Crowe hunted him down a dead guy's boots. I guess we can add other crimes like lewd behavior, public drunkenness, assault and batter and loitering if we really want to. No massacres though.

If I had to flesh out Vlad's backstory, I did have this fortress called Savagewinds on a glacier that had to repeatedly fight off goblin necromancers I ended up abandoning out of boredom. Vlad's company subsubsequently is hired to defend the joint, loses, and flees to the known world. He's been working as a small-time guard ever since.

His transformation into an actually effective leader is probably because he worships the god of rulership. Which is a deity we have, apparently. It's like the church of Realpolitik, headed by its prophet Machiavelli.

EDIT: OP up to date, although it's probably my last one. Exams have started up.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Petitioning for Legalisation of Gypsum Continues.**
Post by: **Rhaken** on **June 17, 2014, 09:10:25 am**

For what felt like the first time in months, Tarmid left the privacy of his office. He had become something of a recluse since the visit from Master Urist, staying within his chambers and leaving only to lecture and attend evening prayers. He took his meals within his study, brought in by whomever was kind enough to remember that scribes need to eat too. At one point, Tarmid had forgotten to eat for two days since nobody came by to remind him.

The Apocrypha was taking most of his time these days. The secrets within were heretical, and many were doubtless lies. Others made a frightening amount of sense, and it took all of Tarmid's considerable force of will to remain unaffected. He had learned forbidden truths that had shaped history throughout the centuries, facts that his mind was too feeble to grasp unaided. But actual reading of the books of secrets took far less of his time than the bulk of his work: decrypting the damned things. Such volumes were encoded in such a way as to be illegible without a great deal of effort. At first, it took him three weeks to decypher a single sentence, but now it took less than an hour. Which was still unnacceptably slow.

The scribe made his way through Demongate's stone halls, a gaunt figure in a heavy leather robe. Every dwarf he passed flashed him a look of concern. He was a kind teacher to many of them, and they probably worried about his sunken eyes and fleshless frame, his umber skin stretched over his bones like parchment on a drying rack. He moved with the stiffness of one who spends far too long in a seated position, and what little muscle he had acquired since he took up the crossbow had fallen away to nothing. Tarmid absent-mindedly reflected that he would make a pathetically stringy meal for any creature who attacked him.

He walked toward the hospital, aiming to speak to Cornelius. Tarmid's internal clock was scrambled from irregular sleep cycles, and he had no idea if it was time for Evening Prayers yet. He entered the mudstone double doors and ran into a frightening scenario.

A considerable group of dwarves were bedridden, groaning. Their pig tail blankets did nothing to hide their considerable bloat, and what little flesh could be seen was beginning to rot. One such dwarf, no more than a child, was wrapped in bandages from head to toe. A tray of excised skin and flesh sat on the bedside table. The whole room smelled of soap and blood and necrosis. Tarmid spotted Cornelius besides one of the beds, in full medical garb, a belt of medical implements at his waist. He was hunched over a suffering dwarf, who must be a soldier if the heap of armor at the foot of the bed was any indication. Cornelius's skilled hands drove a scalpel into flesh in slow, precise motions as he excised infected and rotting tissue. His patient seemed to exert a tremendous force of will to remain still and silent. Tarmid just stood there, cobalt eyes open wide, patiently waiting for Cornelius to finish.

It took over an hour. All around him as he waited, Tarmid stood alone in a roiling sea of nurses going about their duties. Excised tissue was isolated into samples or thrown away, patients were soaped down and bathed, fresh bandages and supplies brought in from the stockpiles. Only when Cornelius was finished dressing the soldier in clean bandages fragrant with soap did Tarmid speak up.

"What happened here?"

"Forgotten beast attack," *said the Padre, washing his hands in a bowl of water.* "Not sure if I can be at evening prayers tonight. Three patients left to operate." *The Padre paused to look Tarmid up and down, copper eyes scanning the scribe with a doctor's insight.* "You look deader than my patients. What gives?"

"I forgot to eat again," *Tarmid explained. Cornelius sighed.*

"Well, go get some food then. Nobody wants you to work yourself to death, as I'm sure you'll end up doing eventually."

Tarmid nodded and shuffled out of the hospital. His feet dragged him to the pantries, where he helped himself to whatever was in the first barrel of food to cross his path. He didn't even bother to register what he was wolfing down, just that it tasted amazing and went filled him like a dream of tomorrow. He then made his way to the chapel to prepare for evening prayers.

A few hours later Tarmid found himself in Cornelius's chapel. It was yet too early for the Evening Prayer Group to meet, but Sir Brenzen was already seated, a corked bottle of dwarven wine in hand. Tarmid could see the concern hiding behind the knight's normally stern demeanor.

"Early start, Sir Brenzen?"

"Yes." *The High Magebane gave Tarmid a look normally reserved for his squires.* "Sit, Tarmid. We need to talk."

Tarmid arched an eyebrow, and took the seat next to Brenzen. The knight's eyes stayed with him throughout.

"You are beginning to worry me, Loremaster," *Brenzen told him.* "We hardly see you, you barely eat anymore, and you've begun to neglect some of your duties."

Tarmid's eyebrows flew to the ceiling. "I have? How? I still give lessons. I still manage work orders, and I'm still doing what the Master asked of me. What am I neglecting?"

"Me."

The stern reply threw the scribe off his guard. "I'm not sure I follow."

"My instruction as High Magebane, Tarmid. Every time I visit your office, you're either so deep in a book that you don't hear me, or collapsed on the desk and completely unresponsive. You are doing entirely too much work and burning yourself out. And I'm not sure if you've noticed, but you look more dead than alive."

"Huh." *Tarmid took in Brenzen's words, stroking his beard. He took a mental note to trim that messy thing before it attracted lice.* "I guess you're right. But what am I to do? My work is already progressing far too slowly. I wanted answers over a year ago, but at this rate I won't be done for another decade. And if I neglect my other duties, they simply won't get done." *There was something else, Tarmid felt, but he couldn't quite put his finger on it.*

"I believe I have an answer to that," *came a voice from the doorway. Scribe and knight turned toward the entrance and spotted Thane, a small keg in her arms, Vlad close behind her. Tarmid flashed her a searching look, and she replied with a grin.*

Flame, care to listen to a request from a resident?

Tarmid wants to induct a couple of apprentices into the Order. They would be ordained as scribes and placed in his squad, to help Tarmid carry out some duties, like archiving and small research. To this end, the weapon rack in Gnora's office should be moved to an empty room across the hall, and the room should be made into the new barracks of the Scribes. Ideally, it should have a bunch of cabinets and not much else.

I'd also request that you move the gem windows in Gnora/Vlad's office into Tarmid's. Preferably, with the exact same gems, or at least one made entirely of bloodstone and another of wood opal. In-universe, they've been in Tarmid's office the whole time. I was just so brain-fried when I set them up that I put them in the wrong room.

And good luck, MDFI. :) I've got mine coming in a week or so.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Petitioning for Legalisation of Gypsum Continues.**
Post by: **MDFification** on **June 17, 2014, 12:36:07 pm**

ty Rhaken!

...
Stealing Vlad's windows might not be a good idea morale-wise. He gets 'utterly traumatized' when underlings get shinier digs than him. Pretty tacky eh?

Title: **Re: Demongate: Petitioning for Legalisation of Gypsum Continues.**
Post by: **FallenAngel** on **June 17, 2014, 01:36:15 pm**

Just chuck in a few iron statues or something.
Statues solve every problem.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Petitioning for Legalisation of Gypsum Continues.**
Post by: **Gnorm** on **June 17, 2014, 02:16:58 pm**

Quote from: MDFification on June 17, 2014, 07:26:22 am
EDIT: OP up to date, although it's probably my last one. Exams have started up.
Do well.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Petitioning for Legalisation of Gypsum Continues.**
Post by: **Rhaken** on **June 17, 2014, 05:43:26 pm**

Quote from: MDFification on June 17, 2014, 12:36:07 pm
ty Rhaken!
...
Stealing Vlad's windows might not be a good idea morale-wise. He gets 'utterly traumatized' when underlings get shinier digs than him. Pretty tacky eh?

There's an easy solution to that. Just shrink Tarmid's office designation. It should free up the leftmost column so you can put the gem windows there without inflating the value of the office. To compensate, throw some gem windows made with actual precious stones in Vlad's office. Problem solved.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Petitioning for Legalisation of Gypsum Continues.**
Post by: **Senshuken** on **June 18, 2014, 12:58:53 am**

I see Artyom as the kind of guy who hangs around the place, not really making a fuss and at least being on good terms with everyone before going off to get the job in front of him done... regardless of if that job is to mine out a new living area or if its to jam a mining pick into somethings skull.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Petitioning for Legalisation of Gypsum Continues.**
Post by: **TheFlame52** on **June 19, 2014, 04:38:47 pm**

Overseer's Log

Since it looks like there is nobody in the first cavern, I lock the door again. I also order the melting of all the sub-par discs I've made.

I ordered some iron and steel from the liaison. He told us some stuff he wanted and left. We don't really need to trade with anyone, anymore.

We're pretty self-sufficient. I forbid the soap so the crippled brewer would stop trying to clean himself with it and take a normal bath. I also ordered some still made of soap to be deconstructed. That soap could be put to good use.

Part of the stream froze, so it is slowly draining out to the north. However, we can only get that merchant's body if the river freezes. Don't ask. Also we are a duchy now.

Those dwarves that are rotting are looking pretty faint. I think they might die of infection in a few weeks.

An the stream freezes! I tell the miners to dig out where the merchant's body is so we can bury him. However, for some strange reason, nobody will dig down through the ice. They won't build a staircase. They won't channel. They won't dig out a staircase. For fuck's sake people!

A wild horse wandered onto our traps. That reminds me to replace them. I have the first 4 traps deconstructed so they can be replaced.

After I forbid all the soap in the fort, the crippled brewer finally cleaned himself with no soap. I unforbid it and now he can brew drinks. Also we have a lot of milk and lye. Let there be soap and cheese!

Mosus Fikodsazir, Macedwarf has succumbed to infection.
There is nothing to catch in the eastern cavern.
'Flame' Tulongthedak has created a masterpiece!
Oddom Okolathel, Hammerdwarf has succumbed to infection.
Zefon Rithkizest, Hammerdwarf has succumbed to infection.
Sâkzul Uabôkdum, Axedwarf has succumbed to infection.
It seems the child and the siege operator are still fine, however.

It is done. There are now four new traps, each filled with five of my best serrated discs. I hope to replace more in the future. I also designated a stockpile for mechanisms in a relatively unused room. In the process I removed mechanisms from the general furniture stockpile.

Unib is now a legendary weaponsmith. Cool.

Now that Vlad is a duke, he needs more furniture. I order him some made out of silver. Everyone loves silver.

I figured out why I couldn't dig out the ice. It was under a bridge. So I had the miners dig from another place over to the merchant's corpse.

But before the minder can dig all the way over there, the ice melts! The miner makes it out alive, but we'll have to wait another year to take care of that ghost.

I order the new furniture built in Vlad's office. I also noticed we don't really need many glass or clay products, so I order one magma kiln replaced with a magma glass furnace and all the magma glass furnaces replaced with magma smelters. The smelters are told to melt stuff and make steel and adamantine.

Three kobold thieves are discovered in rapid succession in the barracks. One of the is torn apart by a swordsmaster, one by a bunch of dwarves, and one by Sir Brenzen.

THEN A FUCKING ROC COMES, GREAT. Can't this wait another week when I'm not overseer? I order the military to go and kill it. It's no contest. The thing falls uner a hail of bolts and the entire military hacks away at its unconscious body until it dies. The final blow is landed by Sibrek the drug dealer.

The Stray Kangaroo Buck <Tame> has been found dead, contorted in fear!

Come on, again, really? We tried to get yoru corpse, give us a break. Look, I'll put a note on your body so we can dig it out next winter.

Then a snatcher is discovered out by where the roc's corpse was. It is filled with bolts from all the crossbwodwarves just randomly hanging

around. Meanwhile, goblins ambush the dwarven caravan which is still packing up. They are torn apart by the caravan guards. Then the fleeing merchants are ambushed by yet more goblins. The goblins are all killed, but a merchant is severely wounded. I order the corpses dumped and weapons melted, but there are at least a couple more ambushes left.

Lolor the craftsdwarf gets a secretive mood. He is already a legendary bone carver. But oh, no, he's not making his ultimate masterpiece out of horse bone. I forbid all the bone in the fort except for a special pile.

The stream unfreezes all the way and begins to refill. I also noticed that the military is unhappy because they saw all the military members die right in front of them.

It's spring now. Good luck, next overseer!

((OOC: Something funny I noticed. Of the six rotting dwarves, all of them have red disease resistance. They are probably the only dwarves

afflicted because everyone else resisted it. And Rhaken, Gnora doesn't have an office, so I'll just stick it in a room in that area. Also I accidentally played for 4 extra days because of all the stuff that was happening.))

- To Do
- Finish replacing all the traps
 - Melt everything
 - Make some adamantine gear
 - Keep making more steel
 - Dig the merchant's corpse out of the river
 - Get ready for some more ambushes
 - Wait for the dwarven caravan to pack up
 - Get some more stone, we don't have any mechanism-safe stone

Save: <http://dffid.wimbli.com/file.php?id=8676>

Title: Re: Demongate: Petitioning for Legalisation of Gypsum Continues.
Post by: FallenAngel on June 19, 2014, 04:45:24 pm

Alright, let me finish up at Slingsold (my current fort) and I'll get right on it.
There's a time for spiders and a time for building walls out of clay bricks.
THIS IS CLAY BRICK TIME.
But only for a few minutes.
Protip: Put people with useless jobs at less-useless jobs to make them useful. It's a slow process, but it happens over time.
EDIT: I don't know where anything is or what anything does.
I did manage to find myself, thankfully. Seriously, this place makes Boatmurdered look like the house of a perfectly organized person who also bleeds and vomits a lot, and is also a mass murderer. Aka: It makes Boatmurdered look well-planned.
I'm trying to find most things.
EDIT2: There's a ghostly axedwarf in the food stockpile. Am I the first to notice or the first to care?

Title: Re: Demongate: Petitioning for Legalisation of Gypsum Continues.
Post by: Gnorm on June 19, 2014, 05:32:08 pm

Quote from: FallenAngel on June 19, 2014, 04:45:24 pm
EDIT2: There's a ghostly axedwarf in the food stockpile. Am I the first to notice or the first to care?
He's been there for a while, I believe. The dwarves are probably quite used to him by now, and I imagine they strike up friendly conversation as they pass.

Also, Gnora is now a legendary grower. Chew on that, Vlad!

Title: Re: Demongate: Petitioning for Legalisation of Gypsum Continues.
Post by: FallenAngel on June 19, 2014, 05:38:09 pm

...this place is a mess.
It seems the engravers were free enough to engrave my room, although the miners are lazy and not expanding it one bit. I want one wall knocked down to make room for statues.

Title: Re: Demongate: Petitioning for Legalisation of Gypsum Continues.
Post by: TheFlame52 on June 19, 2014, 05:51:07 pm

I think I'm among the few overseers in both Steelhold and Demongate who didn't take another room, or put statues in their bedroom, or make themselves a tomb.

Title: Re: Demongate: Petitioning for Legalisation of Gypsum Continues.
Post by: FallenAngel on June 19, 2014, 05:51:53 pm

It's an age-old tradition.

Title: Re: Demongate: Petitioning for Legalisation of Gypsum Continues.
Post by: TheFlame52 on June 19, 2014, 05:53:28 pm

Well, I've only had two turns as an overseer and one of them was my own fort.

Title: Re: Demongate: Petitioning for Legalisation of Gypsum Continues.
Post by: FallenAngel on June 19, 2014, 05:54:56 pm

I've only had two turns as overseer and in yours I did so and I plan to at least make my room neat in this fort.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Petitioning for Legalisation of Gypsum Continues.**
Post by: **MDFification** on **June 19, 2014, 06:09:37 pm**

Quote from: Gnorm on June 19, 2014, 05:32:08 pm
Also, Gnora is now a legendary grower. Chew on that, Vlad!

Duke Vlad's quaking in his looted boots of indescribable beauty and utility, in the office he stole from her.

EDIT: I think only 2 overseers have made themselves tombs in Demongate, and to be fair I was forced to by noble requirements. Steelhold, though... we prepared for death in Steelhold. Possibly due to excessive overseer murder. Not going to name names. We all sullied ourselves.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Petitioning for Legalisation of Gypsum Continues.**
Post by: **Gnorm** on **June 19, 2014, 06:53:09 pm**

I think the table in Vlad's office is *still* technically designated as a dining room for Gnora, not our duke. Vlad is eating a few rooms away. This really needs to get fixed. Also, mass-production has reached a grinding halt; there is no excuse to not have endless drinks, meals, and glass/ceramic goods.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Petitioning for Legalisation of Gypsum Continues.**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **June 19, 2014, 07:46:41 pm**

Quote from: MDFification on June 19, 2014, 06:09:37 pm
Quote from: Gnorm on June 19, 2014, 05:32:08 pm
Also, Gnora is now a legendary grower. Chew on that, Vlad!
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Well, *I* for one didn't kill a single ex overseer in my turn. Dozens of regular people, sure. But no one important.

In any case, Fallen, if you're planning on making yourself a better room, don't make it too fancy. We're trying to avoid driving our nobility insane.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Petitioning for Legalisation of Gypsum Continues.**
Post by: **Gnorm** on **June 19, 2014, 08:03:36 pm**

Quote from: Deus Asmoth on June 19, 2014, 07:46:41 pm
Quote from: MDFification on June 19, 2014, 06:09:37 pm
Quote from: Gnorm on June 19, 2014, 05:32:08 pm
Also, Gnora is now a legendary grower. Chew on that, Vlad!
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In any case, Fallen, if you're planning on making yourself a better room, don't make it too fancy. **We're** trying to avoid driving our nobility insane.

Speak for thyself.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Petitioning for Legalisation of Gypsum Continues.**
Post by: **TheFlame52** on **June 19, 2014, 08:05:17 pm**

If anyone needs to know anything about Demongate's or a character's history, ask me. I just abandoned and exported legends. I AM THE GUARDIAN OF KNOWLEDGE. I KNOW DEMONS, FORGOTTEN BEASTS, AND NOW HISTORY. NOTHING IS UNKNOWN TO ME.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Petitioning for Legalisation of Gypsum Continues.**
Post by: **FallenAngel** on **June 19, 2014, 08:16:20 pm**

Relax, I only plan to go so far as to engrave the whole thing and add some low-quality iron statues made to train a metalsmith. At most he'll be put off or flustered, which will cause around as much trouble as flies.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Petitioning for Legalisation of Gypsum Continues.**
Post by: **MDFification** on **June 19, 2014, 08:27:23 pm**

Quote from: FallenAngel on June 19, 2014, 08:16:20 pm
At most he'll be put off or flustered, which will cause around as much trouble as flies.

Ahahahaha
AHAHAHAHA
AHAHAHAHAHAH
AHAHAHAHAHAHA

Vlad gets utterly traumatized actually, literally the worst possible outcome mood-wise. He'll loose 40 points of happiness, which drops him around one full level of happiness, per room. Meaning that Vlad would actually be less upset if you killed his pet (presuming he had one) than if your room value goes over his, and only slightly less upset than he would be if he accidentally killed someone in a fit of rage. It is a problem. *Ve are havingk problem.*

EDIT: Really the simplest way to prevent Vlad to noble'ing the fort into a spiral (this fort's morale is so damn fragile) would be to lock him and Thane together until they get married. That way, every 9 months Thane gets +1000 happiness and Vlad gets +500. It makes a spiral more damaging, but less likely to happen.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Petitioning for Legalisation of Gypsum Continues.**
Post by: **FallenAngel** on **June 19, 2014, 08:31:20 pm**

Regular, modifier-free iron statues are worth so little that even a pile of sensitive goo wouldn't care.
And if he does care, I won't cause an accident.
I will, however, set up a system to lock him in his room in case he goes nuts.
Iron bridge, iron mechanisms, iron lever FAR AWAY from him.
Plus, he'll get his own statues.
Higher-quality statues.
That should offset the thing that causes the thing to prevent the Thing.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Petitioning for Legalisation of Gypsum Continues.**
Post by: **danmanthedog** on **June 19, 2014, 10:20:05 pm**

Quote from: FallenAngel on June 19, 2014, 08:11:20 pm

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Iron bridge, iron mechanisms, iron lever FAR AWAY from him.
Plus, he'll get his own statues.
Higher-quality statues.
That should offset the thing that causes the thing to prevent the Thing.

I say give him a pet lizard-snail with also a statue of a spider-crawler in his that spews spiders.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Petitioning for Legalisation of Gypsum Continues.**
Post by: **Senshuken** on **June 20, 2014, 12:04:15 am**

Quote from: TheFlame52 on June 19, 2014, 08:05:17 pm

If anyone needs to know anything about Demongate's or a character's history, ask me. I just abandoned and exported legends. I AM THE GUARDIAN OF KNOWLEDGE. I KNOW DEMONS, FORGOTTEN BEASTS, AND NOW HISTORY. NOTHING IS UNKNOWN TO ME.

Alright then. Mind giving me an idea of what Artyom's been up to before he arrived at Demongate?... and while he has been here, while you're at it. I would like to get as much knowledge of him as possible.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Petitioning for Legalisation of Gypsum Continues.**
Post by: **peregarrett** on **June 20, 2014, 03:05:21 am**

Brother Cornelius was very gloomy on this prayer. He even skipped his usual sunshine barrel and took a glumprong barrel out of the darkes corner of his cellar. "Gutter Cruor" was the label, and +image of skulls+ in goblin bone was the warning. Nethertheless, he pur it into his mug and gulped it empty with no emotion on his dark face.
- Cornelius? Now **you** look more dead than alive, brother. - *Tarnid joined his one-man-party.* - What's the matter?
- That beast vapor is a bitch. Four died no matter what I did, and I even could do nothing with thier pain. The infection speads inside joints, and even the slightest move aches like hell! Maybe baby and the other guy overcome the disease, but chances are low. Ahh, screw it all... - *another mug of gutter cruor gulped empty.*

Title: **Re: Demongate: Petitioning for Legalisation of Gypsum Continues.**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **June 20, 2014, 07:01:52 am**

Quote from: Senshuken on June 20, 2014, 12:04:15 am

Quote from: TheFlame52 on June 19, 2014, 08:05:17 pm

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Alright then. Mind giving me an idea of what Artyom's been up to before he arrived at Demongate?... and while he has been here, while you're at it. I would like to get as much knowledge of him as possible.

Prior to Demongate, Artyom did absolutely nothing. Sine then, he's been a miner and joined the militia with a pickaxe. There's probably some other stuff too, but that's all I remember for now.

Quote from: FallenAngel on June 19, 2014, 08:16:20 pm

Relax, I only plan to go so far as to engrave the whole thing and add some low-quality iron statues made to train a metalsmith. At most he'll be put off or flustered, which will cause around as much trouble as flies.

The problem here isn't the statues, it's the engravings. I've had fully engraved rooms hitting opulent quality if the material in the walls and floors is valuable enough and the engravers are skilled, and our engravers have definitely had enough time to hit legendary.

Also, Dan, will you be wanting the next turn?

Title: **Re: Demongate: Petitioning for Legalisation of Gypsum Continues.**
Post by: **TheFlame52** on **June 20, 2014, 07:37:03 am**

Quote from: Senshuken on June 20, 2014, 12:04:15 am

Alright then. Mind giving me an idea of what Artyom's been up to before he arrived at Demongate?... and while he has been here, while you're at it. I would like to get as much knowledge of him as possible.

Yeah, as one of the founders, he was generated on the spot when he reached Demongate. You can make up your own history.

Quote from: peregarrett on June 20, 2014, 03:05:21 am

- That beast vapor is a bitch. Four died no matter what I did, and I even could do nothing with thier pain. The infection speads inside joints, and even the slightest move aches like hell! Maybe baby and the other guy overcome the disease, but chances are low. Ahh, screw it all...

Actually, it must not have hurt that much. The four were sparring in their barracks from after they were released to when they died. That's why the military is sad, because they saw their squadmates die of infection right in front of them.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Petitioning for Legalisation of Gypsum Continues.**
Post by: **danmanthedog** on **June 20, 2014, 08:25:20 am**

Quote from: TheFlame52 on June 20, 2014, 07:37:03 am

Quote from: Senshuken on June 20, 2014, 12:04:15 am

Alright then. Mind giving me an idea of what Artyom's been up to before he arrived at Demongate?... and while he has been here, while you're at it. I would like to get as much knowledge of him as possible.

Yeah, as one of the founders, he was generated on the spot when he reached Demongate. You can make up your own history.

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Actually, it must not have hurt that much. The four were sparring in their barracks from after they were released to when they died. That's why the military is sad, because they saw their squadmates die of infection right in front of them.

Depends if the game isn't to fps draining but the problem is on Wednesday I will be leaving for Peru for 8 days so yay.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Petitioning for Legalisation of Gypsum Continues.**
Post by: **peregarrett** on **June 20, 2014, 10:11:41 am**

Quote from: TheFlame52 on June 20, 2014, 07:37:03 am

Quote from: peregarrett on June 20, 2014, 03:05:21 am

- That beast vapor is a bitch. Four died no matter what I did, and I even could do nothing with thier pain. The infection speads inside joints, and even the slightest move aches like hell! Maybe baby and the other guy overcome the disease, but chances are low. Ahh, screw it all...

Actually, it must not have hurt that much. The four were sparring in their barracks from after they were released to when they died. That's why the military is sad, because they saw their squadmates die of infection right in front of them.

Ouch. That's brutal.
- Mosus, are you okay?
- I'm fine, let's spar!
- Are you sure? you don't look healthy... your joints are bloated and hot...
- I'm fine, I said! Take your axe!
In the middle of sparring his joints suddenly burst, staining the whole squad with gore and pus
- OH NOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!!!

Title: **Re: Demongate: Petitioning for Legalisation of Gypsum Continues.**

Post by: **Gnorm** on **June 20, 2014, 12:13:44 pm**

Did TheFlame52 have any sort of personal construction project? I know that I had the Chapel of St. Jackal, Rhaken had the Schoolhouse, peregarrett had the Church of St. Zane, and Captain Archmage had the Guild House (leaving his original project sadly incomplete).

Title: **Re: Demongate: Petitioning for Legalisation of Gypsum Continues.**

Post by: **TheFlame52** on **June 20, 2014, 12:18:13 pm**

I fixed a church, and I started replacing the traps with masterwork/exception steel...

Title: **Re: Demongate: Petitioning for Legalisation of Gypsum Continues.**

Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **June 20, 2014, 12:33:32 pm**

They must have been washed without soap or something if they died of infection outside the hospital. They wouldn't have stopped resting until all their wounds had been treated.

Dan, I can bump your turn down the list a bit if you're not able to take it.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Petitioning for Legalisation of Gypsum Continues.**

Post by: **danmanthedog** on **June 20, 2014, 06:06:10 pm**

Do it.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Petitioning for Legalisation of Gypsum Continues.**

Post by: **FallenAngel** on **June 20, 2014, 06:31:02 pm**

Time to start posting what has happened.
Currently, work is under way to convert Vlad's door into an emergency drawbridge, on the off chance he goes insane. Also, a craftsdwarf who was in a strange mood started making the thing. It's most likely a useless trinket, but the bones from a "Covema Romimieti Íle Enore, the bones of a horse, the bones of a bull, some llama wool cloth, phyllite blocks, a boulder of gypsum, some pig tail fiber cloth, some yellow zircons, some sheep wool cloth, and some spore tree logs are its components, so it'll be at least tricked out. To counter any bad thoughts Vlad may have from me having a room with some statues, two solid steel statues are being made for him. It'll fill those unsmoothed squares in his rooms at least.
All of this has happened between the start of my turn and 14th Granite.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Petitioning for Legalisation of Gypsum Continues.**

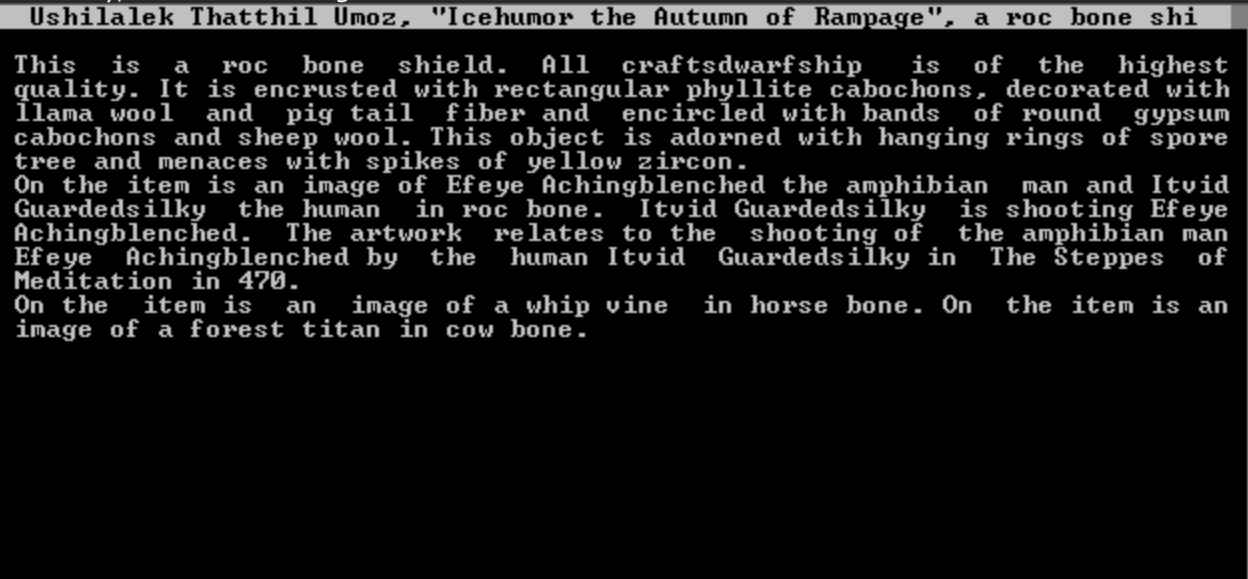
Post by: **TheFlame52** on **June 20, 2014, 06:41:51 pm**

I'll leave it as a surprise what Covema was. All I'm saying is, only the best for inspired demons.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Petitioning for Legalisation of Gypsum Continues.**

Post by: **FallenAngel** on **June 20, 2014, 06:44:31 pm**

Given what I have read, maybe a bloodkin.
Oh, and for some reason, Vlad only has masterful stone stuff in his room.
You guys could have at least given him copper stuff.
So I'm fixing this.
With silver.
EDIT: Huh, it was a roc. Cool. The dude made a shield, so I'm putting him in Not a Squad with said shield. The thing's worth 101,400 dorfbucks.
Seriously, look at the thing:



If you could tell the game to put specific items in weapon racks, THIS WOULD BE IN MY ROOM.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Petitioning for Legalisation of Gypsum Continues.**

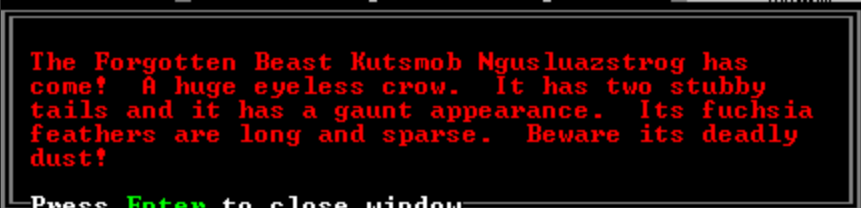
Post by: **TheFlame52** on **June 20, 2014, 07:05:25 pm**

HAHAHA AWESOME
But seriously, if anyone made or makes a useless weapon, put them in Not A Squad. It's a cool thing and I totally started it.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Petitioning for Legalisation of Gypsum Continues.**

Post by: **FallenAngel** on **June 20, 2014, 07:08:52 pm**

It's still a super-rad shield and, if forced, you two could probably beat up some kobolds.
Also, some shady dude walked past me and whispered something about "needing plaster". He didn't look injured, but I went with it and had someone make plaster powder.
I also made a slab for a ghost of a guy who got iced in 658.
EDIT: Somehow water started flowing in. Crap in a hat.
This *could* be a bit of an issue...
EDIT2: I think everything will be fine. It's flowing down the main stairwell and I'm having it drained into the caverns. It's a giant waterfall. I see no possible problems with this at all.
EDIT3:



This happened.
First cavern.
Time to pray.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Petitioning for Legalisation of Gypsum Continues.**
Post by: **TheFlame52** on **June 20, 2014, 07:58:48 pm**

If you look closely, I have a boar kill under my belt. I ordered myself to go kill a severely injured boar near the beginning of my turn.

Danman says the beast's dust causes oozing.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Petitioning for Legalisation of Gypsum Continues.**
Post by: **FallenAngel** on **June 20, 2014, 08:08:39 pm**

That's helpful.
By the way, Helgarde is dead.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Petitioning for Legalisation of Gypsum Continues.**
Post by: **Gnorm** on **June 20, 2014, 08:17:20 pm**

Quote from: FallenAngel on June 20, 2014, 08:08:39 pm
By the way, Helgarde is dead.

What became of him?

Title: **Re: Demongate: Petitioning for Legalisation of Gypsum Continues.**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **June 20, 2014, 08:25:06 pm**

Flame, could you not tell people what beast syndromes do? Knowing what effects they have before you experience them first hand removes a lot of the challenge of fighting beasts in the first place. It's not a major thing, but spoilers are bad.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Petitioning for Legalisation of Gypsum Continues.**
Post by: **Gnorm** on **June 20, 2014, 08:28:35 pm**

At the very *least*, spoiler-tag that sort of information.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Petitioning for Legalisation of Gypsum Continues.**
Post by: **FallenAngel** on **June 20, 2014, 08:57:13 pm**

Water accident.
Same accident claimed a random baby.
Nobody has found Helgarde's corpse but they did find the baby's.
Personally, I'm going to prevent anyone from finding his body.
Even though I found it myself.
One random baby will cause less sadness than a major person.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Petitioning for Legalisation of Gypsum Continues.**
Post by: **danmanthedog** on **June 20, 2014, 09:05:30 pm**

So before I make more write up posts do you guys
Spoiler (click to show/hide)
This might sound strange.
want me to post a few pictures of me and Peru for funzies?

Title: **Re: Demongate: Petitioning for Legalisation of Gypsum Continues.**
Post by: **FallenAngel** on **June 20, 2014, 09:09:33 pm**

Okay, why not?
I'm currently building a giant spider for no reason.
I've got time to look at pictures.
EDIT: Someone found Helgarde's dead deceased corpse.
I pray to the anti-spider and the Elder Ones that this doesn't cause tantrums.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Petitioning for Legalisation of Gypsum Continues.**
Post by: **Gnorm** on **June 20, 2014, 09:37:51 pm**

Helgarde was only ever a passing-acquaintance with anybody; he had no real friends to now mourn him.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Petitioning for Legalisation of Gypsum Continues.**
Post by: **FallenAngel** on **June 20, 2014, 09:41:07 pm**

Oh, just like FallenAngel.
The only people who are his friends are his wife and kids.
By the way, FallenAngel is ecstatic. This is one of the limited advantages of having water pour endlessly down the main stairwell.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Petitioning for Legalisation of Gypsum Continues.**
Post by: **FallenAngel** on **June 21, 2014, 07:58:00 am**

I'll be on a vacation for a week, but I should be able to get partway through summer along the way.
Don't worry, I'll get this done.
Honestly, I didn't know that I was going on vacation. Long story.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Petitioning for Legalisation of Gypsum Continues.**

Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **June 21, 2014, 08:21:26 am**

The week long turn limit's kind of gone out the window, hasn't it?

Title: **Re: Demongate: Petitioning for Legalisation of Gypsum Continues.**

Post by: **Gnorm** on **June 21, 2014, 12:17:24 pm**

Perhaps we should just pass the turn along; it would take too long otherwise. I see no reason why it wouldn't be better for you to take your turn when you have more time to focus upon it. Enjoy your vacation and take your turn later.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Petitioning for Legalisation of Gypsum Continues.**

Post by: **FallenAngel** on **June 21, 2014, 01:08:56 pm**

If I work on it during the drive I can get it done within the week.

I already got through Spring and am in early Summer.

Stuff that happened:

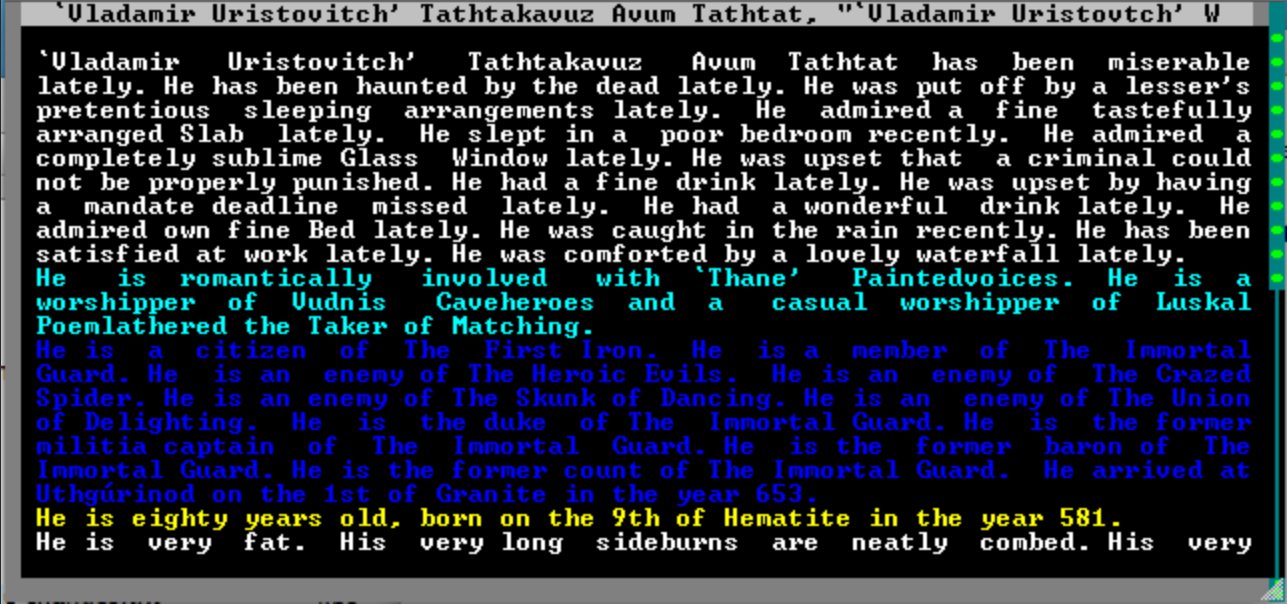
[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)

‘Uladimir Uristovitch’ Tathtakavuz Avum Tathtat, Mercenary is throwing a tantrum!

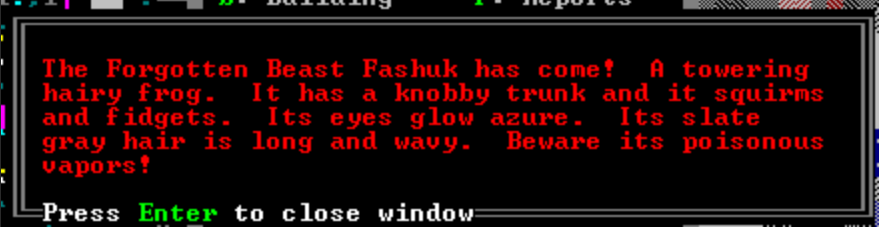
Crud.

lately. He has been haunted by the dead lately. He was put off by a lesser’s pretentious sleeping arrangements lately. He admired a fine tastefully

Haha! See! He was only "put off" by my living arrangements! It's the ghosts in the food areas that caused him to throw stuff.



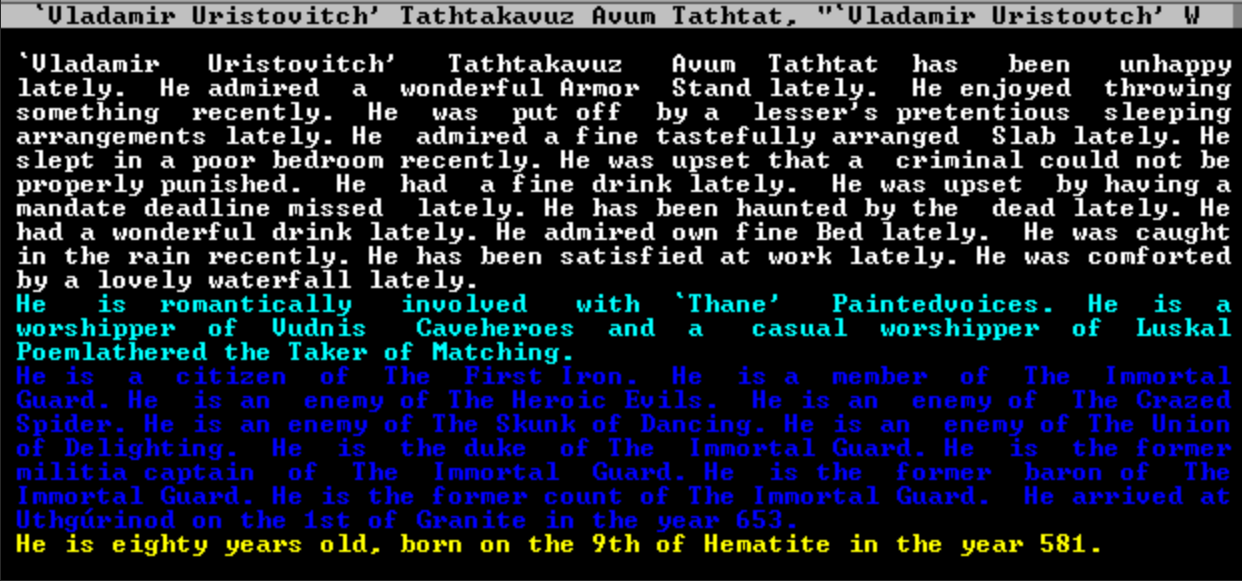
His thoughts.



This happened near the underground structure.

‘Uladimir Uristovitch’ Tathtakavuz Avum Tathtat, Mercenary has calmed down.

Phew.



Now that he's just unhappy we should be safe.

I'm going to work on it in the car and whenever I'm at a hotel.

I CAN DO THIS.

Also, anyone want to see the spider?

Title: **Re: Demongate: Petitioning for Legalisation of Gypsum Continues.**

Post by: **TheFlame52** on **June 21, 2014, 01:14:52 pm**

I want to see the spider.

And since everyone seems to hate when I post what a beast's poison does, even if I leave out several parts, I'll just use a danger rating.

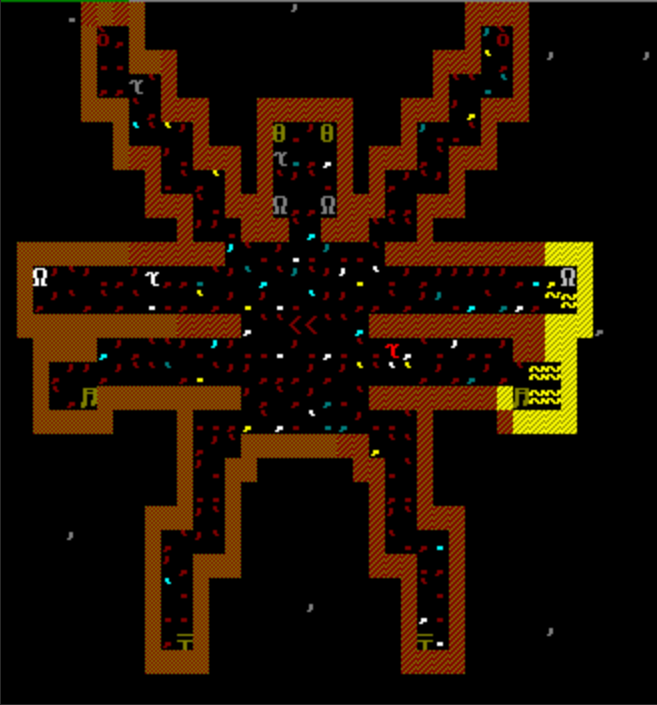
Name: Fashuk
Danger: DEADLY

Title: **Re: Demongate: Petitioning for Legalisation of Gypsum Continues.**

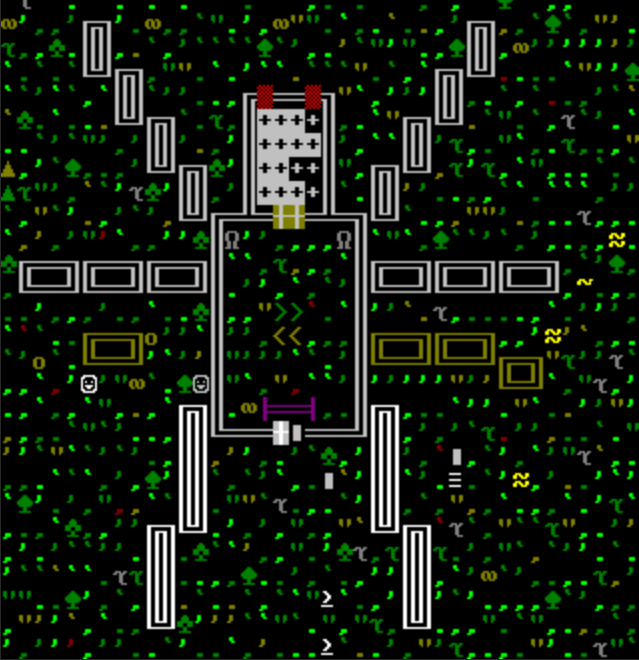
Post by: **FallenAngel** on **June 21, 2014, 01:22:11 pm**

It's where FallenAngel lives now. Since FallenAngel lived riiiiiiiiight next to Vlad, Vlad's room was expanded into FallenAngel's.

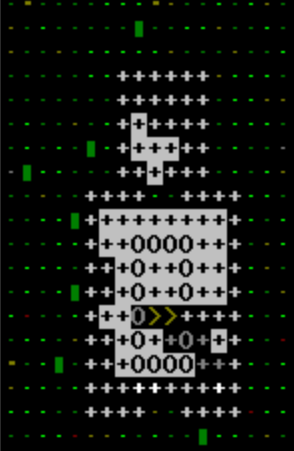
Underground floor:



Ground floor:



Incomplete 2nd floor:



Title: **Re: Demongate: Petitioning for Legalisation of Gypsum Continues.**
Post by: **TheFlame52** on **June 21, 2014, 01:27:55 pm**

Now I regret not making myself my soil-layer bunker with farms, workshops, an a well to last out anything in.

Sign me up for another turn.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Petitioning for Legalisation of Gypsum Continues.**
Post by: **FallenAngel** on **June 21, 2014, 01:31:19 pm**

...crap
Melbil Atiskan, Milker cancels Store Item in Stockpile: Interrupted by Forgotten Beast.
crapcrapcrapcrapcrapcrap
I hope it's a less-deadly one...

EDIT: **This is a Kutsmob Ngusluazstrog's corpse.**

This beast's extract doesn't cause exploding teeth or something, right?
I hope it isn't terribly deadly.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Petitioning for Legalisation of Gypsum Continues.**
Post by: **Gnorm** on **June 21, 2014, 01:35:23 pm**

This spider obsession seems to have gone too far. You're living in seclusion in a dirt bunker shaped like a spider.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Petitioning for Legalisation of Gypsum Continues.**
Post by: **FallenAngel** on **June 21, 2014, 01:41:50 pm**

Oh, and why it went down so easily:
The flying <«copper bolt»> strikes The Forgotten Beast in the head, tearing the muscle, chipping the skull and bruising the brain! A tendon in the skull has been torn!
♥The Recruit stands up.

...that marksdwarf is awesome.

EDIT: Vlad wants an electrum chest in his tomb.

Owned Objects:	16
Holdings:	Opulent Throne Room Decent Quarters Grand Dining Room Royal Mausoleum 6 Chests 4 Cabinets 4 Weapon Racks 3 Armor Stands
Needs:	Opulent Throne Room Grand Bedroom Grand Dining Room Grand Mausoleum 5 Chests 3 Cabinets 3 Weapon Racks 3 Armor Stands
Demands:	electrum chest in Tomb
Mandates:	Make war hammers <2/2> Export of quivers Prohibited Make shields <1/1>

How does he expect us to be able to do THAT?

Title: **Re: Demongate: Petitioning for Legalisation of Gypsum Continues.**
Post by: **TheFlame52** on **June 21, 2014, 01:45:01 pm**

As its dead, and the beast has only gas, Danman has had time to study it. He says it caused rotting of the lungs, oozing, a fever, and dizziness.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Petitioning for Legalisation of Gypsum Continues.**
Post by: **FallenAngel** on **June 21, 2014, 01:50:31 pm**

The last three aren't too bad but the first one?
Yikes.
I hope our doctors are skilled enough to prevent that.
Either way, I wasn't near the gas, so I should be fine.
Due to my lack of friends, I could totally keep the fort going.
Recluses who hate recluse spiders are the best recluses.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Petitioning for Legalisation of Gypsum Continues.**
Post by: **Gnorm** on **June 21, 2014, 01:52:24 pm**

If memory serves, green-gold (electrum) is an alloy of gold and silver. We should have enough of either around to make a chest.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Petitioning for Legalisation of Gypsum Continues.**
Post by: **FallenAngel** on **June 21, 2014, 01:53:27 pm**

I'm waiting for someone to actually MAKE some electrum.
Also, there's pus aaaaaallll over the main stairwell now. Thanks, Mr. Kutsmob.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Petitioning for Legalisation of Gypsum Continues.**
Post by: **fractalman** on **June 21, 2014, 02:18:07 pm**

*so, in an alternate timeline, my crystal was indeed used-
crunch
...
oh. Well that happened.*

I probably just set off every thaumometer or thaumometric array in the world with that burst...wait, no, most of the energy would have gone back in time...

Ah. yes. here it was, an entry in a random diary: "but of course you can't change the symbol without changing the thing! everyone knows that! maybe i've been drinking too much?...nah."

Yep. there was a record of my power-after all, my powers changed the symbols without changeing the thing...as a side effect. furthermore, it happened In the past. It only lasted a couple days, which is why I didn't really notice it

I wasn't about to track down the diary's owner and tell them that humans didn't know that cause they couldn't see the symbol of things unless they utilized an extra-universal perspective, and that elves had a way of temporarily changeing the symbols...

*The last time I talked about that stuff, the dwarves tried to burn me for witchcraft...
I got up and left after their third attempt to set fire to a pile of waterlogged driftwood.*

Confused? lets clear it all up...or maybe make it even more confusing...

Timeline 1: Dan's sickness is caused by an amateur's attempt to cast fire without drawing upon demonic power. They inadvertently tap into something else, something which is harmless enough on its own, but which doesn't mesh that well with dwarf fortress physics. Dan's not the only one who gets sick in that world, merely the most sick.

my crystal is taken to the place where that spell was cast, and shattered, releasing the counerspell, quarantining the original miscast.

But, apparently, dan getting sick is a "fixed point"...
TRANSITION:

So the laws of magic get rewritten ever so slightly, so that shamanistic magic sometimes conflicts with large quantaties of adamant magic...

timeline 2:

The spell is still mis-cast, but the worst of the effects are quarantined by a spell from the future.

However, the spell exerts an acute strain on the local fabric of spacetime, triggering a temporary change in the graphics. The adamant barrier releases a large burst of power to compensate, triggering the magical software conflict between shamanistic power and adamant power. said conflict looks so similar to the original pseudo-meta-balefire incident, I proceed to design the exact same treatment plan. the final spell is triggered by sheer accident.

What is NOT clear is why timeline 1 still exists...

i've changed my mind. I'll stick around to study the results of my messing with time...
Squish
"why is there pus all over the stairwell?"

Title: **Re: Demongate: Petitioning for Legalisation of Gypsum Continues.**
Post by: **Gnorm** on **June 21, 2014, 02:33:32 pm**

I'm starting to recall as to why Corley disliked the FractalEntity so.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Petitioning for Legalisation of Gypsum Continues.**
Post by: **fractalman** on **June 21, 2014, 02:38:36 pm**

Heh. Don't worry, that's the last of my reality warping stunts for this fort.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Petitioning for Legalisation of Gypsum Continues.**
Post by: **Gnorm** on **June 21, 2014, 02:41:35 pm**

Quote from: fractalman on June 21, 2014, 02:38:36 pm

Heh. Don't worry, that's the last of my reality warping stunts for this fort.

Unless of course Corley can convince Fractal to side with him. Granted, Corley *is* under the impression that the FractalEntity has a lot more control over his powers than his own journals reflect. Of course, I could be entirely misinterpreting their language.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Petitioning for Legalisation of Gypsum Continues.**
Post by: **TheFlame52** on **June 21, 2014, 03:27:25 pm**

After looking at a lot of the forgotten beasts, my danger scale goes like this: Beneficial, Hilarious, Harmless, Negligible, Low, Medium, High, Dangerous, DEADLY, BEYOND DEADLY. Beneficial usually means the poison causes numbness only. There are a few FBs like that. Hilarious implies harmless, but with some funny twist. BEYOND DEADLY means the poison isn't deadly, but will leave the person suffering for the rest of their life.

Some overseer should make an FB trap, even if it just traps them in a room with a drawbridge. We might be able to use cave-ins to catch a webber FB to capture more of them.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Petitioning for Legalisation of Gypsum Continues.**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **June 21, 2014, 05:49:49 pm**

Sounds like a lot of trouble to go to considering we know that if we ever tried to use a beast as a weapon against our enemies, either:
a) It would turn on us and kill us all
b) The enemies would drop it with a single shot to the brain
c) It would turn out that its deadly dust creates husks

Title: **Re: Demongate: Petitioning for Legalisation of Gypsum Continues.**
Post by: **TheFlame52** on **June 21, 2014, 06:12:52 pm**

Who says we need to use them as weapons? Why can't we just put them in the Forgotten Zoo?

Title: **Re: Demongate: Petitioning for Legalisation of Gypsum Continues.**
Post by: **FallenAngel** on **June 21, 2014, 06:37:31 pm**

It's mid-summer now. Nobody who got hit with the extract has suffered any longterm effects, despite the note on my door written in pus saying it's deadly. The problem is all the pus that's pooled at the very bottom of the stairwaterfall. It's starting to smell. Preparations on making the spider into a bunker are underway and should be done before the end of this winter. Two people and their three kids can survive on the supplies down here, as well as the farm plots and workshops. Vlad is still unhappy but at least he's sane. Currently, we have a little under 15.5k food, with more flowing in every day. Lots of beer. Lots of prepared meals. Besides all this, nothing much has really happened.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Petitioning for Legalisation of Gypsum Continues.**
Post by: **danmanthedog** on **June 21, 2014, 06:42:11 pm**

"Hmm man this is getting hard to dissect these Forgotten ones... hmmm wonder If I could get some help with dissecting it. Harhhh I can't believe they shot the damn soul gem."

Title: **Re: Demongate: Petitioning for Legalisation of Gypsum Continues.**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **June 21, 2014, 07:51:47 pm**

Quote from: TheFlame52 on June 21, 2014, 06:12:52 pm

Who says we need to use them as weapons? Why can't we just put them in the Forgotten Zoo?

We obtain something... and we... *don't* weaponize it? I'm afraid you're going to have to hand in your dwarf card.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Petitioning for Legalisation of Gypsum Continues.**
Post by: **FallenAngel** on **June 21, 2014, 07:57:16 pm**

Quote from: Deus Asmoth on June 21, 2014, 07:51:47 pm

Quote from: TheFlame52 on June 21, 2014, 06:12:52 pm

Who says we need to use them as weapons? Why can't we just put them in the Forgotten Zoo?

We obtain something... and we... *don't* weaponize it? I'm afraid you're going to have to hand in your dwarf card.

I'm planning to weaponize the spider building somehow, just so you know. It's a tad too small for siege weapons, though, but I can make it work somehow. I could make it so it spews water when an internal lever is pulled. It'd be really awesome if I could put tame GCS inside it and release them during a siege. The things I can do.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Petitioning for Legalisation of Gypsum Continues.**
Post by: **FallenAngel** on **June 22, 2014, 06:39:31 am**

I found one of the slightly not fearsome forgotten beasts:



No gas or dust or bite or anything.
If it gets in, it'll be of low threat.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Petitioning for Legalisation of Gypsum Continues.**
Post by: **Senshuken** on **June 22, 2014, 07:27:09 am**

Quote from: FallenAngel on June 22, 2014, 06:39:31 am



The best way to kill giant snails is to pour salt on...

...That bastard.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Petitioning for Legalisation of Gypsum Continues.**
Post by: **danmanthedog** on **June 22, 2014, 09:15:18 am**

Ah to think another blob Forgotten one would come... Now I just need it's soul gem but how do I get it when the caverns are on lock down? Maybe that Thaum dwarf could help, *Takes out soul gem but instead of blue it's dark black* "Come to me little ones of annoyance!" *Out comes a few roachs* Arh I new the soul gem is losing power but at least I summened these little guys. "Now go find the thaum dwarf and bring him to me please."

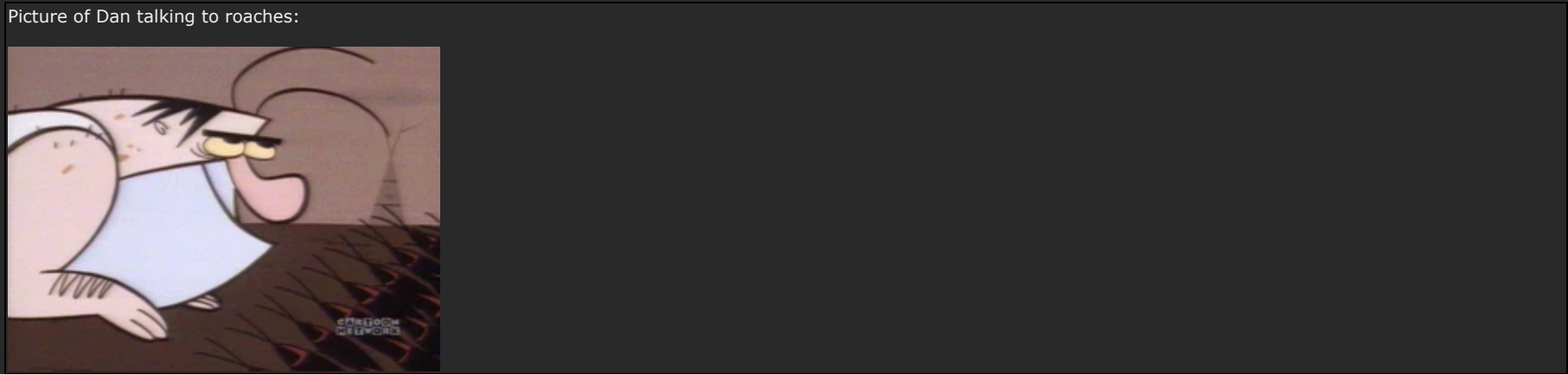
Title: **Re: Demongate: Petitioning for Legalisation of Gypsum Continues.**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **June 22, 2014, 03:04:28 pm**

Picture of Dan talking to roaches:



Title: **Re: Demongate: Petitioning for Legalisation of Gypsum Continues.**
Post by: **danmanthedog** on **June 22, 2014, 03:13:22 pm**

Quote from: Deus Asmoth on June 22, 2014, 03:04:28 pm



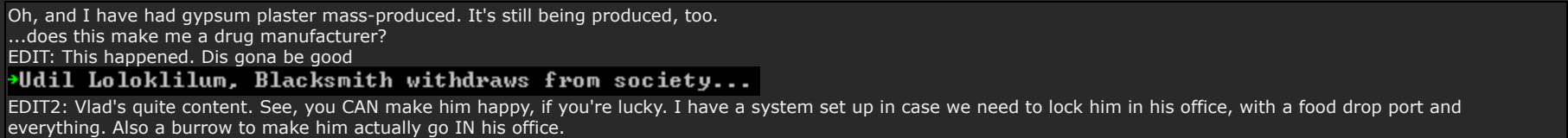
Add more beard, and less nastiness.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Petitioning for Legalisation of Gypsum Continues.**
Post by: **FallenAngel** on **June 22, 2014, 05:54:52 pm**

Oh, and I have had gypsum plaster mass-produced. It's still being produced, too.
...does this make me a drug manufacturer?
EDIT: This happened. Dis gona be good
→Udil Loloklilum, Blacksmith withdraws from society...
EDIT2: Vlad's quite content. See, you CAN make him happy, if you're lucky. I have a system set up in case we need to lock him in his office, with a food drop port and everything. Also a burrow to make him actually go IN his office.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Petitioning for Legalisation of Gypsum Continues.**
Post by: **danmanthedog** on **June 22, 2014, 06:29:58 pm**

Quote from: FallenAngel on June 22, 2014, 05:54:52 pm



But can pests get in the chute?

Title: **Re: Demongate: Petitioning for Legalisation of Gypsum Continues.**

Post by: **FallenAngel** on **June 22, 2014, 06:31:48 pm**

Quote from: danmanthedog on June 22, 2014, 06:29:58 pm

Quote from: FallenAngel on June 22, 2014, 05:54:52 pm

Oh, and I have had gypsum plaster mass-produced. It's still being produced, too.
...does this make me a drug manufacturer?
EDIT: This happened. Dis gona be good

→Udil Loloklilum, Blacksmith withdraws from society...

EDIT2: Vlad's quite content. See, you CAN make him happy, if you're lucky. I have a system set up in case we need to lock him in his office, with a food drop port and everything. Also a burrow to make him actually go IN his office.

But can pests get in the chute?

Anything except wagons can be dropped down the delivery chute.

EDIT: This happened:

‘Uladimir Uristovitch’ Tathtakavuz Avum Tathtat has been happy lately.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Petitioning for Legalisation of Gypsum Continues.**

Post by: **fractalman** on **June 22, 2014, 09:55:39 pm**

Quote

Granted, Corley is under the impression that the FractalEntity has a lot more control over his powers than his own journals reflect.

My dwarf gained much more control over his powers once he got that adamant portal built. is that what you mean?

-nah, don't expect an outright alliance...but walking up to him for a chat is perfectly safe.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Petitioning for Legalisation of Gypsum Continues.**

Post by: **FallenAngel** on **June 23, 2014, 03:13:03 pm**

A buncha stuff happened.
I died.
Some random people died.
Very few people are unhappy.
It's revealed I'm a bodysurfer and I take the body of some random dude.
Goblins.

First and foremost...
→Udil Loloklilum has begun a mysterious construction!
...which is being made out of these...
adamantine wafers TSK
<llama leather> TSK
<cave spider silk cloth> TSK
<sheep wool cloth> TSK
<llama leather> TSK
gypsum blocks TSK
<cave spider silk cloth> TSK
<llama leather> TSK
I got rid of the merchant ghost.
Tulon Oslanmilol, Ghostly Merchant has been put to rest.
Then that moody guy made this thing...
→Udil Loloklilum, Blacksmith has created Kamutnônuh, a adamantine chest!
This guy did this...
→The Diagnoser Nish Kibmegid has organized a party at Well.
The humans came by...
→A human caravan from Gil Kemus has arrived.
He visited...
→A human diplomat from Gil Kemus has arrived.
...revealed these guys...
→An ambush! Curse them!

...the first party (2nd party wasn't screencapped but was crossbowgoblins led by a hammergoblin)

Ngoso Umsmanako, Goblin Maceman	Invader
Stozu Athurar, Goblin Maceman	Invader
Stâsost Ogeuksos, Goblin Maceman	Invader
Snodub Slosazstrog, Goblin Maceman	Invader
Ngerxung Studamogur, Goblin Maceman	Invader
Snamoz Kutsmobnog, Goblin Maceman	Invader
Amxu Tospasgozru, Goblin Crossbowman	Invader

...and the law-giver died by goblin brutality.

The flying <<silver bolt>> strikes The law-giver in the lower body, tearing the muscle and tearing the pancreas through the <<large rope reed fiber cloak>>!
The Goblin Maceman strikes The law-giver in the right upper arm with her <<copper shield>>, bruising the muscle through the <<large rope reed fiber cloak>>!
The Goblin Maceman bashes The law-giver in the left lower arm with her <<silver flail>>, fracturing the bone through the <<large rope reed fiber cloak>>!
The law-giver gives in to pain.
The law-giver falls over.
→The Goblin Maceman bashes The law-giver in the head with her <<silver flail>>, bruising the muscle, jamming the skull through the brain and tearing the brain!

...and so did I.
The flying <<iron arrow>> strikes The Unknown One in the head, tearing the muscle, fracturing the skull and tearing the brain through the x<cave spider silk hood>x!
A tendon in the skull has been torn!
→The Unknown One has been knocked unconscious!

Choosing target for bodysurfing.
Don't worry, very few people are depressed, and they're only Unhappy, not Very Unhappy or Miserable.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Petitioning for Legalisation of Gypsum Continues.**

Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **June 23, 2014, 06:16:18 pm**

Yay! More war against the humans! On a related note, several people should be somewhat suspicious of another dwarf deciding to name themselves after the recently dead overseer and also start acting exactly like him. Off hand, Tarmid, Dan, Fractal and Flame should at least have some form of awareness of it for various reasons, and Thane's either able to hear disembodied spirits, so she's sensitive to the otherworld, or she's able to hear disembodied spirits, so she's crazy.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Petitioning for Legalisation of Gypsum Continues.**

Post by: **FallenAngel** on **June 23, 2014, 06:42:02 pm**

The funny thing is, nobody knows FallenAngel died.
[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)
I forbid and hid my corpse.
Also, my bodysurfing runs off of the same magic the adamantine does, which I hear is thaumic.
It's heavily efficient in the presence of the loci of an exposed adamantine vein. Other rare ores are much weaker loci but still permit it to work.
I have noticed the main populace is less attentive than the standard American.
"Oh I'm going to go down the main stairwell and down to the bottom of it"
"Oh hey there's water"
"AHHHH I'm falling into the caverns"
(skull drives into brain/upper spine's nervous tissue is torn, causing suffocation)
Both things just happened a little bit ago, to unnamed civilians.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Petitioning for Legalisation of Gypsum Continues.**
Post by: **Gnorm** on **June 23, 2014, 06:45:30 pm**

[Quote from: FallenAngel on June 23, 2014, 06:42:02 pm](#)
I have noticed the main populace is less attentive than the standard American.
I resent that!

Title: **Re: Demongate: Petitioning for Legalisation of Gypsum Continues.**
Post by: **danmanthedog** on **June 23, 2014, 06:46:42 pm**

My character wouldn't know that you body surf unless you surfed in it an animal of some sort then yes I would notice very fast.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Petitioning for Legalisation of Gypsum Continues.**
Post by: **FallenAngel** on **June 23, 2014, 06:51:55 pm**

Also, I have had to use Plan Keep Vlad Not Nuts for the second time; lock him in his office until he either goes insane or recovers.
It has a food drop chute, if he has to be in for the long haul.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Petitioning for Legalisation of Gypsum Continues.**
Post by: **fractalman** on **June 23, 2014, 08:35:56 pm**

Be vaguely aware of it, yes. Notice it, no: he expects overseers to body surf if they die prematurely, so he wouldn't think anything of it, and he's not paying much attention to the active overseer right now: he's too busy trying to analyze the results of a temporal containment spell.

...unless he trips over the overseer's original body, in which case he'd maybe notice, but not really care.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Petitioning for Legalisation of Gypsum Continues.**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **June 24, 2014, 10:38:47 am**

How does locking him in his room contribute to making him happier? Just give him a better bedroom.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Petitioning for Legalisation of Gypsum Continues.**
Post by: **fractalman** on **June 24, 2014, 12:24:34 pm**

it FORCES him to sleep in the bedroom rather than some random patch of dirt...and increases the chance of "admired own furniture lately", which seems to be better than admiring a random piece of furniture.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Petitioning for Legalisation of Gypsum Continues.**
Post by: **Gnorm** on **June 24, 2014, 01:36:38 pm**

Might as well lock Thane up in there too, while you're at it.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Petitioning for Legalisation of Gypsum Continues.**
Post by: **FallenAngel** on **June 24, 2014, 04:00:21 pm**

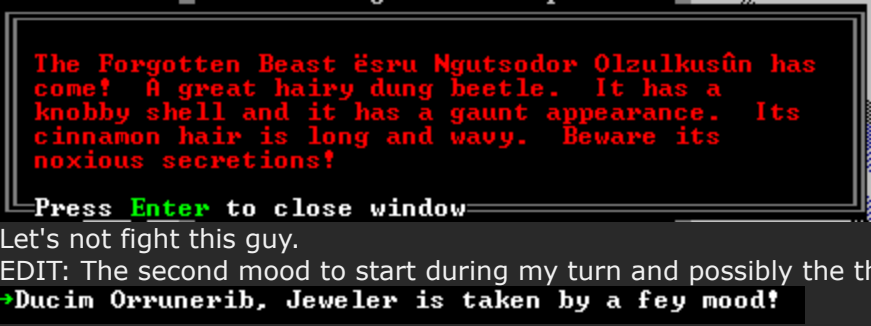
I put a bed in his office just in case.
It also prevents him from causing chaos if he goes nuts or throws a tantrum.
Better to have an insane dwarf locked up in a room than wandering the halls.
Also, goblin ambush happened.
Nothing of note has happened.
Almost to Winter.
How many days do I have left?

Title: **Re: Demongate: Petitioning for Legalisation of Gypsum Continues.**
Post by: **danmanthedog** on **June 24, 2014, 04:08:42 pm**

Whelp leaving at 4 am to Peru for 8 days so good luck people and for a story wise how about I some how found a way in to the caverns and hunting the sand blob, so shove my dorf into a room and just keep him alive ha.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Petitioning for Legalisation of Gypsum Continues.**
Post by: **FallenAngel** on **June 24, 2014, 04:19:14 pm**

Okay.
Also, more ambushes.
Nobody important has been injured.
If someone fires a few bolts at the axegoblin leader, we should be safe from the hammergoblins.
EDIT: This guy came by:



Let's not fight this guy.
EDIT: The second mood to start during my turn and possibly the third to finish:
→Ducim Orrunerib, Jeweler is taken by a fey mood!

Title: **Re: Demongate: Petitioning for Legalisation of Gypsum Continues.**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **June 24, 2014, 05:12:44 pm**

Eh... you have a certain number of days left. Providing players don't vanish entirely, I think everyone's pretty ok with turns lasting (reasonably) longer than scheduled.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Petitioning for Legalisation of Gypsum Continues.**
Post by: **FallenAngel** on **June 24, 2014, 05:15:45 pm**

Good, because Winter will take 2-3 days. Probably two.
Also, we have 75 children/babies, so there's that.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Petitioning for Legalisation of Gypsum Continues.**
Post by: **Gnorm** on **June 24, 2014, 09:18:41 pm**

Corley's Journal
Here Am I
--
Once again I walk in Demongate territory. I sneaked into the low caverns not too long ago, and I am currently camping just out of their view, near Sedilkosoth. The dwarves here have fortified all possible exits from this place, likely as a measure to keep the guardians from entreating on their living-space. This complicates matters slightly, but I know of a passage to the upper levels of the caverns nearby, and I'll be able to work my way in from there. Afterwards, all that remains is the matter of staying out of sight until my workers are ready to advance to the next stage of the project. Here am I, Sedilkosoth, and soon our purpose will be realized.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Petitioning for Legalisation of Gypsum Continues.**
Post by: **Gnorm** on **June 26, 2014, 02:28:41 pm**

How are things coming along, FallenAngel?

Title: **Re: Demongate: Petitioning for Legalisation of Gypsum Continues.**
Post by: **FallenAngel** on **June 26, 2014, 04:25:31 pm**

Almost to the last month.
Not much happened - a forgotten beast got in, I sent the 1st Axe to kill it, one baby died due to it, a rooster managed to strain the tendon of the FB before an axedwarf murderized it, and I'm damming the brook downstream of the main fort out of need for something to do.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Petitioning for Legalisation of Gypsum Continues.**
Post by: **FallenAngel** on **June 26, 2014, 09:28:21 pm**

My turn's over now.
<http://dff.d.wimbli.com/file.php?id=8700>
Good luck to the next overseer.

Things to do:
Make more coffins
Dig more burial space
Fix the waterfall down the main stairwell
Try not to kill more children
Keep overseers alive

Notes:
Vlad is happy now. Just keep with his mandates and all will be fine. Someone should deck out the mayor's stuff though.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Petitioning for Legalisation of Gypsum Continues.**
Post by: **Gnorm** on **June 27, 2014, 02:20:08 am**

Excellent, but why do we have lead coins? Also, Vlad is *still* not assigned to the table in his room, he is assigned to a table in the room at the bottom of the hallway. This isn't the first time I've pointed this out, and it should be corrected next turn.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Petitioning for Legalisation of Gypsum Continues.**
Post by: **FallenAngel** on **June 27, 2014, 05:32:25 am**

I made lead coins because I could.
Also we have tons of lead lying around.
I also never was informed that was incorrect, but Vlad is currently ecstatic.
I'm surprised you didn't comment on the fact that there is PUS EVERYWHERE.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Petitioning for Legalisation of Gypsum Continues.**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **June 27, 2014, 07:00:53 am**

I'll probably be able to get started this evening. I imagine a lot of my turn will be spent cleaning up all the x clothes x we doubtless have.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Petitioning for Legalisation of Gypsum Continues.**
Post by: **FallenAngel** on **June 27, 2014, 01:10:32 pm**

Yeah, there are xClothesx, XClothesX, and a few XXClothesXX lying about.
Those bad thoughts are cancelled out by the good thoughts caused by the waterfall I accidentally made, so fix the clothes issue before the waterfall issue.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Petitioning for Legalisation of Gypsum Continues.**

Post by: **fractalman** on **June 27, 2014, 02:14:56 pm**

Quote from: FallenAngel on June 27, 2014, 01:10:32 pm

Yeah, there are xClothesx, XClothesX, and a few XXClothesXX lying about.
Those bad thoughts are cancelled out by the good thoughts caused by the waterfall I accidentally made, so fix the clothes issue before the waterfall issue.

heh.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Petitioning for Legalisation of Gypsum Continues.**

Post by: **Gnorm** on **June 27, 2014, 02:54:46 pm**

Quote from: FallenAngel on June 27, 2014, 05:32:25 am

I'm surprised you didn't comment on the fact that there is PUS EVERYWHERE.

It's Dwarf Fortress; one comes to expect these things.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Petitioning for Legalisation of Gypsum Continues.**

Post by: **FallenAngel** on **June 27, 2014, 02:57:01 pm**

I guess so.
I'm surprised that it's still staining the floors, walls, buildings, and so on.
I'm also surprised no dwarf is complaining.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Petitioning for Legalisation of Gypsum Continues.**

Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **June 27, 2014, 03:58:56 pm**

Thane's Journal, 1st of Granite, 662.

It's been a while since I've had an opportunity to write here, since a lot has been going on. A few weeks ago, I found the Overseer's corpse stuffed into a small hole. At first I thought it was a vampire, but I soon realised that something more sinister was at hand, as Fallen Angel (or someone who looked very like him) was still walking around, giving orders! I gathered a group of soldiers and confronted him with my evidence, but he seemed satisfied to leave his position without bloodshed. After that, my followers told me that our military coup was successful, doubtless due to it being completely unpredicted by everyone, especially me. So, after a decade, I appear to be back in charge of Demongate. Take that, self swinging sword guy!

In any case, I've almost immediately discovered several problems that I'm going to rectify as soon as possible:

- The room I dug out for our mayor ten years ago is full of boxes and barrels for some reason, and our mayor is complaining that he doesn't have an office.
- The rooms I dug for our eventual baron are *a/so* full of boxes and barrels, and there's someone squatting in the baronial bedrooms.
- After Helgarde finally got out of the king sized quarters, someone else decided that they'd move in.
- Someone decided to allow the aquifer to freely flow into our main stairway for some reason. As far as I can tell, the only solution that I can make for this is to tell the masons to build a wall and repeat that instruction every time they say "But water!"
- We have an Orwellian number of unburied corpses outside the fortress for no apparent reason.
- No offerings have been made to the capital in years. I'm surprised they haven't imposed sanctions on us yet.
- Someone's been screwing around with the Vault, digging another entrance to it.

In other news, several of our pets simultaneously dropped dead of old age. Melbil Atiskan has begun a mysterious construction which involves a rough clear tourmaline.

5th:
It appears that someone decided that because Vlad's office supplies aren't high enough quality, they would give him some statues made of steel, instead of just giving him an armour stand that isn't made of wood. Melting the statues down wouldn't give us enough steel to make it worthwhile, so I guess they'll have to stay. I'm still not happy about it though.

The miners are currently working on expanding the mausoleum in order to accommodate our newly-deads, and the rest of the fortress is working to tidy the place up. First up is our bodywear. Hopefully I'll be able to take care of one archetype of clothing per month, even if the concept of carrying two socks at once is alien to most dwarves. On a related note, we only have twenty seven breastplates for our thirty seven strong militia, and none of it is steel. A good portion of it seems to have been made by goblins as well, so I'm having most of it melted down once the smiths forge suitable replacements.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Petitioning for Legalisation of Gypsum Continues.**

Post by: **Gnorm** on **June 27, 2014, 04:04:21 pm**

I don't think we should offer too much to the capital. After all, this is a fortress built for military/strategic purposes, not to become the new capital.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Petitioning for Legalisation of Gypsum Continues.**

Post by: **FallenAngel** on **June 27, 2014, 04:15:23 pm**

I can't explain the first four things (they happened before I became overseer), but I'll explain the rest.

5. I was mostly sure that it wasn't an aquifer and was caused by the water sitting ABOVE where I dug. I was wrong.
6. First I ran out of coffins. Then we almost ran out of burial space. All those casualties from the waterfall add up to a crapload of corpses, you know. Most of them are babies, so no real harm done :D
7. The capital is full of lazy slobs who send us crap every year. Too bad they're useful.
8. The vault's where coins are, right? If so, it wasn't me. I blame whoever was overseer before Flame.
9. I replaced his crappy furnishings in his bedroom, and decided he needed steel statues because there wasn't enough electrum to go around.

There. Stuff answered.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Petitioning for Legalisation of Gypsum Continues.**

Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **June 27, 2014, 04:22:37 pm**

I guess I can't really complain about the corpses, since a mason just walled himself into the aquifer when he eventually sealed it off, and I'm not bothered getting him out.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Petitioning for Legalisation of Gypsum Continues.**

Post by: **FallenAngel** on **June 27, 2014, 04:27:51 pm**

Death happens.
Since we lost a lot of miners, you might see a random fishery worker carrying a pickaxe and mining at a slow speed.
We needed another miner and that dwarf was mostly useless.

You might need another mason. Masons are vital.
Choose a random person and tell them they're a mason now.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Petitioning for Legalisation of Gypsum Continues.**
Post by: **Rhaken** on **June 27, 2014, 04:49:00 pm**

Hey Asmoth.

Quote from: Rhaken on June 17, 2014, 09:10:25 am

Tarmid wants to induct a couple of apprentices into the Order. They would be ordained as scribes and placed in his squad, to help Tarmid carry out some duties, like archiving and small research. To this end, the weapon rack in Gnora's office should be moved to an empty room across the hall, and the room should be made into the new barracks of the Scribes. Ideally, it should have a bunch of cabinets and not much else.

I'd also request that you move the gem windows in Gnora/Vlad's office into Tarmid's. Preferably, with the exact same gems, or at least one made entirely of bloodstone and another of wood opal. In-universe, they've been in Tarmid's office the whole time. I was just so brain-fried when I set them up that I put them in the wrong room.

Yes please? :D

Also, I find it kind of sad that Tarmid has lived here almost since day 1 and he still doesn't have any friends barring a pet rabbit.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Petitioning for Legalisation of Gypsum Continues.**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **June 27, 2014, 06:41:34 pm**

I guess Tarmid could have a few new scribes since Thane's been a bit... inactive in that regard lately. Gem windows are being moved if they haven't been already, and Vlad now has his very own office that he doesn't have to share with the only person in the fortress who hates him. Though, doubtless him and Gnora sharing an office made for some wacky hijinks that we'll see on Demongate: The Sitcom.

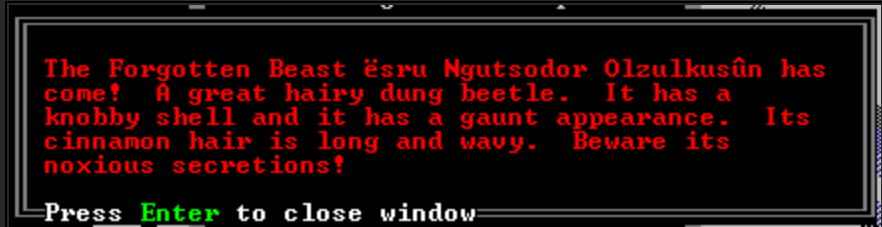
In any case, Tarmid's three new scribes are Erith Asoboddom, Onul Tarallogem and Sazir Kangoden. Erith and Sazir both have amazing memories, while Onul has a deep well of patience.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Petitioning for Legalisation of Gypsum Continues.**
Post by: **CubeJackal** on **June 27, 2014, 07:41:05 pm**

I'd just like to drop in and say that I'm sorry for leaving the original Steelhold thread dead in the water. I had some RL obligations to tend to. On the other hand, however, I'm frankly amazed at what my humble attempt at a succession fort turned into. I'm so proud of you guys. ♥

Title: **Re: Demongate: Petitioning for Legalisation of Gypsum Continues.**
Post by: **TheFlame52** on **June 28, 2014, 08:59:46 am**

Quote from: FallenAngel on June 24, 2014, 04:19:14 pm



Danger Level: Medium

Title: **Re: Demongate: Petitioning for Legalisation of Gypsum Continues.**
Post by: **FallenAngel** on **June 28, 2014, 01:53:51 pm**

L8 M8.
Deus Asmoth is currently doing his turn, although it could totally enter the fort (I figured out how the last two managed it - the waterfall. FBs can swim, and the endless water flowing into the caverns lets them enter).

Title: **Re: Demongate: Petitioning for Legalisation of Gypsum Continues.**
Post by: **Rhaken** on **June 28, 2014, 02:14:52 pm**

Quote from: CubeJackal on June 27, 2014, 07:41:05 pm

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Thank you, Jackal, for setting us on the path. It's been a hell of ride.

Quote from: FallenAngel on June 28, 2014, 01:53:51 pm

L8 M8.
Deus Asmoth is currently doing his turn, although it could totally enter the fort (I figured out how the last two managed it - the waterfall. FBs can swim, and the endless water flowing into the caverns lets them enter).

Forgotten salmon. All of them.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Petitioning for Legalisation of Gypsum Continues.**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **June 28, 2014, 02:36:23 pm**

There's no sign of Esru at the moment. The last I saw of him, he was somewhere in the vicinity of the *curious underground structure*, so presumably the next we see of him, he'll be zombified and half eaten. The eyeless lobster and humanoid are still hanging about, though the humanoid is trapped behind a wall somehow.

Hi, Jackal!

Title: **Re: Demongate: Petitioning for Legalisation of Gypsum Continues.**
Post by: **FallenAngel** on **June 28, 2014, 02:38:14 pm**

Oh, and on the off chance FallenAngel II dies, choose a random male non-soldier, name him FallenAngel III, and give him the custom title Legendary Bodysurfer. Keep doing that if I die for the third time.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Petitioning for Legalisation of Gypsum Continues.**
Post by: **Gnorm** on **June 28, 2014, 03:09:16 pm**

Quote from: CubeJackal on June 27, 2014, 07:41:05 pm

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Our founder hath shewn his face!

Title: **Re: Demongate: Petitioning for Legalisation of Gypsum Continues.**
Post by: **FallenAngel** on **June 28, 2014, 03:13:02 pm**

I lost count of how many people I killed during my turn.
Was it 10? 12? 15?

Title: **Re: Demongate: Petitioning for Legalisation of Gypsum Continues.**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **June 28, 2014, 03:52:09 pm**

Quick question. I've had Thane and Vladamir locked in a room together nearly a month now. They're standing adjacent to each other, yet neither has the 'recently talked to a loved one' happy thought. Does this have something to do with Vlad having the noble job instead of no job? Also, Vladamir is traumatised about a lesser's pretentious burial arrangements, in spite of him having a Royal Mausoleum and the next best being a Grand one. Also, it turns out that both Vladamir and Thane prefer to consume sunshine, so I guess they actually had a reason for not liking Gnora's opinion on the matter.

Thane's Journal, 5th of Slate.

Our stairs are finally water-free once more. On an unrelated note, Mebzuth Adilcatten, a promising mason-in-training, has been missing for a week.

9th:

I've prepared a gift for Tarmid to make up for my recent lapses as a student. I've discovered three new recruits that he can train in the ways of scribing, and I've prepared a duplicate of the strange device made of bloodstones that he keeps in the room he uses for meetings with Brenzen. There weren't enough bloodstones to make a perfect copy, but I found a sunstone and wood opal that should do the trick.

13th:

It seems Lokast is married. I'll admit that I'm a bit surprised by that, since I don't think I've ever heard him say a word. Perhaps he just has very persuasive handwriting.

20th:

Vladamir is naked. Again. I guess it's some kind of protest against his position or something, but for now I'm going to find some clothes and make him put them on.

22nd:

Someone's put up a bunch of blank slabs outside. I've decided that we need them to take care of our ghost problem, so they're coming down for a while.

The giant hairy dung beetle that everyone was talking about a few weeks ago has apparently been spotted in the caverns again. I've decided that the caves are too valuable a commodity to leave unused just because of a few rumours, so they're going to be opened again shortly. Any giant beetles still hanging around then should prove a very nice source of food.

26th:

Fallen Angel's death got me a bit worried. I wasn't sure what to do about it, but then I noticed that we had a giant pile of trained war dogs leaning against the corner of our outer walls, so I've assigned a pair of them to each of Demongate's notables. Tarmid took to his immediately. He doesn't really talk to anyone except the other scribes and Brenzen, so I guess that's understandable.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Petitioning for Legalisation of Gypsum Continues.**
Post by: **Gnorm** on **June 28, 2014, 05:04:37 pm**

Was Gnora amongst those that received guard dogs?

Title: **Re: Demongate: Petitioning for Legalisation of Gypsum Continues.**
Post by: **FallenAngel** on **June 28, 2014, 05:14:26 pm**

Even though she survived the beast sickness (the one with the pus, fever, and rotting lungs), a guard dog is still a great idea.
Yes, she was hit with the beast sickness.
Yes, she's one of the ones harvesting food.
Yes, it's totally safe.
No, you don't have the beast sickness.
No, your lungs are fi-
(pus explosion)
I stand corrected.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Petitioning for Legalisation of Gypsum Continues.**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **June 28, 2014, 05:34:31 pm**

Yeah, pretty much every named character got a pair of dogs. Should help prevent people getting their avatars killed just because they went outside. Also, will we be at war with the humans? I seem to recall something about their law giver getting murdered again.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Petitioning for Legalisation of Gypsum Continues.**
Post by: **FallenAngel** on **June 28, 2014, 05:36:41 pm**

This time it couldn't be prevented and wasn't actually *wanted*. The guy revealed a goblin ambush squad and got macerated in the head with a mace, after being shot in the leg with an arrow. He was running away fine until they forced him to crawl.
But yeah, prepare for a war again. But this time they should be weakened from the previous war.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Petitioning for Legalisation of Gypsum Continues.**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **June 28, 2014, 06:08:46 pm**

At least this means we'll have even more iron. Hrm. If they send a squad of swordsmen, I'm melting the blades down and turning them into a throne.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Petitioning for Legalisation of Gypsum Continues.**
Post by: **FallenAngel** on **June 28, 2014, 06:10:12 pm**

Blood for the blood god! Swords for the sword throne!

Title: **Re: Demongate: Petitioning for Legalisation of Gypsum Continues.**
Post by: **fractalman** on **June 28, 2014, 06:58:24 pm**

Quote from: FallenAngel on June 28, 2014, 03:13:02 pm

I lost count of how many people I killed during my turn.
Was it 10? 12? 15?

You mean you tried to keep track in the first place?

how naive. :cheeky grin:

Title: **Re: Demongate: Petitioning for Legalisation of Gypsum Continues.**
Post by: **TheFlame52** on **June 29, 2014, 10:53:35 am**

Quote from: FallenAngel on June 28, 2014, 05:14:26 pm

Even though she survived the beast sickness (the one with the pus, fever, and rotting lungs)

I COULD HAVE WARNED YOU, BUT NOOOOO.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Petitioning for Legalisation of Gypsum Continues.**
Post by: **Gnorm** on **June 29, 2014, 01:21:09 pm**

Quote from: TheFlame52 on June 29, 2014, 10:53:35 am

Quote from: FallenAngel on June 28, 2014, 05:14:26 pm
Even though she survived the beast sickness (the one with the pus, fever, and rotting lungs)
I COULD HAVE WARNED YOU, BUT NOOOOO.

Why ruin the fun?

Title: **Re: Demongate: Petitioning for Legalisation of Gypsum Continues.**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **June 29, 2014, 06:37:57 pm**

Thane's Journal, 7th of Felsite:

I've been attempting to get slabs made for the ghosts that are haunting Demongate, but they don't seem to be on any census of citizens. I can only assume that they came with a caravan and got killed somehow, but the engravers refuse to carve a slab for a dwarf that didn't live here. Apparently their souls can only rest if their slab is at their home. Now, I work with metal, not stone, but I'm nearly certain that a nearby male animal of the bovine description defecated loudly while they told me that.

8th:

A thresher discovered a kobold thief trying to gain access to the fortress. Instead of running around like a madman, Sazir Kangoden shot the skulking filth with her crossbow, and then ran around like a madman. The thief passed out and was shredded by some green saws that rose out of the earth.

In other news, a great scaly leech has been spotted in the caverns. It has an enormous shell and a gaunt appearance(?), and it can apparently breathe fire. I'd send the militia to fight it, but it's currently hanging out with that hairy lobster, and no one's interested in getting tangled in webs and then set on fire. Also, there's a giant noseless zebra that no one told me about near the adamantine mine. It can apparently spit webs as well, so... I'm not really sure what we're going to do about this. I'll try sending in a crossbow squad first, and if that doesn't work, I might have to flood the caves with magma.

The Beast Hunter seemed oddly cheerful as he descended into the caves. Thane could only guess that he was glad to finally have the opportunity to hunt one of the beasts he spoke of for himself. The rest of the militia was more subdued. Some even muttered that it had been a mistake to try take the deepest reaches of the caves, that they were suffering the revenge of the earth for digging too deeply and greedily. Others whispered of the rumours about the structure made of a strange black stone that even Brenzen couldn't crack with his pick. Whether they thought that it was the prize they fought for, or the curse they fought against, Thane couldn't say. Every stair brought them deeper into the earth. This far down, only the occasional torch parted the veil of darkness, making it seem as though the blackness was dancing around them, mocking them, unbeatable. Thirty seven dwarves gathered around Thane, Brenzen and Mistress Nero. Brenzen began to say something, cut off as the door to the caves rattled on its hinges. "SPREAD OUT!" Thane roared as the stone door rocked on its hinges again. The third blow sent the door flying into the wall opposite it, sending dwarves diving to the sides to dodge it, and an eyeless lobster seemed to stare at them for a moment. Nunur chittered to itself, then a claw shot forwards at Thanatos. His shield flashed up, deflecting the blow but knocking him off his feet. As he fell, he swung his sword wildly, cutting into the underside of the beast's arm. It screeched, rearing back, then slammed forwards again, spraying webs into the stairway. The more seasoned dwarves had gotten behind it by then, slicing and bashing at its legs. Brenzen barely had time to shout a warning before a giant lizard fell on them from behind.

Athrig had time to roar at the knight once before his pickaxe crashed into the lizard's skull. Brenzen pulled the pick back, waiting for the beast to fall. Instead it reared back, bringing its front legs down in a crushing blow. Brenzen spun to the side, swinging Udeshkuro! into Athrig's right knee. It roared again, and the pick crashed into its chest. Behind him, he heard Nunur screeching. He glanced behind him, certain the lobster was about to ambush him, turning back just in time to see the glow in Athrig's throat. Brenzen vaulted onto the lizard's back just in time to avoid the pillar of flame it loosed, severing its lower spine with a blow. The beast twisted in pain, fire spewing randomly across the cave. Nunur howled as its chest was engulfed by flames, but Brenzen was glad to see that all of the soldiers had raised their shields in time. The lobster fled into the darkness, a roaming beacon, and the militia converged on Athrig. The rest was slaughter.

Thane had her back to the screams and flames. There were four beasts, and they had only fought two of them so far. The lobster and the lizard were dead and dying, but she couldn't see the leech or the zebra anywhere. The fools at the stars were celebrating as though the battle was won already. If Vlad had been there, there would have been discipline, but Vlad couldn't be there. He had sworn at them when they told him, and even louder when he realised he couldn't change their minds, but once he realised that she and Brenzen wouldn't relent, he agreed, probably so they wouldn't have to waste a soldier guarding his rooms. Thane's thoughts were cut off when she heard the screams from above. She was nearly certain that it was one of the beasts. A dwarf surely couldn't howl like that. She hung Ob Kat from her shoulder, turning to help the Hellguard in their battle-

A breath behind her. She should have been worried that it was one of the beasts, but Thane had been hearing that breath for years. Everywhere she went, it seemed to be there before her, but no more. Ob Kat spun around once as she pulled it from her shoulder, ready to face whatever demon had been dogging her. Dantheman stepped into the firelight, a finger to his lips, pointing. Thane's eyes widened, then narrowed, then followed his finger. It was called Oci, she remembered. It looked like a horse, but striped black and white- or it seemed that way in the darkness, at least- and its face was flattened where its snout should have been. Thane could see Dan lining up a shot with his crossbow, taking an all too familiar breath as he steadied his aim.

It was Dan?

The bolt seemed to take an eternity to cross the distance to Oci, enough time for Thane to wonder what she had ever done to the hunter, why he would spend so much time chasing her, or Tarmid, or Gnora. The zebra growled as the bolt struck it in the gut, and a tapestry of silk flew through the air towards Thane and her stalker. The both dived away. Thane stood up, searching for Dan. He was on the ground, reaching towards her, webs wrapped around his legs up to the knees. "Help," he said. Thane backed away. Dan's face twisted in confusion, and he struggled to his feet slowly, too slowly. He was bringing up his bow for another shot when Oci's hoof connected with his jaw. Necks don't bend that way, Thane thought numbly. Oci spat more webs onto the hunter as he spasmed on the ground, looking up as

reinforcements arrived. There was aflash of blue through the air as Lor Istbarsigun dodged under the zebra's feet, bringing his axe up in an underhand stroke that sent it crashing through the beast's ribcage. The militia captain abandoned his weapon to jump away from Oci's kicks and bites, each more feeble than the last, until it finally sank to the ground.

Thane silently walked over to Dantheman. He didn't seem to be breathing. As she knelt beside him, there was a sickening squelch as Lor pulled his axe out of Oci's corpse.

"It looks like his neck was broken," he said when he saw what she was looking at.

"I could have saved him," Thane whispered numbly.

"Don't go blaming yourself," Lor told her. "Rule number one, remember? I'm sure if you'd gotten here before me, you would have done the same, but Dan shouldn't have tried to fight the thing alone. He knew better than anyone how dangerous they are."

Thane nodded silently. It was better this way. Dan could be a hero, and she wouldn't have to tell anyone why she'd left him there.

"Do you want to hear the tallies?" Brenzen was asking her from miles away.

"Not yet," Thane heard herself say. "I need to pray first."

Brenzen nodded understandingly. "I'm sure we all have things we need to forget."

Thane glanced down at Dan, nodding. Some more than others.

Final tally:

- Two soldiers were caught in webs and fell on weapon traps. One died, the other is only missing most of the right hand side of his body.
- Dan was an accident. Literally the first two actions of the battle were him firing his bolt and then getting kicked in the head.
- Seven dwarves and four war dogs burned to death.
- Four dead forgotten beasts.
- The leech got into the miner's guildhall and killed most of the miner's guild. At least they can't organise strikes any more. Our Legendary Drug Dealer eventually killed it.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Petitioning for Legalisation of Gypsum Continues.**
Post by: **FallenAngel** on **June 29, 2014, 07:34:45 pm**

pulls out the flag of Demongate

This is why I never fought the things unless they started causing havoc.

It worked out fine.

I work on the principle of "If it is large and dangerous, wait for it to start the chaos."

There was only one civilian death caused by a forgotten beast during my turn, and it was a baby.

The rest were due to goblin ambushes or falling into the caverns.

How many miners are dead? I think it's time to assign random people to the Mining labor and train new ones. It's not like we mine *that* much around here.

Also, remember that the guildmaster died by way of falling into the caverns, which was a complete accident. If I planned it, Helgarde would have been told to duel a forgotten beast with only a copper spear and a loincloth, because that would be hilarious to watch.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Petitioning for Legalisation of Gypsum Continues.**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **June 29, 2014, 07:38:24 pm**

Surprisingly enough, no miners were actually killed by the leech, just all of their friends and family.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Petitioning for Legalisation of Gypsum Continues.**
Post by: **TheFlame52** on **June 29, 2014, 07:44:52 pm**

WELP DAN IT LOOKS LIKE OUR ALLIANCE IS AT AN END

Title: **Re: Demongate: Petitioning for Legalisation of Gypsum Continues.**
Post by: **Gnorm** on **June 29, 2014, 07:59:07 pm**

Gnora's Journal
Dantheman
--
I didn't see Dan come out of cavurns with the militia. I found out later that he had dyed. Now that he's gone, I ain't exactly sure how I felt about him when he was alive. He was with the other founders, but there was something diffrent about him. He didn't yeeld so easily to the whims of Vlad, Brenzin, or Thane. No, he did what he pleased. Now that I think about it, he may have been kind to me on occasion; I wasn't kind to him.

Now he's dead, the other five and me are the only founders left. Thane's in charge for now. She can have her glory, I'll keep to my work, even as it begins to get dreary. Life in Demongate might could make any dwarf mad. Maybe the death of Dan is the beginning of a darker time here?

Title: **Re: Demongate: Petitioning for Legalisation of Gypsum Continues.**
Post by: **FallenAngel** on **June 29, 2014, 08:06:23 pm**

From the engravings of FallenAngel II, former overseer and legendary bodysurfer

After being mentally exhausted by the stress of seeing over the fort, I appointed the first person I saw with overseership. I'm overcome with a strange feeling that feels like a mixture of regret, disappointment, and brown recluse spider poisoning in my third left toe. Thane decided to fight the forgotten beasts despite the great deal I had with them - they don't enter the fort proper, the military doesn't murderize them. I heard that many soldiers and Dantheman died, as well as some dogs and the relatives of the miners. I'm afraid if stuff gets too messy around here, I may have to hide in the spider. All I'll need to do is find the key to the backup food supplies that I hid in my cabinet and I'm set. Dying is painful. I would know.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Main Character Deaths Make Good Storylines!**
Post by: **Gnorm** on **July 02, 2014, 03:25:18 am**

Are there any more beasts roaming about the lower caverns at this point?

Title: **Re: Demongate: Main Character Deaths Make Good Storylines!**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **July 02, 2014, 04:26:36 pm**

There are two. Well, one now after the incident with the Hellguard that I'll reveal shortly (it turns out that lung rot is a bad thing). The final beast seems content lounging around in the lake, so the caves are pretty much ours. Aside from that creepy fortress, but I'm sure all the stories about it were made up anyway.

I'd have posted the relevant update yesterday, but my computer BSOD'd while I was doing the write up, and when stuff like that happens it takes me a while to work up the motivation to do it again. The save also got knocked back to late spring, which was annoying.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Main Character Deaths Make Good Storylines!**
Post by: **TheFlame52** on **July 02, 2014, 04:47:18 pm**

Flame walked into Danman's room and took a medium-sized book out of his cabinet. *He's not using it anymore, so I might as well*, she thought. She walked back down the hall with the book concealed under her arm.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Main Character Deaths Make Good Storylines!**
Post by: **Gnorm** on **July 02, 2014, 04:50:09 pm**

Quote from: Deus Asmoth on July 02, 2014, 04:26:36 pm
I'd have posted the relevant update yesterday, but my computer BSOD'd while I was doing the write up, and when stuff like that happens it takes me a while to work up the motivation to do it again. The save also got knocked back to late spring, which was annoying.

Does this override the write-up of the forgotten beast fight, or was that already completed?

Title: **Re: Demongate: Main Character Deaths Make Good Storylines!**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **July 03, 2014, 05:44:27 am**

Nah, that was already saved.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Main Character Deaths Make Good Storylines!**
Post by: **Gnorm** on **July 03, 2014, 03:16:17 pm**

Corley's Journal
No Time to Write
--
No time to write now. Have infiltrated Demongate proper once more. Staying out of sight. All according to plan. Need hide-out and base.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Main Character Deaths Make Good Storylines!**
Post by: **Rhaken** on **July 03, 2014, 05:41:22 pm**

Quote from: Gnorm on July 03, 2014, 03:16:17 pm
Corley's Journal
No Time to Write
--
No time to write now. Have infiltrated Demongate proper once more. Staying out of sight. All according to plan. Need hide-out and base.

Goddammit.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Main Character Deaths Make Good Storylines!**
Post by: **Gnorm** on **July 03, 2014, 05:43:57 pm**

Quote from: Rhaken on July 03, 2014, 05:41:22 pm
Quote from: Gnorm on July 03, 2014, 03:16:17 pm
Corley's Journal
No Time to Write
--
No time to write now. Have infiltrated Demongate proper once more. Staying out of sight. All according to plan. Need hide-out and base.

Goddammit.

I presume that Tarmid and Sir Brenzen will take note of this intrusion.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Main Character Deaths Make Good Storylines!**
Post by: **Rhaken** on **July 03, 2014, 05:49:34 pm**

Quote from: Gnorm on July 03, 2014, 05:43:57 pm
Quote from: Rhaken on July 03, 2014, 05:41:22 pm
Quote from: Gnorm on July 03, 2014, 03:16:17 pm
Corley's Journal
No Time to Write
--
No time to write now. Have infiltrated Demongate proper once more. Staying out of sight. All according to plan. Need hide-out and base.

Goddammit.
I presume that Tarmid and Sir Brenzen will take note of this intrusion.

I was ever so slowly writing the post wherein Tarmid finds out who Joyce is. I can put that section up now without the epic scene of battle and history if y'all want me to.

Curiously, the title of Corley's journal entry fits me like a glove right now. These days I spend most of my time trying to beat an IDE into doing what I need it to do.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Main Character Deaths Make Good Storylines!**
Post by: **Gnorm** on **July 03, 2014, 06:01:19 pm**

Quote from: Rhaken on July 03, 2014, 05:49:34 pm
I was ever so slowly writing the post wherein Tarmid finds out who Joyce is. I can put that section up now without the epic scene of battle and history if y'all want me to.
Do it, pal!

Title: **Re: Demongate: Main Character Deaths Make Good Storylines!**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **July 03, 2014, 06:10:54 pm**

We managed to come to the aid of the Hellguard before Fashuk could kill any of them. The beast seemed wreathed in some strange mist while we fought, and we initially feared side effects, but most of those exposed don't seem to be showing any side effects other than some fever and dizziness. None of the squad seem eager to waste time in hospital, so we have resumed training.

-Lor.

"The miners tell us that there's no more flux stone that we can use," Fractal said when Thane put the report down. Thane frowned. "Have you considered asking them to dig more out?"
"We were going to, but Brenzen says this is meant to be a military fort, and if there are too many tunnels underneath it, our security will be threatened," the strange dwarf shrugged.
"We've breached three levels of underground cave systems. I doubt that mining some stone will give our enemies that much more in the way of tactical advantages," Thane told him. "Organise the miners to get some work done. They've been too uppity since Helgard gave them a guild."
Fractal nodded and left. An elf edged his way in before the door could close.

"Greetings, dwarf. My name is Yarare Mafibaci. Though our time together will be short, I am sure we can accomplish much," he said,

smirking at his own wit.
"How interesting," Thane replied. "See, I was planning on locking your merchants outside the fortress, allowing the invading goblin army to murder you all, and then looting your corpses once we'd dealt with the greenskins."
"You wouldn't dare!" Yarare growled.
"Of course not," she grinned. "It's not as though any of your traders ever died on their way here before, right?"
The elf glowered at her for a moment, then muttered, "What are your terms?"
"You will not mention trees or preserving the precious lives thereof to any dwarf you meet. You will accept what deals we feel are reasonable, and you will not slip a splinter into the trade goods afterwards and then pitch a fit about it. You will be gone by summer," the weaponsmith smiled. The elf glowered at her for another moment, then nodded angrily.
"Good," Thane said. "Now, if you'll excuse me, we have a war to fight."

*

His name was Zom Songuzong. He had always been the fastest in his squad, but it was only now occurring to him that it might not always be a good thing to be first in line. As he had rushed towards the elves, the ground had risen from the earth beneath him, tossing him on top of the walls around the fortress. His head was ringing, and his right arm had gone numb after he landed on it. Zom looked up at the sound of a growl. A small dog was in front of him, hackles raised, teeth bared. Zom chuckled, picking up his axe in his left hand.
"C'mere, puppy," he snarled. "I'll show you what we use dogs for where I'm from."
The dog just kept snarling as he walked towards it. Zom raised the axe, then fell howling as another set of teeth closed around his ankle. The growling dog gave what he imagined could be translated as a laugh, then Zom vanished into the claws and fangs of the pack.

*

"Essentially, we're going to let them die on our traps. We don't have to manpower to be guaranteed success if we meet them in the field," Thane said.
"I have a better idea," Thanatos shouted, drawing his sword. "It's called Murder Them All!" He ran out of the barracks, charging at an injured axe-goblin.
"So, anyway," Thane said. "We're just going to let the goblins die on our traps."
"But you can't just let him die!" one of the swordsdwarves complained.
"Why not?" she yelped. "You saw him! He's an idiot! It's natural selection!"
The swordsdwarves didn't seem satisfied with her reasoning. Thane growled, drew Ob Kat and grudgingly led the troops into battle. She could just make out Tarmid directing vollies of bolts behind the fortifications. A group of goblins were howling on the ground beneath the walls, either arrow fodder or actually stupid enough to charge a group of archers on foot. To the north, Thanatos was fighting a group of trolls, slashing at their feet from the ground. Every time he stood up, one of them charged at him, and he was forced down again. She doubted he would last much longer, though doubtless his squad would save him before that happened. Thane sighed.

The injured goblins were attempting to join with a squad of sword wielders approaching from the west. Thane led her hammer squad against them while Tarmid's crossbows forced the goblin reinforcements back. It felt more like butchery than battle, right up until Lor opened her mouth to shout in victory and spouted a fountain of pus instead. Thane caught her as he collapsed.
"What happened to you?" she screamed above the din of battle. Lor coughed, grimacing.
"I guess the beast had more tricks than fevers," he said weakly. "At least I can die in battle," he grunted, struggling to his feet.
"Go back! Cornelius will find a cure for you!" Thane shouted.
"How? By cutting my lungs out? I hear you need those to breathe," Lor grinned. It wasn't pretty. "We'll save Thanatos, you and Brenzen hold the west side from attack."

Twenty militia dwarves lined up beside Thane. Behind them, civilians dashed out in search of loot. Thane saw Gnora only briefly. She heard herself screaming at them to get back inside the walls, then Gnora jerked as an arrow hit her in the side of the head. She crumpled to the ground like an old doll. (I seem to have forgotten to use the burrows to keep dwarves from getting themselves killed for a pair of socks. I didn't even unforbid the goblin gear, so I don't know what they were retrieving)
"They have archers as well!" some idiot was shouting. The rest became a blur. Her hammer rose and fell, rose and fell. She could hear herself laughing, but she wasn't sure who was more frightened by it. Bones were crunching, the grass was red. She saw an archer pulling his last arrow from his quiver, desperately trying to aim at her in spite of his shaking hands. Ob Kat hit him in the elbow, jamming it backwards. The arrow lodged itself in his foot, but he didn't seem to notice. Her hammer whirled around again, shattering his skull. Thane looked for another goblin to kill. She was disappointed where she realised there weren't any.

Thanatos survived.

Final tally:
Dead goblins: Many.
Dead dwarves: Also many. Damn burrows.
Dead important dwarves: Gnora, FallenAngel2.
Walking dead: Most of the axe squad, some of the Hellguard.
Final notes: Pretty much everything that went wrong did. A kobold corpse lodged the barracks door open, so Thanatos saw a goblin and though he had a great idea. Some zombies from the dark fortress tried to invade while the battle was going on, but the traps mostly took care of them, which was lucky since none of the militia felt like leaving the battle. On the bright side, there weren't any goblins locked in with the elves, so I think they...

Dead Elves: Many.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Main Character Deaths Make Good Storylines!**
Post by: **FallenAngel** on **July 03, 2014, 06:29:26 pm**

I seem to keep dying.
I was a doctor, too.
Choose a random adult male and name him "FallenAngel III" with the title "Legendary+1 Bodysurfer".
FallenAngel won't go down without a fight, no matter how often he's killed.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Main Character Deaths Make Good Storylines!**
Post by: **Rhaken** on **July 03, 2014, 06:31:45 pm**

Quote from: FallenAngel on July 03, 2014, 06:29:26 pm
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Wasn't body-surfing mostly against the rules?

Also, Tarmid's thaumometer must be going apeshit. Body-surfers, forgotten beasts, Corley's return. I wonder why he hasn't noticed yet?

You'll find out when I'm done editing the post.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Main Character Deaths Make Good Storylines!**
Post by: **FallenAngel** on **July 03, 2014, 06:36:38 pm**

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You'll find out when I'm done editing the post.

Nobody seems to be complaining that I am.

Also, I think the thaumometer should have exploded by now.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Main Character Deaths Make Good Storylines!**

Post by: **Gnorm** on **July 03, 2014, 06:41:17 pm**

So, apparently *I'm* the overseer-killer?

Title: **Re: Demongate: Main Character Deaths Make Good Storylines!**

Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **July 03, 2014, 06:54:23 pm**

Technically, I didn't kill the overseers, they just sort of... stopped being alive. It was entirely natural causes, anyway.

Quote from: FallenAngel on July 03, 2014, 06:36:38 pm

Nobody seems to be complaining that I am.
Also, I think the thaumometer should have exploded by now.

I made him a new one anyway. It has bloodstones, sunstones and wood opals in it, so there will definitely be absolutely no dreadful unforeseen repercussions.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Main Character Deaths Make Good Storylines!**

Post by: **Gnorm** on **July 03, 2014, 06:57:12 pm**

Throws something of a wrench into the plans I was formulating for my next turn, which I plan to write-up *very* extensively. Do you think that there will be a migrant wave any time soon?

Title: **Re: Demongate: Main Character Deaths Make Good Storylines!**

Post by: **FallenAngel** on **July 03, 2014, 07:05:39 pm**

There were no migrants during my turn, so I doubt it.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Main Character Deaths Make Good Storylines!**

Post by: **Gnorm** on **July 03, 2014, 07:24:54 pm**

In such a case, re-dwarf me as a male, adult, craftsdwarf (any sort will do). Call him Torvald, a newcomer to the fortress who approaches the overseer, Thane, to ask for his "sister, Gnora." He'll be a fairly laid-back type of guy, though eager to cast his influence over the fortress..

Also, it would be interesting if we could see a write-up of one of the more recent "prayer meets." Considering that Thane has seen several of her former friends die recently, it would be nice to take a glance into her psyche.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Main Character Deaths Make Good Storylines!**

Post by: **Rhaken** on **July 03, 2014, 07:26:49 pm**

I must confess, I like Gnorm's idea of writing up one of the meetings. Both for Thane's thoughts, and to see how the Evening Prayer Group gets things done. Also Thane, if you could write up a bit where Thane reveals the truth of Dantheman's stalking to Tarmid, I'd much appreciate it.

Brenzen's meditation was interrupted by the crash of the door. He rose and wheeled on the intruder, hand moving to the handle of the pick at his belt. The intruder would be dead within sec-

What the hell was Tarmid doing here?

"Tarmid," *the knight growled.* "I trust you have a reason for barging into my chambers like this?"

The Loremaster looked haggard. His skin glistened with sweat, and his wide-open cobalt eyes flared like sapphires in firelight as they darted every which way. Even Brenzen had never seen him like this.

"Did something happen, Tarmid?"

It took several moments of tense silence before Tarmid could catch his breath. Brenzen eyed him suspiciously the entire time, hands close to his pick. He knew Tarmid had been reading the Apocrypha, the most forbidden texts in the Order, deemed too dangerous to remain public. Had he glimpsed the forbidden secrets within and gone mad as a result? Were his eyes dashing through apparitions in his sight, here one moment and gone the next, all within Tarmid's exhausted but formidable mind?

"I've found him," *Tarmid said at last. His voice sounded distant, like he'd spoken from the far end of a hallway lined in rope reed cloth.*

"Found who?" *After several seconds without a reply, Brenzen's voice rose.* "Tarmid, who did you find?"

"Joyce. Joyce is the Father."

Brenzen gaped.

"Vhat is the meaningk of this, Tarmid? Ve can't hold Eveningk Prayers vithout the sacred hooch!"

"There are more important things to think about today, Vlad." *The baron was taken aback. It had been months since Tarmid had called him anything but 'your lordship'.*

"These past few years, since our most gracious friend Joyce left us, I have been scouring the books looking for him. I know I'd heard the name, but did not know where. I later found a Joyce in a collection of correspondence dealing with ancient Steelhold."

"Okay, so he was some joker who read old letters," *said sober, level-headed Cornelius.* "Or he just had the same name, however unusual. It happens. From what we know, both of Saint Rhaken's long-lived sons were called Stinthad."

"That would have been the case," *Tarmid replied,* "if not for what we discovered afterward. We inspected the sterling silver sarcophagus in the lower levels. Inside of it was that Blackmore fellow who brought it in. Drained of blood."

The Evening Prayer Group nodded, taking it all in. After all these years, they had learned not to question the actions of their representatives of the Order. They couldn't get a straight answer and at least the two were trustworthy.

Tarmid continued. "Sir Brenzen and I were promoted some years back. With my promotion came a new heap of material to study. I've been digging through it all ever since, and thanks to Thane's gifts-" she smiled at him-"I've finally been able to find what I was looking for."

"In the year 157, when The First Iron invaded Clearstockades, they found but a few hundred Bloodkin. By the time they had breached the gate, several of the fiends had escaped, including Nish Woodlabor, their general." Tarmid spoke in his teacher's voice, keeping them interested, though he nearly cringed at how many details he'd skipped.

"They had made for the caverns beneath the mountain, presumably to regroup elsewhere or await reinforcements. They were ambushed in the deep, however, by a small party of our Knights. The two forces clashed and decimated one another, while Nish and another Bloodkin fled. Four dwarves gave chase, though none of them was of the Order." In the back of his mind, Tarmid noted he had their attention.

"The dwarves caught up with the Kin, and promptly slew Nish while the other ran on. Eventually, they caught up with him as well. He was the real target. Corley. Father of the Bloodkin."

Gasps escaped the lips of the secret rulers of Demongate. They all knew the legends. The Bloodkin had been created by three of the dwarves of Steelhold. Corley, who was the Father, Asmoth, his grand-aunt, who was the Mother, and the mad Shank and Queen Kivish, who were Uncle and Auntie. At one point or another, every dwarven child had been told to behave or Shank would come to them in the night.

"They fought Corley to the best of their ability, but succeeded only in disabling him. Even fire would not destroy the Father. So they dragged him back to Clearstockades with a blade driven through skull and heart. They interred him in a massive sterling silver sarcophagus, and plunged it into the ocean to sink into oblivion."

Silence surrounded the dwarves in the chapel like a cloak of thickest shadow. It hung there for as long as it dared, until Thane's hushed voice tried to break through.

"So Joyce was the Father?"

Tarmid nodded, and the silence regrouped around them. Later, they would have much to discuss. For the time being, they reached for their casks and drank without a word.

Safely ensconced back in his office, Tarmid scratched at his recently-trimmed beard. Now that his research was mostly concluded, he kept feeling like he was forgetting something. Cobalt eyes swept the room, searching for an answer, or something to jog his memory. They drifted through open books and open bookshelves, through the spines of dusty tomes and recent notes still smelling of ink. They inspected writing materials and work orders and the tarp in the corner-

"FUCK."

Tarmid ran to the gemstone arrays, yanked the dusty tarp and flung it toward the corner. It had been months, maybe more than a year since he'd looked at them. The Bloodkin could have come and gone and he would not have known a thing.

He inspected them now, trying to remain calm enough to interpret the motions. The thaumometer was roiling and glowing, a pattern of light that cast restless shades across the cramped office. Magic was afoot, and plenty of it. Tarmid had to cover the thaumometer before he could inspect the bloodstone array, and what he saw there made his blood freeze.

The crimson specks were moving. A Bloodkin was among them.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Main Character Deaths Make Good Storylines!**
Post by: **Gnorm** on **July 03, 2014, 07:40:29 pm**

Fortunately, Demongate is a big place. Corley could hide anywhere within the walls or amongst the crowd, and the Prayer Group doubtfully find him.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Main Character Deaths Make Good Storylines!**
Post by: **FallenAngel** on **July 03, 2014, 07:41:56 pm**

From the engravings of FallenAngel III, Legendary+1 Shapeshifter

My worst fears have been realized. I have died once again. There is only one way I could have died twice in such quick succession is that some sort of terrifying beast is afoot. I'm not talking about the forgotten beasts. They don't scare me. Well, not after the fifteenth time one killed me. I'm not even talking about whatever resides in that strange castle - they can't influence such events from so far away. I can't tell what exactly, at least not at this point. I saw a strange machine in someone's room that may help when combined with my senses, but I'm unsure on how I could safely acquire it.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Main Character Deaths Make Good Storylines!**
Post by: **TheFlame52** on **July 03, 2014, 07:54:50 pm**

Finally, things are going down! Feel free to use Flame as long as she doesn't get killed - she still need to finish the steel discs for the front traps.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Main Character Deaths Make Good Storylines!**
Post by: **danmanthedog** on **July 03, 2014, 10:50:55 pm**

I'm back from my peru trip guys and WHAT. THE. FUCK. I thought I said to at least try to keep me alive till im back but man come on. So yeah I might post some pictures and shit but I you want juicy details like what I ate and shit just ask me.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Main Character Deaths Make Good Storylines!**
Post by: **danmanthedog** on **July 05, 2014, 08:10:53 pm**

Double post baby! So... this dead or what?

Title: **Re: Demongate: Main Character Deaths Make Good Storylines!**
Post by: **Gnorm** on **July 05, 2014, 08:44:35 pm**

Quote from: danmanthedog on July 05, 2014, 08:10:53 pm

Double post baby! So... this dead or what?

Of course not!

Title: **Re: Demongate: Main Character Deaths Make Good Storylines!**
Post by: **danmanthedog** on **July 05, 2014, 09:15:55 pm**

Quote from: Gnorm on July 05, 2014, 08:44:35 pm

Quote from: danmanthedog on July 05, 2014, 08:10:53 pm

Double post baby! So... this dead or what?

Of course not!

Whew okay because I was really worried there for a bit and the picture will be up when ever I stop being lazy to post them. Just to let you know they eat guinea pigs down there and I had some.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Main Character Deaths Make Good Storylines!**
Post by: **Gnorm** on **July 05, 2014, 10:05:44 pm**

Quote from: danmanthedog on July 05, 2014, 09:15:55 pm

Quote from: Gnorm on July 05, 2014, 08:44:35 pm

Quote from: danmanthedog on July 05, 2014, 08:10:53 pm

Double post baby! So... this dead or what?

Of course not!

Whew okay because I was really worried there for a bit and the picture will be up when ever I stop being lazy to post them. Just to let you know they eat guinea pigs down there and I had some.

Yeah, worry not. If Asmoth falters in posting new content from his turn, we'll wrestle the save out of his hands. I'm sure he's working on it, he just has other aspects to his life than this hobby.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Main Character Deaths Make Good Storylines!**
Post by: **Senshuken** on **July 06, 2014, 04:37:17 am**

Artyom sighed as he stood respectfully next to one of many coffins that had needed to be filled recently.

The last weeks had seen the deaths of many a dwarf, but the to big ones that he had taken the effort to pay attention to were those of Dan and Gnora.

Admittingly Dan's death hadn't been that big of a surprise. Considering the list of people that he seemed to be stalking the fact that Dan wasn't stabbed to death years okay was a surprise in and of itself. Gnora's however...

Reaching out to place a hand on Gnora's coffin, he patted it gently as he reflected on his follow founder. She had withdrawn from her fellow founders and the relationship between her and Vlad had been hostile from pretty much the start... Still, she didn't deserve all the crap she got.

As a final sign of respect, Artyom placed a flagon of one of Gnora's own concoctions of ale on top of her coffin. "Wherever you are... I hope there aren't any sun-berries. Take care Gnora."

Title: **Re: Demongate: Main Character Deaths Make Good Storylines!**
Post by: **danmanthedog** on **July 06, 2014, 07:00:14 am**

Hmm don't forget about the soul gem I had and all the stuff.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Main Character Deaths Make Good Storylines!**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **July 06, 2014, 07:27:04 am**

I think Flame might already have made off with your soul gems. Sorry about the delay, I've been out and about for a few days. Gnora's brother will be in the next update, I just couldn't think of a good way to transition to his arrival.

Lor Istbarsigun’s chest shuddered as she breathed out. The medics around her wrinkled their noses at the smell, but Thane had grown used to it hours ago. Lor’s yellowed eyes cracked open again, and she attempted a smile.
"Did... the others...survive?" she gasped. Thane blinked, then nodded.
"Nero, Ducim, Zasit, Thob?"
"They’re all fine," Thane said. She didn’t even glance at the bodies in the beds beside her.
"Good," Lor nodded. She clenched her teeth for a moment. "Is it true that Armok lets heroes live again when he creates a new world?"
"Of course it is," answered Thane.
"...was I a hero?" Lor whispered.
"You were a great hero," Thane told her. "They’ll write ballads about you."
Lor smiled. She never spoke again.

*

There wasn’t an immediate response when she knocked on the door, so she waited for the sound to filter through whatever Tarmid was reading now. The door creaked open after a minute, and he finally peered out.
"I need to talk to you," Thane said. Tarmid nodded.
"Come inside, won’t you?"
"Not here," she answered. "I found out something recently, and I’m worried about how far it goes. I need to show you something, anyway."
She walked away without looking back. Tarmid frowned for a moment, then followed her.
"I thought that there was something strange about the caves when we opened them again," she said over her shoulder as they descended into the darkness. "There were just so many creatures down there, when normally you’d only get one or two a year... I thought it was just bad luck, or a terrible decision on my part, but then..."
"Then?" Tarmid prompted her. Thane turned abruptly, thrusting her torch into the darkness. She appeared to listen intently for a moment, then continued walking just as suddenly.
"It’s just a little further," she said. They had finished with the stairs, and the bloodstained floor of the lowest cave opened out before them. "You see, during the goblin invasions, a group of undead... things tried to attack us from below. The traps took care of them, but I wanted to find out where they came from. There were a few notes about a strange structure in some of our Overseer books, but they were mostly hushed up. In any case, here we are."

It was an unnaturally smooth wall made of a stone Tarmid couldn’t identify. He took the torch from Thane, lighting the rock as best he could, but it remained as black as ever. He tried to chip off a sample with his knife, but it shattered.
"It’s unbreakable, as near as I can tell," Thane told him. "But someone must have shaped it. Me and my squad have been clearing the place out for a while now and we think we’ve gotten all the zombies, but there could be one or two lurking about."
"Is this where you’ve been since Lor died?" Tarmid demanded. Thane nodded. "You can't just abandon your duties to the entire fortress on a whim, Thane! What if you’d died?"
"Someone could have replaced me, I’m sure," she shrugged.
"And Vladamir? What about him?"
Thane looked pained. "He’s got his own stuff to work through. He doesn’t need me around all the time."
"What’s gotten into you lately, Thane?" Tarmid asked.
"I found out who’s been following us around," she answered quietly. "It was Dan."
"That’s ridiculous!" Tarmid exclaimed. "He was one of the founders of the fortress! If he was the spy, then..."

"Then anyone could be one," nodded Thane. "He could be a ringleader or a pawn, and I don't even know what his motives were."

"Thane... is this why he's dead?"

"What!? No! I just... I found out, and... I wanted to help him, but..."

Tarmid took pity on her. "Was there something else you wanted to show me?"

"Yeah, it's just a little further down," said Thane. She still seemed to be struggling with herself about Dan as they walked towards a blue glow.

"It's just like..." Tarmid began.

"The sword itself is adamantine, as far as I can tell," Thane said, indicating the weapon sunk nearly to the hilt in the strange rock. "As for this," she continued, indicating the source of the glow, "I think this is more in your area of expertise. I need your help, Tarmid, but I need discretion as well. I want to know everything you can find out about this sword and what lies beneath it. Did the blade or the building come first? I know that there might be information the Knights have buried, but surely you can understand that the fate of the fortress could be in the balance if this is anything like some of the artifacts I read about in your books. I can understand if you need to speak with Brenzen about this, but no one outside your order."

Tarmid thought for a moment. "If it's so vital, surely you can ask some of the other people who live here about it? Thanatos, Flame, Fallen. They could all have valuable knowledge about it."

Thane snorted. "Sure, I'll let someone who claims to be a demon look at a weapon with unknown properties in a building full of zombies underground. You're the only one who might have access to what I need to know, and the only one that I think I can trust with a secret. So, you can report to the other knights if you really feel you have to, as long as I get the exact same reports on what you find. Do we have a deal?"

Title: **Re: Demongate: Main Character Deaths Make Good Storylines!**
Post by: **Gnorm** on **July 07, 2014, 03:06:09 am**

Corley's Journal
Outer Sedilkosoth
--

I've kept my eye on Sedilkosoth, the underground fortress, for the past few months. It seems that the current overseer of the fortress has her eyes on it as well, though I doubt she knows of its origin or its purpose. I thought, at first, that she sought to seal it up further, as her predecessors had done with the fortifications. I soon came to realize, however, that this one was quite different. She wandered with a sort of curiosity, a longing; she seems almost maddened as she wanders about the halls. Perhaps, she'll soon venture to open the entrance to Inner Sedilkosoth.

I don't know how they managed it so easily, but it appears that they managed to simply flush out most of the corpses that guarded the outer fortress. The scroll speaks only vaguely about these guardians; their origins and affiliations are a complete mystery. They might be servants of the Mask's gods, trying to gain control of the outer layer to bring forth disaster. They could be commanded by Armok, to keep the fortress safe until the time comes. I suppose that it does not matter much at this point in time, but I cannot help but wonder.

When both halves are restored, things can begin. The Ascension Project is nearing its final stages. In fact, I recently received a letter from Leopold claiming the the third, the fourth, and the fifth had been recovered with the help of our collaborators' funding. The fortress will be our gateway into paradise, and I shall ride the Ark and await rebirth with glee. The others here, I presume, will not initially take well to the idea of leaving this world behind, but they have not suffered as I have; they do not yet know.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Main Character Deaths Make Good Storylines!**
Post by: **TalonisWolf** on **July 07, 2014, 10:20:22 pm**

Found this, thought you folks would see the potential:

Quote from: King Kravoka on July 07, 2014, 09:07:19 pm

Quote from: monk12 on July 07, 2014, 09:00:58 pm

"A sprawling criminal organization has left our people living in fear. They have a town called Sableprophets somewhere in The Stormy Hill."

Wait, this version has the MAFIA in it?

The Dwarf Mafia: Because regular fortresses aren't terrifying enough.

That's right! It appears (I repeat: *appears*) that the new version has **CRIMINAL ORGANIZATIONS**[/i]. When this fort inevitable falls under it's own wait, the future holds MUCH promise, doesn't it?

Title: **Re: Demongate: Main Character Deaths Make Good Storylines!**
Post by: **Gnorm** on **July 07, 2014, 10:39:58 pm**

Quote from: TalonisWolf on July 07, 2014, 10:20:22 pm

Found this, thought you folks would see the potential:

Quote from: King Kravoka on July 07, 2014, 09:07:19 pm

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That's right! It appears (I repeat: *appears*) that the new version has **CRIMINAL ORGANIZATIONS**[/i]. When this fort inevitable falls under it's own wait, the future holds MUCH promise, doesn't it?

We should probably wait until he releases at least version 0.40.05 or something around that number before we try any serious succession fortress. Until then, Demongate endures.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Main Character Deaths Make Good Storylines!**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **July 08, 2014, 05:20:19 pm**

The mug in front of her was empty. That was odd; Thane was certain it had been full a moment ago. She'd been planning to drink a toast of Lor and Gnora, Nero and Angel, even to Dan. Now she couldn't remember which one she'd been on before her drink had vanished. Oh well. She'd just have to start over again.

"Excuse me?" the voice had a familiar accent. Thane turned to see a young looking dwarf with what he probably thought was a winning smile.

"My name is Torvald," he told her, apparently assuming that she gave a damn. She'd made that mistake before, and it wasn't going to happen again any time soon. "I was told my sister lived here," he was continuing. Thane watched him with mild interest.

"Gnora?" Torvald said. "She should be pretty well known, she's lived here for years..."

Thane drained her mug. "Not any more," she grunted, standing up. The boy frowned in confusion, then followed her out.

"Maybe you could tell me where she's gone?" he called as Thane walked outside, grimacing as the sunlight hit her eyes.

"She didn't move anywhere," she told the boy. "Get a move on, you worthless sons of elves!" she shouted at some masons on the walls.

"The humans could be here any day now, and we don't need any more heroes, do we?"

"No, boss!" they shouted back.

"Because we all know what heroes do, right?" Thane asked.

"HEROES DIE!" they chorused.

"Miss Overseer?" the boy said insisently. Thane glanced back in irritation. "Where is my sister?"

Thane shrugged. "I suppose you could say she was a hero," she answered. The boy's eyes widened when he finally grasped her meaning. Long ago, she would have tried to be gentle, but the world had no place for that. Thane left him standing there. There was work to do.

Still no wedding bells for Vlad. There's only been two talking to a lover thoughts that I've noticed, so it'll probably take a few years to get them hitched.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Main Character Deaths Make Good Storylines!**
Post by: **Gnorm** on **July 08, 2014, 05:55:14 pm**

Torvald's Journal
Gnora
--

It seems that I just missed my sister; she was killed not too long before I arrived. What a shame this is, for she was such a kind and helpful girl, if I remember correctly. She worked hard, and was completely devoted to the field. I can't even remember how many years ago it was when she left to join this fortress, but I can still see her clearly. I suppose I'll write to father soon. He has grown old and weary, but he'll still want to know. Until then, I feel like I need a drink; perhaps she brewed some when she was alive.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Main Character Deaths Make Good Storylines!**
Post by: **FallenAngel** on **July 08, 2014, 06:09:19 pm**

From the engravings of FallenAngel III, Legendary+1 Bodysurfer

That's... strange, to say the least. A mysterious orb appeared underneath my bed, and it tells of the next universe - the one that'll form once ours falls. It seems all fiction - everybody knows trees are small, and that climbing and jumping are physically impossible - the air is the domain of flying creatures and creatures you knock off a cliff. I'll keep this knowledge to myself for now, although I'm sure Thane might know about this...

Title: **Re: Demongate: Main Character Deaths Make Good Storylines!**
Post by: **danmanthedog** on **July 08, 2014, 06:42:36 pm**

Will some one write about my dang soul gem please! I would love to become some shaman lich or body surf into a cat or dog.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Main Character Deaths Make Good Storylines!**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **July 08, 2014, 07:04:09 pm**

Quote from: danmanthedog on July 08, 2014, 06:42:36 pm

Will some one write about my dang soul gem please! I would love to become some shaman lich or body surf into a cat or dog.

Pretty sure Flame stole most of your stuff after you died.

I think it'd be best to hold off on doing another fortress (I'm assuming that we can't transfer saves forward to .40) until the new version's been stabilised a bit more. Currently, there's bunches of necro towers sprouting up like mushrooms, talking to gods crashes the game (for me at least) and probably a bunch of other stuff that hasn't been found yet. Plus we'd need a new mod for bloodkin if the creature tags have been substantially changed, I haven't checked up on that yet.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Main Character Deaths Make Good Storylines!**
Post by: **Gnorm** on **July 08, 2014, 07:13:26 pm**

Quote from: Deus Asmoth on July 08, 2014, 07:04:09 pm

Quote from: danmanthedog on July 08, 2014, 06:42:36 pm

Will some one write about my dang soul gem please! I would love to become some shaman lich or body surf into a cat or dog.

Pretty sure Flame stole most of your stuff after you died.

I think it'd be best to hold off on doing another fortress (I'm assuming that we can't transfer saves forward to .40) until the new version's been stabilised a bit more. Currently, there's bunches of necro towers sprouting up like mushrooms, talking to gods crashes the game (for me at least) and probably a bunch of other stuff that hasn't been found yet. Plus we'd need a new mod for bloodkin if the creature tags have been substantially changed, I haven't checked up on that yet.

Quote from: danmanthedog on July 08, 2014, 06:42:36 pm

Will some one write about my dang soul gem please! I would love to become some shaman lich or body surf into a cat or dog.

I very much agree that we mustn't start a new game until we finish this one and the new version is stabilized. Also, the bloodkin creature and entity files should be changed thoroughly when we convert them to raws for the new version. Looking through them as they currently are, there is very little about them that is special.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Main Character Deaths Make Good Storylines!**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **July 08, 2014, 07:43:18 pm**

Ideally, we'd hold off until some testing's been done on these 'divine material' thingies. With any luck, we'll be able to duplicate the properties and either grant them directly to the bloodkin or give them reactions to forge similar weapons for themselves (gifts from the Old Gods or something?).

On the subject of the Bloodkin, if we do end up doing another Steelhold spinoff, would it be ok with people if we just make the bloodkin more dangerous directly rather than letting them convert dwarves? It just doesn't seem to tie in with the aims of any of their leaders at the moment; Shank wants to use dwarves as food, so making more bloodkin is counterproductive if they're nearly immortal anyway, Asmoth doesn't give a damn what they get up to, and Corley's doing whatever it is Corley's doing. None of them seem concerned with swelling the ranks of their armies all that much. Plus, a creature that uses magic to turn a dwarf into on of them every now and again just doesn't seem as frightening to me as a creature that uses magic to turn into a ten foot tall muderbeast.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Main Character Deaths Make Good Storylines!**
Post by: **danmanthedog** on **July 08, 2014, 07:58:00 pm**

I would like them to have a pet that is incredibly dangerous to any living thing. Also make megabeasts spawn a shit more for my character, also Flame write something about my soul gem gosh.

Code: [\[Select\]](#)

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[CREATURE:MAGGOT_ACID]
[DESCRIPTION:A massive larva that is caustic to most living creatures.]
[NAME:acidic maggot:acidic maggots:acidic maggot]
[CASTE_NAME:acidic maggot:acidic maggots:acidic maggot]
[CREATURE_TILE:'{'}[COLOR:7:0:1][ALTTITLE:''']]
[PETVALUE:10]
[PET_EXOTIC]
[LARGE_ROAMING]
[BIOME:SUBTERRANEAN_CHASM]
[UNDERGROUND_DEPTH:2:3]
[CLUSTER_NUMBER:1:3]
[POPULATION_NUMBER:25:50]
[PREFSTRING:discomfoting whirs]
[NOBONES]
[BODY:BODY_WITH_HEAD_FLAG:BASIC_FRONTLEGS:BASIC_REARLEGS:HEART:GUTS:BRAIN:MOUTH]
[BODY_DETAIL_PLAN:STANDARD_MATERIALS]
[REMOVE_MATERIAL:HAIR]
[REMOVE_MATERIAL:BONE]
[BODY_DETAIL_PLAN:STANDARD_TISSUES]
[REMOVE_TISSUE:HAIR]
[REMOVE_TISSUE:BONE]
```



```
[BODY_DETAIL_PLAN:EXOSKELETON_TISSUE_LAYERS:SKIN:FAT:MUSCLE]
[BODYGLOSS:TENT]
[HAS_NERVES]
[SPEED:2900]
[USE_MATERIAL_TEMPLATE:GOO:GOO_TEMPLATE]
[BLOOD:LOCAL_CREATURE_MAT:GOO:LIQUID]
[USE_MATERIAL_TEMPLATE:ACID:CREATURE_EXTRACT_TEMPLATE]
  [STATE_NAME:ALL_SOLID:frozen maggot acid]
  [STATE_ADJ:ALL_SOLID:frozen maggot acid]
  [STATE_NAME:LIQUID:maggot acid]
  [STATE_ADJ:LIQUID:maggot acid]
  [STATE_NAME:GAS:boiling maggot acid]
  [STATE_ADJ:GAS:boiling maggot acid]
  [PREFIX:NONE]
  [ENTERS_BLOOD]
  [SYNDROME]
    [SYN_NAME:maggot poisoning]
    [SYN_AFFECTED_CLASS:GENERAL_POISON]
    [SYN_IMMUNE_CREATURE:MAGGOT_ACID:ALL]
    [SYN_INJECTED][SYN_INGESTED][SYN_CONTACT][SYN_INHALED]
    [CE_NECROSIS:SEV:100:PROB:100:RESISTABLE:BP:BY_CATEGORY:ALL:ALL:START:0]
[CAN_DO_INTERACTION:MATERIAL_EMISSION]
  [CDI:ADV_NAME:Breath acid]
  [CDI:USAGE_HINT:ATTACK]
  [CDI:BP_REQUIRED:BY_CATEGORY:MOUTH]
  [CDI:MATERIAL:LOCAL_CREATURE_MAT:ACID:TRAILING_VAPOR_FLOW]
  [CDI:TARGET:C:LINE_OF_SIGHT]
  [CDI:TARGET_RANGE:C:5]
  [CDI:MAX_TARGET_NUMBER:C:1]
  [CDI:WAIT_PERIOD:50]
[BODY_SIZE:0:0:45000]
[BODY_APPEARANCE_MODIFIER:LENGTH:90:95:98:100:102:105:110]
[ALL_ACTIVE]
[NO_DRINK][NO_EAT][NO_SLEEP]
[HOMEOTHERM:10067]
[SET_TL_GROUP:BY_CATEGORY:ALL:SKIN]
  [TL_COLOR_MODIFIER:GRAY:1]
    [TLCM_NOUN:skin:SINGULAR]

[BODYGLOSS:TENT:foot:tentacle:feet:tentacles]
```

Title: **Re: Demongate: Main Character Deaths Make Good Storylines!**
Post by: **TheFlame52** on **July 08, 2014, 08:02:27 pm**

Danman, Flame can't do shamanic magic. And I didn't take your soul gems, only your book of forgotten beasts.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Main Character Deaths Make Good Storylines!**
Post by: **danmanthedog** on **July 08, 2014, 08:18:05 pm**

Quote from: TheFlame52 on July 08, 2014, 08:02:27 pm
Danman, Flame can't do shamanic magic. And I didn't take your soul gems, only your book of forgotten beasts.

Well give it back you have no use for its dark information and fine I will do something about my soul gem... What forgotten beasts are still around?

Title: **Re: Demongate: Main Character Deaths Make Good Storylines!**
Post by: **Rhaken** on **July 08, 2014, 08:25:55 pm**

I'll be writing up something about the demons at some point during the next few days. Expect a neat tie-in with Steelhold's lore.

Quote from: Deus Asmoth on July 08, 2014, 07:43:18 pm
Ideally, we'd hold off until some testing's been done on these 'divine material' thingies. With any luck, we'll be able to duplicate the properties and either grant them directly to the bloodkin or give them reactions to forge similar weapons for themselves (gifts from the Old Gods or something?).

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I'm all for making them more dangerous, though I'm not sure how we'd justify another spinoff. Yet another continent, perhaps?

Also, glad to see I have you confused about Shank's motives, Asmoth. :)

Title: **Re: Demongate: Main Character Deaths Make Good Storylines!**
Post by: **FallenAngel** on **July 08, 2014, 08:31:10 pm**

Also, while Flame was sleeping, FallenAngel III stole the book of forgotten beasts and hid it in the fortress, and then hid a slab showing how to find said book.
Said book is in an ancient kobold language.
FallenAngel was a kobold before.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Main Character Deaths Make Good Storylines!**
Post by: **Gnorm** on **July 08, 2014, 09:47:22 pm**

Quote from: Rhaken on July 08, 2014, 08:25:55 pm
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Quote from: Deus Asmoth on July 08, 2014, 07:43:18 pm
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I'm all for making them more dangerous, though I'm not sure how we'd justify another spinoff. Yet another continent, perhaps?

We could just make another 33 x 33 world and call it an island, as we did with Steelhold.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Main Character Deaths Make Good Storylines!**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **July 09, 2014, 02:44:44 am**

Quote from: danmanthedog on July 08, 2014, 08:18:05 pm
Quote from: TheFlame52 on July 08, 2014, 08:02:27 pm
Danman, Flame can't do shamanic magic. And I didn't take your soul gems, only your book of forgotten beasts.
Well give it back you have no use for its dark information and fine I will do something about my soul gem... What forgotten beasts are still around?

None. I've killed them all. I'm thourough.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Main Character Deaths Make Good Storylines!**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **July 09, 2014, 05:09:24 pm**

*"The preparations are continuing, but many would say that it would have been safer to not break the back of our military clearing out the caves when you thought the humans were planning on invading," Brenzen said.
Thane absent-mindedly touched the scar on her right hand from where a serpent man- or more accurately, a rotten serpent man's corpse- had tried to rip her hand off with his teeth. She'd caved his skull in with Ob Kat, killing him again, but Cornelius had kept her in the hospital for weeks, fearing an infection. "Would you really feel safe with that castle of corpses beneath us while we fought the headbangers?" she asked. "They were nearly our undoing when the goblins attacked as well. They must be guided by something, so they were more of a threat than anything the mortal world could bring against us."
"Even so, were the caves really worth so much death and injury?"
Thane barely glanced at the memorial to Lor in the corner of the office. "It doesn't matter whether they were a good deal, it's what we bought for the price we paid. And we are going to keep them."*

*The office door crashed open and Artyom burst inside, panting.
"Quick," he gasped. "It's Talonis... he..."
"He's hurt?" Thane asked.
"No, he-"
"Dead?" Brenzen cut in, glaring at Thane.
"No... worse."*

*The dining hall had been rapidly converted into a courtroom. Vladamir sat behind a long table, Thane on his right and Brenzen on his left. Before them stood Talonis Wolf, chained and smirking. Those who had wanted to attend sat in a ring of seats around the hall, some watching silently, others muttering their own opinions.
"Vitnesses say zat you started screaming about ze madness in this fortress, then attacked Medtob Obeybridged while she lay injured in the hospital, killink her. Until recently, we haf been unable to find proof against you on this matter, but two vitnesses have come forward to tell of your latest crime. Step forward, Erib and Torvald."
Of the two, Erib seemed the more nervous. Torvald didn't seem worried by the attention, but his smile was long gone.
"Is zis ze man you saw killing the cook, Id Erithsokan?"
Erib nodded shakily. Torvald said, "They seemed to be just talking, then out of nowhere, he just started punching the guy. Then he just... he looked at us like he thought nothing could touch him."
"You can't," Talonis grinned. "In case you've forgotten, I'm the captain of the guard here. Justice is my domain."
Vladamir nodded slowly. "He's right. Well, I guess there's only one thing to do..." Talonis' smile widened. "Talonis Wolf, I hereby strip you of your titles and powers in ze fortress of Demongate, by ze power of Vladamir Uristovitch, duke of Demongate and ze surrounding lands. I appoint Artyom Barkov as our new captain of the guard. For ze murder of Id Erithsokan, I sentence you to two hundred days in prison... and fifty hammerstrikes."
"You idiot!" Talonis screamed. "I fought for this hellhole for years! Why should I listen to that crazy wench just because you want to come in unto her? I lost my wife, my only son, and you think you can just take even more from me?"
"You lost your wife and son, and now your daughters will lose their father," Thane shrugged, her voice full of all the emotion of a gravestone. "Such is justice."*

The guards dragged Talonis from the hall. Thane picked up her hammer and silently followed him out, a chorus of whispers following her in turn. Some would claim she was smiling as she went to do her duty, others that she wept. Perhaps it was both.

Note: Talonis actually did kill those people, I'm not just trying to kill off absolutely everyone that got dwarfed.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Main Character Deaths Make Good Storylines!**
Post by: **FallenAngel** on **July 09, 2014, 05:14:28 pm**

Just a side note, Talonis also killed FallenAngel I's wife, after a production order (that was never announced) was missed. She was a FARMER. The production order couldn't have been to harvest crops. Something tells me Vlad likes Mercury vapors.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Main Character Deaths Make Good Storylines!**
Post by: **Gnorm** on **July 09, 2014, 05:40:00 pm**

How much longer do you have in your turn? When you are finished, who is next?

Title: **Re: Demongate: Main Character Deaths Make Good Storylines!**
Post by: **Gnorm** on **July 10, 2014, 04:48:30 am**

Letter from Torvald to his Father
Letter to Father #1
--
Dear Father,

Gnora, your dear girl and my sister, is no longer of this world. I just missed her, actually; it seems that she died shortly before I arrived. Such a pity, but we mustn't mourn for too long. Our tears won't bring her back and she would want us to move on with our lives and plans.

I figured that you would want to know about what she was doing in her days at Demongate, so I did some scavenging and found her old journal. It seems as if Thane, the current overseer of the fortress, was once a lot more level-headed than she is now. Now she seems to have lost all empathy and grasp on the life around her. Pity, really.

That's all that I have to say for now. I'll keep in touch and tell you all about life and things here in the fort.

Sincerely yours,
Torvald

Torvald's Journal
The Trial
--
I never really expected to take part in a full-blown trial, and especially not so soon after arriving in a new fortress. Apparently the old captain of the guard, Talonis Wolf, has been acting violent lately and murdered some unfortunate passer-by. I just happened to be in the right place at the right time. Being an older, better established member of the fortress, it seems that he doubted that his acts would have repercussions, even with corroborating eye-witness accounts. But the duke of this fortress doesn't play that game, it seems.

He was stripped of his rank, and they sentenced him to two hundred days in prison and fifty hammer-strikes. The former is mostly a formality; fifty strikes is more than enough to kill even a dwarf of his build. The overseer herself administered the punishment, and that can't have been any better for her brain. Is everyone that steps inside this fort doomed to go mad? Well, I'll be sure to include such an interesting story as this in my next letter to father.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Main Character Deaths Make Good Storylines!**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **July 10, 2014, 05:55:55 am**

Turn will be done by Sunday. After that, Dan's up if he wants the turn, otherwise Gnorm gets control of this madness.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Main Character Deaths Make Good Storylines!**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **July 11, 2014, 04:26:29 pm**

"Any news of the prisoner?" Thane asked. Artyom shuffled uneasily.
"I think we trained our dogs too well... His pets try to give him comfort, but he lashes out against them. No matter how much he hits them, they won't fight back or leave his side. Why are we leaving someone like that alive?"
Thane shrugged. "Vladimir says that he has to serve his sentence first to have an opportunity for redemption." For a moment, it looked as if she was relieved at not having to execute someone she'd known for years, but then the mask of indifference was back in place.
"You might be glad to know Vladimir has agreed to start wearing clothes again," she continued.
Artyom smiled tightly. Of all the problems he had expected from becoming the captain of the guard, complaints about the streaking duke hadn't been one of them.
"I'm not letting this go. What if he survives the beating?"
"Then he will survive the beating," Thane said. "Why are you so against it?"
"Because whatever he once was, the man's an animal who fights for the sake of it. How can you not be appalled by him?" Artyom growled.
"We all have our ways of making it through the world," answered Thane quietly. "Now, if you don't mind, I have other things to do."
The door slammed closed behind Artyom, leaving a crack in the wall.

* * *

Time passed slowly in the prison. How long had it been since his last water visit? Days, surely? Talonis uncurled painfully from his sleeping position, stretched and waited for another long day of absolutely nothing. One of his dogs whined at him. Talonis reached out to grab it by the scruff of the neck, but the damn thing backed away, still whining. He reached out further, knowing that the ropes would pull him up short, but to his surprise he grabbed the hound. The ropes felt slack as well... A feeling of elation swept over him as he realised someone had cut the ropes while he slept. Dropping the dog, Wolf stood up and stretched properly. First, he was going to get a drink, and then... well, then there would be a reckoning.

The stairs from the prison to the food stockpile were an ordeal for his cramping legs, but he forced himself there, ignoring the surprise and fear on the faces of those he passed. Some would run off to tell their precious duke, but he wouldn't get caught by surprise this time. He grabbed a barrel of wine and began quaffing from it.
"Think you can escape, do you?" came a voice. Talonis turned smirking, ready to knock some sense into this heroic fool. Artyom stood in front of him, fists clenched, weaponless. Talonis rushed at him, stumbling at a sudden light headed feeling.
"Full barrel of wine on an empty stomach? Not such a good idea," taunted Artyom as he dodged aside, his fist crashing into Talonis' left side. Talonis roared in pain, charging again. Artyom's knee came up, hitting the convict in the stomach. He collapsed to the ground, retching and swearing. Artyom picked up the barrel he had been drinking from, weighed it in his hands a moment and then brought it down on Talonis' head. Talonis didn't try to get up. The captain of the guard wrapped his hands around the prisoner's neck. There was a snap. The captain's report would say justice had been done.

Not entirely sure what happened. I was making sure we had all the materials for a strange mood, then I got an announcement that Talonis had suffocated. My theory is that the deconstructed his chain in a tantrum, because it's not there any more, but I'm not sure why Artyom would attack him when he wasn't scheduled for a beating.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Main Character Deaths Make Good Storylines!**
Post by: **FallenAngel** on **July 11, 2014, 04:50:32 pm**

From the engravings of FallenAngel III, Legendary+1 Bodysurfer

I went down to the prisons today to smack Talonis for killing the wife of the first person I was here at Demongate, but all I found was a broken chain and some sad, slightly injured dogs. The dogs were surprisingly friendly, and readily accepted my comfort. I assume these were Talonis Wolf's dogs. Asking around, I managed to find my way to the exact coffin they buried the fiend in. Sure, it caused some suspicion, but it's a thing I've always wanted to do. If anyone asks why Talonis's body is full of new fractures, it was me. He had this whole thing coming, too. I just never got the chance to beat the guy up while he was alive.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Main Character Deaths Make Good Storylines!**
Post by: **MDFification** on **July 11, 2014, 09:14:56 pm**

Guys I'm back and i'm drunk and also I'm really glad you guys have tcarried the foryt so far.
Als oclad thqt vlad has condtinued to be such qa badass. Streaking duke. Hilarious .
Talonis was a wolf cultist, so was kiund of a religious nut. I'd feel more bad if he'd been mor active in the thread. O h well.
Hoope the new verison getsts stable soon so ;i can download it an dbring it back to north carnada wehere I'm marooned. Nothing to do u[p her, no internet, only substance abuses. It's depressing as shit e /
Plkease donb't quote this.
LKthnxbai

Title: **Re: Demongate: Main Character Deaths Make Good Storylines!**
Post by: **FallenAngel** on **July 11, 2014, 09:23:23 pm**

MDF, you've had too much to drink.
Or too little, I forgot how it is with you.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Main Character Deaths Make Good Storylines!**
Post by: **danmanthedog** on **July 11, 2014, 09:34:18 pm**

I don't think hes drunk, I think he is perfectly fine.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Main Character Deaths Make Good Storylines!**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **July 13, 2014, 08:17:10 am**

Nearly through winter, not much is happening that's worth mention. The humans brought a trade caravan instead of an army.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Main Character Deaths Make Good Storylines!**
Post by: **Rhaken** on **July 14, 2014, 10:15:14 am**

Brenzen scowled, pale blue eyes hardened into knives. "You're certain of this?"

"I'm afraid so," came Tarmid's reply, and the knight's scowl deepened. The chill of winter had begun to permeate the fortress, even here in the High Magebane's modest quarters. The cold season often marked a period of tension in dwarven settlements, as goblins chose this time of year to send out armies and raiding parties from their dark fortresses. The truce with the humans brought peace of mind only to the younger denizens of Demongate. Caution, it seemed, was a virtue of the aging.

"I take it you've been researching the matter. Anything I'm allowed to know?"

Tarmid went over his notes in his head, trying to separate fact from conjecture. There weren't a whole lot of facts. "Well, they are dangerous, as you well know." Brenzen didn't bother reacting. "They are hostile to all life as we know it. And so long as that sword remains in place, They pose no threat."

"And should the sword be removed?"

"Then may Armok save us."

Brenzen's scowl deepened further. Any more and the knight's eyebrows would join his moustache. "I'd always heard they could be defeated by force of arms."

"Maybe a few," *Tarmid conceded.* "But their numbers are endless, and ours are not. Besides, Saint Rhaken and Saint Zane were both defeated in battle by the demons."

"That was treachery," *Brenzen replied at once.* "Corley let loose the demons in Steelhold and locked the Holy Ones without reinforcements."

"Even so. They are strong enough to slay Armok's chosen. Think on that."

The High Magebane let go of his scowl as the information sunk in. Tarmid thought Brenzen's shoulders had slumped a fraction of an inch, accepting defeat but unwilling to admit it. "So we avoid them. For now." He took a sip of ale from his granite mug. "But avoiding a problem does not make it go away. We may have to face them one day, and I aim to be prepared." Another sip of ale. Tarmid idly wondered if Gnora had brewed that herself before she died.

"I'll see what I can find about defeating them. See you at prayers?"

"See you at prayers."

Codex Arcana: Forbidden Chapters

Author(s) Unknown

For the Loremaster's Eyes Only

Chapter 13: On Demons and the Adversary

In the time before time, in the world before worlds, there existed two beings. If there were others among them, we do not know and do not care. These two beings were close, close as brothers, and together labored to shape Time and Space and Energy and Matter from the endless, formless primordial void. Once they had created the building blocks of Creation, they began to create. Stars and worlds, and plants, animals, civilizations to populate them. And for a Time, all was well.

But harmony is not eternal. The two great beings drifted apart, grew cold and resentful of one another. They began to compete, to see which could create the better world. Endlessly they toiled, creating and destroying, world upon world upon world.

From conflict arose anger. From anger arose hatred. And in Time, one of the beings turned inwards, and whispered in spite.

"I tire of laboring on worlds to see my once-brother try to outdo me. Something must be done to undermine his works, and thus bring glory to mine!"

And thus it was done.

This being, known as the Adversary to the followers of the Old Ones, sent the seed of his minions among the Stars of his brother. The seed took root in fledgling worlds, corrupting them, twisting their essence that they might give rise to his own children. They would grow twisted and vicious and emerge from their hidden dens to sow chaos and death.

But the brother, Father of our Gods, saw this slight, and took to retribution. He, too, sent the seed of his divine creation among the Stars of the Adversary, and they took root in fledgling worlds, where they would grow and seek vengeance.

Within the core of the worlds they took root, where they would wait beneath the earth for the time when the Adversary's favored children would unearth them. Then they would be free to wreak havoc among the Adversary's creations, exacting retribution for the chaos that was wrought.

But the Adversary is nothing if not clever. Before many worlds could be claimed, he took to defending his worlds. He could not stop the seed from taking root, but he found a way to contain it, to keep the Avengers encased within the core of the worlds. He encased the cores in a flake of his ebon skin, tied the skin together with clips of his shimmering blue whiskers, and surrounded the casing in a drop of his molten blood. Thus would the Avengers be imprisoned, and the Adversary called them Demons and bade his creatures to loathe and fear them, so great was their power.

But some of the Avengers, those who woke early, fought back. They strained against their prison as it formed, broke through, tried to hide in the dark corners of the growing world. Thus was the Adversary forced to send his champions among them, to defend the breach armed with weapons fashioned of the strands of his own beard. Through much bloodshed were the Avengers contained again, the Adversary's weapons left behind to contain them.

Chapter 14: On Enlightenment and the Old Gods

The war between the Father and the Adversary waged on, from open battlefields to the subtle reign of politics and seduction. Just as the Adversary spoke to Gods in the Father's worlds, so too did Father speak to the Gods of the Adversary's worlds. The Adversary swayed the more subdued of the Avengers into peace, as the Father enlightened the warriors of the Adversary.

In our world did the Father speak to the Adversary's chosen, seeking allies to his cause. He soon found listeners in Ur the Cave of Luxuries, a human goddess of jewels and wealth of The Flaxen Confederacy. Thus it was that in the Age of Ancient Steelhold did Ur accept the Father's gift: a mask of purest gold, invested with divine might, to hold in her temple until such a time as a worthy champion would come to claim it.

Among the gods of the Adversary's chosen children did Father find another ally. Bobrur Fragranceglitter the Bodices of Romancing saw the Truth of Father's words, and sought to help. She bestowed the Hunger on two of her vilest detractors, who then sought other places to sate it. They found stronghold and solace in The Sienna Abbey of Orderumbral, drawn by Ur and the power of the Mask. They unwittingly guarded the sacred artifact until the day that the Holy Champion appeared.

The Champion perished in Ancient Steelhold. We know nothing of what happened to the Mask. Thus we must seek to retrieve it. For too long have we remained hidden, enlightened but persecuted for our wisdom and our Truth. The wisest among claim the Mask will one day open our door to salvation, and take us to the Promised Worlds of the Father. Thus we must seek. Adversary and his Knights and Saints shall not prevail in the light of the One True God and Father.

May the Father and the Mask guide you, brothers and sisters.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Main Character Deaths Make Good Storylines!**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **July 14, 2014, 06:23:45 pm**

Internet is being a bit weird, so here's some plot, and I'll have everything up and running again in time to upload the save for tomorrow evening.

Thane's Journal.

Tarmid has told me a small amount of what we can expect from the dark fortress. Doubtless he knows more than he's letting on, but whether he's trying to protect me or his vows won't allow him to divulge whatever information he possesses, there is no doubt that we must set up a line of defence against what lurks within the caves. I was a weaponsmith, once. So I shall craft a great weapon that all who try to enter Demongate will fall on its blade.

A ring of silver statues had been erected around the strange blue blade. It wouldn't stop a determined madman from working the blade from the ground if his heart was set on it, but it should dissuade the casual lunatic. Given enough time, people might forget they were guarding anything at all and think the dark stone had been the work of the dwarves themselves, through technology lost to the ages. It was a nice hope, but Thane doubted it would last that long. She'd done her best to keep the story of the blue sword under wraps, but it had leaked out a little at a time, and before long nearly the entire fortress had gotten an eyeful of it. She was certain that at least one of them would be convinced that there was unending supplies of sunshine below the blue floor, or Vladamir's secret stash of *silk socks*, or... whatever they came up with to justify their stupidity.

"How is production going?" she asked absently.
"Slowly," Vabok answered. Vabok wasn't the most prominent or influential weaponsmith in the fortress, but she had the bonus of not claiming to be a demon, so Thane had put her in charge of the crafting process. "There is only so much metal we can work at a time, as I'm sure you're well aware, and to be honest some of the workers just think you've gone mad with power and are making random demands, so they aren't all that motivated."
"Vabok," Thane said quietly, slowly turning to face her and giving the smith her best psychotic grin. "Perhaps you should remind them that if I really had gone mad with power, I'd likely be beating them to death with a hammer right now for not finishing my mandates on time. Actually, perhaps you should tell them not to rule that out if they don't *get back to work!*"
Vabok lingered long enough to nod and make sure the overseer wasn't planning to sentence her for her colleagues' laziness, then fled. Thane turned back to the statues, lit from behind by blue light. Such a mesmerising shade...

* * *

The ambush was, all in all, pretty well thought out. They struck while the gates were opened, confusion and arguments were consuming the dwarven and human merchants attempting to use the depot at the same time, and most of the fortress natives were busy carrying trade goods to or from the depot, so it was difficult to arrange the locking mechanism activated. Of course, they forgot that they were ambushing two caravans with heavily armed guards, but nobody can think of everything, right?

Thane surveyed the damage briefly. A dwarven merchant had been struck by a stray arrow, bleeding out as the guards routed the goblins. The humans, of course, claimed that the arrow had come from the goblin side of the battle, but they had been unable to find a single goblin archer. Iton Ethabshorast was, of course, being difficult about it.
"The treacherous surface dwellers murdered my friend," he declared, "And we demand justice!" His fellow merchants nodded demandingly. Doubtless they would work up to an irate chorus later on in the argument, and one or two could even get a solo performance, bringing out a beautiful counter melody of recompense or dwarven brotherhood. Thane wasn't in the mood for it.
"We've already fought a war against the humans," she reminded the merchants. "We have enough threats without fighting another, and we need to maintain a good relationship with their traders. Killing them, it might surprise you to hear, will not make them like us more."
"Then you will have to make to without trading goods with *us!*" Itob declared. He turned on his heel and stormed from the room. Much as Thane admired a good storm, the other merchants didn't seem prepared for it and the *Thank you for your time* one of them gave her ruined the effect somewhat.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Main Character Deaths Make Good Storylines!**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **July 15, 2014, 07:19:44 pm**

http://dffd.wimbli.com/file.php?id=8996 (http://dffd.wimbli.com/file.php?id=8996)

Well that took longer than expected. I'll post the final plot of my year when I'm not so sleep deprived. Not much happened in any case, autumn and winter were mostly spent cleaning up the phenomenal mess I made of the cave invasion and goblin war. Happiness has been stabilised, and Talonis was the only victim of the budding tantrum spiral, so at least I'm capable of stopping bloody uprisings.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Main Character Deaths Make Good Storylines!**
Post by: **danmanthedog** on **July 15, 2014, 08:38:52 pm**

My turn it looks like woot.... I don't want to redwarf but im all out of creative slime and juices to think of a plot with my ghost and soul gem soooo my animals will be running the show for my turn behind every bodies backs.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Main Character Deaths Make Good Storylines!**
Post by: **fractalman** on **July 17, 2014, 02:43:58 am**

journal of the crazy one:
A strange development. it seems our next overseer, dan, has managed to download herself into a hive mind of animals. I have never before observed this phenomena: I have seen individual dwarves possess the dwarven hive mind before-and have done so myself on numerous occasions-but for a dwarf to turn into a hive mind of lesser creatures...that is something new and interesting.

addendum: I wonder if she'll persist after her year is up or not.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Main Character Deaths Make Good Storylines!**
Post by: **Zaerosz** on **July 17, 2014, 03:02:04 am**

Quote from: Zaerosz on June 16, 2014, 05:45:29 pm
EDIT: Also, I'd like to claim a marksdwerf if possible?

Title: **Re: Demongate: Main Character Deaths Make Good Storylines!**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **July 17, 2014, 05:16:56 am**

Huh. Somehow I managed to miss your previous post completely. I'll add you to the to-be-dorfed list (and try get the first post back up to date).

Title: **Re: Demongate: Main Character Deaths Make Good Storylines!**
Post by: **danmanthedog** on **July 17, 2014, 11:39:57 am**

Quote from: Zaerosz on July 17, 2014, 03:02:04 am
Quote from: Zaerosz on June 16, 2014, 05:45:29 pm
EDIT: Also, I'd like to claim a marksdwerf if possible?

Got it and love the avatar picture.

Exhale I hauling all these pants and socks, I want to some exciting for the fortress but never less I'm a hauler. "HEY ELF KNOB STUCK TWIDDLING YOUR THUMBS AND GO GET THE BODIES FROM THE CAVERN" "Right away sir Kobold face."

Later in the caverns.

"Pick up the bodies, pick up stone blah blah bl*Trips* Arhh dammit! What did I trip over, *Shines a lantern over the object reveling a corpse with no head. Well arn't you a beauty of a corpse, hmm you must be from the battle of the forgotten ones but what ever. Lets gt you back to the fort. *Lifts corpse on to shoulders* Whew you are heavy and smelly... Hmm that is a lovely looking coat, *Takes coat* You won't miss it right buddy. Hm somethings in the pocket, pulls out a black and teal gem*Wow buddy you had something nice but it mine." "Protect me, keep me safe."

Title: **Re: Demongate: Main Character Deaths Make Good Storylines!**
Post by: **Gnorm** on **July 17, 2014, 06:41:39 pm**

[Quote from: fractalman on July 17, 2014, 02:43:58 am](#)
journal of the crazy one:
A strange development. it seems our next overseer, dan, has managed to download herself into a hive mind of animals. I have never before observed this phenomena: I have seen individual dwarves possess the dwarven hive mind before-and have done so myself on numerous occasions-but for a dwarf to turn into a hive mind of lesser creatures...that is something new and interesting.

addendum: I wonder if she'll persist after her year is up or not.

I think that she's a he.

[Quote from: danmanthedog on July 17, 2014, 11:39:57 am](#)
[Quote from: Zaerosz on July 17, 2014, 03:02:04 am](#)
[Quote from: Zaerosz on June 16, 2014, 05:45:29 pm](#)
EDIT: Also, I'd like to claim a marksdwerf if possible?

Got it and love the avatar picture.

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What exactly is going on here?

Title: **Re: Demongate: Main Character Deaths Make Good Storylines!**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **July 17, 2014, 07:06:25 pm**

[Quote from: Gnorm on July 17, 2014, 06:41:39 pm](#)
[Quote from: fractalman on July 17, 2014, 02:43:58 am](#)
journal of the crazy one:
A strange development. it seems our next overseer, dan, has managed to download herself into a hive mind of animals. I have never before observed this phenomena: I have seen individual dwarves possess the dwarven hive mind before-and have done so myself on numerous occasions-but for a dwarf to turn into a hive mind of lesser creatures...that is something new and interesting.

addendum: I wonder if she'll persist after her year is up or not.

I think that she's a he.

[Quote from: danmanthedog on July 17, 2014, 11:39:57 am](#)
[Quote from: Zaerosz on July 17, 2014, 03:02:04 am](#)
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Got it and love the avatar picture.

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Later in the caverns.
"Pick up the bodies, pick up stone blah blah bl*Trips* Arhh dammit! What did I trip over, *Shines a lantern over the object reveling a corpse with no head. Well am't you a beauty of a corpse, hmm you must be from the battle of the forgotten ones but what ever. Lets gt you back to the fort. *Lifts corpse on to shoulders* Whew you are heavy and smelly... Hmm that is a lovely looking coat, *Takes coat* You won't miss it right buddy. Hm somethings in the pocket, pulls out a black and teal gem*Wow buddy you had something nice but it mine." "Protect me, keep me safe."

What exactly is going on here?

Some randomer was hauling things from the cavern, found Dan's body and stole his coat. Dan had a soul gem inside which now has his consciousness imprinted on it(?).

Though, Dan, since overseer posts are meant to give a good indication of what's going on in the fort for the other people involved in the thread, I'm not sure that your narration style is easy enough to understand for them. I'm sure you can make it work if you want, but you could use some more transparency.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Main Character Deaths Make Good Storylines!**
Post by: **danmanthedog** on **July 17, 2014, 07:15:48 pm**

Yeah i suck ha. I will keep on trying but what I want to put across is that my mind is in the animals but my true consonance is in the soul gem, so i will use this random hauler as my voice and slave.
[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)
Some major family shit happen so might go out of internet for a few days but I will keep posts as much as I can.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Main Character Deaths Make Good Storylines!**
Post by: **4maskwolf** on **July 19, 2014, 09:43:57 am**

I'M BAAAAAAAAAAACCCCCCKKKKKKKK

Now to see what all shit went down in my absence.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Main Character Deaths Make Good Storylines!**
Post by: **4maskwolf** on **July 19, 2014, 09:56:16 am**

Holy crap the fortress is a frickin nightmare.

Erm...

Okay, why does nobody have any clothes?

Make clothes, people.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Main Character Deaths Make Good Storylines!**
Post by: **FallenAngel** on **July 19, 2014, 09:59:55 am**

I BUILT A SPIDER.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Main Character Deaths Make Good Storylines!**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **July 19, 2014, 10:46:18 am**

I spent my entire year making clothes! I had to lock Vlad in a room filled with clothes just to get him to put some on! Clearly, they just want to live in a nudist utopia.

Sidenote: Even if you make a civilisation that can't make any clothes whatsoever, the members of that civ will get an unhappy thought from not wearing clothes.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Main Character Deaths Make Good Storylines!**
Post by: **danmanthedog** on **July 19, 2014, 11:08:54 am**

Quote from: FallenAngel on July 19, 2014, 09:59:55 am

I BUILT A SPIDER.

I built a second spider for research and im am in mid of summer.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Main Character Deaths Make Good Storylines!**
Post by: **4maskwolf** on **July 19, 2014, 12:31:22 pm**

Oh, and requesting turn.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Main Character Deaths Make Good Storylines!**
Post by: **Gnorm** on **July 19, 2014, 03:07:27 pm**

Someone ought to update the list of posts. Currently we have three of them, and they are all out of date.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Main Character Deaths Make Good Storylines!**
Post by: **4maskwolf** on **July 19, 2014, 05:58:37 pm**

Quote from: Gnorm on July 19, 2014, 03:07:27 pm

Someone ought to update the list of posts. Currently we have three of them, and they are all out of date.

The story post compilations? Yeah, sorry about that...

Title: **Re: Demongate: Main Character Deaths Make Good Storylines!**
Post by: **FallenAngel** on **July 19, 2014, 08:36:34 pm**

Deus, update the post so it doesn't say it's still my turn.
That spider-infested ship has crashed in the middle of the fortress.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Main Character Deaths Make Good Storylines!**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **July 19, 2014, 08:56:05 pm**

Yeah, the story post kind of got out of hand again. I've been in work nearly twelve hours a day for the past couple of months, so it's been hard to concentrate in the evenings. I think I'll also blame the cavern massacre on it, because why not? In any case, I'll be back on humane working hours this Tuesday onwards, so the post should be up to date by the end of the week (hopefully by the end of Tuesday). Mask has been added and Dan's turn is on the record.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Main Character Deaths Make Good Storylines!**
Post by: **danmanthedog** on **July 19, 2014, 09:53:12 pm**

"Doop a Doop a Doop! CARRYING A ROTTEN CORPSE REALLY SUCKS ELF TWIG, BUT I GOT TO DO IT BECAUSE ITS MY JOB!!" Hmm it's already been 2 weeks since the last overseer retired, wonder who take over and become the newest madman?
"OIII, You hauler!"
Arh what now. "Yes sir?"
"Guess what dungstick you 'er the new overseer since you have the next overseers body. SO HAPPY DAY FOR YOU!"
"SHIIIIITcycle."

Week later.

WELL FUCK! ARH what do I do now I'm stuck in this job soon to be crazy? "Stop your complaining and use your new set of power for your own self"
EXHALEEEEE "Now I'm already crazy so I'm hearing voices... that was really fast. NOOO YOU IDIOT IT MEAN THE GOD DAMM GEM.
Pulls out the soul gem ".....Huh so what are you my broken psyche, or my deep dark desires." NOO YOU"ER NOT CRAZY, I'm that dead guys mind trap in this gem and now I need your help with freeing my self. SO shut the fuck up and start listening to my advice unless you want to end up dead with everybody else OKAY?!
".....MEH why not better then being a hauler. "Okay hears the first thing you have to do."

Spoiler (click to show/hide)
Hows that for storying telling. But is it okay if I have an extension for my turn because...well I got kicked out of my house and staying with friend well trying to move so please?

Title: **Re: Demongate: Main Character Deaths Make Good Storylines!**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **July 19, 2014, 10:58:28 pm**

A long turn shouldn't be a problem. Hope everything turns out ok.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Main Character Deaths Make Good Storylines!**
Post by: **danmanthedog** on **July 19, 2014, 11:14:56 pm**

Quote from: Deus Asmoth on July 19, 2014, 10:58:28 pm

A long turn shouldn't be a problem. Hope everything turns out ok.

Okay thank you, also I dwarf Zaerosz as a bow using dwarf... NO IF ANDS OR BUTS ABOUT IT MISTER

Title: **Re: Demongate: Main Character Deaths Make Good Storylines!**
Post by: **Senshuken** on **July 20, 2014, 12:38:11 am**

Much had changed in a matter of weeks.

The death of Talonis by his own hand had been something of a personal conflict for Artyom. He didn't regret the act in and of itself since he was well within his jurisdiction since Talonis had not only escaped from prison but also violently resisted arrest when confronted. As far as the law was concerned he was in the clear. However, Talonis's failing had been his belief that his actions would never have

consequences... something that Artyom decided not to repeat.

Knocking on Vlad's door, Artyom respectfully stepped into the room with his head bowed to the floor out of respect for Vlad's status (Also encase Vlad had decided to forgo pants once again, but mostly it was about respect). "Sorry to bother you Vlad, but I wished to formally apologize for how the situation with Talonis ended. I know that he were hoping that he could be redeemed and my actions ensured that such a thing would no longer be possible. I take full responsibility for the fact that he escaped in the first place due to a gap in my vigilance and I will accept whatever punishment you deem fit."

Title: **Re: Demongate: Main Character Deaths Make Good Storylines!**
Post by: **Gnorm** on **July 20, 2014, 02:30:26 am**

Letter from Torvald to his Father
Letter to Father #2
--
Dear Father,

Talonis Wolf, the former captain of the guard, is now dead. Apparently he went mad and started murdering the other members of the fort, and the fist of justice closed on him so quickly. I actually testified in his trial. He got quite the sentence, but that wasn't the end of him. After escaping from prison, the new captain of the guard killed him in a fight. It is clear to me that Demongate operates under a sort of "eye for eye" system, but I don't think that I'll have any trouble with the law yet. I hope that you are doing well in your work and that I will be able to reach my own goals within this fort.

Sincerely yours,
Torvald

Letter from Torvald to his Father
Letter to Father #3
--
Dear Father,

Thane is no longer the overseer of the fortress; she's had enough of that. For a little while we had no real overseer, then some hauler declared himself our new leader. Something seems off about him, but so far he seems harmless enough. I'll write more if he does anything stupid.

Sincerely yours,
Torvald

P.S. There are some new traps and statues placed in the deep, deep sections of the fort which are arranged quite tastefully. I do wish that you were here to see them.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Main Character Deaths Make Good Storylines!**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **July 20, 2014, 09:30:48 am**

Thane's quill scratched across the surface of a fragment of paper. She had been familiar with reading and writing for most of her life, at least in theory. She'd never really needed it much in her daily life before coming to Demongate, only to check the numbers on a form against how much ore they'd received or how many weapons they'd sold. Letters hadn't played a big part in her life until recently, so it took her nearly half an hour to write out the short message in a way she was satisfied with.

To my successor,
I am sure that you know of the building of dark stone in the lowest caves. Some have declared it a gift from Armok where we can shelter if the rest of Demongate falls. I can only tell you that it is more dangerous than it appears, for to know the truth is to be tempted by their promises. All that I can ask of you is to leave the statues in the building undisturbed. I have left a record of the path of spears in the office as well. Finishing it will hopefully not be necessary, but most of the traps still need to be linked up to the lever in the duke's office.

I wish you good luck in charge of the fortress.

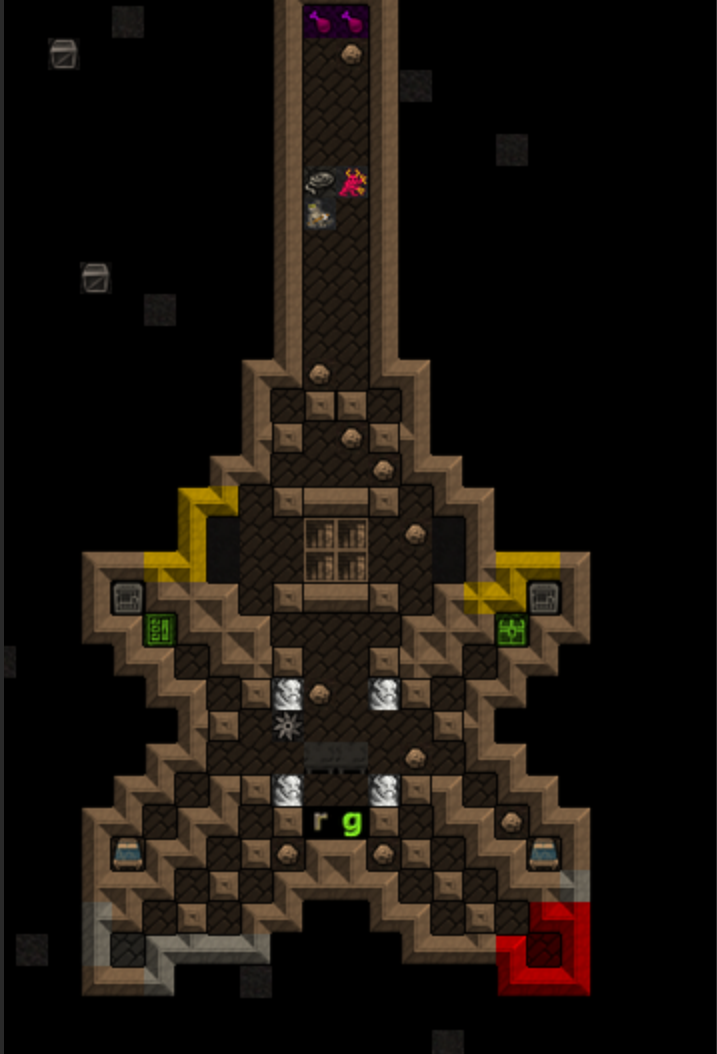
Thane.

She didn't bother putting the letter in an envelope. It was a waste of paper, and anyone who was going to break into the overseer's office wouldn't be deterred by something as small as that. From there it was a short walk to the dining room. She had a speech planned out in her head, but it suddenly seemed like a waste of time.
"Citizens of Demongate," Thane said loudly. "I quit."

Title: **Re: Demongate: Main Character Deaths Make Good Storylines!**
Post by: **danmanthedog** on **July 20, 2014, 12:18:33 pm**

"Okay so I changed my clothes and stopped hauling crap, so what is the next thing I do?"
"Since your a lonely hauler you were not told about the demons and the sword, but if we learn from the undead guardins we maybe be able to win the battle."
"DEMONS, UNDEAD GUARDIANS, AND SWORDS OH MY!.... So how do you suggest we learn from these undead mister orb of power? Simple you must build a lab to experiment on both the guardians and our enemy.

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)



Month later

"Hurry up and put the rest of the saw blades in the limb remover pit... and have we gotten any new cavern pets from the traps?"

"Overseer I have a question, why are we building this area I mean why do we need to learn about the goblins or undead?"

"Simple little fool it's because if we learn what makes them tick we also lean how to crush their heads and hearts easily but for now just finish the pit and leave me alone in my office." *Everybody leaves and pulls out the gem.* "So the lab has been built and the test subjects have been placed, but I have no idea to experiment on the prisoner."

"No crap you know nothing and that's how I want it to stay but if we could find some dwarf by the name of The Flame then he/she could help us, So find me a SIR WE HAVE A PROBLEM!

Shoves gem into pocket "WHAT didn't I say not to bother me?" "Yes you said but it's one of the hauler hes been possessed and is freaking out and also we have no meat for the vermin traps.." "So what do want me to do about it just let it run it's course, Also kill some Armok damn kittens and puppies you idiot!! ! *THROWS STOOL* "HOLY CRAP!" *Leaves*

Whew That was close we really need to build some doors like silver and bronze doors, but in all serious find a god damm vermine so I can send a message okay crap sack?"

"Yeah yeah I got it but I do hope that possessed makes some at least good. So is there any body else that can help with experiments?"

"Well there is one other dwarf who I both hate and trust his name is, Fallenangel who burns spiders."

Title: **Re: Demongate: Main Character Deaths Make Good Storylines!**
Post by: **TheFlame52** on **July 20, 2014, 12:34:18 pm**

Quote from: danmanthedog on July 20, 2014, 12:18:33 pm

he/she

she

Title: **Re: Demongate: Main Character Deaths Make Good Storylines!**
Post by: **danmanthedog** on **July 20, 2014, 12:59:49 pm**

Quote from: TheFlame52 on July 20, 2014, 12:34:18 pm

Quote from: danmanthedog on July 20, 2014, 12:18:33 pm

he/she

she

Good to know and thanks. The game is running a little slow on fps but it is surprising how fast it is going ha.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Main Character Deaths Make Good Storylines!**
Post by: **FallenAngel** on **July 20, 2014, 02:03:11 pm**

Try to not end up with a FallenAngel IV.
If that does happen, I'll introduce some... different subplots.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Main Character Deaths Make Good Storylines!**
Post by: **danmanthedog** on **July 20, 2014, 06:53:05 pm**

Quote from: FallenAngel on July 20, 2014, 02:03:11 pm

Try to not end up with a FallenAngel IV.
If that does happen, I'll introduce some... different subplots.

I won't but I would like if people help with the plot with my host.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Main Character Deaths Make Good Storylines!**
Post by: **fractalman** on **July 20, 2014, 08:58:43 pm**

crazy one's personal notes:

I stand corrected. Dan moved her consciousness into a "soul gem", which she then hooked up to the animal network. Similar result, different technical details.

Oh, and said gem got picked up by a random hauler.—

OOC: the strike-through is crossed out to the point of illegibility in case someone less tolerant of magic obtains the paper.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Main Character Deaths Make Good Storylines!**
Post by: **danmanthedog** on **July 20, 2014, 09:09:24 pm**

Are forgotten beasts immune to upright spears.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Main Character Deaths Make Good Storylines!**
Post by: **Zaerosz** on **July 20, 2014, 10:10:47 pm**

Nothing is immune to upright spears.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Main Character Deaths Make Good Storylines!**
Post by: **danmanthedog** on **July 20, 2014, 11:00:13 pm**

Quote from: [Zaerosz](#) on July 20, 2014, 10:10:47 pm

Nothing is immune to upright spears.

So operation S.P.E.A.R.F.
Steel
spears
eat
armies
really
fastly

Title: **Re: Demongate: Main Character Deaths Make Good Storylines!**
Post by: **TheFlame52** on **July 21, 2014, 05:48:05 am**

Quote from: [Zaerosz](#) on July 20, 2014, 10:10:47 pm

Nothing is immune to upright spears.

Only if the spears are made by yours truly.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Main Character Deaths Make Good Storylines!**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **July 21, 2014, 07:53:24 am**

I have found that sometimes if a spear trap severs a body part from something made of fire, the resulting explosion can melt the spears leaving you defenceless. That's why I was planning on getting so many traps built.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Main Character Deaths Make Good Storylines!**
Post by: **TheFlame52** on **July 21, 2014, 08:27:55 am**

Demonic fire burns at 25000U and steel melts at 12718U. So yes, the spears will melt. Even the mechanisms will melt in that heat. Adamantine, however, melts at 25000U (meaning it will not melt because the temp must be *above* 25000U) so you might want to have Flame make a few adamantine spears to go in the first few traps.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Main Character Deaths Make Good Storylines!**
Post by: **FallenAngel** on **July 21, 2014, 08:38:45 am**

~~And hatred burns at 100,000 U.~~

Title: **Re: Demongate: Main Character Deaths Make Good Storylines!**
Post by: **danmanthedog** on **July 21, 2014, 09:12:30 am**

Hm I was just planning to kill the forgotten beasts not the demon but alright I will make as many spears as I can.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Main Character Deaths Make Good Storylines!**
Post by: **danmanthedog** on **July 21, 2014, 12:01:01 pm**

Enters lab "Sir a vermin has been captured but there has been a serious crime.
The miner artyom decided to attack and kill a trapper, we don't know why he did but how he killed is what is serious.
He attacked like a rabid creature. So what do we do with him sir?"

"Bring him to me and put him in the platinum chain in the back. Also bring me the vermin to me for my experiments."

"Yes sir. *Leaves*

"We should experiment on Artyon he might have a hidden power,
but for now I will need a new soul gem since this one is failing. So we must find that salt blob Forgotten one and kill it."

"How are we supposed to find it and kill it since the other fire breathing one is with it?

"Easy we use both steel and a few adamantine spears should work on both of them."

One hour later.

"Lets go see how mister Artyon? *Enters cell* So you killll.... Holy shit!!!! *Finds Thane standing over Artyon covered in brain matter and blood* What in good Armok are you doing thane?!? Why did you kill my prisoner?!

"I am delivering justice for the sake of the fort now out of my way you useless hauler!" *Pushes past and leaves*

"Dammit! Curse that damm idiot Thane killing my test subject!" *Throws a stool*

"Calm yourself you fool It's fine if hes dead but I sent my messenger to The Flame so we need to be ready so get everything tidy up."

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)

The Barkhov punches The Trapper in the upper body with his right hand, bruising the muscle and shattering the left floatir ribs through the (troll fur cloak)!
The Barkhov bites The Trapper in the left lower arm, bruising the muscle through the (troll fur cloak)!
The Barkhov latches on firmly!
The Trapper stands up.
The Barkhov scratches The Trapper in the left lower leg, bruising the bone through the (giant cave spider silk trousers)!
The Barkhov punches The Trapper in the left hand with his right hand, shattering the bone through the x(cave spider silk left mit' r)x!
The Barkhov punches The Trapper in the right lower leg with his right hand, fracturing the bone through the (giant cave spider silk trousers)!
The Barkhov punches The Trapper in the upper body with his right hand, bruising the muscle, jamming the right false ribs through the liver and tearing the liver!
The Barkhov punches The Trapper in the head with his right hand, bruising the muscle, jamming the skull through the brain and tearing the brain
Vucar Logemfeb, Trapper has been found dead.

God damm Artyom has gone crazy.

The Aspiring Champion bashes The Barkhov in the left upper leg with her (copper war hammer), bruising the muscle through the (rope reed fiber skirt)!
The Aspiring Champion bashes The Barkhov in the right hand with her (copper war hammer), jamming the bone through the right wrist's muscle and shattering the right wrist's bone!
The Aspiring Champion bashes The Barkhov in the left upper arm with her (copper war hammer), bruising the muscle through the (rope reed fiber toga)!
The Aspiring Champion bashes The Barkhov in the right hand with her (copper war hammer), shattering the bone through the (rope reed fiber right glove)!
The Aspiring Champion bashes The Barkhov in the right lower arm with her (copper war hammer), fracturing the bone through the (rope reed fiber dress)!
The Aspiring Champion bashes The Barkhov in the right upper arm with her (copper war hammer), jamming the bone through the right shoulder's muscle and fracturing the right shoulder's bone!
The Aspiring Champion bashes The Barkhov in the right lower arm with her (copper war hammer), bruising the muscle through the (rope reed fiber dress)!
The Aspiring Champion bashes The Barkhov in the left lower leg with her (copper war hammer), chipping the bone through the (rope reed fiber dress)!
The Aspiring Champion bashes The Barkhov in the left upper leg with her (copper war hammer), chipping the bone through the (rope reed fiber skirt)!
The Aspiring Champion bashes The Barkhov in the upper body with her (copper war hammer), bruising the muscle and shattering the left true ribs through the (rope reed fiber cape)!
The Aspiring Champion bashes The Barkhov in the lower left back teeth with her (copper war hammer) and the severed part sails off in an arc!
The Aspiring Champion bashes The Barkhov in the right lower leg with her (copper war hammer), bruising the muscle through the (rope reed fiber dress)!
The Aspiring Champion bashes The Barkhov in the head with her (copper war hammer), bruising the muscle and shattering the skull through the (ostrich leather hood)!
The Aspiring Champion bashes The Barkhov in the head with her (copper war

Title: **Re: Demongate: Main Character Deaths Make Good Storylines!**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **July 21, 2014, 12:21:17 pm**

I'm guessing that there's someone manipulating our notables into killing each other. If Thane punches someone to death for no reason, I think we'll know something's up.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Main Character Deaths Make Good Storylines!**
Post by: **Senshuken** on **July 21, 2014, 12:34:02 pm**

What the absolute hell? Why did Artyom (Who is a guard captain now) lash out and randomly kill someone?

Title: **Re: Demongate: Main Character Deaths Make Good Storylines!**
Post by: **danmanthedog** on **July 21, 2014, 02:14:56 pm**

Quote from: Deus Asmoth on July 21, 2014, 12:21:17 pm
I'm guessing that there's someone manipulating our notables into killing each other. If Thane punches someone to death for no reason, I think we'll know something's up.
No I committed Artyon to jail for killing the trapper randomly but after he was chain up thane came in and start his 50 beating from a bronze hammer.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Main Character Deaths Make Good Storylines!**
Post by: **TheFlame52** on **July 21, 2014, 02:24:25 pm**

Was Artyom tantruming at the time, then?

Title: **Re: Demongate: Main Character Deaths Make Good Storylines!**
Post by: **danmanthedog** on **July 21, 2014, 02:53:03 pm**

Quote from: TheFlame52 on July 21, 2014, 02:24:25 pm
Was Artyom tantruming at the time, then?
Nope he was happy, all the game said was "trapper was found dead" zoomed to him and found him in the barracks food storage dead.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Main Character Deaths Make Good Storylines!**
Post by: **FallenAngel** on **July 21, 2014, 03:04:13 pm**

Lock FallenAngel III in the spider I built, forbid all passage in an out after he's in, and unforbid the emergency backup supplies connected to it.
Also, once he's there, assign all farming labors just in case.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Main Character Deaths Make Good Storylines!**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **July 21, 2014, 03:06:45 pm**

Shouldn't the captain of the guard be immune to jail sentences anyway? There wasn't even anyone in a squad with him, so no one should have been able to chain him.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Main Character Deaths Make Good Storylines!**
Post by: **danmanthedog** on **July 21, 2014, 03:56:31 pm**

Quote from: Deus Asmoth on July 21, 2014, 03:06:45 pm
Shouldn't the captain of the guard be immune to jail sentences anyway? There wasn't even anyone in a squad with him, so no one should have been able to chain him.
Well I don't know all I know is Artyon killed the trapper, I convicted him, Thane gave him 50 beatings then he died.

PS. He was not wearing none of his uniform.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Main Character Deaths Make Good Storylines!**
Post by: **FallenAngel** on **July 21, 2014, 04:12:43 pm**

From the engravings of FallenAngel III, Legendary+1 Bodysurfer

*Artyon is dead. I didn't know him too well, but I heard he was an OK guy. Asking around, it was Thane who killed him. It seems everyone whose spirit is too strong to exile is starting to go slightly nuts...
I'm afraid I'll have to lock myself in Spiderfort to protect myself and others. Unlike normal people, who have one shot at doing amazing things, I could completely destroy the fortress by taking over a soldier and going nuts.
I hope I do not have to do this. I have put a note, written on paper I stole from Thane, on one of the tables in that hauler's room asking to be locked within there, with access to the hidden food.*

Title: **Re: Demongate: Main Character Deaths Make Good Storylines!**
Post by: **Senshuken** on **July 21, 2014, 08:45:16 pm**

Just to be sure, are we sure it was Artyom who is dead? Because the log you posted listed his name as Barkhov when his name is Barkov. Not a big difference I know, but older recordings of his name have it right.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Main Character Deaths Make Good Storylines!**
Post by: **danmanthedog** on **July 21, 2014, 09:20:59 pm**

Quote from: Senshuken on July 21, 2014, 08:45:16 pm
Just to be sure, are we sure it was Artyom who is dead? Because the log you posted listed his name as Barkhov when his name is Barkov. Not a big difference I know, but older recordings of his name have it right.
That's his job title, in combat it says job title not names because of room.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Main Character Deaths Make Good Storylines!**
Post by: **Senshuken** on **July 21, 2014, 10:12:08 pm**

Oh...

Maybe the position of Guard Captain is cursed. Those who take it randomly murder someone before being randomly murdered themselves?

Title: **Re: Demongate: Main Character Deaths Make Good Storylines!**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **July 22, 2014, 04:50:11 am**

My guess would be that there was a production order violation and Artyom had to beat up the violator, but his beating job ended before the victim died, making it illegal. Or something.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Main Character Deaths Make Good Storylines!**
Post by: **Senshuken** on **July 22, 2014, 01:38:32 pm**

I preferred my version of events. It would suit the Fortress well to have a position that is cursed so that the person in it starts murdering dwarfs before being killed themselves.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Main Character Deaths Make Good Storylines!**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **July 22, 2014, 02:34:00 pm**

So, instead of a captain of the guard, we have a DADA professor?

In any case, the first post has been updated with the necessary amount of links and bad jokes.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Main Character Deaths Make Good Storylines!**
Post by: **FallenAngel** on **July 22, 2014, 02:58:10 pm**

I like the jokes.
The ones you used for my turn were quite fitting.

How is Vlad doing? I hope his arrangements are sufficient, since I helped keep him not insane.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Main Character Deaths Make Good Storylines!**
Post by: **danmanthedog** on **July 22, 2014, 06:05:53 pm**

Knock Knock

"Come in. *Enters the Broker*Ah welcome Tun what may be the promble?"

"Sir the elves have arrived so what should we trade from them?"

"UMMM trade some animals and sun berries, but only trade them our old dingy clothes. Okay?"

"Okay sir, but I have one question sir? "What is it Tun?"Um whats with the chained up undead frog person and chained up goblins that are being held over those pits?"

"The undead is my test subject and the goblins, they are going to be drop on to weapon traps. Want to watch?"

"Um no thank you, I got to get to the elves but maybe later." *Leaves* "Man that dwarf is mad." *Sudden horrible screams and blood cuddling saw noises!"

4 Weeks later.

"LET"S THROW SOME GOBLINS INTO A PIT TO DIE!!!! YEAH LETS THROW THEM DOWN TO BE SLICED UP AND CHOPPED UP TO LITTLE PIECES!!" "WILL YOU STOP YOUR SINGING!! DEAR ARMOK YOU ARE SUCH A BAD SINGER!!" I'm just lighting the process up a bit. *Kicks goblin in pit*

"ARHHHHHHH!"

Dwarf barges in "SIR WE ARE IN DEEP SHIT."

"What now you annoying FOOL!" *Picks up stool and readies to be thrown*

"GOBLINS WERE FOUND AT THE SPIDER FORT BUT THE WORST IS THE DRAGON ON THE HORIZON THAT WILL BE HERE IN A DAY, SO WHAT DO WE DO?"

"CALM YOURSELF YOU FOOL! *Slaps the dwarf with the stool* Order the troops to block the way in for the goblins and when the dragon shows up order every one underground and lets hope it gets trapped in the cages."

"Yes sir!" "OH DEAR ARMOK SOME ONE END MY PAIN!"

"NOW GET OUT OF MY OFFICE! *Throws the stool down the pit*

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

body, tearing apart the muscle through the x(giant toad leather cloak)x and spilling her stinking guts!
The ≡large, serrated steel disc≡ strikes The Goblin Maceman in the upper body, tearing apart the muscle and tearing apart the middle spine's nervous tissue through the x(giant toad leather cloak)x!
An artery has been opened by the attack!
A tendon in the middle spine has been torn!
The ≡large, serrated steel disc≡ strikes The Goblin Maceman in the right lower arm and the severed part sails off in an arc!
The ≡large, serrated steel disc≡ strikes The Goblin Maceman in the left eye, tearing apart the left eyelid's skin through the x(giant toad leather cloak)x!
The ≡large, serrated steel disc≡ strikes The Goblin Maceman in the upper body, tearing apart the muscle, shattering the left false ribs and tearing apart the left lung through the x(giant toad leather cloak)x!
An artery has been opened by the attack!
A tendon in the left false ribs has been torn!
The Goblin Maceman is having trouble breathing!
The ≡large, serrated steel disc≡ strikes The Goblin Maceman in the upper body, tearing apart the muscle and tearing apart the left lung through the x(giant toad leather cloak)x!
An artery has been opened by the attack!
The Goblin Maceman is having more trouble breathing!
The +large, serrated steel disc+ strikes The Goblin Maceman in the upper body, tearing apart the muscle and tearing apart the right lung through the x(giant toad leather cloak)x!
An artery has been opened by the attack!
The Goblin Maceman is having more trouble breathing!
The +large, serrated steel disc+ strikes The Goblin Maceman in the head, tearing apart the muscle, shattering the skull and tearing apart the brain through the x(aardvark leather hood)x!
An artery has been opened by the attack!
A tendon in the skull has been torn!
▶The Goblin Maceman has been knocked unconscious!



A gigantic reptilian creature. It is magical and can breath fire. These monsters can live for thousands of years.
She is very fat and enormous overall. Her scales are green. Her eyes are black.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Main Character Deaths Make Good Storylines!**
Post by: **fractalman** on **July 22, 2014, 11:39:50 pm**

It seems that downloading into a soul gem is not a great way to remain....sane.

oh who am I kidding, these are dwarves I'm thinking about. Dan is still sane by dwarven standards.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Main Character Deaths Make Good Storylines!**
Post by: **danmanthedog** on **July 23, 2014, 05:57:20 am**

Should I put up a key for what colors belong to what dwarf? Also thank you I am very insane.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Main Character Deaths Make Good Storylines!**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **July 23, 2014, 06:55:38 am**

A key might be helpful.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Main Character Deaths Make Good Storylines!**
Post by: **danmanthedog** on **July 23, 2014, 07:13:14 am**

Navy=Dan
Green=My host
Orange=Random dwarf
Red=Thane

Black=Goblins
Pink=Brokers

Dragon died from traps but some idiot swords dwarf charge it to get the kill alone but before he got to the dragon it died. Also all the elves died before they could leave soooo maybe a war. :P I am in the end of summer it takes a little longer for time to pass because of alittle fps slowly but I might get it done by sunday.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Main Character Deaths Make Good Storylines!**
Post by: **MDFification** on **July 24, 2014, 10:23:10 am**

I see how this goes. I leave. Everyone dies. Repeat.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Main Character Deaths Make Good Storylines!**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **July 24, 2014, 10:50:56 am**

Let's not exaggerate. I'm certain that there was at least two people alive at the end of my turn.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Main Character Deaths Make Good Storylines!**
Post by: **FallenAngel** on **July 24, 2014, 10:54:24 am**

I didn't die during your turn, and neither did Vlad.
Then again, I died during my turn and Dan's turn, so it's not like my death is a big deal.
Flame also probably didn't die maybe I think.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Main Character Deaths Make Good Storylines!**
Post by: **TheFlame52** on **July 24, 2014, 10:55:18 am**

Who was the swordsdwarf and what did we get from the elves?

FallenAngel you ninja, I haven't died yet.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Main Character Deaths Make Good Storylines!**
Post by: **FallenAngel** on **July 24, 2014, 11:00:27 am**

After living for a couple hundred thousand years, you get REALLY QUICK.

Also I'm eating your bed.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Main Character Deaths Make Good Storylines!**
Post by: **danmanthedog** on **July 24, 2014, 01:40:18 pm**

Random dwarf and nothing but ash because of the dragon.

Gold=Random dwarf
Maroon=Aqua
White=Ghosts
Grey=Random military dwarf

"Yes put the blood barrels in the storage under the spider lab. "Yes sir." *Leaves with blood barrels*

Whistle, Whistle "Hm maybe if I inject the blood of a boar into a dwarf maybe he/she become half boar. What you think Dan? "Sounds like a good idea but try inserting the cat skull into the stomach with the blood."

"OH GOD WHAT DO YOU WANT FROM ME!" "OH crap! *Slams stool into skull* Guess the anesthetist wore off."

Knock Knock

"Arh hold on! *Throws sheet over unconscious dwarf body* Enter now! "Umm sir do you know a dwarf by the name of Lokast?"
"Why would I know him and better what tell me the preamble now you fool."

"Well it seems she lost her child earlier years but she lost it from goblins...It seems that no one buried it's body causing it's spirit to rise to haunt Lokast.

"So whys it my problem?" "Well we would just get rid of it but Lokast is keeping us from exorcising it so is there something you can do about it?"

"Fine I will fix it but I do it my way."

Later in the fort

"NOOO STAY AWAY FROM MY BABY! YOU WON'T TOUCH IT!

"COME ON LOKAST GIVE THE CHILD UP!" "NEVER I WILL NEVER GIVE HIM UP!"

Enters "Okay Lokast calm down before I make you calm down okay?" "NEVER HES MY SWEET HEART MY LOVELY ARMOKS ANGEL!"

"Okay I believe you he was buLOOK OVER THERE!!!" ""HUH" *Looks at a statue*" "RAGHGHH!! *Throws two stools one at Lokast and one at the ghost baby* BEGONE SPIRIT OF HELL!"

Day later

"Whelp we were able to get rid of the ghost baby and Lokast is already feeling better so good job overseer and also well this was happening the humans came and gone. We just got all their armor and bolts."

"No problem and also good luck with Lokast."

So nothing really has been happing but here is what the dark fortress spear room looks like. So there is spears made of steel, adamantuim and masterwork copper spears. Lead, bismuth bronze doors.

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)



Title: **Re: Demongate: Main Character Deaths Make Good Storylines!**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **July 24, 2014, 04:13:30 pm**

Have you been linking them to the lever in Vlad's room?

Title: **Re: Demongate: Main Character Deaths Make Good Storylines!**
Post by: **danmanthedog** on **July 24, 2014, 04:50:58 pm**

Not yet still making the mechanisms needed and vlad almost went insane because some one had better coffin then him but I fixed it... Also I'm making us a mountain home mean and I hope the queen shall be joining us.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Main Character Deaths Make Good Storylines!**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **July 24, 2014, 06:08:00 pm**

You should probably get the rooms beside Vlad's furnished if you plan to do that so that she doesn't go crazy once she arrives.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Main Character Deaths Make Good Storylines!**
Post by: **danmanthedog** on **July 26, 2014, 05:25:11 pm**

Nothing really is happening in the fort, just a few ambushes from goblins which I think killed the mayor. Also for some odd reason goblin leaders seem to be missing arms when they siege us. The queen/king will be joining since I offered one of our masterwork steel sawblade worth over 45000 gold. The queens tower is finished so just shove he ass in there when she shows up. One quarter of the spear traps are hooked up. I will do one last story write up.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Main Character Deaths Make Good Storylines!**
Post by: **MDFification** on **July 27, 2014, 08:20:38 am**

Vlad's been almost going crazy for the past 3 years now. It's time to get him out of that room and back into the militia.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Main Character Deaths Make Good Storylines!**
Post by: **FallenAngel** on **July 27, 2014, 08:23:33 am**

I helped him not go crazy by decking out his rooms.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Main Character Deaths Make Good Storylines!**
Post by: **danmanthedog** on **July 27, 2014, 10:38:23 am**

Quote from: FallenAngel on July 27, 2014, 08:23:33 am

I helped him not go crazy by decking out his rooms.

Not really he was very unhappy when I started, since some one gave an other named dwarf an adamantine coffin well vlad had a silver one.

"Sir the salt blob has been killed and the remains are right here like your said, but why do you need this salt pile?"

"Simple my simple friend I needed its soul gem to help my failing friend before it's to late. So thank you for all your help but now you're need more then ever.

"UM how so sir?"

"Simple we need a body for him, so sorry about this. *Bashes him with a stool*

"Damm I liked that one, but never less get the blood and venom ready.

"Yeah yeah I got it. *Pulls the dwarf to a table* Hm what should we do with our experiment?"

"Just push it to the floor."

Shoves indwarf hybrid to the floor "Okay mix the blood, venom and salt pile together. Then pour a circle with the mixture around the old soul gem, new one and the new body. *Forms the blood circle around the needed materials* Then light the mixture with sparks made from Adamantine and steel. So lets do this mister lichy. *Strikes the two metals together causing a mass of green flames to wrap around the dwarfs body* Whelp now let it cook for a hour and pull it out to cool yummy." *Leaves the lab and locks the door.

30 minutes later

"Dop dop dop!" "Mister overseer!" "ARHH! Um hello Thane, so whats wrong.

Well you were busy in your lab the goblins sieged us and killed half of the traders but the caravan guards and our men pushed them back but we lost the mayor and a few other dwarfs.

"Well at least you lead the troops into glory of the battle but I am not overseer any more so good luck you guys but I'm going to live the rest of my life in style in the caverns."

Hour later in the lab

Lab door opens "Aw a new body feels different from my old one, now I have some busy to attend to right Burto?"

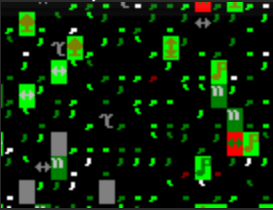
Out follows the hybrid "Hm yes master."

Well that ends my turn, we got sieged buy a army of goblins and trolls but fought them back at the cost of the traders but I hope the offerings count so the queen comes. Dragon came and died easy, the dark fortress spears are not all hooked up yet so you have to do the rest of them. I also posted a shit ton of notes so good luck.

save
http://dffd.wimbli.com/file.php?id=9170 (http://dffd.wimbli.com/file.php?id=9170)

Title: **Re: Demongate: Main Character Deaths Make Good Storylines!**
Post by: **TheFlame52** on **July 27, 2014, 02:30:35 pm**

I have a few questions.
1. What the hell happened with the depot? There are two of them and the outer depot bridge is in a different place.
2. Did you use a tileset? The tiles are all really fucked up.

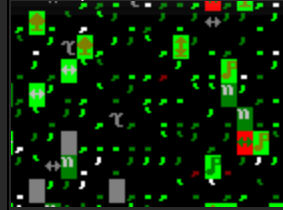


The ground looks like this. It's even worse other places.
3. Why are there a bunch of chained-up and caged zombies?
4. Why is the ground on fire outside the entrances to the fort?

Title: **Re: Demongate: Main Character Deaths Make Good Storylines!**
Post by: **danmanthedog** on **July 27, 2014, 03:43:49 pm**

Quote from: TheFlame52 on July 27, 2014, 02:30:35 pm

I have a few questions.
1. What the hell happened with the depot? There are two of them and the outer depot bridge is in a different place.
2. Djd you use a tileset? The tiles are all really fucked up.



The ground looks like this. It's even worse other places.
3. Why are there a bunch of chained-up and caged zombies?
4. Why is the ground on fire outside the entrances to the fort?

1st trade melted and also temperature is off I think. Plus yes I used tileset but just change it with lazy newb pack. Fire outside is umm dragon shit curse, a dragons shit will always stay on fire. The extra trade deport outside the fort was a hurried one because it wouldn't work where you had the first one because of smoke and steam. One in the fort was for the humans, and the one under ground is a back up one for in case you need it. It was supposed to have traps over a drowning pit to flush the fallen goblins to the caverns. The zombie in the classroom is the class pet, ones in the lab is my experiments so don't touchy.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Main Character Deaths Make Good Storylines!**
Post by: **FallenAngel** on **July 27, 2014, 03:48:32 pm**

Quote from: danmanthedog on July 27, 2014, 10:38:23 am

Quote from: FallenAngel on July 27, 2014, 08:23:33 am

I helped him not go crazy by decking out his rooms.
Not really he was very unhappy when I started, since some one gave an other named dwarf an adamantine coffin well vlad had a silver one.

Not my doings.
He was at least Happy when I turned in the save (I think), so it was either Flame or Deus that put the adamantine sarcophagus somewhere. My furnishings (read: GIANT SPIDER FULL OF SURVIVALIST STUFF) were not enough to do much more than slightly disturb him.
I imagine it went like this.

FallenAngel #2: "So, Vlad, how do you like my rooms?"
Vladimir Uristovich: "They are... slightly saddening, but thankfully I have a good statue, so all's well."

Title: **Re: Demongate: Main Character Deaths Make Good Storylines!**
Post by: **Gnorm** on **July 27, 2014, 04:55:47 pm**

My turn will begin soon.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Main Character Deaths Make Good Storylines!**
Post by: **Rhaken** on **July 27, 2014, 05:03:16 pm**

Quote from: Gnorm on July 27, 2014, 04:55:47 pm
My turn will begin soon.

I'll get started on Tarmid's obituary.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Main Character Deaths Make Good Storylines!**
Post by: **Gnorm** on **July 27, 2014, 05:09:55 pm**

Quote from: Rhaken on July 27, 2014, 05:03:16 pm

Quote from: Gnorm on July 27, 2014, 04:55:47 pm

My turn will begin soon.

I'll get started on Tarmid's obituary.

You're always so on top of things, aren't you? Anyhow, I'm working on the introductory post now.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Main Character Deaths Make Good Storylines!**
Post by: **FallenAngel** on **July 27, 2014, 05:15:10 pm**

Quote from: Gnorm on July 27, 2014, 05:09:55 pm

Quote from: Rhaken on July 27, 2014, 05:03:16 pm

Quote from: Gnorm on July 27, 2014, 04:55:47 pm

My turn will begin soon.

I'll get started on Tarmid's obituary.

You're always so on top of things, aren't you? Anyhow, I'm working on the introductory post now.

MY TABLE HAS RINGS OF DWARF BONE MADE OF GNORA.
I AM THE MOST INSANE SANE PERSON IN THIS INSANE FORT.
I ATE FLAME'S BED.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Main Character Deaths Make Good Storylines!**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **July 27, 2014, 06:03:28 pm**

I was unaware that we had an adamantine coffin at all, let alone that someone used it. Unless I set it up by accident when I was trying to get everyone buried and didn't notice it in the list of materials, I don't think I'm responsible.

Also, the guy Artyom killed was convicted of violating the mayor's production order, so presumably Artyom just got unlucky with the beating and accidentally killed him.

A minor quibble, though. Thane would literally never call anyone Mister anything. She doesn't even give Brenzen his title, and they're on reasonably good terms. Then again, most of what she said in that entry I read as being sarcastic, so I guess it might still work.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Main Character Deaths Make Good Storylines!**
Post by: **Gnorm** on **July 27, 2014, 07:27:41 pm**

Part I: Time is But a Circle

The old stone walls still stood, despite being almost entirely undisturbed for several years. Castle Helgarde was to be the great project of the old overseer; one of the fortress' great monuments. Yet for some reason the project was forgotten, and the dwarf turned to the caverns to construct the headquarters of the now defunct Miner's Guild. Still, what little was built of the castle managed to, ironically, out-live Helgarde himself, who died and was buried within the earth. If the rest of the fortress were to die overnight, their creations would still outlast them by one thousand years; such is the nature of the dwarves' creation.

Torvald stood against the stone wall inside of the ruins, thinking about the battle that had occurred the day prior. The goblins had sneaked in whilst the dwarves were trading, and a dragon came along as well to try its hand at the Demongate militia. All fall in Demongate; merchants fall to invaders, invaders to soldiers, and the very inhabitants of the fortress picked away at each other over the years. Torvald laid a glance on the soldiers marching outside of the barracks, some cradling broken bones and others looking forlornly at the spots where limbs were once attached. He, Torvald, took a slow, long drag from his cigar; times for relaxation came so infrequently these days that he liked enjoy every moment of his breaks.

The sudden sound of footsteps startled him, and he turned to see a familiar figure walk towards him. He was dressed all in bismuth bronze, and his prized sword was firmly attached to his belt. He too was smoking, though in his case it was a cigarette. He stood facing Torvald, though he did not look him directly in the eye.

"Are you Torvald?" he asked bluntly.

"Yessir, Captain Thanatos," was Torvald's response, "how are things going in the militia?"

"You're to follow me to the church."

"So this is him, yes?"

"Yes, your lordship. Although there is a lack of family resemblance, this is her brother."

"Then perhaps ve could be usingk him?"

Thanatos had led Torvald to a small group of dwarves. As it was comprised mostly of former overseers and founders of the fortress, many familiar dwarves could be seen there. The manager, duke, hammerer, chief medic, and commander all sat before him, exchanging glances with one another between the probing looks they gave him.

"What exactly do ya'll want with me?" Torvald asked.

"This committee is responsible for a majority of the legislature of Demongate," responded Tarmid. "You are no doubt aware of the previous year's overseer's insanity."

"I am. I suppose that did make ya'll a tad on edge."

"Correct," said Thane.

"So, this committee is really what's in charge of all 'round here. Tell me more about all of this. Was my sister on your committee?"

"No. In fact, she was quite opposed to it," said Cornelius.

"As for the committee secrets, ve do not discuss vith outsiders. Ve have proposal for you; take it or leave it."

"Overseeing Demongate has become a dangerous hassle," began Thane, "one which none of us have any interest in taking up at the moment. Seeing as you are one of the more stable members of the community, it was decided that you would be selected to take the helm."

"And what's in it for me? Why should I follow ya'll?"

"We are willing to make a deal: one year of overseeing and we will try to have your sister's remains returned to her birthplace."

"She grew quite apart from us in her late life," interjected Tarmid. "We all believe that she would have wanted to be buried as far away from Vlad as possible."

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Torvald sat in his room with his pen and paper in hand. The committee had told him that it would not be necessary to announce himself, and that the people of Demongate would just accept that a new overseer had been selected; such is how things work in the fortress. Still, Torvald felt it was necessary to write to one person in particular. He began his letter:

Dear father,

The fortresses are now at my command. . . .

Title: **Re: Demongate: Main Character Deaths Make Good Storylines!**
Post by: **danmanthedog** on **July 27, 2014, 07:39:34 pm**

Quote from: Gnorm on July 27, 2014, 07:27:41 pm

Part I: Time is But a Circle

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Dear father,

The fortresses are now at my command. . . .

Better, also we have 3 adamantine coffins, one for the queen, one for vlad, and an unused one I think.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Main Character Deaths Make Good Storylines!**
Post by: **Gnorm** on **July 27, 2014, 07:46:05 pm**

I'm not really sure what you're trying to say by quoting me.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Main Character Deaths Make Good Storylines!**
Post by: **danmanthedog** on **July 27, 2014, 07:58:17 pm**

Quote from: Gnorm on July 27, 2014, 07:46:05 pm

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Simple your said "A KNEW OVERSEER" I fixed it. :P :P :P

Title: **Re: Demongate: Main Character Deaths Make Good Storylines!**
Post by: **Gnorm** on **July 27, 2014, 07:59:56 pm**

Quote from: danmanthedog on July 27, 2014, 07:58:17 pm

Quote from: Gnorm on July 27, 2014, 07:46:05 pm

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You know that you've really messed up when danmanthedog is correcting your sentences.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Main Character Deaths Make Good Storylines!**
Post by: **danmanthedog** on **July 27, 2014, 08:32:24 pm**

Quote from: Gnorm on July 27, 2014, 07:59:56 pm

Quote from: danmanthedog on July 27, 2014, 07:58:17 pm

Quote from: Gnorm on July 27, 2014, 07:46:05 pm

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Teehee I'm so bad.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Main Character Deaths Make Good Storylines!**
Post by: **Gnorm** on **July 28, 2014, 02:32:21 am**

Part II: Reko Attacks!

"What's that jeweler over there doing?"

"Why, I'd say the poor fellow's gone quite mad."

"One of those "fey moods" I suspect. Look at him go about the stockpiles collecting that junk."

"At least he's succeeding; I've seen more dwarves go berserk trying to make an artifact than I think any dwarf should."

"Agreed. I wonder what he hopes to create."

"He's a jeweler. What do *you* think he'll make."

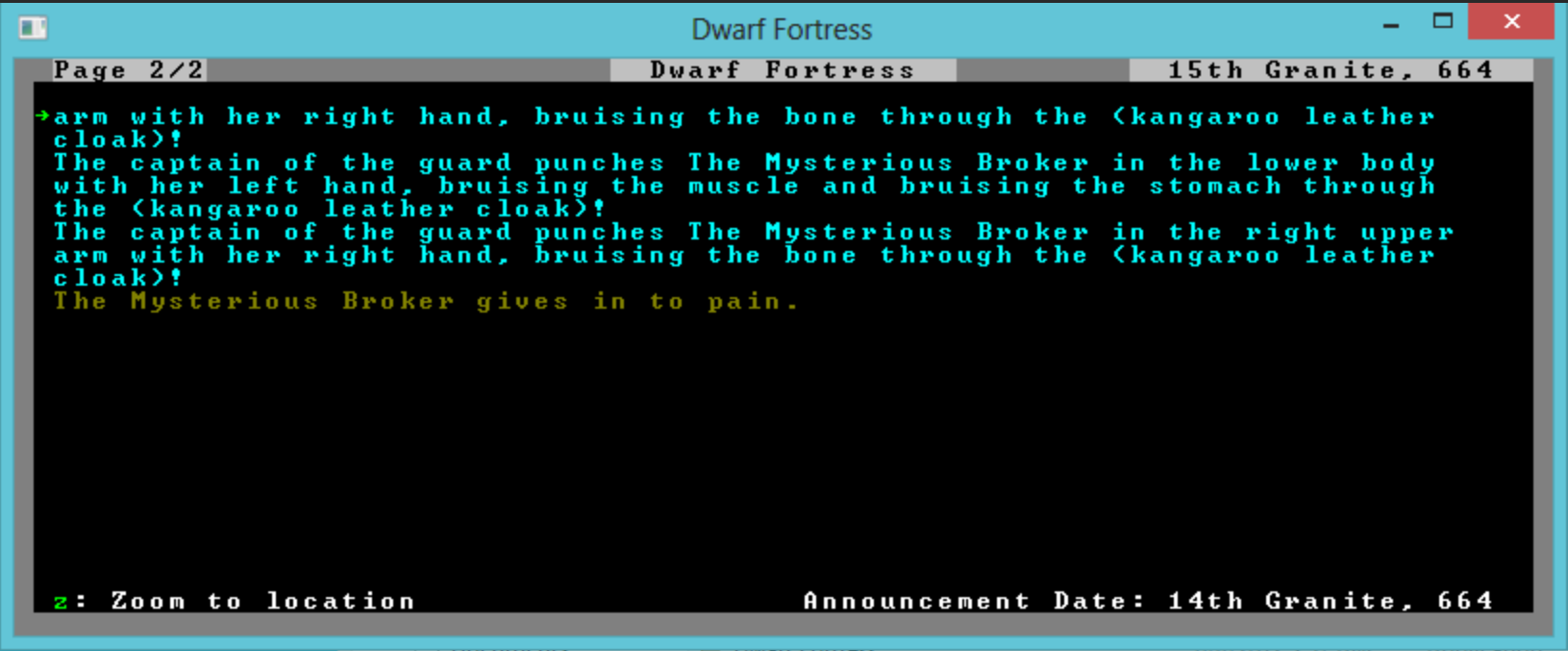
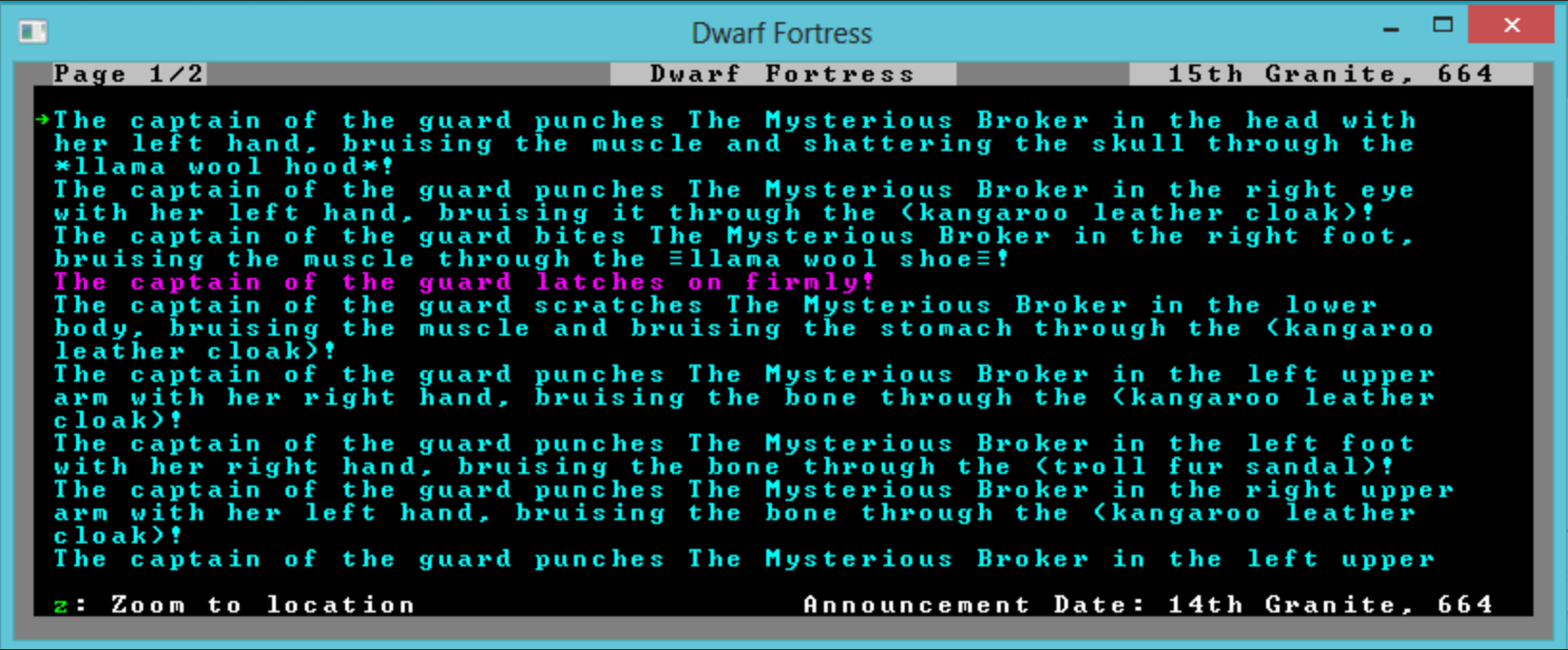
"Point taken."



Torvald stood quietly before the glaring eyes of the Evening Prayer Group.

"Why was the former broker beaten to the point of unconsciousness by the fortress guard yesterday?" Thane inquired sternly.

"I reckon that it was a violation of an export prohibition. He is currently recovering in the hospital with a broken skull.



"That is quite an injury, are you sure that he'll recover?" asked Tarmid.

"The fortress cannot be affordink to lose extra dvarf to police beatingsk," added Vlad.

"A report from one of the nurses did say that he is due to receive adamantine stitches by the end of the month."

"This is not good use of resourcses. Seeingk as the fortress needs veaponry and armoringk, allovingk this as the overseer could be considered treason, yes?"

"I can assure the committee that I ain't got the slightest idea as to how this got past me. Still, I can't cancel what processes have already begun."

The Evening Prayer Group glanced accusingly at Torvald, and Sir Brenzen motioned for him to leave. As the heavy stone doors shut behind him, Torvald could already hear the committee members begin to deliberate and to argue over the situation. He was positive that he could make out the occassional insult from Vlad, who was most certainly not on his side. Only after an hour had passed was he allowed to return to the chambers.

"Torvald," Sir Brenzen began. "It has been decided that your oversight is to be forgiven this time around. However, know that it is quite unwise to displease this committee."

"I understand. Thank ya'll kindly."

The roar could be heard quite clearly, even from the surface. It was the roar of a forgotten beast, one of the primordial monsters of the world. What exactly they were, no one could truly know or agree. Perhaps they were creatures sent by the gods to punish the living for their sinful nature, or perhaps they were merely another beast to hunt in the caverns. Whatever they were, the roar of one usually meant that the nearest fortress was to go into lock-down. This does not, however, apply when the fortress in question is Demongate, where the dwarves have gotten all too used to this sort of thing.



A swordsdwarf ran towards Torvald carrying the scouting reports. He quickly saluted the overseer and began to relay his information.

"Sir, the beast has been spotted in the second cavern layer, and is rapidly approaching the stairway!"

"Send in the 1st Crossbow. If nothing else, we can at least buy ourselves some time.

"Just the one squaud!"

"We cannot afford to risk our entire military to a single threat, now tell the commander to mobilize the troops now or I'll do it myself!"

"Yes sir!"

The first marksdwarf met the beast right as it was coming to the staircases. As the bolts began to stick into the beast and cripple it, so too did the beast begin to expel its noxious gases. The marksdwarves the arrived to fight it were quickly caught up in the gases, but it did not show any outward or immediate effects.

"This beastie's all show!" the militia captain exclaimed. "Let's show this pin-cushion who owns Demongate!



They continued to fire their bolts into the monster, and it slowly began to move with less strength and vigor. Suddenly, completely out of the blue, an enthusiastic female cry was heard and a new dwarf joined the fight. She was the new recruit to the crossbow squad.

"It's the new recruit, the strange lass!"

"Aye! Quite enthusiastic she is."

"What's her name again?"

"Dan-something or other."

"Odd sort of name for a girl, but whatever! Let's finish this."

The militia captain fired one final bolt into the beast's head, piercing the skull and tearing the brain apart. The beast let out one last faint cry as the light faded quickly from its eye. It crumbled to the ground, and even before anyone knew it the monster had fallen asleep forever. The marksdwarves all began to cheer and cry out in joy, except for the one young marksdwarf called Danman, who looked somewhat disappointed.



Title: **Re: Demongate: Main Character Deaths Make Good Storylines!**
Post by: **danmanthedog** on **July 28, 2014, 07:21:52 am**

"Huh I seem to be a damm female...That cheeky dwarfess tricked me! Oh well, Burto! Come to me you lug head."

Enters "Yes master." "I need you to get farther into the army so you can become the captain, proving my experiment has worked and that hybrid dwarfs are better then the original dwarfs. But before you do it go get me a sunberry and some wine please."

"Yes master."

Title: **Re: Demongate: Main Character Deaths Make Good Storylines!**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **July 28, 2014, 10:27:08 am**

Who's our captain of the guard at the moment, and have they murdered anyone yet?

Title: **Re: Demongate: Main Character Deaths Make Good Storylines!**
Post by: **danmanthedog** on **July 28, 2014, 10:41:42 am**

Quote from: Deus Asmoth on July 28, 2014, 10:27:08 am
Who's our captain of the guard at the moment, and have they murdered anyone yet?

I don't think I replaced the captian because I forgot, So can you check the requirements needed for the queen if it's okay?

Title: **Re: Demongate: Main Character Deaths Make Good Storylines!**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **July 28, 2014, 11:23:48 am**

We still haven't given the queen any offerings, apparently. Did the traders get killed?

Title: **Re: Demongate: Main Character Deaths Make Good Storylines!**
Post by: **Gnorm** on **July 28, 2014, 12:15:06 pm**

Whatever you offered to the queen seemed to get through, and she should be coming soon. As for the captain of the guard, it's just a random dwarf. Vlad has also finally been re-enlisted.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Main Character Deaths Make Good Storylines!**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **July 28, 2014, 01:34:40 pm**

I seem to recall putting him in the military briefly, then noticing he wasn't actually following any orders.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Main Character Deaths Make Good Storylines!**
Post by: **Gnorm** on **July 28, 2014, 02:43:06 pm**

Quote from: Deus Asmoth on July 28, 2014, 01:34:40 pm
I seem to recall putting him in the military briefly, then noticing he wasn't actually following any orders.

He certainly seems to be training, which should give him good thoughts.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Main Character Deaths Make Good Storylines!**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **July 28, 2014, 02:59:22 pm**

Good enough, I suppose. Arer they able to build relationships while training, or do we still have to lock them in a room for that?

Title: **Re: Demongate: Main Character Deaths Make Good Storylines!**
Post by: **danmanthedog** on **July 28, 2014, 06:52:27 pm**

Good the queen shall be locked into her tower and the bridge shall be destroyed so she can never leave into you breach the sword killing every other dwarf.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Main Character Deaths Make Good Storylines!**
Post by: **Rhaken** on **July 28, 2014, 07:16:21 pm**

Quote from: danmanthedog on July 28, 2014, 06:52:27 pm
Good the queen shall be locked into her tower and the bridge shall be destroyed so she can never leave into you breach the sword killing every other dwarf.

Wohoah, slow down there, Montressor. This isn't Steelhold. The monarch has done nothing wrong (as far as we know). At least she wasn't raised by homicidal vampires or murdered her way to the throne, anyway.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Main Character Deaths Make Good Storylines!**
Post by: **Gnorm** on **July 28, 2014, 07:36:14 pm**

The queen will be kept safe, though I have no intention of locking her up and sealing her away forever. Anyhow, if anyone has any character/story posts, they would be most welcome.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Main Character Deaths Make Good Storylines!**
Post by: **FallenAngel** on **July 28, 2014, 07:49:27 pm**

I AM EATING DWARF EYE MEATBALLS.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Main Character Deaths Make Good Storylines!**
Post by: **danmanthedog** on **July 28, 2014, 08:46:17 pm**

Quote from: Rhaken on July 28, 2014, 07:16:21 pm
Quote from: danmanthedog on July 28, 2014, 06:52:27 pm
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Wohoah, slow down there, Montressor. This isn't Steelhold. The monarch has done nothing wrong (as far as we know). At least she wasn't raised by homicidal vampires or murdered her way to the throne, anyway.

It's not like she won't have pets and all that, plus shes in a tower in the air above the fort.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Main Character Deaths Make Good Storylines!**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **July 29, 2014, 05:05:17 am**

That's still no reason to murder the rest of the fortress.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Main Character Deaths Make Good Storylines!**
Post by: **FallenAngel** on **July 29, 2014, 08:22:12 am**

Quote from: Deus Asmoth on July 29, 2014, 05:05:17 am
That's still no reason to murder the rest of the fortress.

There's no need for a reason, this is Dwarf Fortress.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Main Character Deaths Make Good Storylines!**
Post by: **Zaerosz** on **July 29, 2014, 08:23:37 am**

This fort does have *some* vague storyline, yes? Mass population culling for mass population culling's sake is unnecessary, would likely derail the story and is really kind of a dick move if other players don't agree with it.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Main Character Deaths Make Good Storylines!**
Post by: **danmanthedog** on **July 29, 2014, 09:34:16 am**

Woah I'm just saying if we do breach the sword then she shall be safe in her tower with enough food to last a bit before the demons get her.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Main Character Deaths Make Good Storylines!**
Post by: **TheFlame52** on **July 29, 2014, 10:33:23 am**

Quote from: danmanthedog on July 29, 2014, 09:34:16 am

Woah I'm just saying if we do breach the sword then she shall be safe in her tower with enough food to last a bit before the demons get her.

We already talked about this: No murdering the fort intentionally. The fort dies when it dies and not before.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Main Character Deaths Make Good Storylines!**
Post by: **Gnorm** on **July 29, 2014, 12:01:00 pm**

I think what he's *trying* to say is that the tower is to help her remain safe while we *deal with* the demons. I don't think that he's actually suggesting we use the demons to murder the fort. While on the topic, the message came up saying that the queen had arrived, but she hasn't actually spawned on the map. What's going on?

Title: **Re: Demongate: Main Character Deaths Make Good Storylines!**
Post by: **danmanthedog** on **July 29, 2014, 12:25:01 pm**

Quote from: Gnorm on July 29, 2014, 12:01:00 pm

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DING MOTHERFUCKING DING! Thank you Gnorm, I wanted to open hell so we can live in hell.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Main Character Deaths Make Good Storylines!**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **July 29, 2014, 12:54:41 pm**

That's a terrible idea. It murders the framerate for a start, and even after that, demons will keeps spawning on the edges of hell and murdering people. While conquering hell is likely something that'd make sense in the story, actually living there wouldn't, particularly since we're meant to be trying to stop an invasion over land.

If there's something standing where the queen is trying to spawn, that might be the problem.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Main Character Deaths Make Good Storylines!**
Post by: **Gnorm** on **July 29, 2014, 05:48:12 pm**

Who's bright idea was it to dump our potash into the magma chute? Now I have to make more!

Title: **Re: Demongate: Main Character Deaths Make Good Storylines!**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **July 29, 2014, 05:59:42 pm**

Are you sure it's in the magma? Maybe we just ran out.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Main Character Deaths Make Good Storylines!**
Post by: **Gnorm** on **July 29, 2014, 06:19:01 pm**

Quote from: Deus Asmoth on July 29, 2014, 05:59:42 pm

Are you sure it's in the magma? Maybe we just ran out.

There are definitely a couple bars in the garbage chute.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Main Character Deaths Make Good Storylines!**
Post by: **danmanthedog** on **July 29, 2014, 07:12:47 pm**

Quote from: Gnorm on July 29, 2014, 06:19:01 pm

Quote from: Deus Asmoth on July 29, 2014, 05:59:42 pm

Are you sure it's in the magma? Maybe we just ran out.

There are definitely a couple bars in the garbage chute.

.....Maybe me I was dumping alot of garbage but I don't know why potash was dumped, I do know that I dumped 96 dragon meat because I mass dumped some item hoping that the will put it in the queens chambers since only barrels were being store.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Main Character Deaths Make Good Storylines!**
Post by: **Zaerosz** on **July 29, 2014, 07:40:23 pm**

Dude, if you want to dump things in specific places, turn all the other dump zones. Congrats on wasting a dragon.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Main Character Deaths Make Good Storylines!**
Post by: **danmanthedog** on **July 29, 2014, 08:00:02 pm**

Quote from: Zaerosz on July 29, 2014, 07:40:23 pm

Dude, if you want to dump things in specific places, turn all the other dump zones. Congrats on wasting a dragon.

Oh shush I only wasted a part of it and I didn't ever want to kill it I wanted to train it for it to take on the demons.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Main Character Deaths Make Good Storylines!**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **July 30, 2014, 03:07:14 am**

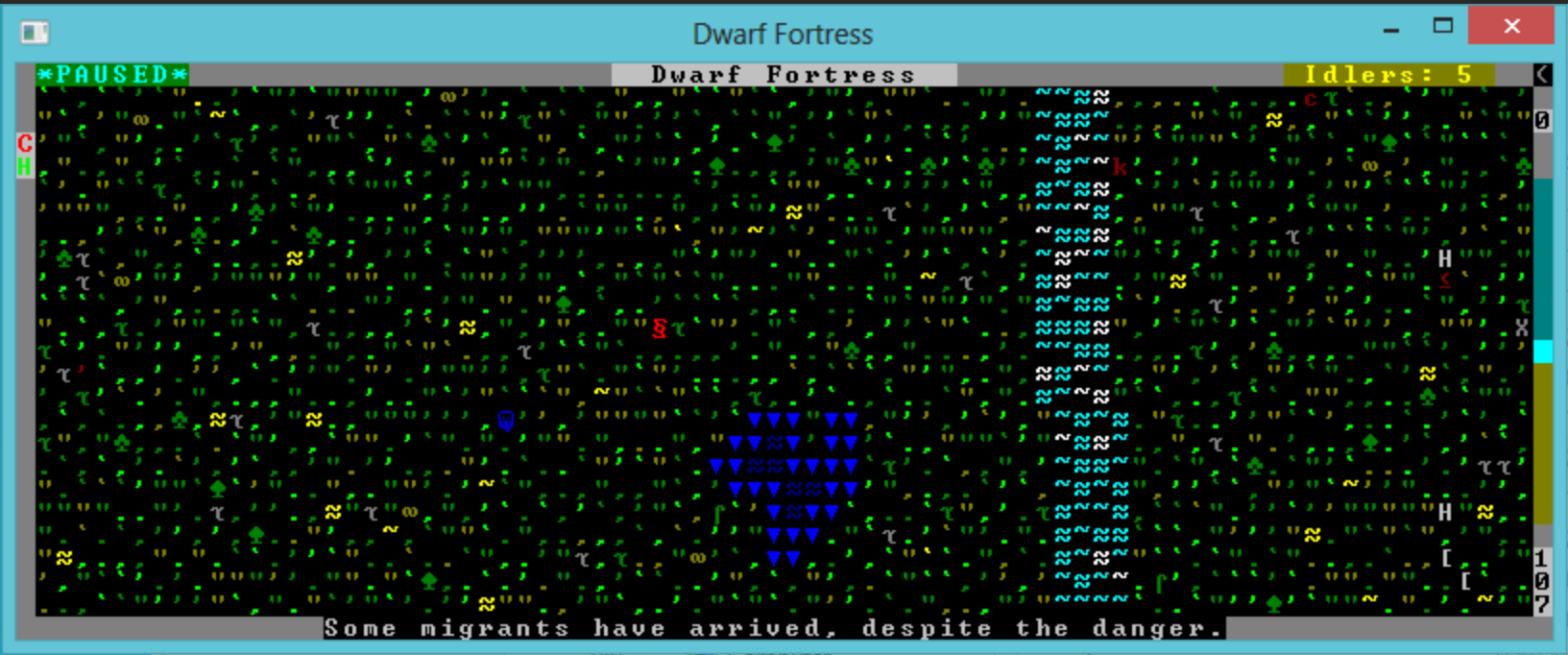
A dragon would be pretty useless against demons though, since they're immune to its fire.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Main Character Deaths Make Good Storylines!**
Post by: **danmanthedog** on **July 30, 2014, 07:30:18 am**

Damm thought dragon fire would be enough... At least it killed the elven bastards.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Main Character Deaths Make Good Storylines!**
Post by: **Gnorm** on **July 30, 2014, 05:30:27 pm**

Part III: Fire in the Depths



To Duke Vladimir Uristovich von Demongate,

Increased violence and warfare in the southern part of the continent has reduced it to a complete wasteland. Capital has been moved to Demongate to allow refocus of military forces.

Signed,
Queen Datan

"There's no question about it, the handwriting and seal match all records. On my honor as a scribe of the Order, this is indeed a message from the queen," concluded Tarmid.

"Certainly a dwarf of brevity, ain't she?" remarked Torvald.

"Vhy vas this message relayed by random migrant? Vhy isn't queen here now?" questioned Vlad.

"It would seem that she has not yet arrived. Nevertheless, we are indeed now the capital of The First Iron, and the fortress must therefore be kept secure for the safety of the civilization. Do you understand this Torvald?"

"Yessir."

"Very vell, dismissed."

"Oi! did you hear? The lass on the crossbow squad just had a baby!"

"Really now, ain't that something?"

"I'll say. 'tis the miracle of birth."

→Aban 'Danman' Abanshar, Lich Hunter has given birth to a girl.

"Now Miss Thane, I just don't see how this is anything but economically feasible."

"Completion of the structure would be a waste of precious resources, and it does nothing to benefit the fortress."

"Ain't it a shame the the new captial won't have a nice castle to impress the visitors?"

"Castle Helgarde is a pile of old stones; always was and always will be. Just look at it! Honestly look at it and tell me if you can imagine anything of worth coming out of—"

Thane's sentence was left unfinished, for she was interrupted by a horrified peasant that came rushing out of the fortress' entrance towards the two of them.

"What's going on!" she demanded.

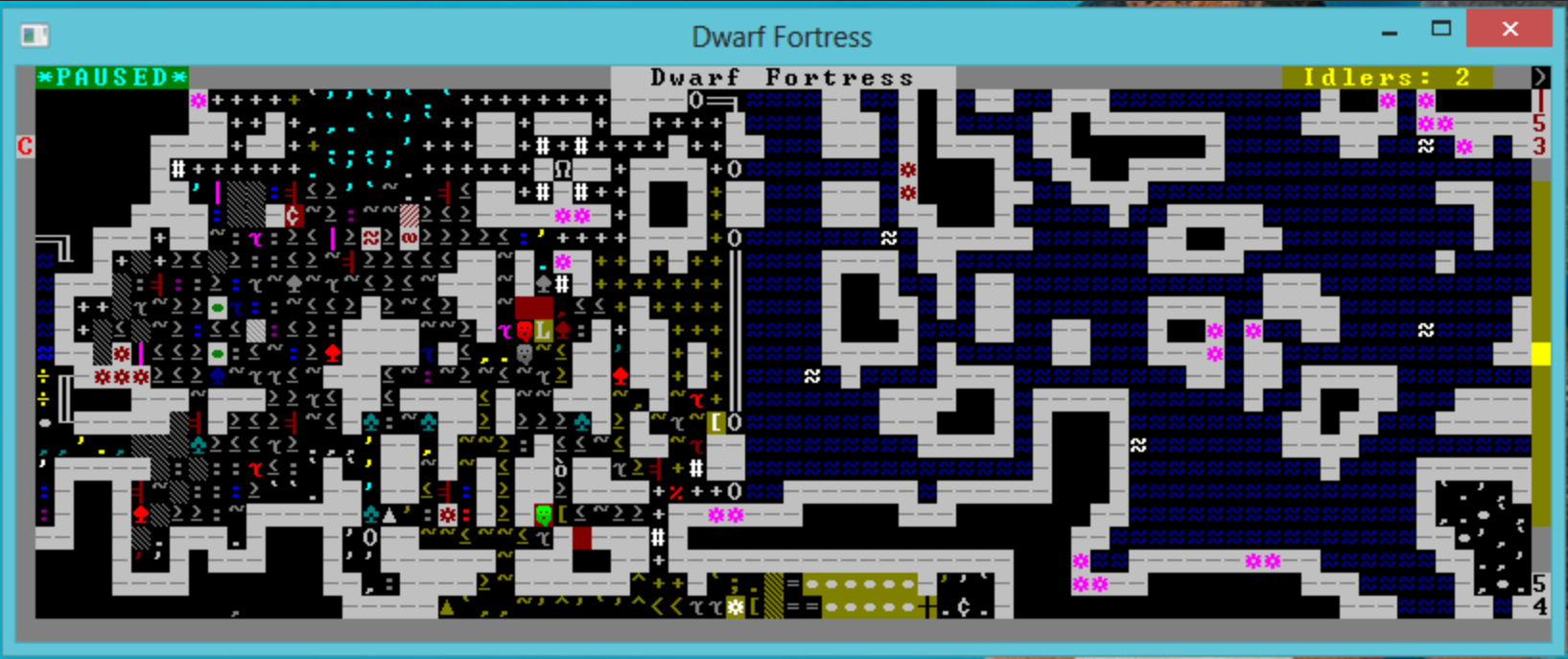
"It's Neca!" the peasant cried. "The monster that was lurking in the waters near the Miner's Guild has finally emerged!"



"It's right by the Guild, near the adamantine pillar! Ilral tried to hold him off, but he was just one dwarf, and he—he——"



"——died, just as all heroes do. I will take my squad and finish what Ilral started. As for the both of you: get back to work."



Neca was waiting, injured, in the torched depths of the earth for more challengers. It soon learned, however, that the soldiers of Demongate were just as ferocious as it. It did not have even time to breathe its fire before Thane and her troops tore the beast asunder.

Tarmid tapped his quill quizically against his beard. "Torvald, why did you replace the head broker with the one called FractalEntity?"

"I thought that it would be the best way for to help him recuperate from his recent injuries."

"That trader and you have cost the fortress adamantine is your joint errors. If the upcoming trade with the elves goes wrong, we can assure you that FractalEntity shan't be the only one to be beaten."

"I understand, Mister Tarmid."

"Leave us."

"Fractal?"

"Ah, hello overseer. Thank you very much for the promotion."

"You're welcome, though I'd like to ask a favor of you."

"What?"

"Join me for a meeting sometime, I'll send for you whenever I'm ready."

Title: **Re: Demongate: Main Character Deaths Make Good Storylines!**
Post by: **danmanthedog** on **July 30, 2014, 06:14:01 pm**

Whelp screw this I am just done. So I will be living under a rock lurching intill I stop laughing.

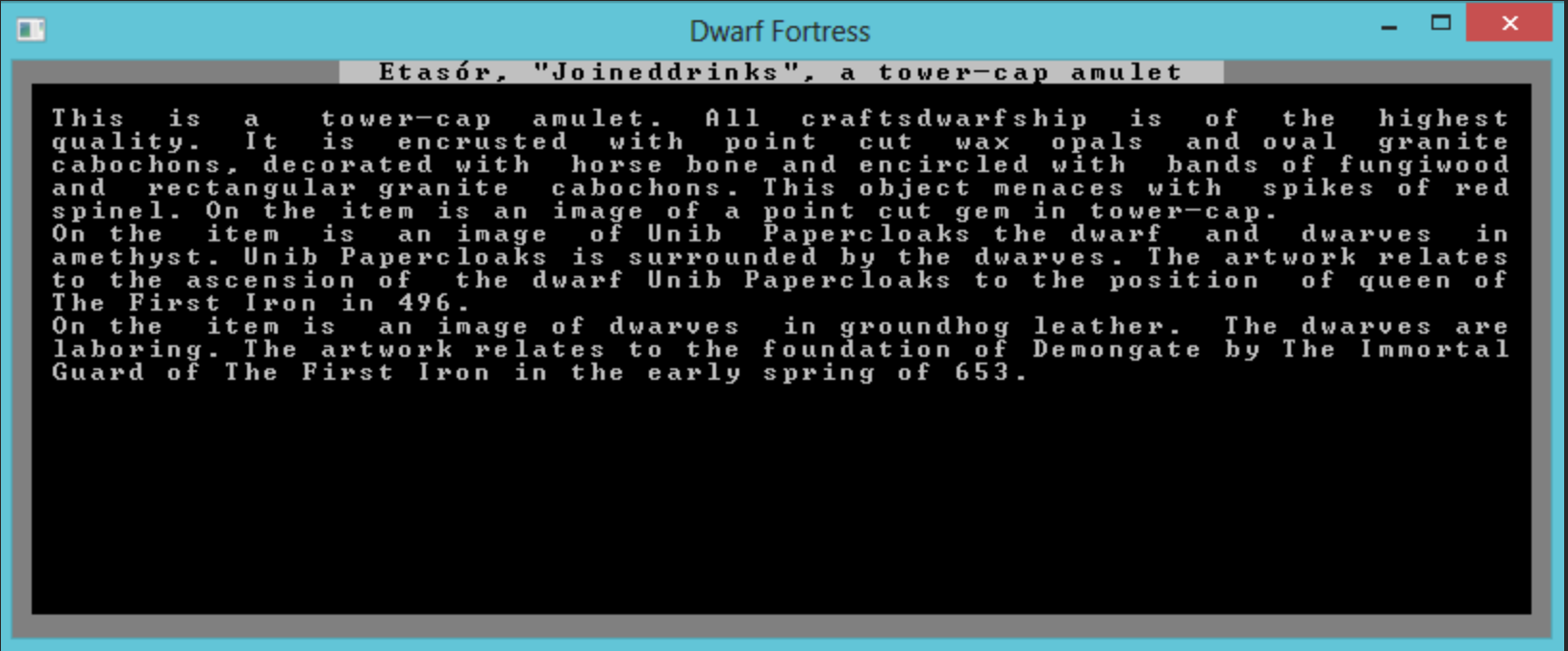
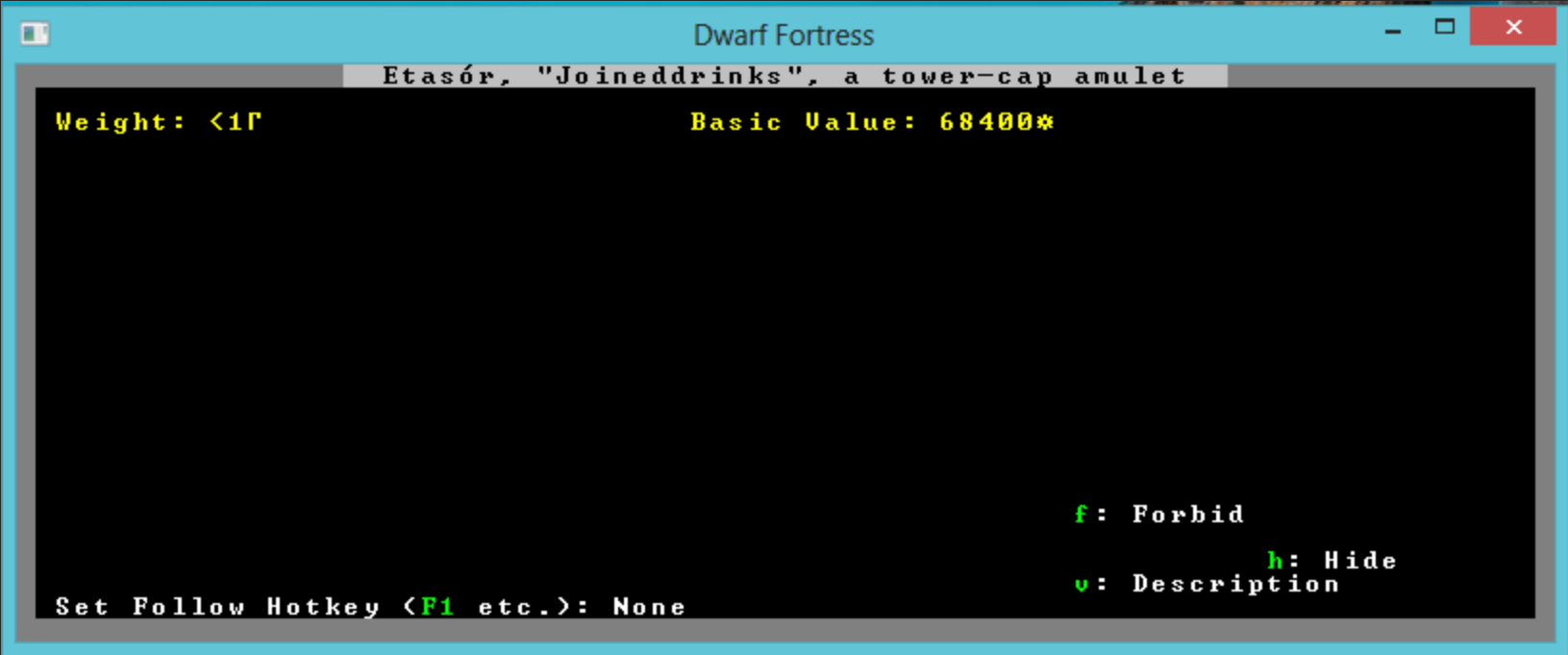
Title: **Re: Demongate: Main Character Deaths Make Good Storylines!**
Post by: **FallenAngel** on **July 30, 2014, 06:26:34 pm**

FALLENANGEL BECOMES MORE CRAZY WITH TIME
TIME IS SLIPPING
THE WORLD IS BURNING
RUN

Title: **Re: Demongate: Main Character Deaths Make Good Storylines!**
Post by: **Gnorm** on **July 31, 2014, 08:04:27 pm**

Part IV: Don't Be a Hero

The farmer stumbled out of the workshop, dazed as if just aroused from sleep. He had sealed himself away earlier that month, possessed by an unknown force and filled with a drive to create. With the materials he used, he created an artifact of mighty crafts dwarfship, worthy of Demongate's name. Unfortunately, no-one in the fortress had any legitimate use for this artifact, as it was just an amulet.



"Overseer! A group of migrants has just come within range of the fortress. What do you wish to do with them?"

+Some migrants have arrived, despite the danger.

"I'll have them assigned to masonry and engravings. There ain't enough workers in those fields to refurbish the Miner's Guild after that beast attack before next year. These new workers sure are a welcome asset, and they'll free up some other workers to make those windows that the duke is always mandating."

Torvald stood in the deepest section of the fortress, looking at the mysterious structure in front of him. In his hand was a small ledger on which he kept detailed notes on spears, mechanisms, mine-carts, and traps. Above him, workers toiled vigorously, smoothing rock surfaces, building bridges, and carving tracks into the ground. He walked into the structure itself and began to examine the upright spears that lined the hallways. Many of them still did not have any mechanisms attached, and would therefore be useless in the event of an emergency. Torvald began to take notes on the situation, but he was interrupted by a sudden voice coming from behind him.

"Working on something, Torvald?" the voice asked.

Torvald dropped his notes and pen and spun to face the new dwarf. He saw the familiar face of one from Evening Prayer Group, and in his hand was a crossbow pointed right at Torvald.

"Mister Tarmid!" cried Torvald, "this is certainly a surprise!"

"What are you doing in here?" he asked bluntly.

"Just wanted to see how the traps were going with my own eyes."

Tarmid began to relax and lowered his crossbow.

"You really shouldn't be wandering down here without the committee's approval, and why exactly are you so concerned about the traps?"

"Just felt like there must be something pretty dangerous down here with so many traps."

"The traps are to keep it secure from beasts and invaders, nothing more and nothing less. I would rather that you not wander about in here. Also, why have you authorized work in the old Miner's Guild."

"Well sir, seeing as the Miner's Guild is now inactive, I have decided to refurbish the old base to form my own company: DWEORH. I've begun setting some track to connect my headquarters to the fortress proper, so that it'll be easier to move mechanisms and weapons to the traps."

"Torvald, I will not stop you from placing more traps. I do, however, have an issue of you being in this structure without our approval. I'm going to be placing some restrictions on where you're to be, and until further notice the committee will have you more closely monitored."

"I'm afraid that I just don't——"

"You don't need to understand or to like this, but it's just something you're going to have to deal with."

Tarmid paused for a moment, then added: "Your sister was a good dwarf, but she was careless, and that ended in her death. We act for your safety as well as the safety of the fortress. Good day."

→A human diplomat from Gil Kemus has arrived.

"Vlad! the human law-giver is here!"

"Ugh! Is it another one of the veird fish-monsters?"

"Looks like an ordinary woman from here."

"Vell, fine! Just don't expect Vlad to put on nice suit or anything."

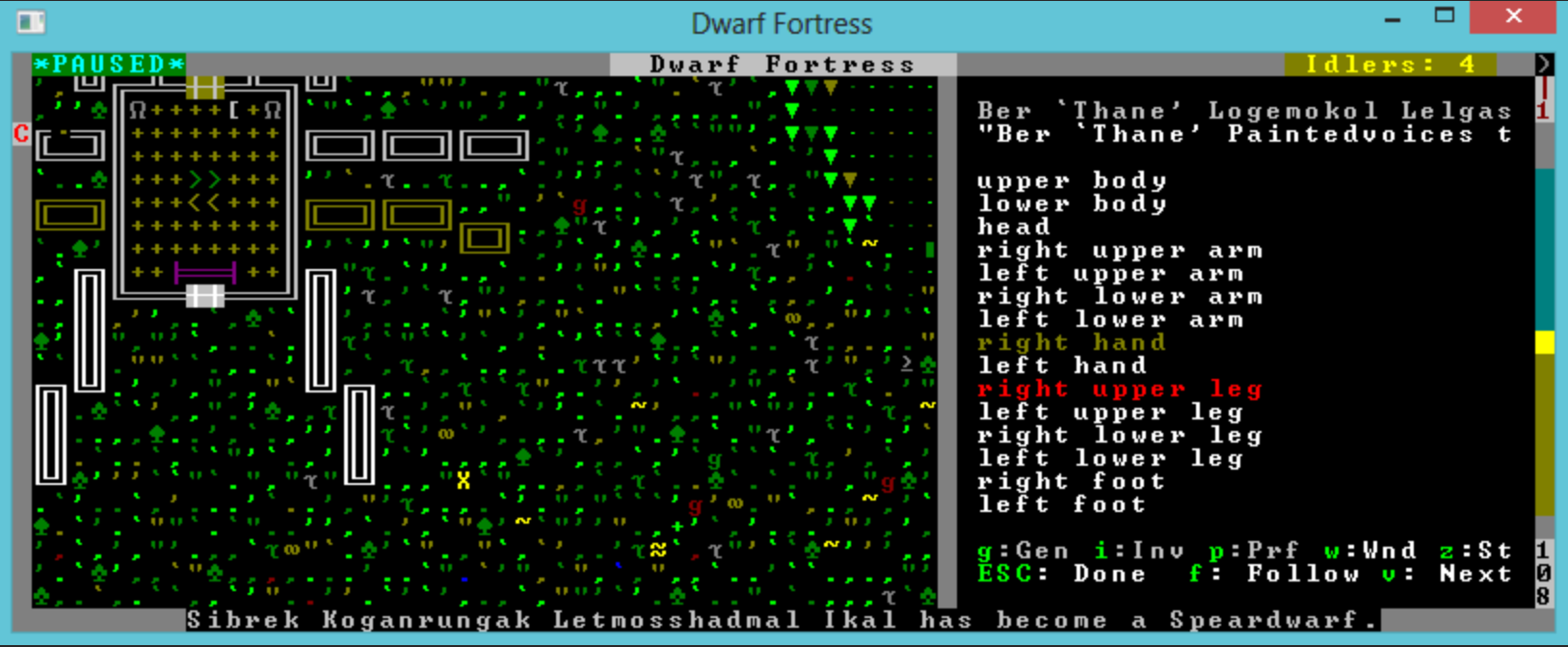
→An ambush! Curse them!

The goblin war-cries could be heard from the hill near the fortress. Just a small squad of mace-wielding goblins, led by one with a crossbow; no problem for Demongate.

"All right lads!" yelled Thane to her squad. "We'll show these bastards a proper welcome!"

She and her squad rushed out of the fortress and up to the hill, where their enemies were busying themselves with the torture of a nearby cat. Thane ran ahead of the rest of the squad, her mighty hammer in her hand.

"Oi! captain! Wait up for the rest of us!" cried the rest of her squad, but they could not calm her blood-lust. When she reached the hill, the goblin leader had already seen her coming. With a cruel grin, he aimed his crossbow, and let loose the quarrel. Thane could see it coming as she reached out to swat it. She watched it as it passed beneath her hand and plunged into the flesh and muscle of her leg. She let out a shriek of pain as she collapsed to the ground, no longer able to stand.



The goblins began to strike at the crippled dwarf, but she refused to be struck by their blows. She dodged, blocked, and fought back with fury. When the rest of her squad arrived, the goblins were already too focused on Thane to notice. Every goblin lost his life during the ensuing battle.

Torvald watched as a fisherdwarf carried the captain down from the hill on his back. He smirked slightly and muttered to himself: "That's what you get for acting like a hero."

Title: **Re: Demongate: Main Character Deaths Make Good Storylines!**
Post by: **MDFification** on **August 01, 2014, 01:11:07 am**

Do I sense foreshadowing for Gnorm randomly deciding to unleash the HFS again? I think I do.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Main Character Deaths Make Good Storylines!**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **August 01, 2014, 05:05:28 am**

Well, with any luck the spears will kill the first two or three demons out. Then the dwarf pulling the level will, of course, decide to go on break and the main force will come through the caves and murder us all.

PS: Any nerve damage on Thane, or is it just a broken bone?

Title: **Re: Demongate: Main Character Deaths Make Good Storylines!**
Post by: **danmanthedog** on **August 01, 2014, 07:58:58 am**

Quote from: Deus Asmoth on August 01, 2014, 05:05:28 am

Well, with any luck the spears will kill the first two or three demons out. Then the dwarf pulling the level will, of course, decide to go on break and the main force will come through the caves and murder us all.

PS: Any nerve damage on Thane, or is it just a broken bone?

Do the demons destory doors like butter, or does it take them a few seconds?

Title: **Re: Demongate: Main Character Deaths Make Good Storylines!**
Post by: **FallenAngel** on **August 01, 2014, 09:25:19 am**

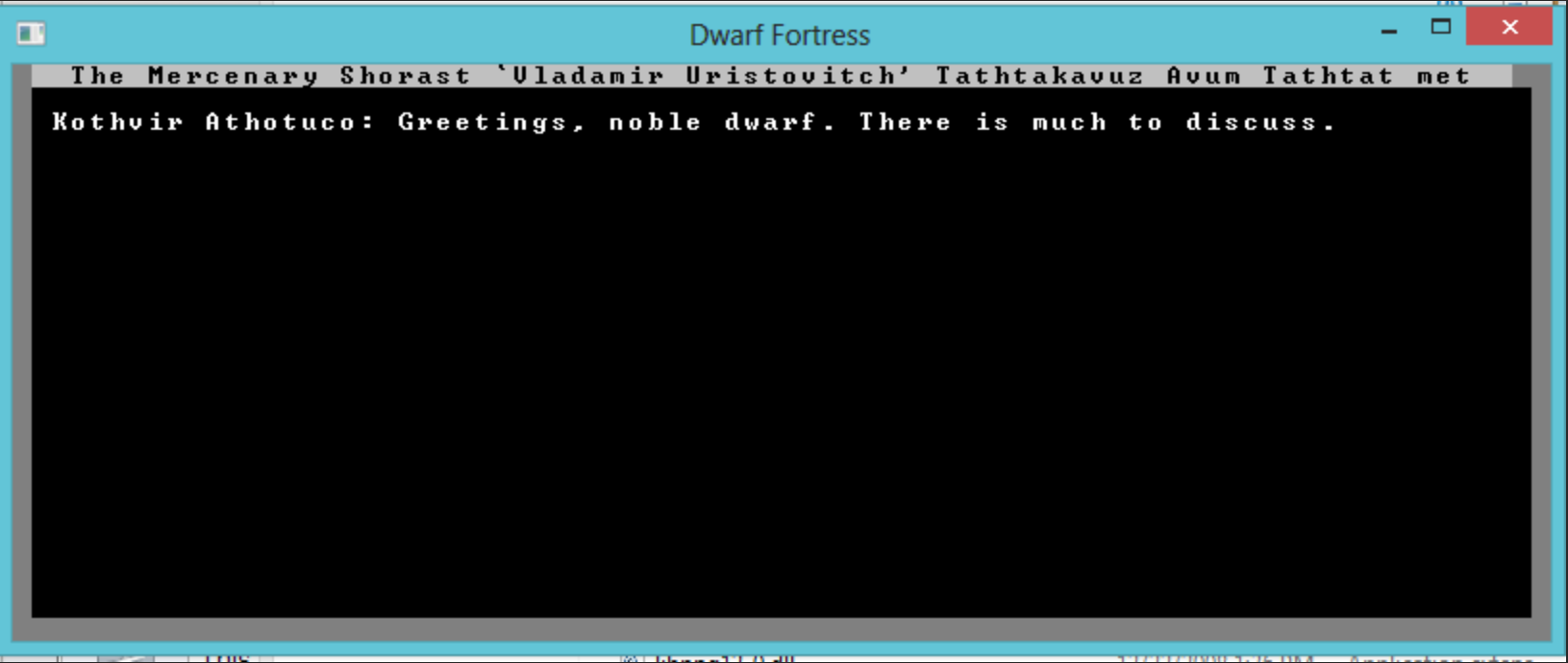
We could also set up a system that makes fighting demons slightly less insane without being cheaty.
Two drawbridges.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Main Character Deaths Make Good Storylines!**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **August 01, 2014, 09:36:36 am**

I think it takes demons the normal amount of time to break a door. If we had any artefact ones, they'd be indestructible, but our dwarves really seem to like amulets and crowns, I guess.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Main Character Deaths Make Good Storylines!**
Post by: **Gnorm** on **August 01, 2014, 06:44:46 pm**

Part V: The Messenger



"No, ve really don't have "much to discuss."

"I beg your pardon."

"You heard Vlad, you have no reason to be here. You are interruptingk training session."

"Erm.



"Leave! or I vill be cuttingk you!"

Two dwarves watched Torvald closely whilst he sat quietly by the adamantine pillar. Although they were only just out of his sight, he didn't notice anyone else, for at that moment he was absorbed in the book in his hands.

"What's he up to?" asked one.

"Nothing. He's just reading his sister's journal."

"That seems a little odd, don't you think? Isn't that book a little private?"

"Well, she is dead. The lad probably just wants to know what her life was like here."

"I wouldn't really peg him as the sentimental type; he seems all business to me."

"He certainly isn't much like Gnora. He actually told the broker to buy out the humans of their liquor."

"Never would have expected that from *her* brother. Wonder why the Prayer Group wanted us to keep an eye on him."

"Can't say I've seen him do anything *that* suspicious."

"Guess they'll have to settle with a boring report."

Thane was finally discharged from the hospital around mid-autumn. Her spirit was unbroken, but the bolt left damage to the nerves in her right leg that could not be fixed by any doctor. One of her legs useless to her, she left the hospital with a crutch that she would carry with

her for the rest of her life.



Title: **Re: Demongate: Main Character Deaths Make Good Storylines!**
Post by: **TheFlame52** on **August 01, 2014, 06:59:02 pm**

She'll be fine. Ulborb, one of the most powerful members of Murdermachines's military, is crippled too.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Main Character Deaths Make Good Storylines!**
Post by: **FallenAngel** on **August 01, 2014, 07:09:03 pm**

Legs are for cowards.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Main Character Deaths Make Good Storylines!**
Post by: **TheFlame52** on **August 01, 2014, 07:29:45 pm**

Quote from: FallenAngel on August 01, 2014, 07:09:03 pm

Legs are for cowards.

Someone change the title to this.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Legs are for Cowards.**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **August 02, 2014, 07:21:39 am**

As long as she can still hold a shield and hammer as well as the crutch it should be fine.

Gnorm, can you check if I've missed anyone on the alive/dead list in the second post?

Title: **Re: Demongate: Legs are for Cowards.**
Post by: **Gnorm** on **August 02, 2014, 02:00:50 pm**

Thane can still use both hands, so she'll be fine.

As far as the alive/dead post goes, you are missing Torvald (DWEORH Leader), The Host (Gem Keeper), Zaerosz (Warrior Bowdwarf), and Burto (Hybrid Dwarf) in the alive listing. Vlad's profession name is now just "Mercenary," as well. In the dead list, you need Mattias (Philosopher), and probably several others that I will not go looking for in the list of 1545 dead things. I cannot seem to find FallenAngel 3, so I think he's dead too.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Legs are for Cowards.**
Post by: **TheFlame52** on **August 02, 2014, 02:28:39 pm**

Now that Vlad is a baron, you might want to change his profession to something that reflects that. Straightforward Baron? Baron of Demongate?

Title: **Re: Demongate: Legs are for Cowards.**
Post by: **Gnorm** on **August 02, 2014, 02:41:28 pm**

Quote from: TheFlame52 on August 02, 2014, 02:28:39 pm

Now that Vlad is a baron, you might want to change his profession to something that reflects that. Straightforward Baron? Baron of Demongate?

Vlad is the duke, and has been for a while now.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Legs are for Cowards.**
Post by: **TheFlame52** on **August 02, 2014, 03:06:11 pm**

Quote from: Gnorm on August 02, 2014, 02:41:28 pm

Vlad is the duke, and has been for a while now.

Whoops, now I remember him becoming duke right after my turn.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Legs are for Cowards.**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **August 02, 2014, 04:22:21 pm**

I imagine Vlad still considers himself a mercenary first and foremost.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Main Character Deaths Make Good Storylines!**
Post by: **MDFification** on **August 02, 2014, 04:56:45 pm**

Quote from: FallenAngel on August 01, 2014, 07:09:03 pm

Legs are for cowards.

Added to the list o' quotes.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Main Character Deaths Make Good Storylines!**
Post by: **4maskwolf** on **August 03, 2014, 10:25:57 am**

Quote from: MDfification on August 02, 2014, 04:56:45 pm

Quote from: FallenAngel on August 01, 2014, 07:09:03 pm

Legs are for cowards.

Added to the list o' quotes.

Could someone direct me to this list?

Title: **Re: Demongate: Legs are for Cowards.**
Post by: **fractalman** on **August 03, 2014, 01:42:44 pm**

I sat sideways in the chair, my legs on a crate and my back propped up against a barrel.

"Greetings, overseer. I hope my stance on mandates and nobles makes more sense now*. As for the recent adamantine stitch fiasco...I have many talents: I'll see if I can salvage some of that thread for decorations, or a better edge for a silver sword. No promises, of course: being turned into a stitch is one of the fastest ways to render adamantine unusable, second only to turning it into socks."

*namely, that mandate-creating nobles should never be allowed to have mandate-creating preferences.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Legs are for Cowards.**
Post by: **Gnorm** on **August 04, 2014, 10:59:10 pm**

Part VI: Those Dwarves Fought Against the Forces of the World, and Thus Invited Their Attacks

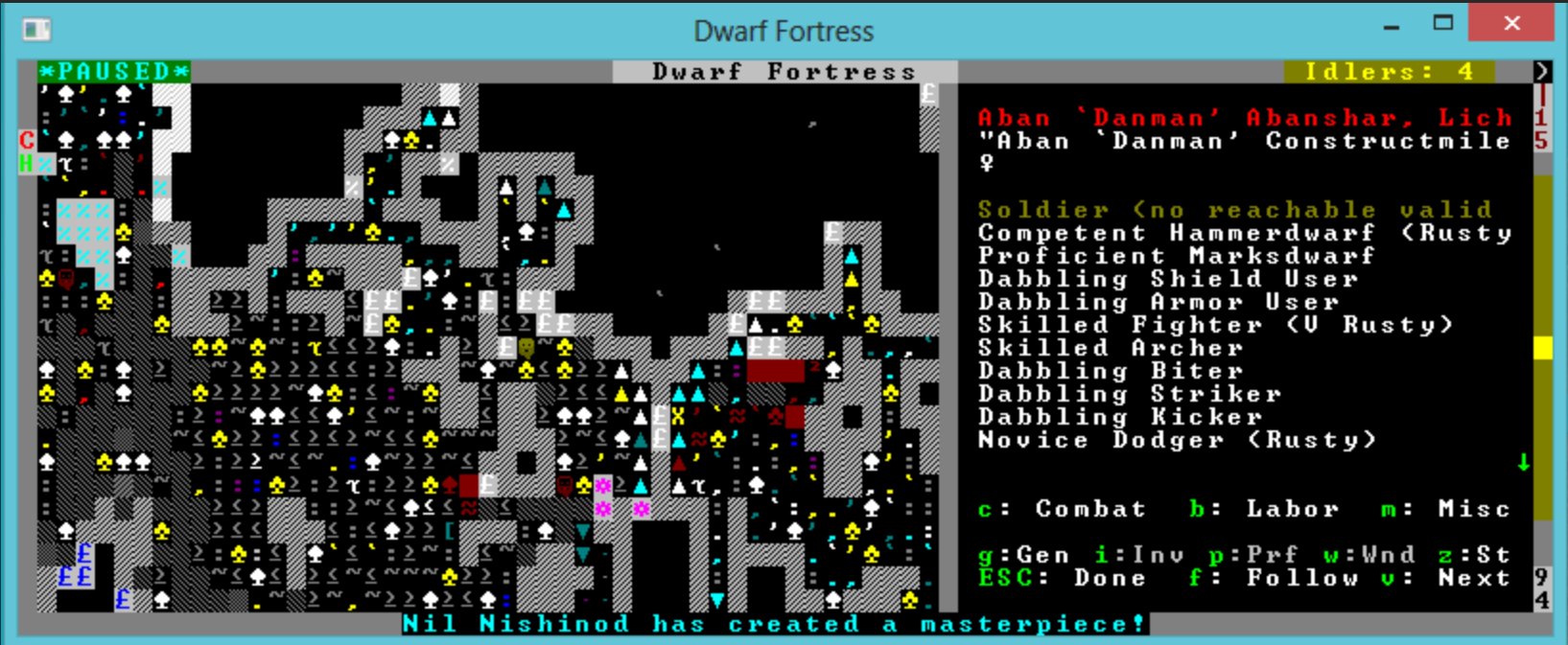
Liwa wandered the caverns aimlessly, hunting for her next meal. Her aggressive nature had never failed her in the past when it came to the hunt, and many of the subterranean creatures had learned to avoid her entirely. This day, by some chance, her search brought her within the limits of Demongate, where the dwarves lived. How she hated the dwarves, who invaded the caverns and brought with them destruction of the terrain and the theft of her quarry. Even in the depths, she could hear their parties and smell their cooking. The sight of nearby dwarves did enrage Liwa greatly, and she was filled with a mad, murderous frenzy.



Liwa rushed into the center of the caverns, hurling fire from her mouth at fleeing dwarves. She felt a twinge of amusement as one mason was hit by a direct blast of fire and became incinerated. A few of more foolish civilians began firing their crossbows on her, but their bolts could hardly even slow her. As she sprayed her fire at them, she heard the cries of their leaders giving orders.



What fools they were! They believed that they could defeat *her* with their pathetic armies! Liwa breathed even more fire in an expression of fiendish amusement. One marksdwarf ran ahead of the rest, carrying her baby in her arms. She had a wild look to her eye, and was clearly intent of defeating Liwa. She, Liwa, gave little thought to the dwarf, and she breated a jet of flame right at her.



Even as she let out another cry of primal hate, a part of Liwa began to realize that even she wasn't immune to damage. In addition to the many bolts that had pierced her hide, excessive use of her own fire was beginning to burn and to melt her body. When a highly-armored knight and a speardwarf mounted their attack on her, Liwa no longer had the strength to resist, but merely cried out in a pure animalistic fear. Ultimately, the final blow was delivered, the spear piercing into Liwa's body, ending yet another beast's life.



"So, how is overseeing the fortress going."

"It has been going well, thank you. The committee does not have my trust, though, so I haven't been able to do anything notable."

"Don't worry too much about that; it will come in time. Tell me, did you get any information out of the FractalEntity?"

"No, all he wanted to do was talk about socks and adamantine. I honestly couldn't get a word in between his ramblings."

"Sounds like the Fractalman, though that doesn't tell us anything about what the Hell he *is*."

"True."

"How are things in the caverns, nowadays?"

"After the beast attack, most of the upper layer of cavern is covered in ash. The monster set fire to most of the plant life."

"What's next on your agenda?"

"What else must happen?"

"That is for you to decide. After all, we're collaborators; I do not directly control you. As of now, you have been quite accomodating."

"We'll be trading with The First Iron soon. Most of our valley herbs have been processed into salve, but I've saved some for you."

"That is most kind of you, Leopold."

"It's no trouble."



"Sound the alarm! Goblins have surrounded the fortress!" cried a peasant running to the safety of the walls of Demongate.

"They must have been following our caravans," mused Sir Brenzen. "What's the scout's report!"

A ranger rushed to the commander carrying some hastily written documents. The knight looked them over quickly as he assessed the situation.



"Seal off the main entrance immediately! Order all civilians within the walls! Marksdwaves to the towers! The rest of you, we'll need to hold the barracks' entrance with out lives!"

"This will be a most satisfyingk battle, yes!" cried Vlad.

I do hope so, thought the overseer, who would rely on the strength and might of Demongate's army for his future plans.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Legs are for Cowards.**
Post by: **TheFlame52** on **August 05, 2014, 05:40:09 am**

Don't forget to retract the entrance bridges. Our trapped entrance can destroy the entire siege on its own. And lock the door that leads to the trap hallway in the pit, too.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Legs are for Cowards.**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **August 05, 2014, 08:34:16 am**

I take it Dan is dead again, then?

Title: **Re: Demongate: Legs are for Cowards.**
Post by: **Gnorm** on **August 05, 2014, 10:13:23 am**

Quote from: Deus Asmoth on August 05, 2014, 08:34:16 am

I take it Dan is dead again, then?

Actually, no. Her upper and lower body fat is gone, and she bled heavily, but she did not actually die.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Legs are for Cowards.**
Post by: **TheFlame52** on **August 05, 2014, 11:29:16 am**

Quote from: Gnorm on August 05, 2014, 10:13:23 am

Actually, no. Her upper and lower body fat is gone, and she bled heavily, but she did not actually die.

One step closer to being completely fireproof.

Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **August 05, 2014, 12:52:14 pm**

Now I'm imagining her walking around with her organs exposed and no one finding that odd.

Title: Re: Demongate: Legs are for Cowards.

Post by: **Gnorm** on **August 05, 2014, 01:13:38 pm**

Part VII: Dear Hearts and Gentle People

The main entrance the the fortress slammed shut, giving entry to neither friend nor foe. The goblin archers to the east therefore began to busy themselves with picking off straggling civilians and merchants. Meanwhile, the soldiers of Demongate waiting intently in the barracks for the goblins to march through their traps, and the archers in the towers took shots at goblins that came close enough. The dwarven wagons had not yet made it to the fortress before the drawbridge was raised, and now they served only as bait for the goblins.

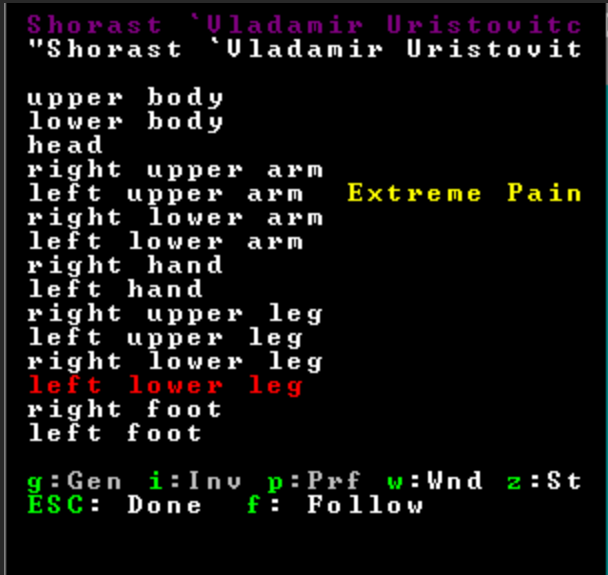
"Steady boys," commanded Sir Brenzen. The soldiers were to be the second line of defense, and to allow the traps to do most of the work in killing the goblins. Yet some dwarves still thirsted for blood and wished to kill by their own hands.

"This will take too much of the time!" cried Vlad in frustration.

"Calm yourself Vlad," muttered Thane, leaning on her crutch in stress.

"There vill be no more vaitingk! Ve vill finish this the old-fashioned vay!"

Despite the loud protests and attempts of physical restraint by his fellow soldiers, Vlad was unable to be deterred. Once he had left the barracks, he began to walk towards the incoming waves with surprising serenity—he did not charge his enemy. He brought his blade down into the face of the nearest goblin, and continued marching towards their leader: an experienced archer. The arrow came flyign faster than even the mercenary could anticipate, catching him completely off guard. It pierced his leg, but even as he fell to the ground he refused to cry out in pain.

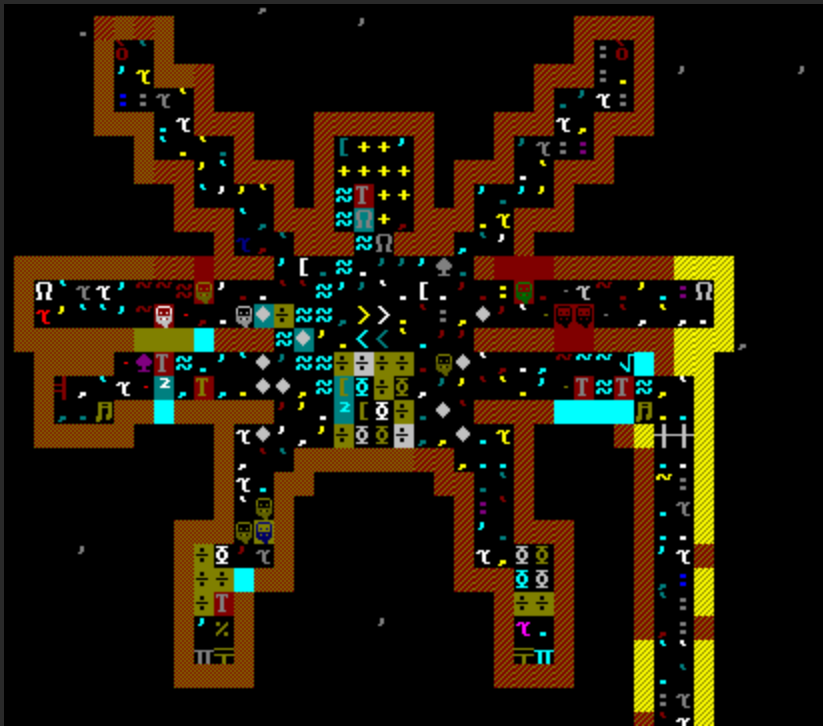


The goblins noticed his cripple, and they began to swarm him. Vlad lashed out violently against them, but even he began to incur injuries as their numbers grew and their trolls joined in the fight.

"Vlad is down! Let's rescue him!" cried the militia, against all logic.

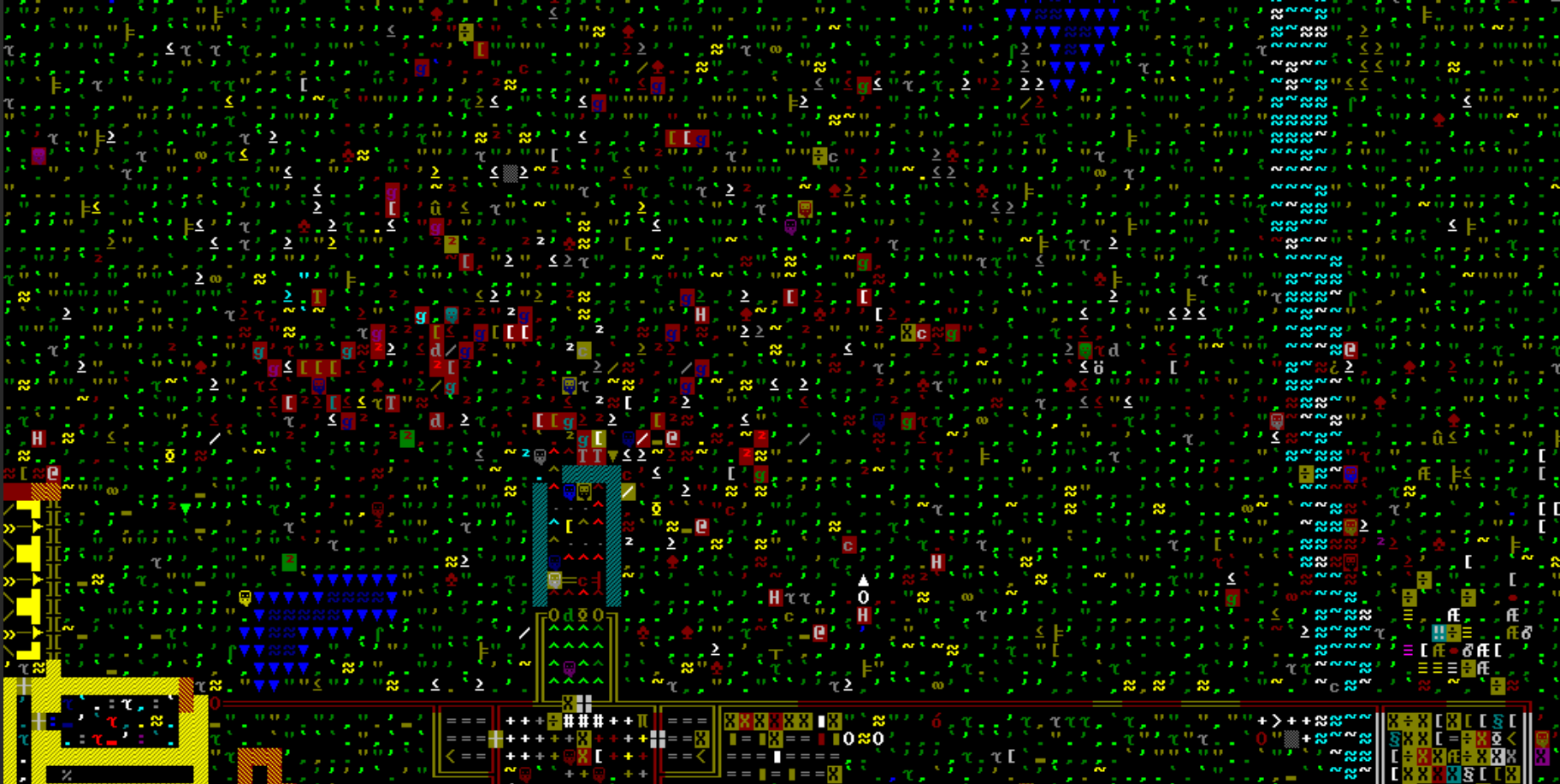
The militia rushed out of the safety of the barracks and into the battlefield before them. Thus, the carnage truly began. By the time they had reached Vlad, he was already dead, but the goblins could now fight the dwarves by *their* terms. The dwarves were forced to fight all of the goblins, resulting in great casualties on both sides. Dwarves lost limbs, lungs, and lives to the invaders. By the end of the fight, only the most experienced veterans of the militia came out alive and uninjured.

A detachment of trolls managed to invade the Spider Bunker. They began to lay waste to it and to attack those inside. They were fortunately kept out of the main fortress, preventing disaster, but the danger of the bunker had been proven.



When the battle was finally over, the bodies of the unlucky ones were collected for burial. The *lucky* ones came next, the ones with bolts and arrows sticking out of them, with pierced chests and spilling guts, and with missing arms and legs. The hospital would be crowded that night.

The commander stood atop the walls of the fortress, and he looked down upon the battlefield before him.



He cursed bitterly.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Legs are for Cowards.**
Post by: **danmanthedog** on **August 05, 2014, 02:26:19 pm**

I'm still alive just with out wifi. So woot I am alive in the fort. You should use the back up entice with the trade deport but just flood the trap path way and also make it drain in the caverns

Title: **Re: Demongate: Legs are for Cowards.**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **August 05, 2014, 04:21:08 pm**

"I believe we're going to have to get the overseer to draft some new recruits for us," Brenzen was saying. "Our recent losses simply aren't sustainable, and the fact that goblins can do such havoc in our borders makes me worried about what a more competent foe could do." "Are you ok, Thane?" Tarmid broke in. "We'd understand if you need to take some time to yourself." "I'm fine," she answered. Her voice was perfectly level, apparently indifferent, and she was nearly certain that no one could see her hands shaking below the meeting table. "All right," the librarian said, sounding worried. "There is the matter of... well, of succession. It would make people feel better if we had a noble in sight, but-" "We have the gods damned queen here," growled Thane. "People can kiss her boots if they feel the urge. Are we done here?"

She waited until the others had gone before struggling to her feet. If she didn't, someone would probably offer help, and that was more than Thane could take at the moment. There was a thunk with each step as she laboured her way down the hall. Occasionally, someone would offer a greeting, or some empty condolences. They all eventually gave up when they realised that the weaponsmith wasn't in the mood for meaningless small talk. Thane wasn't entirely sure how long it took her to reach the tomb. It felt like an eternity, stone walls stretching out ahead of her to the end of the world, the only way to measure time each thunk of padded wood on rock. The coffin was icy cold to the touch, but the pain faded after a few moments. Her head bowed, she stood for a moment. The crutch slipped from her grasp as she collapsed to the floor and screamed.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Legs are for Cowards.**
Post by: **Gnorm** on **August 05, 2014, 04:44:57 pm**

The queen actually never came. We're definitely the Mountainhome, as is stated in the status screen, and the civilization screen indicates that she does indeed exist. Honestly, I don't really blame her for not wanting to come to Demongate.

EDIT: Also, Lokast is dead too.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Legs are for Cowards.**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **August 05, 2014, 04:45:59 pm**

Hrm. Maybe there's a tree where she's trying to enter the map?

Title: **Re: Demongate: Legs are for Cowards.**
Post by: **Gnorm** on **August 05, 2014, 04:47:24 pm**

[Quote from: Deus Asmoth on August 05, 2014, 04:45:59 pm](#)
Hrm. Maybe there's a tree where she's trying to enter the map?

I'll designate all border-dwelling trees to be chopped. Unfortunately, most of the population is looting the bodies of the fallen, likely in honor of the fallen duke.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Legs are for Cowards.**
Post by: **danmanthedog** on **August 05, 2014, 06:25:20 pm**

Damm queen

Title: **Re: Demongate: Legs are for Cowards.**
Post by: **Rhaken** on **August 05, 2014, 07:08:34 pm**

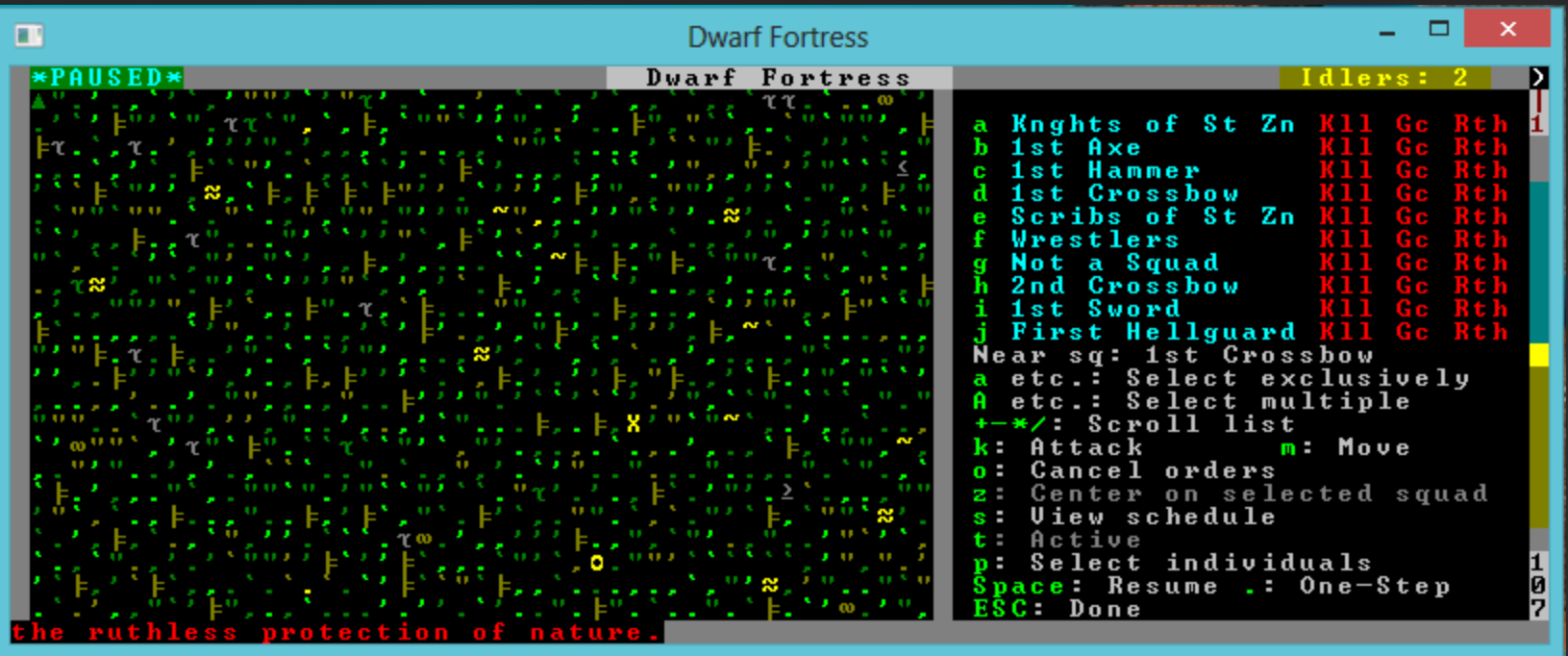
Gnorm Overseer Kill Count: 6

Title: **Re: Demongate: Legs are for Cowards.**
Post by: **Gnorm** on **August 05, 2014, 07:11:19 pm**

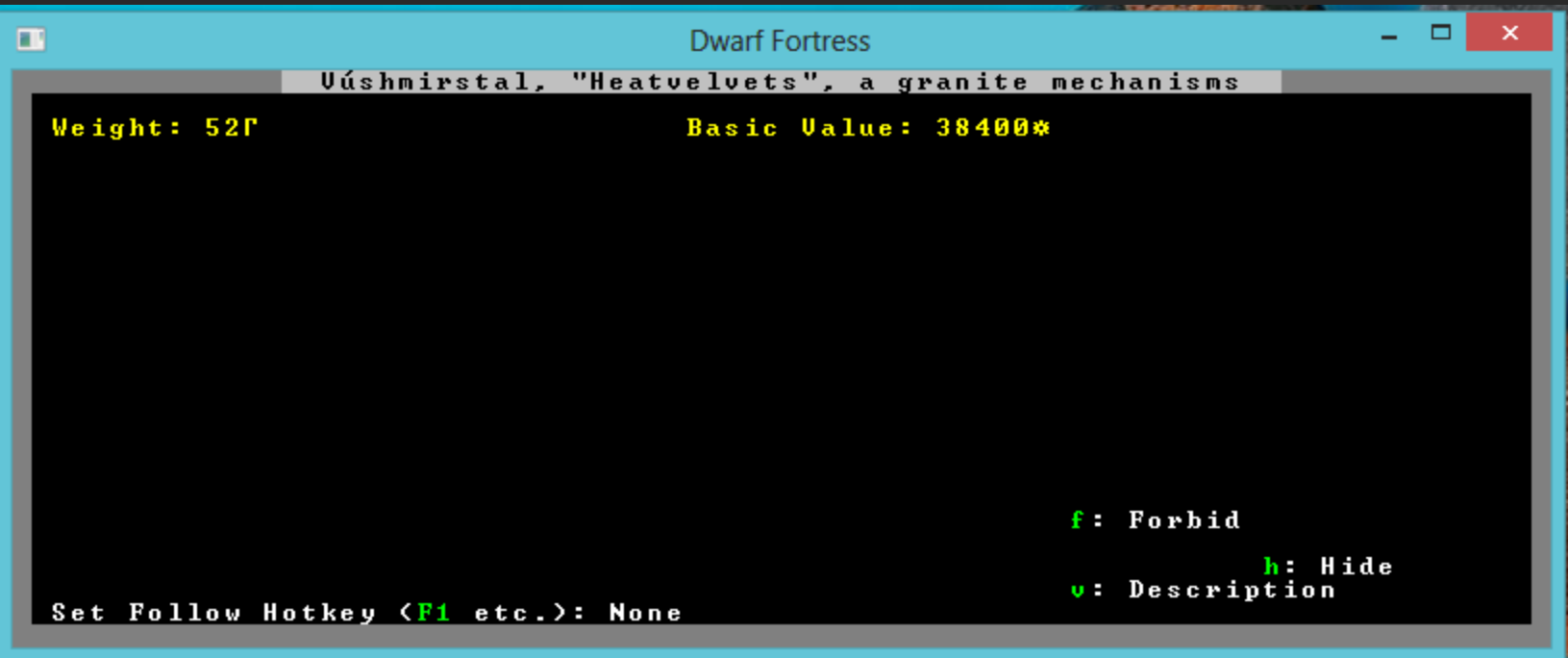
[Quote from: Rhaken on August 05, 2014, 07:08:34 pm](#)

Title: **Re: Demongate: Legs are for Cowards.**
Post by: **Gnorm** on **August 05, 2014, 08:31:03 pm**

Part VIII: All Quiet



Little fag got away.





Title: **Re: Demongate: Legs are for Cowards.**
Post by: **danmanthedog** on **August 05, 2014, 09:51:19 pm**

Umm what the fuck was with that elf?

Title: **Re: Demongate: Legs are for Cowards.**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **August 06, 2014, 07:33:08 am**

Werebeast that transformed back to elf form before he was revealed.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Legs are for Cowards.**
Post by: **FallenAngel** on **August 06, 2014, 08:02:50 am**

RIP Vlad, may he stab elf ghosts in Dorfhalla.
Also, check the list of citizens, FallenAngel III may be there.
If not, redwarf me as FallenAngel IV as some random non-soldier male.
Oh, and one more thing...
You do realize there's a drawbridge in the spider fort that blocks off the external entrance, right? You should keep that closed at all times.
AT ALL TIMES.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Legs are for Cowards.**
Post by: **Gnorm** on **August 06, 2014, 10:29:11 am**

After the troll fiasco, I've straight up sealed off entrance to the main fort through the spider bunker. There isn't any reason that I can conceive for us to have more entrances to the fort than we need.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Legs are for Cowards.**
Post by: **Gnorm** on **August 06, 2014, 01:12:08 pm**

Part IX: The Father (End of Obsidian, First Scene)

Corley took his seat in the small conference room. It certainly wasn't the most well-designed room, as it was hastily added on to Castle Helgarde during the last year. In order to keep the Evening Prayer Group from noticing this development, it was actually built beneath the ruins, sealed of by a locked hatchway and a steel door. Corley pulled the lever beside him, sealing himself in along with the only other being in the room: a visiting thaumateurge.

The surrounding him were five stone slabs, and to the casual observer the purpose of these constructions would be a complete mystery. But at a signal from his master, the thaumateurge began making arcane motions with his hands, channeling his energies into the slabs. The stones began to glow slightly, indicating to Corley that the conference was to begin.

"Good evening. How are things with everyone?" he began.

"I trust that you did not arrange all of this simply to exchange pleasantries, Father," responded a voice from one of the slabs. The voice was strong and articulate, and it had the dialect of the humans of The Union of Delighting.

"Why exactly have you made contact with us?" asked another voice, this one female. "This entire set-up seems off, and I most certainly do not like having this bloodkin around; I've noticed some missing livestock."

"Pilat, you are quite correct in your assumption," said Corley. "If you desire, we can get right to things. I have a group of followers to my name at the moment, though their numbers are depleting and I require more funding and assistance."

"Are we to understand that you work independently from the bloodkin armies that have reduced the southern lands to wasteland?" questioned a third voice. It was stern, militaristic, and quite inquisitive, betraying noticeable distrust in the speaker.

"I have long since cut my ties with those forces, Gulo."

"You are no doubt aware, Father, that your very being is associated with betrayal and deceit in our culture," noted a fourth voice, one clearly belonging to a female dwarf of The First Iron.

"How can you expect us to willing to aid you when so much destruction has come from you?" asked Pilat.

"I have grown to hate my old destructive nature," said Corley. "Looking back on my previous actions, I realize that I have not truly gained anything from leading my armies to destroy the Old World. Neither do I take pride in my former actions, nor do I approve of what has happened in the south. All I ask now is that you find it in you to give me your support and assistance in my search."

"And what, exactly, *is* this search of yours?"

"A search for the remains of the spimmators that once roamed this continent," answered Corley.

The room fell silent for a moment as the other members of the conference contemplated the meaning of this search. Afterwards, it was Gulo that chose to break the silence.

"Why would you want to do something like that!"

Corley grinned in amusement, and said to the slabs around him: "To achieve godhood."

"Such a thing is impossible!" cried the female human voice.

"And why what would we have to gain from granting *you* godhood!" demanded Pilat.

"It's simple," began Corley, "I will share it with any one of you that chooses to help. You see, buried within the Dwarven fortress Demongate is an ancient site known as Sedilkosoth. Here, a ritual is said to be performable to make a mortal into a god, but it requires the remains of seven spimmators. Five of these are in the possession of my forces, and I need funding and assistance to quickly locate the final two.

"In addition, the fortress is partially controlled by demons from Hell. It may, therefore, take a while before the dwarves attempt to conquer it. But when they do, we must be ready to take the fortress by force."

"How are you so sure that the dwarves will seek to conquer this site?" inquired the Dwarven voice.

"It's the nature of the dwarves to explore and to conquer," noted Corley. "All we must do is bide our time."

"What is to happen to the civilians of Demongate when the time for apotheosis comes?"

"Sacrifices must be made."

"This is all quite bizarre! Where exactly are you Corley!" demanded Gulo.

"My location is irrelevant at the moment. Right now, all you need to think about is the potential of our alliance. This conference is adjourned! We will reconvene in one week's time, and you may give your formal answer to my offer of godhood. Pilat, Nathob, Gulo, Josef, and Datan, I thank you for your time. Have a happy new year!"

The slabs ceased to glow, and Corley got up from his chair. The sooner Sedilkosoth was in his hands, the better; Corley had no qualms about lying.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Legs are for Cowards.**
Post by: **Gnorm** on **August 06, 2014, 03:43:13 pm**

Part X: Introspection (End of Obsidian, Second Scene)

It's late, and the committee will call me for our final meeting of this year. Such a long year it's been, I'll be glad to leave the fort in the hands of another. I wonder who will be next. I might be able to get a little rest in before the meeting; a nice warm bed is just what I need at a time like this.

This entire time has gone by with little trouble. I wonder what *he's* up to right now. We've been biding our time for so long, but I suppose we must wait if we want our plans to succeed.

But I don't want to wait! He has lived for so long but I have only so many years. How much longer will this go on. Will it even work? It must; mustn't lose hope in the mission.

This bed is nice and warm. So tired after a long day's work. So tired after a long year's work. Getting tired of waiting. But I can't give up now; can't give up hope in the mission at hand.

What's this feeling? My mind feels . . . fluid, as if it's being pulled or groped. It feels as if someone else is here. I feel a strange, dreamlike fatigue. I wish to go to sleep and to dream.

"Who are you?"

Well, that's an odd question. I could ask the same thing of you.

"Who are you?"

You first.

"Who are you?"

Answer me, damn you!

"Who are you!"

I am Torvald, the overseer of this fortress, and the leader of DWEORH.

"Is that your real name?"

No. It isn't. It's a lie, just as many things are.

"Why have you lied about your identity?"

Because I needed to get into the fortress. I needed a new name and a new identity. I thought that if I put on the act of a rube and changed my name and told people I had family here that I could blend in more easily.

"Did you succeed?"

I don't really know. I think so! Nobody's confronted me or asked me anything about it, so I just assumed that they believed me. I can't imagine them letting me control the fortress if they knew the whole story. Nobody's going to research a rube.

But the committee doesn't like me too much. Vlad hated me. Tarmid was suspicious of me. The commander hardly said a word to me. Thane probably hates everyone right now. But did they *know*?

But what was there to know, really.

"What *was* there to know?"

That I'm a liar.

"What else!"

That I have been in contact with The Father of the bloodkin. Aiding in his work to help achieve mine.

"Did you ever fear the potential ramifications of work with such a being?"

No. I never suspected him of treason, ever. I found him charismatic, determined, and creative. In actuality, I was drawn to him. Only now do I feel the presence of doubt, and it is fear that his plans will be realized well after I am in prime condition to take advantage of the

results.

"When did you meet The Father?"

A few years back, I think.

"Under what circumstances?"

I just happened to pass him by.

"Just happened to pass him by?"

Yes. I just happened to meet him and he wanted to recruit me as an ally. I had my own goals, he had his, and we could work together to achieve them. That's why I began DWEORH. It started as a little club, back at my old fortress. Now I'm working from a headquarters in Demongate.

"What were you doing before you met The Father?"

I . . . I can't recall. I never truly thought about it. Now that I think about it, I don't have a family to speak of, nor a birthplace that I can remember. Where was I born? Who raised me? Who am I?

"Who are you?"

I don't know who I am. I only know my name and my goal.

"Who are you?"

I don't think I'm anyone! I'm no-one!

Who are you?

"We are the many that is one. We are the one that is many. We are the being that has formed in this fortress called Demongate. Forgotten. We have been rid of our mortal forms but, by certain circumstance, have been caught between your world and what should be ours. We seek that which the mortals hide, those secrets that they keep bottled up within themselves. That's why we sought you out, so that we could know, even if no-one else does.

"This session is over. Your world beckons you. Farewell."

Thanatos slammed his fist several times on the door to Torvald's bedroom before forcing it open.

"It is time for your meeting with the Evening Prayer Group," he said.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Legs are for Cowards.**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **August 06, 2014, 05:12:27 pm**

I'll check if Peregarett is still interested in taking a turn then.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Legs are for Cowards.**
Post by: **Gnorm** on **August 06, 2014, 08:36:29 pm**

Part XI: Her (End of Obsidian, Third Scene)

Corley sat down in the unused wing that he had been inhabiting recently. His pen in his hand, he began a new entry in his journal.

Of all the bizarre and horrible crimes against Dwarfkind that my family has committed, there is one that stands out. To this day, I still shudder to recall the details of my grand-aunts work. I find myself unable to muster the same level of judgement even towards the bloodkin, my father's Day of Reckoning, or the M.A.S.K. project. In retrospect, I see myself as quite foolish for not being frightened at its implications and existance when she was alive. I am writing of my grand-aunt's clone: Melek.

I can recall my shock when I read through my father's papers, for I certainly did not expect to discover that my own cousin was a clone. Why, she was one of the few in my life for whom I had dear love, and she was not even a dwarf! At the time, I was certainly in denial about the issue, and confronted neither her nor her mad creator. I was afraid to face anyone at all, and I tried my very best to forget. Soon after she was killed by my folly, I succeeded, and her memory and that of her origin were forgotten.

About one hundred years after the fall of Steelhold, as my bloodkin forces ravaged the Elvish lands, I did chance to look over my old writings that I had kept as I was fleeing the prison's destruction. Amongst these were the papers detailing Melek's origin. It was then that I began to consider the implications of this crime. As she developed, Melek began to develop the same behaviors of her creator. She operated on dwarves, she performed tests and experiments, and the resemblance to Asmoth was undeniable. If the circumstances in Steelhold had turned out differently—say, Asmoth were to die in place of Melek—the clone would effectively be able to continue the creator's legacy.

At the time, I was still quite eager to bring ruin to all of the elves that I could find. This newfound realization made me strongly consider making a clone of myself! What if I were to be killed in some freak accident? I would need a successor to carry out my mission. I was foolish then, but it certainly made sense to me.

Thus, I began to study my father's notes and to experiment in the dark science even further. I had very few intelligent bloodkin under my command at that point in time—it was before I joined up with the other two and obtained the more intelligent ones—so most of the work was done on my own. When I finally created something that began to develop into a living creature, I was overjoyed. This gaiety was short-lived, unfortunately, for the creature was hardly stable and died within minutes. I felt a twinge of the doubt that I now feel everyday, and I abandoned the project for many years.

Much later, when talk of invading the Mainland became more frequent, I began to turn—once again—to the dark sciences. At this point, I had the thaumaturges to assist me, for whilst not sane, they're certainly more capable than the ordinary bloodkin. Before I left, I gave those in my fortress my research notes and a few blood and skin samples, telling them to do what they could. I left them there, and began my journey into the Mainland where I would be defeated and placed into a sleep that lasted my ages.

When I returned to the bloodkin fortress not too long ago, one of the messages that was relayed to me was from my workers. At the time, I was too frightened to write it down, but I have now gained the courage to do so. I was told that there was a break-through in the cloning research whilst I was asleep, and that they would be able to make me a clone from samples that they then requested. Whilst I am shamed to admit it, I abliged, and they went on to do the work that I hated.

The clone is not a vampire; apparently they have a way of removing it from the cell samples, as it causes complications. It has been artificially aged by some means, and its developed mind was able to be taught the basics of survival with little trouble. There is a slight issue of the loss of early memories, due mostly to the artificial aging, but that is of little concern. I had it sent to the Mainland, in order that it may assist in my work.

If she even had a soul, and if she even made it to Heaven, I'll bet she laughs at me. I so readily partake in that which I hate.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Legs are for Cowards.**
Post by: **FallenAngel** on **August 06, 2014, 09:04:30 pm**

From the engravings of FallenAngel Whotheheckknows, Legendary+Somenumber Bodysurfer

*While wandering the fortress, I saw some sort of ...thing. I don't know how to describe it. In the very fabric of spacetime itself, there was a large corruption around the shell of what seemed to be a humanoid. Either the alcohol here is drugged, or I haven't been told the whole story...
I'll have to temporarily release myself from this body and ask the denizens of the past. I have left a note on who I assume to be the current overseer's door saying to not look for me and to not question why I'm hauling alcohol to my quarters. To any who read this, either minutes from now or millennia from now, I have to tell you something very important that is overlooked by most dwarves. Most people don't bother to question why dwarves bother drinking so much alcohol. It's not because they're in a state of anti-drunkenness. Dwarves actually have a very short lifespan without alcohol - between 40 and 60 years. They are also dramatically slower without it. Alcohol has life-extending properties. When continually ingested from birth to death, it extends the lifespan of creatures whose bodies are adapted to it, while having a net effect of zero on the bodies of those who aren't. However, when a recently deceased body is put in a large quantity of well-brewed alcohol, it prevents any and all decay of the body.
I plan to abuse that to keep myself alive without a soul, so my body is fresh when I return. I must find the cause of this anomaly.*

Title: **Re: Demongate: Legs are for Cowards.**
Post by: **Gnorm** on **August 06, 2014, 09:39:26 pm**

Part XII: Take Care of Yourselves (End of Obsidian, Fourth Scene)

"Well Torvald, it has certainly been an interesting year," began Tarmid. "Although there were events that transpired which I wish never did, you cannot change the past. Furthermore, I see no purpose in punishing you for events beyond your control. We had a deal, and you fulfilled your end of the bargain. We will see about getting your sister's remains transported at once."

"Ya'll are too kind," said Torvald, "but ya'll don't have to prepare that hearse too quickly."

"Really? Why is that?"

"This fortress is too busy at the moment. Ya'll can just wait until everything has simmered down a little before you take my sister away."

"Well, all right. Though, as is customary, you are to select your successor. Whom do you have in mind?"

"I choose . . ."

SAVE (http://dffd.wimbli.com/file.php?id=9321)

Certain things of note:

- Military could use full reorganization
- Mine cart tracks need to be finished to connect the main fortress to the DWEORH headquarters
- I'm almost positive that FallenAngel III is dead

Title: **Re: Demongate: Legs are for Cowards.**
Post by: **peregarrett** on **August 06, 2014, 11:09:09 pm**

No, skip me. I'm completely in the new version.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Legs are for Cowards.**
Post by: **Rhaken** on **August 06, 2014, 11:27:06 pm**

Nice narrative, Gnorm. I did NOT see that coming.

Neat facts:

Thane's leg seems to have wholly recovered. She can walk without a crutch now. On a whole 'nother note, she has achieved "doesn't really care about anything anymore", so I guess our portrayal of her is quite accurate at this point.

Flame is the nicest demon ever. She likes feeding the injured.

Torvald has 3 pet cats. I knew he was insane.

Our resident FractalEntity is married, with 3 kids.

Tarmid has finally made a friend: four-year-old Dishmab Zokunzaneg. He also lost his pet bunny this year. Gnorm you monster!

"Sir Brenzen Zonazin Akestidek Shin has been ecstatic lately. He was witnessed death."

We have no less than 4 weapons that have grown to earn their own names:

- **Shadmalthak** (Confusedlocks), Thanatos's sword, with 26 kills at his hands, two of them forgotten beasts;
- **Udeshkurol** (Skinnedembraced), Sir Brenzen's mighty pick, 30 kills, among them a forgotten beast;
- **Shetbêthmostod** (Twinklingshamed), the mace that slew the forgotten beast Gugol Bitecavern, currently languishing in the weapon stockpile, its original owner deceased;
- **Lertethnal Lanzildák** (Tanglehours the Venerable Tree), an iron spear of unknown origin with 22 kills at the hands of Sibrek Boatsunk, including a forgotten beast and a roc;
- And of course, the mighty **Ob Kat** (The Tar of Goals), wielded by Thane, with 24 kills, one of them a forgotten beast.

While I'm here, might as well go over those dwarves among us who were badass enough to earn titles.

- **Thane Logemokol Lelgasthun Ubas** - Thane Paintedvoices the Lush Dominion of Screams (Creepy...)
- **Sir Brenzen Zonazin Akestidek Shin** - Sir Brenzen Helmwatch the Dominant Brain of Brightness (Helmbrains?)
- **Sibrek Koganrungak Letmosshadmal Ikal** - Sibrek Boatsunk the Cobalt Confusion of Healing (and Legendary Drug Dealer!)
- **Meng Ustuthgikut Regram** - Meng Fenceddabbles the Gloved Prison (The whatnow)
- **Sibrek Ashoktosid Idathvagush** - Sibrek Timearmors the Amusing Killer (Amusing how, exactly?)

- **Burto Kikrosttir Ērithziril Dodók** - Burto Stockademerged the Laborious Fire of Clasps
(Laborious fires are bad for your health)
- **Ustuth Musodvutok Ozonfimshel Erush** - Ustuth Chastefigures the Depressed Persuader of Handles
(Sad handjob?)
- **Kadol Dalzatdeduk Akuthakim** - Kadol Matchmanors the Sullen Brilliances
(Sudden Brilliances sounds better, methinks)
- **Thanatos Cattenvathsith Taremavum Omshit** - Thanatos Channelsquare the Fated Culmination of Suffering
(Suffering = Omshit)

And with that, I'm off until monday. Cheers!

Title: **Re: Demongate: Legs are for Cowards.**
Post by: **peregarrett** on **August 07, 2014, 04:44:45 am**

...but I DO LIKE the drinks supplies you made there! :D :D :D

Title: **Re: Demongate: Legs are for Cowards.**
Post by: **Sarrak** on **August 07, 2014, 05:30:02 am**

New entry for one blood-stained ghostly diary

"It was a long time indeed. Living once again, walking amongst my kin, watching them feast, fight and lose their lives... Just like it was long ago, down below and up on sandy beach, awash with cold, unforgiving ocean. Yeah... The plan that took me so long to finally bear fruit, was finally proven to be futile. I could live once again no more. First few years after possession were quite enjoyable, with constant struggle for dominance, I admit. But after that... My powers slowly vanished without a trace, leaving myself a mere spectator, unable not only to take part, but even to write down what was happening. Apparently, poor Lokast lost the interest in his life-long work too, preoccupied with servitude to the fortress - especially that it already had its own historian...

Now, with his death, I'm free to walk this lands once more, silent witness to the events that shake supporting pillars of earth and dwarvenkind. Nor living, nor dead. Eternal scribe for those long gone from this world and those who still walk the ground...

((Thanks to everyone. You have once again weaved an awe-inspiring story... Now to check Wiki.))

Title: **Re: Demongate: Legs are for Cowards.**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **August 07, 2014, 07:10:50 am**

I guess that makes it FallenAngel's turn again, then.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Legs are for Cowards.**
Post by: **FallenAngel** on **August 07, 2014, 07:54:32 am**

asdf I finally got to doing my turn at Urorilar I'll just have two DF windows open not much will happen in either
ngheruighrughrgrie

Title: **Re: Demongate: Legs are for Cowards.**
Post by: **TheFlame52** on **August 07, 2014, 08:04:37 am**

Quote from: FallenAngel on August 07, 2014, 07:54:32 am

asdf I finally got to doing my turn at Urorilar I'll just have two DF windows open not much will happen in either
ngheruighrughrgrie

The exact same thing happened to me with the same two fortresses. Feel free to wait on Urorurilar, we've waited a while and we can wait some more. Give us a little update, though.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Legs are for Cowards.**
Post by: **FallenAngel** on **August 07, 2014, 08:52:29 am**

Quote from: TheFlame52 on August 07, 2014, 08:04:37 am

Quote from: FallenAngel on August 07, 2014, 07:54:32 am

asdf I finally got to doing my turn at Urorilar I'll just have two DF windows open not much will happen in either
ngheruighrughrgrie

The exact same thing happened to me with the same two fortresses. Feel free to wait on Urorurilar, we've waited a while and we can wait some more. Give us a little update, though.

Alright. Just so you know, the lag at Urorurilar is so bad it's still mid-Spring, and I even upped the speed a couple times.

EDIT: Playing Demongate.
Who removed the walls to the dam?

Title: **Re: Demongate: Legs are for Cowards.**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **August 07, 2014, 11:07:28 am**

Me. I was worried trolls would deconstruct the bridge if we got a siege, plus it looked weird.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Legs are for Cowards.**
Post by: **FallenAngel** on **August 07, 2014, 02:47:25 pm**

A fun thing happened.
Besmar Ērithfikod, a ranger, was the first to witness Besmar Kadoltegir, a ghostly merchant.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Legs are for Cowards.**
Post by: **MDFification** on **August 07, 2014, 04:35:55 pm**

Can I get redwarfed as our local local legendary speardwarf/drug dealer? Rename to Beef Vanderhuge. He's going to develop some interesting schitzophrenia if I get a chance to sit down and write again before the fort falls... I've got about 3 more weeks till I can get really back into the internet.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Legs are for Cowards.**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **August 08, 2014, 01:58:09 pm**

The fort should still be alive, but we may need to hunt down some new players.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Legs are for Cowards.**
Post by: **TheFlame52** on **August 08, 2014, 02:32:17 pm**

I see I never got back on the turn list, so put me back on the turn list.

EDIT: please

Title: **Re: Demongate: Legs are for Cowards.**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **August 08, 2014, 05:20:25 pm**

There's a 'please' missing, there.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Legs are for Cowards.**
Post by: **Zaerosz** on **August 08, 2014, 07:19:29 pm**

I suppose I may as well sign up as well, then. As buggered as this computer may be, it can still play DF at a respectable framerate no matter the size of the fort.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Legs are for Cowards.**
Post by: **Gnorm** on **August 09, 2014, 01:56:20 pm**

Just thought I'd remind you that both the wiki and the TV Tropes page are incredibly out of date, and that they desperately need your attention.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Legs are for Cowards.**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **August 09, 2014, 08:40:35 pm**

Yeah, I'm going to take a crack at the tropes page sometime this week (dependant on when I convince my computer to stop randomly performing seppuku). Some other people at least reading over it once I've done so would be appreciated, since there's bound to be a few things that I misread or were contradicted by other posts. And... Urgh, I'll have to past-tensify all of Vlad's stuff.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Legs are for Cowards.**
Post by: **Gnorm** on **August 09, 2014, 08:53:23 pm**

I can give the Tropes page a once-over after you're done with it. I tend to stick with the wiki, which is perhaps even more out-dated, and I don't favor spending any more time on TV Tropes than what is necessary.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Legs are for Cowards.**
Post by: **FallenAngel** on **August 11, 2014, 06:51:48 am**

Sorry guys, my power went out for a couple days and I lost all my progress.
And then I realized I really really prefer the new version. I'm with peregarrett on this.
Just choose some random male non-soldier to make FallenAngel IV, since III is dead. Probably.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Legs are for Cowards.**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **August 11, 2014, 08:26:19 am**

So you're not taking the turn?

Title: **Re: Demongate: Legs are for Cowards.**
Post by: **danmanthedog** on **August 11, 2014, 08:32:36 am**

Ah like most forts they die because people lose interest in them so fast.... Its a shame really.

I am back babies for 2 weeks then I am going off the grind again.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Legs are for Cowards.**
Post by: **Zaerosz** on **August 11, 2014, 09:00:47 am**

Wait oh god does this mean it's my turn already? Well. Okay then. I'll download the save and have a look around, get started in the morning if FA is definitely skipping.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Legs are for Cowards.**
Post by: **FallenAngel** on **August 11, 2014, 09:15:47 am**

Quote from: Deus Asmoth on August 11, 2014, 08:26:19 am
So you're not taking the turn?
I'm not taking the turn, but I'm not leaving the thread.
I lost interest in DF2012, not Demongate.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Legs are for Cowards.**
Post by: **Gnorm** on **August 11, 2014, 10:07:43 am**

Quote from: FallenAngel on August 11, 2014, 09:15:47 am
Quote from: Deus Asmoth on August 11, 2014, 08:26:19 am
So you're not taking the turn?
I'm not taking the turn, but I'm not leaving the thread.
I lost interest in DF2012, not Demongate.
I understand. Go ahead and play around in the new version. As for Zaerosz, it is time for *you* to take the helm!

Title: **Re: Demongate: Legs are for Cowards.**
Post by: **Zaerosz** on **August 11, 2014, 05:22:10 pm**

Oh dear *god*. Where do I even start. I'm going to need to spend the first part of my turn just getting an overview of the fort put together because I have *no idea what I'm looking at*. We have a room with like thirty cabinets! Not even assigned to anyone, just thirty bloody cabinets around some tables and chairs!

Title: **Re: Demongate: Legs are for Cowards.**
Post by: **FallenAngel** on **August 11, 2014, 05:34:45 pm**

If the cabinet room confuses you, the surface will be even worse.
I built a spider.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Legs are for Cowards.**
Post by: **Zaerosz** on **August 11, 2014, 05:58:33 pm**

Dude, the spider's just an ornamental room (open to the surface, with bloody dining rooms right there, inviting dwarves to go and eat there during an invasion). That doesn't confuse me. What confuses me is rooms that clearly have *some* intended purpose, but I have absolutely no idea what, and no way of knowing.

EDIT: The *other* spider, on the other hand...

Title: **Re: Demongate: Legs are for Cowards.**
Post by: **danmanthedog** on **August 11, 2014, 06:06:00 pm**

Quote from: [Zaerosz](#) on August 11, 2014, 05:58:33 pm
Dude, the spider's just an ornamental room (open to the surface, with bloody dining rooms right there, inviting dwarves to go and eat there during an invasion). That doesn't confuse me. What confuses me is rooms that clearly have *some* intended purpose, but I have absolutely no idea what, and no way of knowing.
EDIT: The *other* spider, on the other hand...
Oiii my spider lab has some purpose, it has a death pit. Just check the notes for information.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Legs are for Cowards.**
Post by: **Rhaken** on **August 11, 2014, 06:18:22 pm**

Quote from: [Zaerosz](#) on August 11, 2014, 05:22:10 pm
Oh dear *god*. Where do I even start. I'm going to need to spend the first part of my turn just getting an overview of the fort put together because I have *no idea what I'm looking at*. We have a room with like thirty cabinets! Not even assigned to anyone, just thirty bloody cabinets around some tables and chairs!

That's the school's library. Not sure if I left a note about it, but I do know I wrote about it (<http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=137030.msg5207173;topicseen#msg5207173>) when it was built during my turn.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Legs are for Cowards.**
Post by: **Zaerosz** on **August 11, 2014, 06:21:25 pm**

Now that I know you guys actually left notes, I can figure things out.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Legs are for Cowards.**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **August 11, 2014, 06:21:38 pm**

As with all succession games, if you can't figure out the purpose of a room it's best to ignore it lest you fill it with magma. And if you see an unlabelled lever, don't pull it lest you fill the dining room with magma.

In fact, if you W X, leave it be lest you Y Z with magma.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Legs are for Cowards.**
Post by: **Rhaken** on **August 11, 2014, 06:23:54 pm**

Quote from: [Deus Asmoth](#) on August 11, 2014, 06:21:38 pm
As with all succession games, if you can't figure out the purpose of a room it's best to ignore it lest you fill it with magma. And if you see an unlabelled lever, don't pull it lest you fill the dining room with magma.
In fact, if you W X, leave it be lest you Y Z with magma.

I find this oddly hilarious. Nominated for quotes list.

...Does anyone have the availability to help me with writing the battle against Nish that I've been promising for months?

Title: **Re: Demongate: Legs are for Cowards.**
Post by: **danmanthedog** on **August 11, 2014, 06:44:34 pm**

Is my baby alive and is my hybrid alive too, since I got blasted with fire.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Legs are for Cowards.**
Post by: **Gnorm** on **August 11, 2014, 06:53:19 pm**

Quote from: [Rhaken](#) on August 11, 2014, 06:23:54 pm
...Does anyone have the availability to help me with writing the battle against Nish that I've been promising for months?
By "help," I assume you mean you want someone to write it for you. Am I correct?

Title: **Re: Demongate: Legs are for Cowards.**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **August 11, 2014, 06:59:25 pm**

Your baby is most likely dead if it got set on fire. I haven't seen anything about the hybrid getting injured.

Quote from: [Rhaken](#) on August 11, 2014, 06:23:54 pm
Quote from: [Deus Asmoth](#) on August 11, 2014, 06:21:38 pm
As with all succession games, if you can't figure out the purpose of a room it's best to ignore it lest you fill it with magma. And if you see an unlabelled lever, don't pull it lest you fill the dining room with magma.
In fact, if you W X, leave it be lest you Y Z with magma.
I find this oddly hilarious. Nominated for quotes list.
...Does anyone have the availability to help me with writing the battle against Nish that I've been promising for months?

I could give it a shot, but I wouldn't be really free to help till the weekend (well, I am, I just hate typing anything of any length on a touchscreen and my computer is getting fixed). It'd probably take me a few goes to come up with anything good though.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Legs are for Cowards.**
Post by: **Gnorm** on **August 11, 2014, 07:04:33 pm**

Quote from: danmanthedog on August 11, 2014, 06:44:34 pm

Is my baby alive and is my hybrid alive too, since I got blasted with fire.

I don't recall the baby or the hybrid dying during my turn.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Legs are for Cowards.**
Post by: **FallenAngel** on **August 11, 2014, 07:12:53 pm**

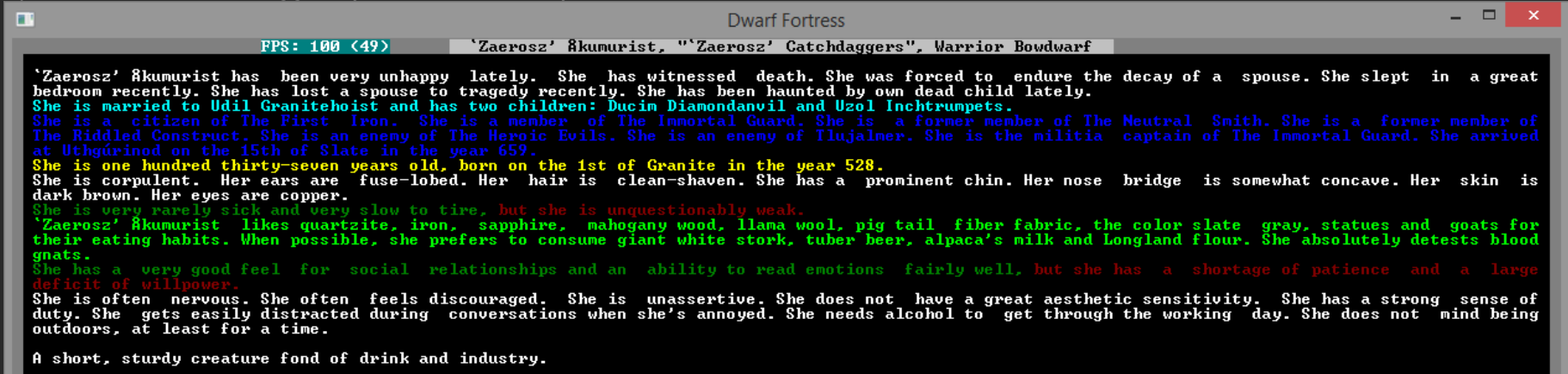
By the way, I tested a lot of the levers during my turn.
Not all of them do something. Even the ones with mechanisms in them.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Legs are for Cowards.**
Post by: **Zaerosz** on **August 11, 2014, 07:13:05 pm**

From the Diary of Zaerosz Craftdaggers
Entry dated Granite 3rd

Two days ago, at the turn of the year, I was appointed overseer of this place. Why, I cannot fathom, particularly since I was leading a demonstration for the other soldiers at the time. Or rather, the only other soldier in my squad. I think I might need to spend some time fixing our military this year.

Spoiler: [Zaerosz Craftdaggers](#) (click to show/hide)



Appointing my squadmate Vabôk Paddledhandles as my personal aide I spent the last couple of days learning about the fort...

Spoiler: [The Surface](#) (click to show/hide)

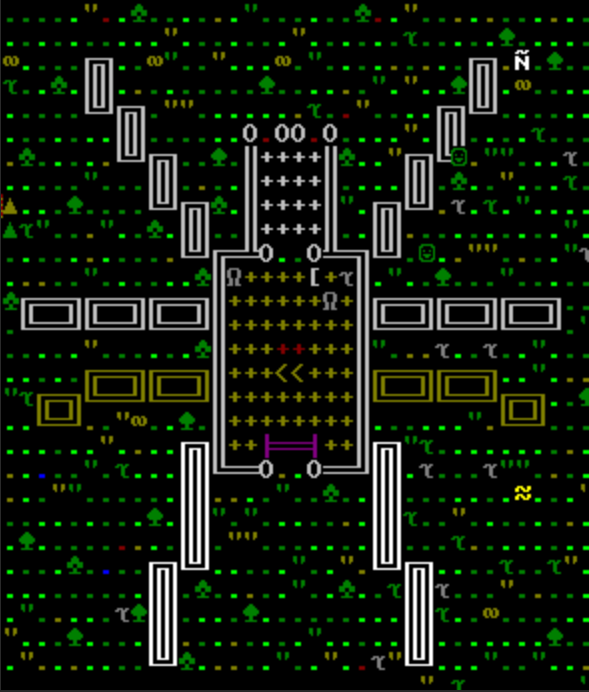


"You know..." Zaerosz began, staring at the nation of corpses with more than a little revulsion, "I feel like even though I've been here for six years, I've never actually figured out why we haven't dealt with things like this yet."

Vabôk just gently guided her away. "Overseers around here tend to be... a little less than productive," she sighed.

"And whose bloody idea was it to make a dining room with open access to the surface?" Zaerosz waved a hand in the general direction of The Spider. "Gods know that's caused more than its share of deaths around here."

Spoiler: [The Spider](#) (click to show/hide)



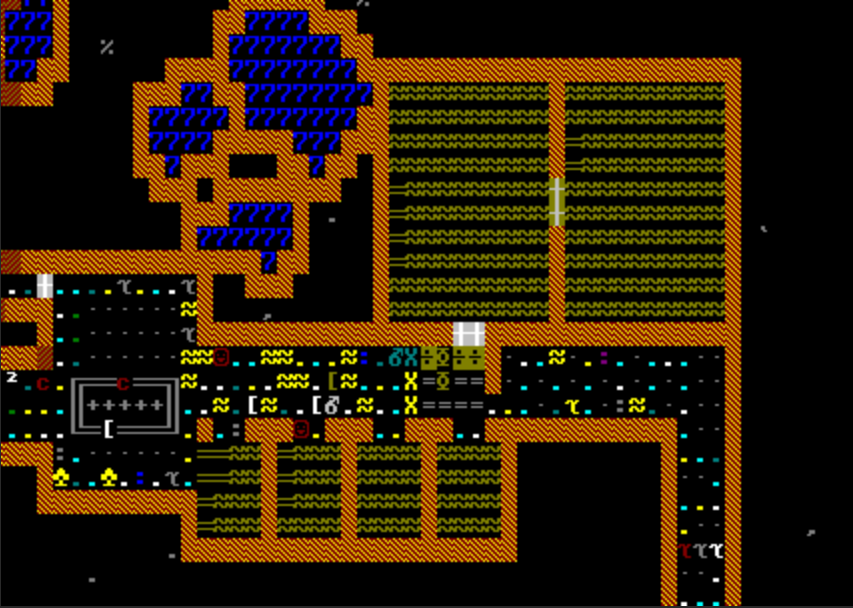
"One of those FallenAngel blokes, if I recall, miss."

"Tell the masons to build a raising bridge in the entryway, it needs to be sealed off."

"Yes, miss."

"Oh, that's just inefficient."

Spoiler: The Farms (click to show/hide)



"You come from a farming family, miss?"

Zaerosz shrugged. "I was always more interested in animals than plants, but yes. What we should be doing here," she said, quickly jotting something down, "is splitting those two large plots into four smaller ones each. I can't say I see the need for *that* many plump helmets..." She trailed off, staring at the ceiling.

Vabôk just raised an eyebrow and waited for her brain to come back down to earth.

"You know, Vabôk, if we took care of that corpse pile on the surface, we could easily turn one of these spaces into a surface crop farm. Oh, and tell the miners to clear out a space behind the smaller plots over there, we need a dedicated seed storage on the farm level."

"Alright, what've we got on this floor?"

Spoiler: This Floor (click to show/hide)



Vabôk checked her clipboard - *when did she pick that up?* Zaerosz wondered - and frowned. "Well, that hole over there is from illuminating the spot on the next floor down, for growing surface plants, and... the rest of this floor is just a finished goods stockpile."

"...but it's tiny. Not even half the room."

Vabôk shrugged.

"Alright, now we're getting somewhere. What have we got here?"

Spoiler: The Main Floor (click to show/hide)



"Well, to the west of the staircase we have the classroom and library, as well as the dining hall and food stockpile. South of the food pile there's the kitchens. Down the eastern corridor we have some workshops, and at the first right turn we have the hall down to the forges--"

Zaerosz held out a hand, and her aide paused. "Okay, why do we have both charcoal forges AND magma forges?"

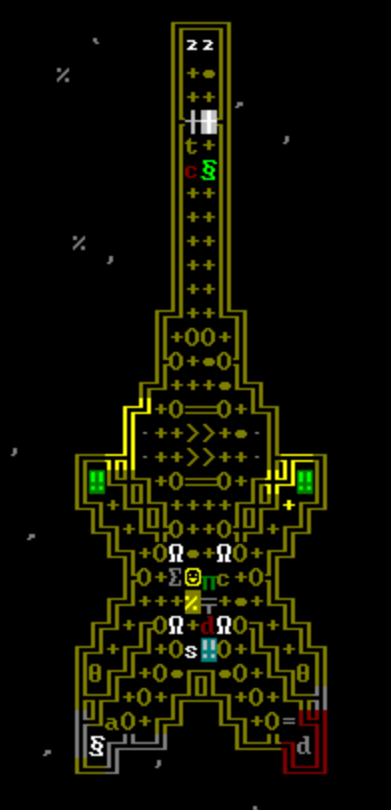
"No idea, miss, but may I continue?"

The new overseer sighed. "Yes, go ahead."

"And in the far southeast corner is the bar stockpile. Just north of that is the arena, which can be flooded with magma at a moment's

notice."

Spoiler: The Other Spider (click to show/hide)



"What."

"Apparently it's some sort of laboratory, belonging to a deceased member of the fortress."

"Is that what all the writhing corpses are for?"

"The lab is apparently for, and I quote, 'removing body parts from goblins, fusion of body parts and animals together'."

"...What."

Spoiler: The Hospital Floor (click to show/hide)

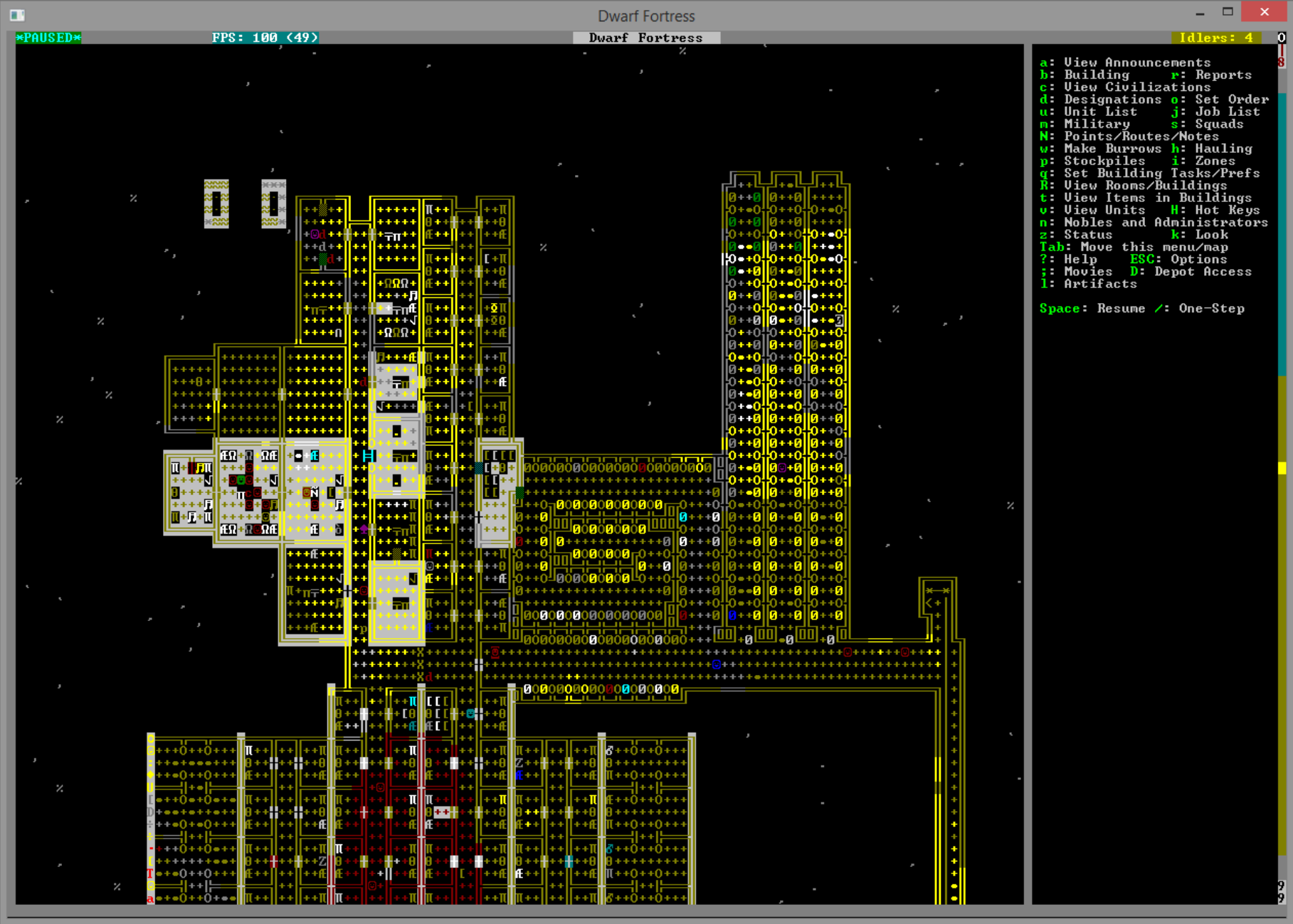


"On this floor we have the hospital, which someone is requesting an expansion for, as well as additional supplies."

"Noted. I'll try to get it done. Anything else of note?"

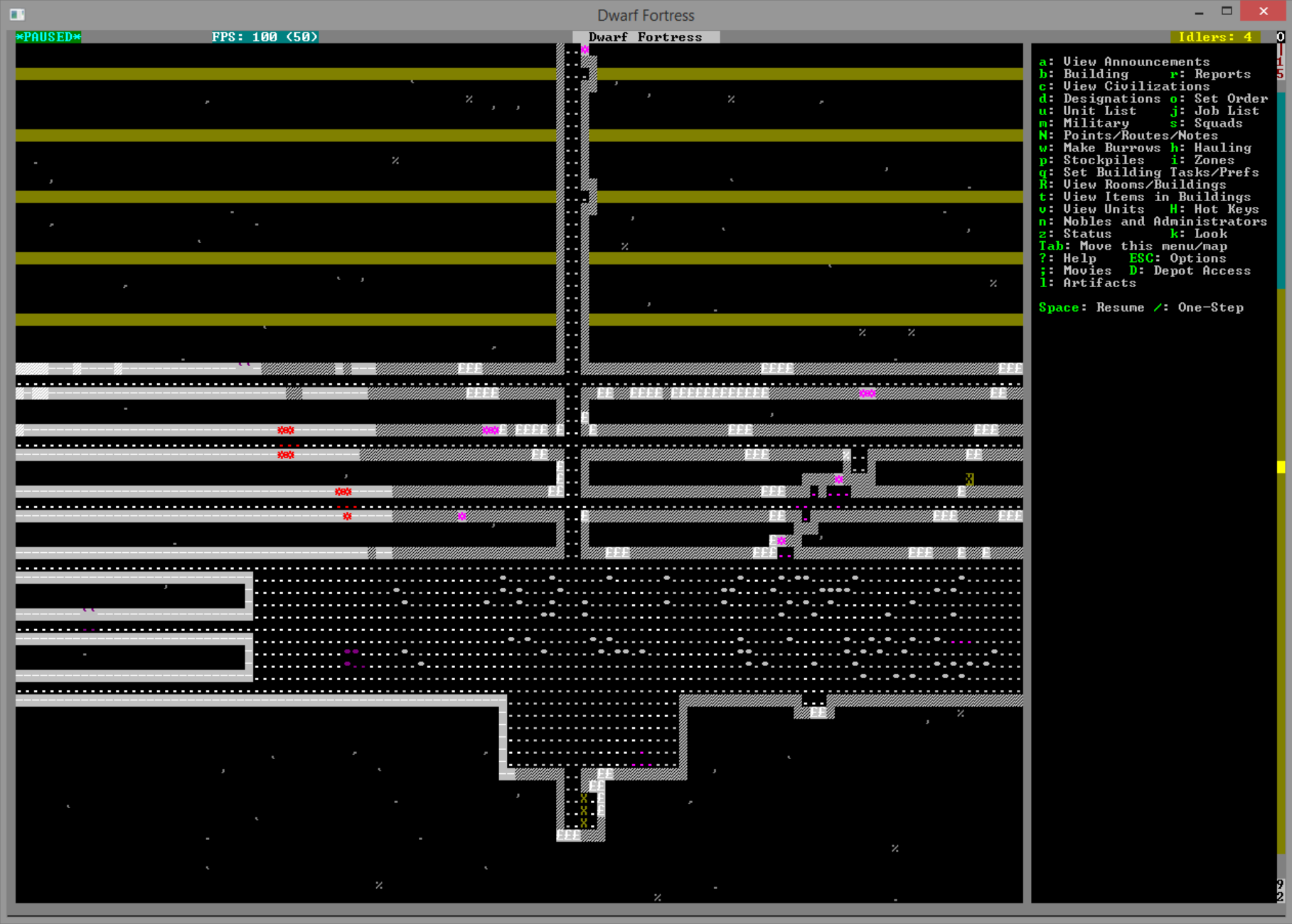
"No, mostly stockpiles. The treasury is the farthest door on the left down that hallway, though."

Spoiler: The Burial Floor (click to show/hide)



Neither Zaerosz nor Vabôk needed any explanation as to what this floor was for. They were well familiar with both its functions.

Spoiler: The Mining Floor (click to show/hide)



"And down here are the mine shafts."

"I'll have to get the miners back in here once that seed stockpile is set up. Anything else I need to know about?"

"There are some bedrooms further down, and a forgotten beast has appeared in the caverns, but other than that, nothing overly important."

"I see. Right then, first order of business: consolidating our military."

Both Danman and the baby are perfectly healthy.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Legs are for Cowards.**
Post by: **Gnorm** on **August 11, 2014, 07:24:45 pm**

Don't worry too terribly much about the external entrance to the Spider Bunker. The downwards stairway into the fortress *should* be sealed with clay.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Legs are for Cowards.**
Post by: **Zaerosz** on **August 11, 2014, 07:32:49 pm**

It does not appear to be so.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Legs are for Cowards.**
Post by: **Rhaken** on **August 11, 2014, 07:53:38 pm**

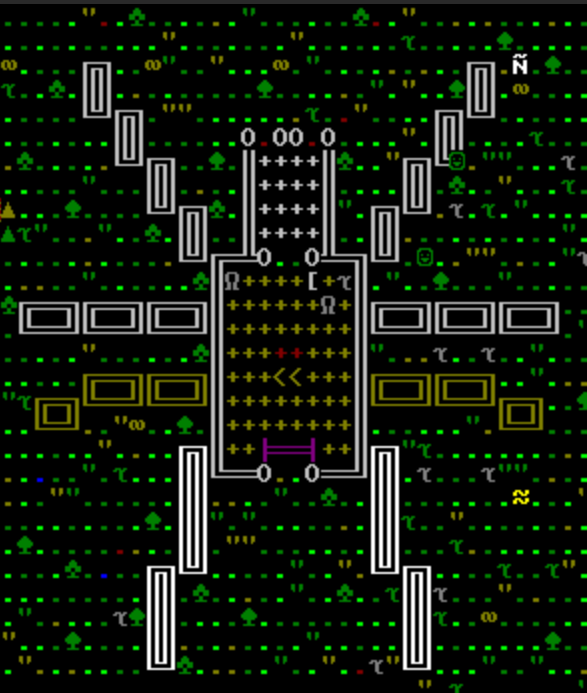
Quote from: Gnorm on August 11, 2014, 06:53:19 pm
Quote from: Rhaken on August 11, 2014, 06:23:54 pm
...Does anyone have the availability to help me with writing the battle against Nish that I've been promising for months?
By "help," I assume you mean you want someone to write it for you. Am I correct?

Hell no. I like writing. I just haven't been able to these past months. Adding corporate slavery to my expansive list of daily activities kind of killed my writing time.

What I do need is folks to cooperate with. We talk about the scenes, do an outline if necessary, chip in a few bits here and there, then go over the whole thing and improve the prose wherever necessary.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Legs are for Cowards.**
Post by: **Gnorm** on **August 11, 2014, 08:25:01 pm**

Quote from: Zaerosz on August 11, 2014, 07:32:49 pm
It does not appear to be so.



It appears so to me.

Quote from: Rhaken on August 11, 2014, 07:53:38 pm
Hell no. I like writing. I just haven't been able to these past months. Adding corporate slavery to my expansive list of daily activities kind of killed my writing time.
What I do need is folks to cooperate with. We talk about the scenes, do an outline if necessary, chip in a few bits here and there, then go over the whole thing and improve the prose wherever necessary.
I could probably help you there.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Legs are for Cowards.**
Post by: **Zaerosz** on **August 11, 2014, 08:34:08 pm**

Gah, dammit, I always get confused between up and down stairs.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Legs are for Cowards.**
Post by: **fractalman** on **August 11, 2014, 11:03:11 pm**

I'm honestly surprised to have survived so long.
IC:
Wait. I have kids? I really need to spend less time relying on my subconscious autopilot...

Title: **Re: Demongate: Legs are for Cowards.**
Post by: **Zaerosz** on **August 11, 2014, 11:53:48 pm**

You were actually going around the lower levels with a couple of them, you were in some room with a few empty cages.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Legs are for Cowards.**
Post by: **TheFlame52** on **August 12, 2014, 05:33:20 am**

Am I the only one who dumps refuse? There's an atom-smasher right by the refuse piles.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Legs are for Cowards.**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **August 12, 2014, 07:12:11 am**

There are also several ways of dumping things straight into magma.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Legs are for Cowards.**
Post by: **Zaerosz** on **August 12, 2014, 08:02:36 pm**

Interesting. I'm the unhappiest dwarf in the fort.

Also the only unhappy dwarf in the fort, but hey.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Legs are for Cowards.**
Post by: **Zaerosz** on **August 12, 2014, 08:29:26 pm**

gaaaaaah i can't play this

I'm getting like 3 FPS here and I only have three days before I have to go offline for four days. I'm sorry, but I can't complete this turn.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Legs are for Cowards.**
Post by: **Gnorm** on **August 12, 2014, 08:38:31 pm**

By Jove! I seem to have cursed this thread with my last turn!

Title: **Re: Demongate: Legs are for Cowards.**
Post by: **danmanthedog** on **August 12, 2014, 08:53:47 pm**

Turn off tempature like I did/also get some dfhack into like I also did. :P

Title: **Re: Demongate: Legs are for Cowards.**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **August 13, 2014, 04:22:37 am**

If there's nothing you can do to improve FPS, I guess I'll see if Mask is able to take his turn.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Legs are for Cowards.**
Post by: **peregarrett** on **August 13, 2014, 09:39:34 am**

...This tempting me to come back and give it a try... Demongate never lets you go! I can't resist.

Quote from: Gnorm on August 12, 2014, 08:38:31 pm

By Jove! I seem to have cursed this thread with my last turn!

You need a priest to expel the curse!

Title: **Re: Demongate: Legs are for Cowards.**
Post by: **Gnorm** on **August 13, 2014, 10:44:06 am**

Quote from: peregarrett on August 13, 2014, 09:39:34 am

...This tempting me to come back and give it a try... Demongate never lets you go! I can't resist.

Quote from: Gnorm on August 12, 2014, 08:38:31 pm

By Jove! I seem to have cursed this thread with my last turn!

You need a priest to expel the curse!

That's the spirit! Who needs version 0.40.08 anyway? Bug-fixes? Ha! Not in *my* fortress!

Title: **Re: Demongate: Legs are for Cowards.**
Post by: **peregarrett** on **August 13, 2014, 12:31:56 pm**

Quote from: Zaerosz on August 11, 2014, 07:13:05 pm

From the Diary of Zaerosz Craftdaggers
Bla-bla-bla....

Brother Cornelius, who's been following these two for last few hours, came and swiftly took the clipboard of Vabok's hands
- Hallo, dude, and thanks for all this shit about Developing, Fixing, Prosper and so on. We didn't think you take this joke of "being overseer" so serious, but thanks anyway! Your report about "what and where" will help me to get things doing. I'm the REAL overseer, as you see. I even have The Overseer's Roc Bone Shield "Icehumor the Autumn of Rampages", and you don't! See ya at Prayer, bye!

So, so.. Farming? Who needs farming when there're thousands of plants and drinks? Stop farming anything, except sunberries.
Common coal forges? Remove them.
Libash the Titled Swordsdwarf has died from old age? Wow! I need to get prepared for the ceremony!

Someone ocassionally put their pets corpses into coffins, so I ordered them to be emptied and used for fallen dwarves instead. Also we need to dig another wing of catacombs for coffins.

I put a few experienced fighters into their squads - I have no idea why they were doing civilian job while their fighting skills rust, but no that's ok.
Zaerosz is now supplied with arrows instead of bolts and is able to shoot. I hope that smiles him her a bit she's the only unhappy dwarf here.

Apart from that everything is calm and peaceful...



Dammit.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Legs are for Cowards.**
Post by: **Zaerosz** on **August 13, 2014, 05:26:57 pm**

Wow, glad that's not on my head this time. Good luck, dude.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Legs are for Cowards.**
Post by: **danmanthedog** on **August 13, 2014, 06:09:18 pm**

Use every crossbolt we have intill it's nothing back bolts.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Legs are for Cowards.**
Post by: **TheFlame52** on **August 13, 2014, 06:16:58 pm**

Eh, just sick the military on it. The last one we had was taken down easy, no wounds or casualties.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Legs are for Cowards.**
Post by: **danmanthedog** on **August 13, 2014, 06:35:45 pm**

Quote from: TheFlame52 on August 13, 2014, 06:16:58 pm
Eh, just sick the military on it. The last one we had was taken down easy, no wounds or casualties.
Flea bite it to the death.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Legs are for Cowards.**
Post by: **peregarrett** on **August 14, 2014, 02:56:28 am**

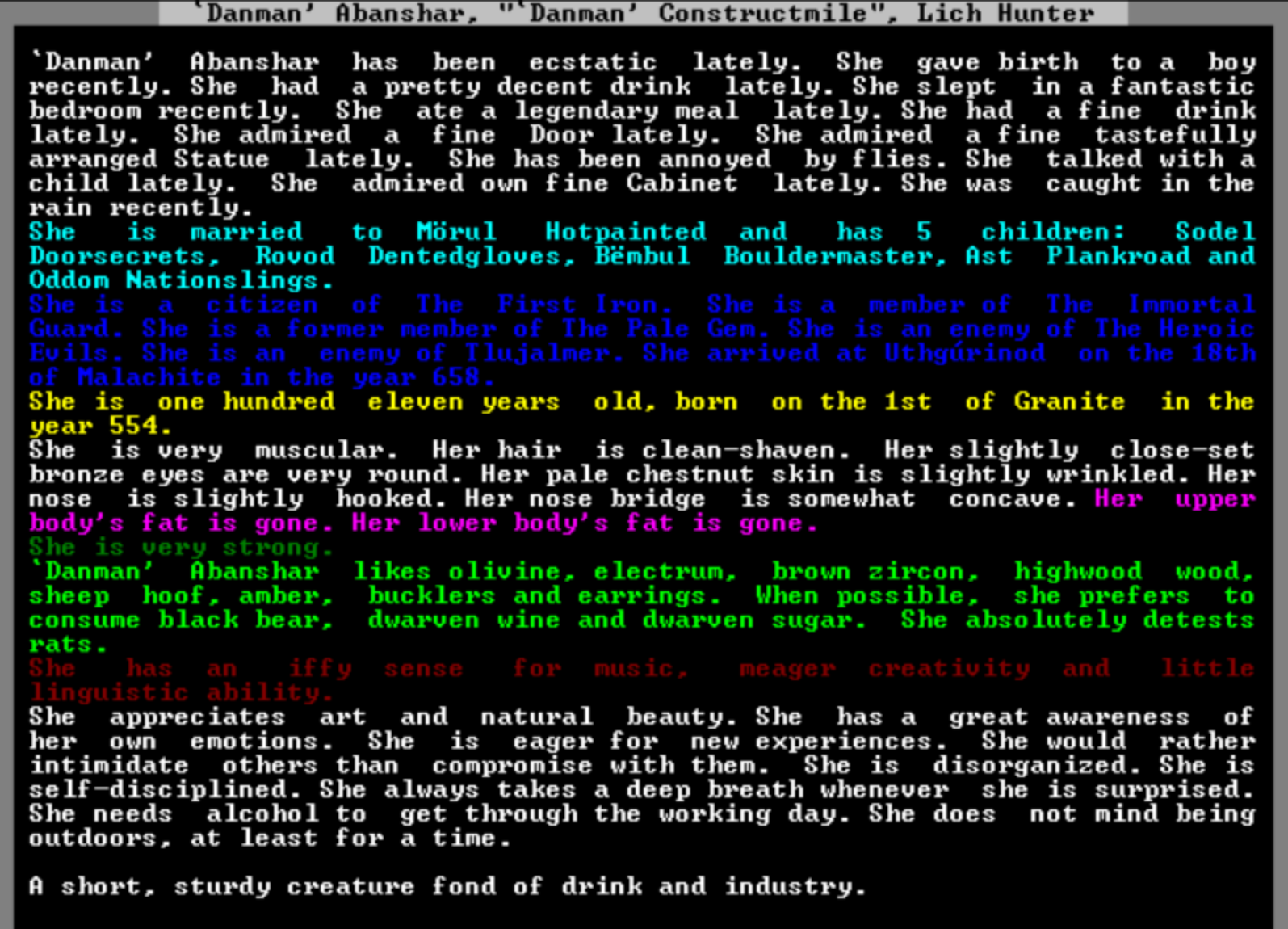
Roc is done with. It chased some farmer all around the field, while axe- and sworddwarves chased it. I even took the stone piccolo and whistled "Yakety Sax" tune watching them. Finally some dog bit it and died, but at the time an archer put the bolt onto it's stomach effectively bringing it down - right at the stockpile of trading goods! Then axedwarves came and after some efforts killed it.

Now we have 500~ pieces of roc meat waiting at the butchery.

On the other news - we've made rose gold coins (shields and artifact cabinet, as usual) and old common forges are set on Stud With Gold/R. I have no idea why, but crafters insist on studding some old worn trousers, and now we have about ten of them. And a green glass window too. I guess I should be more specific with my orders.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Legs are for Cowards.**
Post by: **peregarrett** on **August 14, 2014, 03:51:28 pm**

Danman have given birth to a boy.
Curiously, but she's been under some fat-burning course, obviously.



Thane is idling alone at the forest. Why? Who knows... Since Vlad died she doesn't speak a lot. Maybe working as weaponsmith will help her to recover? I think we should try. And I guess having adamantine axes and swords won't harm.

Crafters now take bars and items to stud from specific stockpiles. Still, they prefer some copper daggers! I gave up trying to explain what they should do.

Suddenly I found a caged corpse in the soapmaker's room. The poor dude has died from dehydration, and I really really wonder why? Some sinister deeds seem to gather here.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Legs are for Cowards.**
Post by: **danmanthedog** on **August 14, 2014, 05:38:03 pm**

May I have a cage copse in my lab for more testing.

"Gogogaga"

"Hmmm, meaty little dwarfling, I will teach you the secrets of my clan if your willing to learn... So are you, Zwerg and also meet your sister "Kerdil." She is strong like your father... Wait who is your father.

"Master maybe the the theory of dwarfen budding/sporing might be true."

"Maybe your right... So after testing the fusion of the zombie head to a dwarf body I will test it. Go get one of the zombies, some adamantium threads, liquid iron and a silver encrusted meat cleaver for the testing. "WAAAAa!" "And a barrel of wine for the little one."

"Yes master and little master."

Title: **Re: Demongate: Legs are for Cowards.**
Post by: **Cinder** on **August 14, 2014, 06:07:15 pm**

Are there any unclaimed medical dwarfs?

Title: **Re: Demongate: Legs are for Cowards.**
Post by: **Gnorm** on **August 14, 2014, 06:16:54 pm**

Quote from: Objective on August 14, 2014, 06:07:15 pm
Are there any unclaimed medical dwarfs?

Several, last I checked.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Legs are for Cowards.**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **August 14, 2014, 06:55:12 pm**

Quote from: danmanthedog on August 14, 2014, 05:38:03 pm
May I have a cage copse in my lab for more testing?

"Gogogaga"

"Hmmm, meaty little dwarfling, I will teach you the secrets of my clan if you're willing to learn... So are you, Zwerg? And also, meet your sister; "Kerdil". She is strong, like your father... Wait, who is your father?

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"Maybe you're right... So after testing the fusion of the zombie head to a dwarf body I will test it. Go get one of the zombies, some adamantine threads, liquid iron and a silver encrusted meat cleaver for the testing. "WAAAAa!" "And a barrel of wine for the little one."

"Yes master and little master."

Remember how we said we were going to avoid giving NPCs nicknames for no reason? I cannot help but think that grafting a zombie's head onto a dwarf would be a terrible idea and unsanitary. You'd also probably get charged with either murder or grave robbing and theft.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Legs are for Cowards.**
Post by: **Gnorm** on **August 14, 2014, 07:10:38 pm**

Quote from: danmanthedog on August 14, 2014, 05:38:03 pm
May I have a cage copse in my lab for more testing.

"Gogogaga"

"Hmmm, meaty little dwarfling, I will teach you the secrets of my clan if your willing to learn... So are you, Zwerg and also meet your sister "Kerdil." She is strong like your father... Wait who is your father.

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"Maybe your right... So after testing the fusion of the zombie head to a dwarf body I will test it. Go get one of the zombies, some adamantium threads, liquid iron and a silver encrusted meat cleaver for the testing. "WAAAAa!" "And a barrel of wine for the little one."

"Yes master and little master."

Honestly, when it comes to your prose, I think I need the CliffNotes version.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Legs are for Cowards.**
Post by: **danmanthedog** on **August 14, 2014, 07:18:18 pm**

Quote from: Deus Asmoth on August 14, 2014, 06:55:12 pm
Quote from: danmanthedog on August 14, 2014, 05:38:03 pm
May I have a cage copse in my lab for more testing?

"Gogogaga"

"Hmmm, meaty little dwarfling, I will teach you the secrets of my clan if you're willing to learn... So are you, Zwerg? And also, meet your sister; "Kerdil". She is strong, like your father... Wait, who is your father?

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"Yes master and little master."
Remember how we said we were going to avoid giving NPCs nicknames for no reason? I cannot help but think that grafting a zombie's head onto a dwarf would be a terrible idea and unsanitary. You'd also probably get charged with either murder or grave robbing and theft.

But its for science!!! and thank you Gnorm, sorry for my horrible grammer but I never really got grammer doing school

Title: **Re: Demongate: Legs are for Cowards.**
Post by: **Cinder** on **August 14, 2014, 08:33:34 pm**

Well, claiming a dwarf with medical skill. Name Matthias/Matthilde, profession Druid.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Legs are for Cowards.**
Post by: **danmanthedog** on **August 14, 2014, 08:47:13 pm**

Quote from: Objective on August 14, 2014, 08:33:34 pm
Well, claiming a dwarf with medical skill. Name Matthias/Matthilde, profession Druid.

Hmm want to come and work for me I do need some one to help sewn on body parts.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Legs are for Cowards.**
Post by: **TheFlame52** on **August 15, 2014, 05:35:47 am**

Quote from: Objective on August 14, 2014, 08:33:34 pm
Well, claiming a dwarf with medical skill. Name Matthias/Matthilde, profession Druid.

I already gave you a dwarf. Check the save, he might be dead.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Legs are for Cowards.**
Post by: **peregarrett** on **August 15, 2014, 07:08:27 am**

This morning Flame has found a note stuck to his door. The note reads -
"Meet me at the Chapel of St.Zane. Cornelius"
...
- Hallo, Flame. I see you've found the note.
- Good morning, Padre. What's the matter?
- That's about your axe. Why do you carry it everywhere?
- 'Cause it's mine, that's why. I made it and I carry it. Why do you ask?
- Well... It's mostly a curiosity, but still... Did you use it in a fight?
- Once. I killed a boar with it. I'm not a soldier, I'm a smith. Very good smith, must say.
- And I'm a very good mason, but I think having some fighting skill never harm. What do you think?
- Well... maybe.
- Fine! Then let's start. I'm with spear and shield, and you're with your axe. Attack!
...
- So, how's the project of adamantine spears going? *BLOCK* Do we have enough?
- Yep. *HACK* The problem is to link all of them *HACK* to a lever.
- You think that *BLOCK* *STAB* will hold the demon's horde?
- I don't think. *HACK* I know.
- Okay, is you say so.
...
- Enough for today? I still have some cassiterite to smelt.
- Okay, that's enough. See ya next day here!

Title: **Re: Demongate: Legs are for Cowards.**
Post by: **TheFlame52** on **August 15, 2014, 09:41:53 am**

Quote from: peregarrett on August 15, 2014, 07:08:27 am
This morning Flame has found a note stuck to his door.

Flame's a chick, but other than that, cool.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Legs are for Cowards.**
Post by: **Gnorm** on **August 15, 2014, 10:44:45 am**

Quote from: TheFlame52 on August 15, 2014, 05:35:47 am
Quote from: Objective on August 14, 2014, 08:33:34 pm
Well, claiming a dwarf with medical skill. Name Matthias/Matthilde, profession Druid.
I already gave you a dwarf. Check the save, he might be dead.

Dead as a doornail; he needs a new dwarf.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Legs are for Cowards.**
Post by: **Cinder** on **August 15, 2014, 10:25:14 pm**

Yeah, I guess I'll get the Druid who would be cutting and attaching body parts and trying to advocate for the nature.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Legs are for Cowards.**
Post by: **danmanthedog** on **August 15, 2014, 11:12:36 pm**

Quote from: Objective on August 15, 2014, 10:25:14 pm
Yeah, I guess I'll get the Druid who would be cutting and attaching body parts and trying to advocate for the nature.

Happy day I get a new tesarhhh! I mean partner but rember THIS NEWBIE! Bring your own cleaver because I don't share.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Legs are for Cowards.**
Post by: **4maskwolf** on **August 17, 2014, 01:16:23 pm**

Who's turn is it right now, anyway?

Title: **Re: Demongate: Legs are for Cowards.**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **August 17, 2014, 01:44:32 pm**

I'm under the impression that peregarrett is taking a turn after all.

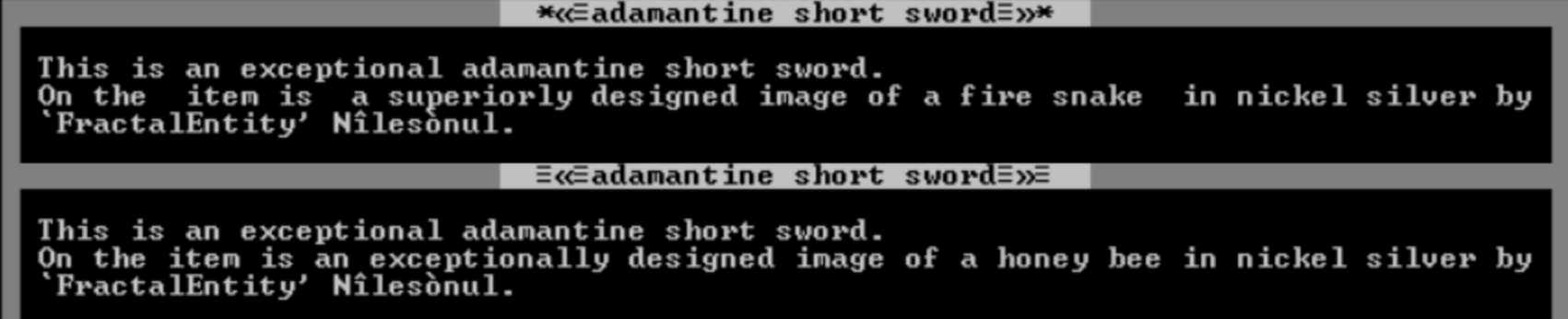
Title: **Re: Demongate: Legs are for Cowards.**
Post by: **peregarrett** on **August 17, 2014, 03:27:20 pm**

After an inspiring training session with Flame, Cornelius got back to "Overseership", as he calls that. For the unskilled gaze it looked exactly like "He stored half a barrel of sunshine in his waterskin and wandered around taking a drink from time to time", but there were thin nuances. Anyway, the fortress prospers even more!

Some child grabbed two logs and claimed the craft workshop. A few days later he presented a tower-cap amulet.



Not a big deal, actually. Our masters can do much better than that!



Moreover, a large mining operation started at the caverns, in search of cassiterite and bismuthinite. We need more bismuth bronze armor - till we have armorer skilled enough to work with steel and adamantine.

A new tomb wing is being smoothed now, and some coffins were installed. Also, a few recruits were drafted as archers (1st crossbow squad is full now) and a peasant/novice speardwarf joined Hammers squad.

Matthilde, skilled suturer and wound dresser suddenly asked Padre if she can do some science courses with Danman, because she wants to protect nature and develop her skills in sewing bodyparts. Cornelius didn't figure a word from that, but gave his permission anyway.



And to put a dot under that, here come elves!

Title: **Re: Demongate: Legs are for Cowards.**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **August 17, 2014, 05:50:57 pm**

Kill them all for reasons!

Title: **Re: Demongate: Legs are for Cowards.**
Post by: **FallenAngel** on **August 17, 2014, 08:55:01 pm**

Quote from: Deus Asmoth on August 17, 2014, 05:50:57 pm
Kill them all for reasons!
That's the spirit!
Seize their weaponry and kill them with it!

Title: **Re: Demongate: Legs are for Cowards.**
Post by: **danmanthedog** on **August 18, 2014, 08:49:44 am**

Take them as prisoners for science! I am thinking that if we take the apart the brain by brunt force by a rock we can find the deep causes oh the tree loveliness.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Legs are for Cowards.**
Post by: **Gnorm** on **August 18, 2014, 09:05:50 am**

Burn the little tree-faggots!

Title: **Re: Demongate: Legs are for Cowards.**
Post by: **peregarrett** on **August 18, 2014, 02:22:13 pm**

This Evening Prayer was mostly dedicated to foreign politics and import agreements, i.e., "what shall we do with elven traders", to speak simple words. It was unusual how everyone agreed on the main purpose, descending into debates of details...

- Kill them for reason! - *Thane spoke, striking the floor with her crutch*

- First seize their weaponry, then impale them with their own spears! - *added some random dwarf who've just came in.*

- Ehm, sorry, but... who the hell are you?

- Call me Fallen Angel the 4th. I got an invitation for today's Prayer mysteriously appeared in my room, and I thought that was yours.



- Ah, you're the famous legendary fisherwarf. Come and join us. Serve yourself. Your coming has been foretold by many ancients scripts... The Chosen One! - *declaimed Tarnid with very deep voice, but couldn't help giggling upon seeing the face of newcomer.* - Ah,

nevermind, that's just a usual joke for any newbie. So, any other ideas on elven problem?

- I'd like to have a few of them for science. I've got a few hypotheses on their tree-loveliness and nee

insinuatingly said Danman.

- No, just burn the tree-faggots! We don't need them here in any form! - *was the response of Torvald*

Finally the quarrel resulted in a tour of Dwarven Contest, when the last debatant who drops dead-drunk wins. Well, in case he remembers the reason of debates and his own viewpoint on next morning...



Nobody noticed, but tribe of bloodmen at the cavern lake grew in numbers. Unsighted, they settle under the surface of water and wait for something...

Re: **Demongate: Legs are for Cowards.**
 Posted by: **danmanthedog** on **August 18, 2014, 02:48:50 pm**

Don't you dear hurt those bloodmen! They are our forts mascot that or fall angel's rotten corpse is our mascot.

Re: **Demongate: Legs are for Cowards.**
 Posted by: **Deus Asmoth** on **August 18, 2014, 02:55:59 pm**

Kind of makes you miss the vampire baby.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Legs are for Cowards.**
Post by: **peregarrett** on **August 18, 2014, 03:25:30 pm**

Quote from: danmanthedog on August 18, 2014, 02:48:50 pm

Don't you dear hurt those bloodmen! They are our forts mascot that or fall angel's rotten corpse is our mascot.

Ouch. So, when FallenAngel the 4th dies, we'll get another bloodman? Interesting.... BTW, I don't see FallenAngel 3rd anywhere among dead or alive. That reminds me the story of scholars who brought pigs int their college and marked them "1st", "2nd" and "4th"and then let them free. College officials spent a whole day looking for the "3rd" pig.

The debate ended with "first we surround them with a wal and then we'll see". Unfortunately the designer of depot put it too close to the wall, so we just attached it to the caravan entrance. No traders will come this way anymore.



Accidentally, some child was sent high above the citadel when the bridge was raised, but got off with nothing but a broken hand.

So ends the spring.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Legs are for Cowards.**
Post by: **Cinder** on **August 18, 2014, 03:51:20 pm**

Matthilde was pondering over a scroll on the anatomy of cats when her husband appeared at her workplace. "Honey, haven't you heard of what they did to the elves?" Stâkud asked with concern. She sighed. Everyone seems to think she would be indignant with the mistreatment of the elves, just because she happens to be raised in the forest. "Of course I have." she answered, setting the scroll down, "I'm surprised they didn't just kill them."

"So you're not concerned about it then?" Stâkud looked quizzical. Even after all these years, he is not used to a druid's caprice. "No, I am concerned. I just thought it was a lost cause." she doused the candle, putting the room to a darkness comfortable to dwarves, and even her herself as cave adaptation had set in. "Perhaps the overseer has more sense than he seems to not order their deaths. I will go talk to him and urge him for a peaceful trade with the elves."

Title: **Re: Demongate: Legs are for Cowards.**
Post by: **FallenAngel** on **August 18, 2014, 06:26:44 pm**

From the engravings of FallenAngel IV, Legendary+2 Bodysurfer

Accursed elves. They came once more despite that time I told them never to return or I'd rip out their spleens and break their backs with them. Sadly, due to the multiple deaths I have experienced since then, I have never gotten around to it. I do plan to tell whoever is in charge. I think it's that guy running around with the flask full of fermented sunberry juice, but I can't be sure. Also, that Dan person is up to strange stuff again. I wonder if he misses his book of forgotten beasts - even if he did, I forgot where I hid it. On another note, I've almost finished eating Flame's bed. It tastes like wood. Dunno where she's sleeping, because the thing is just a backrest on two legs.

a fly flies nearby FallenAngel IV

smacks with tablet

"Great. There are flies in my wing now. Time to steal some charcoal again..."

Title: **Re: Demongate: Legs are for Cowards.**
Post by: **danmanthedog** on **August 18, 2014, 06:53:47 pm**

WHISTLING The knee bone is connected to the leg bone! The leg bone is connected to a joint! *Takes out meat cleaver* The joint takes to whacks to unconnect it. *THUNK THUNK* You then take the leg and fix it to the bottem chest with some liquid silver, And thats how

you make a biped into a quadruped SONG! Ah I love these summer days just passing time experimenting on animals and dwarfs, but I do wish I could get my stuff from my old bodies grave.

"WAHHH!!" *Sharply exhale* "BURTO go get some wine for my baby before I use it for my new experiment wondering what happens when I surgically place a baby wrapped in cloth in to the inside of a dwarf. NOW!

Title: **Re: Demongate: Legs are for Cowards.**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **August 19, 2014, 09:13:04 am**

Thane's journal.

I am beginning to see Vlad's point about the lunatics in this place. Clearly, I was blinded by my belief in the good nature of dwarves before. Some woman has popped up, claiming to be the reincarnation of Dan, probably inspired by whatever Fallen Angel we're on now. More worryingly, someone seems to have been raiding our burial chambers. At first, I thought that this was a minor problem but the bodies have started turning up again, horribly mutilated and covered in burns that are very similar to those you'd get from molten metal. Is this some form of terror tactics, or just some madman? I cannot tell yet, but I plan to find out. They will pay for this madness.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Legs are for Cowards.**
Post by: **danmanthedog** on **August 19, 2014, 11:36:05 am**

Quote from: Deus Asmoth on August 19, 2014, 09:13:04 am

Thane's journal.
I am beginning to see Vlad's point about the lunatics in this place. Clearly, I was blinded by my belief in the good nature of dwarves before. Some woman has popped up, claiming to be the reincarnation of Dan, probably inspired by whatever Fallen Angel we're on now. More worryingly, someone seems to have been raiding our burial chambers. At first, I thought that this was a minor problem but the bodies have started turning up again, horribly mutilated and covered in burns that are very similar to those you'd get from molten metal. Is this some form of terror tactics, or just some madman? I cannot tell yet, but I plan to find out. They will pay for this madness.

Ohh I only use missing dwarfs corpses.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Legs are for Cowards.**
Post by: **peregarrett** on **August 19, 2014, 03:01:51 pm**

The merchants from Dipane Rimame will be leaving soon.
The merchants from Dipane Rimame have embarked on their journey.
Oh, really? Don't be so mad... Actually, BE so mad, we all wait for you to become berserkers and jump into our precious cage traps.

New trade depot was build above goods stockpile. Trading must not suffer!

Title: **Re: Demongate: Legs are for Cowards.**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **August 19, 2014, 03:06:29 pm**

Aren't invaders immune to traps that their merchants have seen, or is that only diplomats?

Title: **Re: Demongate: Legs are for Cowards.**
Post by: **FallenAngel** on **August 19, 2014, 07:42:41 pm**

From the engravings of FallenAngel IV, Legendary+2 Bodysurfer

For one reason or another, corpses are vanishing from the tombs much more than often. I mean, I'm all for eating our dead, but returning them with injuries instead of without any meat? That's a waste. What's more, they show signs of improper cooking. Everyone knows you have to sauté the body (or body part) lightly over a course of a few hours to kill the maggots and other seasonings, not pour molten metal on a small area for a couple minutes. The state of the corpses is troubling, however, since I swear I saw a few blink. Either Dan or that corrupted shape I saw are responsible for this. You know, probably.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Legs are for Cowards.**
Post by: **danmanthedog** on **August 19, 2014, 09:17:04 pm**

"Hmm patient is responding to the skull cracker 2000 very well, but the trouble is once they experience the skull cracker they lose all responsive reactions to any other items or experiments. I must find a way to stop the sudden lose of function of the thought sack from the skull cracker.... Maybe if I replace the thought sack with another organ from a cat maybe then they will become responsive again. What do you think Zwerg?"

"GoGableughhhh! bhaaa."

"I think so too, also you have a little of dog on your chest."

Title: **Re: Demongate: Legs are for Cowards.**
Post by: **peregarrett** on **August 20, 2014, 04:07:03 pm**

Atha Lidavaricote, Elf Merchant is stricken by melancholy!
Horse has gone stark raving mad!
Fecici Thiceraepeve, Elf Merchant is stricken by melancholy!
Horse is stricken by melancholy!
Amu Ereiwo, Elf Merchant is stricken by melancholy!
Horse has gone stark raving mad!
Ruýava Rathètharama, Elf Merchant is stricken by melancholy!
Horse has gone berserk!
Avafi Wamaevala, Elf Merchant has gone stark raving mad!
Horse has gone berserk!

Ah, finally. Horse berserk, my ass!

Dammit. Looks like even berserk horses do not attack their masters, they attack each other instead. The first horse won over the second and received a personal name Rusnazicab, translated as "Colorreversed".

Meanwhile, melancholyc elves decide to drown themselves...

Oh, I was wrong. Rusnazicab acuiRED a taste for elven blood! Mwahahahaha!!!

Two crazed horses escaped underwater, all others are dead. Those two survivors swam up a few yards downstream and began... jumping out of the water? Those elven animals still remain crazy even after going mad. Oh, I was wrong again, they just trying to commit suicide jumping from high. One of them climbed the tower for that reason.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Legs are for Cowards.**
Post by: **jrrocks05** on **August 21, 2014, 10:09:17 pm**

Hey guys I'm back is my guy dead yet?

Title: **Re: Demongate: Legs are for Cowards.**
Post by: **Cinder** on **August 22, 2014, 01:02:46 am**

Matthilde is seen facepalming near the depot lately.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Legs are for Cowards.**
Post by: **jrrocks05** on **August 22, 2014, 08:03:19 am**

In my hand I hold one sock whoever can give me a short humurous summary of what I missed gets the sock if it involves news of my character you get two socks. GO!!!!

Title: **Re: Demongate: Legs are for Cowards.**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **August 22, 2014, 11:53:39 am**

Stuff happened, people died. There are still links to the overseer posts on the first page.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Legs are for Cowards.**
Post by: **Gnorm** on **August 22, 2014, 07:50:10 pm**

Quote from: Deus Asmoth on August 22, 2014, 11:53:39 am
Stuff happened, people died. There are still links to the overseer posts on the first page.

Links that still need updating, methinks.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Legs are for Cowards.**
Post by: **MDFification** on **August 22, 2014, 10:48:52 pm**

Did Beef Vanderhuge get dorf'd yet? I've got a few more days until university starts, so I'd like to try to get back into this thread.
EDIT: Is this thread still alive? If nobody's taking a turn, I'll be able to start one in the next few days. It'd be a long turn though, a lot of other stuff is going to be happening in my life.
Teaser:

Beef really got tired of the voices sometimes. It was bad enough when he was just insane. The voices that weren't real were relatively easy to shut out. The voices of the dead, however, were not so easily dissuaded.
"Make drinkings of the sunshine. Be doingk it now, yes?
That would be Vlad. His voice seldom came into Beef's head; all in all the fellow seemed rather depressed. Being dead and thus beyond mortal booze could explain that, or leaving his lover behind.
"Don't yew touch that swill now, y'hear?"
"Can't a dwarf enjoy his eternal rest in peace?"
Beef wished he could answer the voices, if only he could tell them to bring their argument elsewhere. He really didn't care much about what was going on in the afterlife. Blah blah, war in the heavens, blah blah Twiceborn, blah blah Steelhold. Honestly, being dead wasn't something he was looking forward to at all. It sounded stressful. No wonder half the fort didn't bother to remain dead these days.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Legs are for Cowards.**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **August 25, 2014, 06:54:07 pm**

How's the fortress going, padre?

Title: **Re: Demongate: Legs are for Cowards.**
Post by: **FallenAngel** on **August 25, 2014, 07:07:57 pm**

I can't speak for him, but I bet FallenAngel IV died.
I'm getting really good at that.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Legs are for Cowards.**
Post by: **peregarrett** on **August 26, 2014, 12:39:32 am**

Just finished summer.
Failed to capture that berserk horse, because some fisherdwarf shot it while was passing by. Other horses annoyed me with their jumps and I sent a squal for them.
Human caravan is at our depot, but I have no idea what to trade for. I think we're highly self-sufficient.
Currently raising fortress' walls higher and wider.
Also we have a moody mason in progress.

Quote from: FallenAngel on August 25, 2014, 07:07:57 pm
I can't speak for him, but I bet FallenAngel IV died.
I'm getting really good at that.

Nobody died yet. Only two were cut by kobold thieves, but now they rest at hospital.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Legs are for Cowards.**
Post by: **danmanthedog** on **August 26, 2014, 03:49:00 pm**

I am getting interweb soon my brothers and sisters so hide your dead bodies and cats.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Legs are for Cowards.**
Post by: **peregarrett** on **August 27, 2014, 02:24:32 pm**

Finally I'm back to this.

Quote from: MDFification on August 22, 2014, 10:48:52 pm
Did Beef Vanderhuge get dorf'd yet? I've got a few more days until university starts, so I'd like to try to get back into this thread.

‘Beef Vanderhuge’ Koganrungkak Letmosshadmal Ikal, “‘Beef Vanderhuge’ Bots

‘Beef Vanderhuge’ Koganrungkak Letmosshadmal Ikal has been happy lately. He had a wonderful soapy bath recently. He ate a pretty decent meal lately. He slept in a fantastic bedroom recently. He admired a fine Door lately. He was caught in the rain recently. He is married to ‘Besmar Forbes’ Paintwilt and has one child: Uucar Drumcraft. He is a citizen of The First Iron. He is a member of The Immortal Guard. He is a former member of The Branded Ink. He is a former member of The Boulder of Breeds. He is an enemy of The Heroic Evils. He is an enemy of Ilu jalmer. He is an enemy of The Skunk of Dancing. He arrived at Uthgúrinod on the 1st of Felsite in the year 656. He is one hundred twenty-four years old, born on the 1st of Granite in the year 541. He is strapped with massive amounts of muscle and lard. He has a prominent chin. His medium-length sideburns are braided. His long moustache is arranged in double braids. His very long beard is arranged in double braids. His hair is clean-shaven. His pale pink skin is slightly wrinkled. His eyes are bronze. He is basically unbreakable, mighty, indefatigable and agile, but he is susceptible to disease. ‘Beef Vanderhuge’ Koganrungkak Letmosshadmal Ikal likes slade, rose gold, clear zircon, clear glass, giant armadillo shell, the color chocolate, doors and horses for their strength. When possible, he prefers to consume gray gibbon, nautilus, prickly berries and humbebee mead. He absolutely detests large roaches. He has a great feel for social relationships, an amazing spatial sense, a great kinesthetic sense, very good intuition and a lot of willpower, but he has an iffy sense for music, poor analytical abilities, a very bad sense of empathy and a poor memory. He often feels discouraged. He is very active. He doesn’t need thrills or risks in life. He is rarely happy or enthusiastic. He does not have a great aesthetic sensitivity. He tends not to openly express emotions. He finds rules confining. He always stutters when he’s nervous. He needs alcohol to get through the working day. He does not mind being outdoors, at least for a time. He doesn’t really care about anything anymore.

A short, sturdy creature fond of drink and industry.

Cornelius was awoken early this morning. The think that woke him was a loud knocking at the door. Cursing and stumbling at **very unconviniently placed furniture** he came to the door, removed the doorbar and kicked it in hopes of teaching the bastard to respet the Founder of Evening Prayers. Door opened and slammed at the wall. The Bastard swiftly jumped back, so no teaching this time.

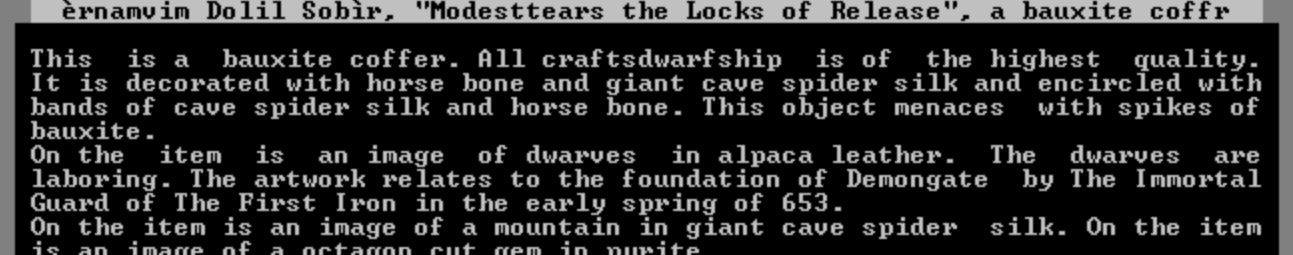
- Good Morningk, Padre! - he said.
- Who the hell you are and what do you need this early? - muttered Padre, trying to gather his vision on the visitor. There's something familiar in the accent... or maybe that's a noice in his ears
- Beef Vangerhuge, legendary speardvarf and "gypsum magnate". At your service. - replied the visitor with wide smile
- Beef ... Vanderhuge? Never heard that name before.
- Oh, I just made it from my mind. And need you to 'rite it down in yur books. It's urgent.
Cornelius closed his eyes, leant to the wall and counted up to 27. This place turns into madness faster than even.
- Write it down on the paper and get the hell out of my sight. - replied Padre with eyes closed still. When Beef Vanderhuge put a piece of parchment into his hand, he pulled the door back to its place and put the doorbar back. Then he collapsed on his bed, putting the pillow over the head. No. More. Visitors. This. Morning.
Beef Vanderhuge stood still for a few seconds, and then a grief smile rose on his face.
- You never change, Cornelius. - he whispered, then turned around and left.

Hours passed. Cornelius finally gathered his will to rise from the bed and found a parchment on the floor. BEEF VANDERHUGE. What's that supposed to mean? Aha, there's more on the back - "write this into Fortress Registry". Oh, right! The visitor!
Cornelius produced the huge book from one of the coffers, opened and shuffled through sheets
"Thees straight-cutting runes look familiar. Where have I seen this style?" - mumbled Padre burying himself deep in the Demongate history. Suddenly he stumbled at the records made by Vlad- "Holy carp... This can't be!"



The Summer End celebration, obviously, was fortress-wide, loud and crazy. The Bithsestcomnith Azin "Triangular Butterfly of Watching", granite statue at the Chapel, was decorated with puppy skull, bones and dried giant grasshopper leg. On the chairs where Evening Prayer Group usually had their meetings there were torn tunic and a leather shoe of great quality. At the Tulon's memorial hall there were Meng Fencedabbles The Gloved Prison the crippled retired macedwarf with Bomrek Luckboots the crutched bonedoctor, ghost of Goden the merchant swordsdwarf, and a couple of children. The dining hall and cellar were covered with pieces of worn clothings and shoes. A recruit is carrying a heap of horse bones with unnaturally high look.
- God Damn It. - spatte Cornelius. - Welcome to the madhouse, Your Overseership. Hope you enjoy it.

After a few days that moody recruit presented Ernamvim Dolil Sobir, "Modesttears the Locks of Release", bauxite coffer.



Cornelius immediately commisioned it into his office room, saying "Fortress Registry needs a proper storage"

22nd of Limestone, 665 was marked with an alert:
- To arms! To arms! A beast at the cavern!
The new unwanted guest was an ash blob, with a shell and a bloated body. Flame said its name is Anan.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Legs are for Cowards.**
Post by: **TheFlame52** on **August 27, 2014, 03:52:25 pm**

No poison, send in anyone who you want to get the kill.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Legs are for Cowards.**
Post by: **peregarrett** on **August 28, 2014, 02:59:03 pm**

Thane's squad gathered at the small room just above the cavern entrance, prepared to meet the beast.
- When it gets in the stairwel - charge at once! - *Thane made the breefing* - It should have no nasty special attacks, so just avoid it's pushes and it'll be ok.
At that time a huge spherical blob rose at the stairwell behind her. Melbil the Macedwarf cried - "BEWARE!!" - and jumped right at the beast kicking it.
Suddenly the beast exploded and collapsed in a pile of ash.
- Not much to do. - *said Melbil, trying to clean his beard from the ash, but just spreading more and more.* - I'm off to the bathroom!

Title: **Re: Demongate: Legs are for Cowards.**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **August 28, 2014, 06:35:41 pm**

Thane watched in disbelief as the great beast burst asunder. It didn't even have time for a dying scream. As the rest of the squad went back upstairs to clean off, she stared at the pile of dust. It was so easy to die. Certainly easier than living after everything that mattered was gone. At least once you were dead, people called you things like 'hero' and 'great' instead of just complaining about what you told them to do. Gnora had died, Dan had died, Artyom had seemed happy to die when she explained the choice between that or letting that madman of an overseer 'experiment' on him. And Vladamir...
"You ok, boss?" one of them asked.
"Yeah, just thinking about... people," she finished lamely. "I'll be up in a while."
The soot covered dwarf nodded, walking away into the darkness. Thane absently touched Ob Kat- and heard a high pitched squeal. I was wondering when you'd find out how to do that, said a... an echo? Not quite a voice, more like the sudden knowledge that someone had spoken even though she hadn't heard it.
"Who are you?" Thane asked, feeling stupid.
Ah. I suppose the experience was somewhat traumatic for your psyche. I am the spirit that led you to make your hammer, making you more sensitive to the thaumaturgical side of the world in the process. You appear to have subconsciously associated your abilities of that nature with your armament, hence why you only appear to be aware of them while holding it.
"So, in other words, I've gone insane and started hearing voices in my head," said Thane bluntly.
Er, I suppose I can't conclusively prove that this is not the case, but if I were a product of your deranged mind, surely I'd take a form you're more familiar with?
"I don't know, I've never gone insane before. Can we just do whatever it is you want before someone finds me talking to a hammer?"
The beast is not dead. There's a small growth they can use to regenerate their bodies given enough time. They're powerful sources of magic when harnessed by those who know the way, and there are a lot of them in Demongate. I imagine you'll become aware of them once your ah, natural thaumometer becomes more sensitive. For now, just don't let anyone get their hands on the beast's gem.

There was no sign that she could have described, but Thane knew that the voice was gone. Sighing, she tried to locate the source of the squealing, pawing through a large pile of ash and pulling out a smoky grey crystal. Thane wasn't entirely sure what it was, but it was -or seemed to be- radiating an aura of malevolence towards sentient life, or life in general, or the entire world. Thane briefly tried to imagine the kind of person that would use such a thing for power and shuddered. The crystal bounced, shimmering, on the stone floor just once before Ob Kat shattered it. Thane picked up the dead fragments, hiding them in her backpack, and went to get a drink. She felt unusually cheerful. It was nice to know for certain that you were insane. That way you could pretend to be sane so that people wouldn't notice.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Legs are for Cowards.**
Post by: **TheFlame52** on **August 28, 2014, 07:09:15 pm**

Carved on Flame's bedroom wall

A beast slain, a demon awoken.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Legs are for Cowards.**
Post by: **danmanthedog** on **August 29, 2014, 08:15:04 am**

Nooo how dare you break that valuable soul gem, I could have revived a baboon dwarf hybrid.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Legs are for Cowards.**
Post by: **peregarrett** on **August 29, 2014, 08:55:27 am**

Quote from: danmanthedog on August 29, 2014, 08:15:04 am
Nooo how dare you break that valuable soul gem, I could have revived a baboon dwarf hybrid.

No *ash zombies*, Dan, please. They are from another story.

Nothing really happens in the Demongate that should be roleplayed.
Sir Brenzen was seen digging at the malachite mine with admantine boots and gauntlets on. Only. Obviously he's takng a break from knightly-duty...
Another food storage room was dug and is stockpiled with drinks and roasts. Cooks are working on lavish meals on repeat.
Church walls were replaced with gem windows. We need more gem windows, I think - there're a LOT of cut gems.
Second level of walls is under construction. Also, there's a magma spewing pump installed on the southern side, but not tested yet.

FallenAngel the 4th got memorials of FA 1st and 2nd in his own (and his wife's) usage.
BOOOORING.
Give me an idea of something, for ~2 seasons of construction time.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Legs are for Cowards.**
Post by: **FallenAngel** on **August 29, 2014, 09:21:16 am**

From the engravings of FallenAngel IV, Legendary+2 Bodysurfer

I heard a breaking noise. One like never before. Instead of the breaking sound of glass, or that of a gem, it sounded like a spirit being broken, then a spirit being lifted. I am compelled to find the remains. I do not know why, but I must. Anan must live.

Later, at the barracks

FallenAngel IV picks up Thane's hammer
So, you've broken the ge- you're not Thane.
"I know, brother."
FallenAngel? What are you doing here?
"I knew you were related to this."
But... how?
"You got trapped in the spirit realm while I got lodged between. I know more than most anythings."
Are you planning to destroy this hammer?
"Of course not, that would drive Thane deep into insanity. I am, however, keeping my eye on you."
FallenAngel IV puts Thane's hammer down and leaves the barracks

Title: **Re: Demongate: Legs are for Cowards.**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **August 29, 2014, 12:23:52 pm**

Thane slammed into Fallen Angel as he left the barracks, pinning him to the wall. Her lower arm slowly pressed down on his windpipe. The bodysurfer was trying to overpower he, but only one of them had been swinging a piece of metal around for the better part of a decade. Thane pressed down one more time, then drew back and left Fallen Angel to collapse wheezing to the ground. "I'm not going to kill you," she said quietly. "I'd hate to put you through the inconvenience of stealing someone else's body. But if you touch my hammer again, I will make you suffer."

The door of the barracks slammed shut behind her before Fallen could get his breath back. Thane snatched Ob Kat from where it was lying. She didn't know why she'd left it down, it had almost never been anywhere but in her possession since she'd made it. She was more worried about how she'd know someone had their dirty paws on it, but she had known with absolute certainty. "Magic", she cursed.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Legs are for Cowards.**
Post by: **peregarrett** on **August 29, 2014, 01:21:08 pm**

On the 2nd of Timber, 665, soldiers that spar at the barracks were interrupted by loud echoing scream -

- We am Ethba Testri Onuth, the bane of northern mountains! We am the greatest warrior in the world! You, little bugs, prepare to die from our hand!!! Come fight us or die cowardly in your sandpile!



Sir Brenzen, whose Knight Code doesn't tolerate rejecting the challenge, stepped out of the gate
- I am Sir Brenzen Helmwatch, the Dominant Brain of Brightness, accepting your challenge!

Swiftly he charged at the enemy, raising his Udeshkurol, the bismuth bronze pick, while the ettin was waiting for him. Suddenly, in a few yards before him, Brenzen jumped high and laid a crushing strike at ettins right shoulder, touched the ground and immediately attacked his left foot! Losing his stance, the ettin collapsed on the knee, opening right leg for attack. Brenzen stroke again, and sudenly bit his enemy in the torso! The ettin screamed in pain and tore him away from the latch... but his courage was broken. Brenzen rained him with the storm of stikes everywhere he could reach, and in a final blow beat the pick right in the chest. The long jet of blood flushed from the wound, and in a second the two-headed beast collapsed dead on the ground.

Spoiler: Full combat log, for those who's curious (click to show/hide)

The Knight of Saint Zane strikes The Ettin in the right upper arm with his Udeshkurol, fracturing the bone!
A tendon has been torn!
The Knight of Saint Zane strikes The Ettin in the left foot with his Udeshkurol, fracturing the bone!
A ligament has been torn and a tendon has been torn!
The Ettin falls over.
The Knight of Saint Zane strikes The Ettin in the right upper leg with his Udeshkurol, fracturing the bone!
A tendon has been torn!
The Knight of Saint Zane bites The Ettin in the upper body, tearing the fat and bruising the muscle!
The Knight of Saint Zane latches on firmly!
The Ettin breaks the grip of The Knight of Saint Zane's upper front teeth on The Ettin's upper body.
The Knight of Saint Zane strikes The Ettin in the upper body with his Udeshkurol, tearing the muscle, fracturing the left floating ribs!
A tendon in the left floating ribs has been torn!
The Knight of Saint Zane strikes The Ettin in the right foot with his Udeshkurol, fracturing the bone!
An artery has been opened by the attack, a ligament has been torn and a tendon has been torn!
The Knight of Saint Zane scratches The Ettin in the right lower leg, tearing the fat and bruising the muscle!
The Knight of Saint Zane punches The Ettin in the lower right back teeth, left head with his right hand, but the attack glances away!
The Knight of Saint Zane strikes The Ettin in the left hand with his Udeshkurol, chipping the bone!
A ligament has been torn and a tendon has been torn!
The Ettin misses The Knight of Saint Zane!
The Knight of Saint Zane strikes The Ettin in the right lower leg with his Udeshkurol, fracturing the bone!
An artery has been opened by the attack, a ligament has been torn and a tendon has been torn!
The Knight of Saint Zane strikes The Ettin in the right lower leg with his Udeshkurol, fracturing the bone!
A ligament has been torn and a tendon has been torn!
The Knight of Saint Zane punches The Ettin in the lower lip, right head with his left hand, bruising the muscle!
The Knight of Saint Zane strikes The Ettin in the right foot with his Udeshkurol, fracturing the bone!
A ligament has been torn and a tendon has been torn!
The Knight of Saint Zane strikes The Ettin in the right hand with his Udeshkurol, chipping the bone!
A ligament has been torn and a tendon has been torn!
The Udeshkurol has lodged firmly in the wound!
The Knight of Saint Zane twists the embedded Udeshkurol around in The Ettin's right hand!

The Knight of Saint Zane strikes The Ettin in the left lower leg with his Udeshkuro! , fracturing the bone!
An artery has been opened by the attack, a ligament has been torn and a tendon has been torn!
The Knight of Saint Zane strikes The Ettin in the lower body with his Udeshkuro! , tearing the muscle and tearing the pancreas!
The Ettin misses The Knight of Saint Zane!
The Knight of Saint Zane scratches The Ettin in the upper body, tearing the fat and bruising the muscle!
The Knight of Saint Zane strikes The Ettin in the right foot with his Udeshkuro! , fracturing the bone!
A sensory nerve has been severed, a ligament has been torn and a tendon has been torn!
The Knight of Saint Zane strikes The Ettin in the right head with his Udeshkuro! , tearing the muscle, fracturing the skull, right head!
A tendon in the skull, right head has been torn!
The Knight of Saint Zane strikes The Ettin in the upper body with his Udeshkuro! , tearing the muscle and fracturing the right true ribs!
A tendon in the right true ribs has been torn!
The Udeshkuro! has lodged firmly in the wound!
The Knight of Saint Zane twists the embedded Udeshkuro! around in The Ettin's upper body!
The Knight of Saint Zane strikes The Ettin in the right lower leg with his Udeshkuro! , tearing the muscle!
The Udeshkuro! has lodged firmly in the wound!
The Knight of Saint Zane twists the embedded Udeshkuro! around in The Ettin's right lower leg!
The Knight of Saint Zane strikes The Ettin in the right lower leg with his Udeshkuro! , fracturing the bone!
A ligament has been torn and a tendon has been torn!
The Knight of Saint Zane strikes The Ettin in the left upper leg with his Udeshkuro! , fracturing the bone!
A tendon has been torn!
The Ettin misses The Knight of Saint Zane!
The Knight of Saint Zane strikes The Ettin in the upper body with his Udeshkuro! , tearing the muscle and tearing the left lung!
The Ettin is having trouble breathing!
The Knight of Saint Zane punches The Ettin in the right upper arm with his left hand, bruising the muscle!
The Knight of Saint Zane strikes The Ettin in the right upper arm with his Udeshkuro! , fracturing the bone!
A tendon has been torn!
The Knight of Saint Zane strikes The Ettin in the right hand with his Udeshkuro! , fracturing the bone!
A ligament has been torn and a tendon has been torn!
The Knight of Saint Zane strikes The Ettin in the left lower arm with his Udeshkuro! , fracturing the bone!
A ligament has been torn and a tendon has been torn!
The Knight of Saint Zane strikes The Ettin in the right upper arm with his Udeshkuro! , fracturing the bone!
A sensory nerve has been severed and a tendon has been torn!
The Knight of Saint Zane strikes The Ettin in the right upper leg with his Udeshkuro! , fracturing the bone!
A tendon has been torn!
The Knight of Saint Zane punches The Ettin in the left lower arm with his right hand, bruising the muscle!
The Knight of Saint Zane strikes The Ettin in the left lower arm with his Udeshkuro! , fracturing the bone!
A sensory nerve has been severed, a ligament has been torn and a tendon has been torn!
The Knight of Saint Zane strikes The Ettin in the lower body with his Udeshkuro! , tearing the muscle and tearing the stomach!
The Knight of Saint Zane strikes The Ettin in the lower body with his ≡adamantine shield≡, bruising the muscle and bruising the spleen!
The Knight of Saint Zane strikes The Ettin in the lower body with his Udeshkuro! , tearing the muscle and tearing the stomach!
The Udeshkuro! has lodged firmly in the wound!
The Knight of Saint Zane twists the embedded Udeshkuro! around in The Ettin's lower body!
The Knight of Saint Zane strikes The Ettin in the right upper leg with his Udeshkuro! , fracturing the bone!
An artery has been opened by the attack and a tendon has been torn!
The Knight of Saint Zane strikes The Ettin in the right head with his Udeshkuro! , tearing the muscle, fracturing the skull, right head!
A tendon in the skull, right head has been torn!
The Knight of Saint Zane strikes The Ettin in the left lower arm with his Udeshkuro! , tearing the muscle!
An artery has been opened by the attack and a sensory nerve has been severed!
The Udeshkuro! has lodged firmly in the wound!
The Knight of Saint Zane twists the embedded Udeshkuro! around in The Ettin's left lower arm!
The Knight of Saint Zane strikes The Ettin in the left foot with his Udeshkuro! , chipping the bone!
A ligament has been torn and a tendon has been torn!
The Knight of Saint Zane strikes The Ettin in the upper left back teeth, left head with his ≡adamantine shield≡, but the attack glances away!
The Knight of Saint Zane scratches The Ettin in the lower body, tearing the fat and bruising the muscle and bruising the stomach!
The Knight of Saint Zane strikes The Ettin in the upper body with his Udeshkuro! , tearing the muscle and tearing the right lung!
The Ettin is having trouble breathing!
The Udeshkuro! has lodged firmly in the wound!
The Knight of Saint Zane twists the embedded Udeshkuro! around in The Ettin's upper body!
The Knight of Saint Zane strikes The Ettin in the left lower leg with his Udeshkuro! , fracturing the bone!
A ligament has been torn and a tendon has been torn!
The Knight of Saint Zane strikes The Ettin in the right upper leg with his Udeshkuro! , fracturing the bone!
A tendon has been torn!
The Knight of Saint Zane strikes The Ettin in the lower body with his Udeshkuro! , tearing the muscle and tearing the guts!
The Ettin looks sick!
The Udeshkuro! has lodged firmly in the wound!
The Knight of Saint Zane twists the embedded Udeshkuro! around in The Ettin's lower body!
The Knight of Saint Zane strikes The Ettin in the upper body with his Udeshkuro! , tearing the muscle and tearing the liver!
The Udeshkuro! has lodged firmly in the wound!
The Knight of Saint Zane strikes The Ettin in the right foot with his Udeshkuro! , shattering the bone!
A sensory nerve has been severed, a ligament has been torn and a tendon has been torn!
The Knight of Saint Zane strikes The Ettin in the left hand with his Udeshkuro! , fracturing the bone!
A motor nerve has been severed, a ligament has been torn and a tendon has been torn!
The Knight of Saint Zane bites The Ettin in the right eye, right head, tearing it!
The Knight of Saint Zane latches on firmly!
The Ettin breaks the grip of The Knight of Saint Zane's upper front teeth on The Ettin's right eye, right head.
The Knight of Saint Zane strikes The Ettin in the left upper arm with his ≡adamantine shield≡, bruising the muscle!
The Knight of Saint Zane strikes The Ettin in the first toe, right foot with his ≡adamantine shield≡, tearing the skin and bruising the muscle!
The Knight of Saint Zane strikes The Ettin in the left upper arm with his Udeshkuro! , fracturing the bone!
An artery has been opened by the attack and a tendon has been torn!
The Knight of Saint Zane strikes The Ettin in the right hand with his Udeshkuro! , fracturing the bone and fracturing the right wrist's bone!
A ligament has been torn and a tendon has been torn!
A ligament in the right wrist has been torn and a tendon has been torn!
The Knight of Saint Zane strikes The Ettin in the left hand with his Udeshkuro! , fracturing the bone!
An artery has been opened by the attack, a ligament has been torn and a tendon has been torn!
The Ettin has become enraged!
The Ettin vomits.
The Knight of Saint Zane strikes The Ettin in the lower body with his Udeshkuro! , tearing the muscle and tearing the spleen!
The Knight of Saint Zane strikes The Ettin in the lower body with his Udeshkuro! , tearing the muscle and tearing the right kidney!
The Udeshkuro! has lodged firmly in the wound!
The Knight of Saint Zane twists the embedded Udeshkuro! around in The Ettin's lower body!
The Ettin misses The Knight of Saint Zane!
The Knight of Saint Zane strikes The Ettin in the left foot with his Udeshkuro! , chipping the bone!
A ligament has been torn and a tendon has been torn!
The Knight of Saint Zane kicks The Ettin in the right ear, left head with his right foot, tearing the cartilage!
The Knight of Saint Zane strikes The Ettin in the left lower leg with his Udeshkuro! , fracturing the bone!
A ligament has been torn and a tendon has been torn!
The Knight of Saint Zane strikes The Ettin in the upper body with his Udeshkuro! , tearing apart the muscle, fracturing the left true ribs!
A tendon in the left true ribs has been torn!
The Ettin is having more trouble breathing!
The Knight of Saint Zane strikes The Ettin in the right upper arm with his Udeshkuro! , fracturing the bone!

A motor nerve has been severed and a tendon has been torn!
The Knight of Saint Zane strikes The Ettin in the left upper arm with his Udeshkuro!l, fracturing the bone!
A motor nerve has been severed and a tendon has been torn!
The Knight of Saint Zane strikes The Ettin in the left lower arm with his Udeshkuro!l, fracturing the bone!
A ligament has been torn and a tendon has been torn!
The Knight of Saint Zane strikes The Ettin in the right head with his Udeshkuro!l, tearing the muscle, shattering the skull, right head!
A tendon in the skull, right head has been torn!
The Knight of Saint Zane strikes The Ettin in the right hand with his Udeshkuro!l, shattering the bone and fracturing the right wrist's bone!
A ligament has been torn and a tendon has been torn!
A ligament in the right wrist has been torn and a tendon has been torn!
The Udeshkuro!l has lodged firmly in the wound!
The Knight of Saint Zane twists the embedded Udeshkuro!l around in The Ettin's right hand!
The Ettin misses The Knight of Saint Zane!
The Knight of Saint Zane strikes The Ettin in the left hand with his Udeshkuro!l, fracturing the bone and fracturing the left wrist's bone!
A ligament has been torn and a tendon has been torn!
A ligament in the left wrist has been torn and a tendon has been torn!
The Knight of Saint Zane strikes The Ettin in the left head with his Udeshkuro!l, tearing the muscle, fracturing the skull, left head!
A tendon in the skull, left head has been torn!
The Knight of Saint Zane strikes The Ettin in the upper body with his Udeshkuro!l, tearing apart the muscle and fracturing the right true ribs!
A tendon in the right true ribs has been torn!
The Knight of Saint Zane strikes The Ettin in the right upper leg with his Udeshkuro!l, fracturing the bone!
A motor nerve has been severed and a tendon has been torn!
The Knight of Saint Zane strikes The Ettin in the upper body with his Udeshkuro!l, tearing apart the muscle and fracturing the right false ribs!
A tendon in the right false ribs has been torn!
The Knight of Saint Zane scratches The Ettin in the left hand!
A tendon has been torn!
The Knight of Saint Zane punches The Ettin in the right head with his right hand, bruising the muscle!
The Knight of Saint Zane punches The Ettin in the third finger, right hand with his left hand, fracturing the bone!
The Knight of Saint Zane punches The Ettin in the lower body with his right hand, bruising the muscle and bruising the left kidney!
The Ettin misses The Knight of Saint Zane!
The Knight of Saint Zane strikes The Ettin in the upper body with his Udeshkuro!l, tearing apart the muscle and tearing the heart!
A major artery in the heart has been opened by the attack!
The Knight of Saint Zane strikes The Ettin in the lower body with his Udeshkuro!l, tearing apart the muscle and tearing the right kidney!
The Knight of Saint Zane strikes The Ettin in the upper body with his Udeshkuro!l, tearing apart the muscle and tearing the heart!
A major artery in the heart has been opened by the attack!
The Udeshkuro!l has lodged firmly in the wound!
The Knight of Saint Zane twists the embedded Udeshkuro!l around in The Ettin's upper body!
The Knight of Saint Zane punches The Ettin in the right lower arm with his left hand, bruising the muscle!
The Knight of Saint Zane bites The Ettin in the left head, tearing the fat and bruising the muscle!
The Knight of Saint Zane latches on firmly to The Ettin's throat, left head!
The Ettin breaks the grip of The Knight of Saint Zane's upper front teeth on The Ettin's throat, left head.
The Knight of Saint Zane strikes The Ettin in the right hand with his Udeshkuro!l, shattering the bone!
A ligament has been torn and a tendon has been torn!
The Knight of Saint Zane punches The Ettin in the lower body with his right hand, bruising the muscle and bruising the spleen!
- "The Greatest Warrior", huh - *said Sir Brenzen who even haven't sweated a bit.*- The Greatest Poser I'd say.
He walked back to the fortress gate, welcomed by ecstatic shouting of those who watched the fight.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Legs are for Cowards.**
Post by: **TheFlame52** on **August 29, 2014, 01:28:23 pm**

....Did he just bite the ettin's throat?

Title: **Re: Demongate: Legs are for Cowards.**
Post by: **FallenAngel** on **August 29, 2014, 01:30:55 pm**

From the engravings of FallenAngel IV, Legendary+2 Bodysurfer

Well, today was interesting, to say the least. All I know is that I can't directly contact my brother anymore. I do, however, have Anan's soul gem repaired. I have a plan to contact my brother using Ob Cat, but I cannot use my current body.

Later, at Vladimir Uristovich's tomb

"Aha, yes, his body is still here. Good thing nobody ever wanders this deep into the fortress, and a person dragging a skeleton is not suspicious here, at least not anymore."
FallenAngel IV starts dragging Vladimir Uristovich's skeleton upstairs

Around one hour and 30 minutes later, at Dan's lab

"It was so nice of Dan to let me use a small section of his lab. My machine is almost complete, one that lets me take over a dead body and give the illusion it's not a zombie. All it needs is one last piece."

FallenAngel IV puts Anan's soul gem in the open slot of the machine and it starts running with a loud thunk

"Now, to attach my body to the gadget over there on that bed."

A loud grating noise spreads through the halls of the fortress. A few babies start crying. FallenAngel IV's body falls into a coma of some sort, and Vladimir Uristovich's body begins to move, under the control of its temporary owner.

"Thane, where are you?"

Title: **Re: Demongate: Legs are for Cowards.**
Post by: **danmanthedog** on **August 29, 2014, 03:15:30 pm**

"Huh never knew Fallen was into that type of science of corpses, I wonder what he will do in that rotten corpse? Never-less I want to study his body well he is gone. Now where is my skull cracker 2.8 and my flesh to plump hemlet scrapper?"

Title: **Re: Demongate: Legs are for Cowards.**
Post by: **FallenAngel** on **August 29, 2014, 03:33:13 pm**

From the engravings of FallenAngel IV, Legendary Bodysurfer Vladimir Uristovich's skeleton, dead duke

I'm perfectly fine with Dan inspecting my inert body while I'm gone from it. The machine is designed specifically to keep the body of the traveler alive for at least 3 months unless it is charred or something to that extent.

FallenAngel IV in Vladimir Uristovich's skeleton sneaks into Thane's bedroom

"This will be easier than I thought; she's asleep and I guess dropped Ob Cat right next to her bed."

FallenAngel IV in Vladimir Uristovich's skeleton picks up Ob Cat with his skeletal fingers and sneaks off

Title: **Re: Demongate: Legs are for Cowards.**
Post by: **TheFlame52** on **August 29, 2014, 03:43:05 pm**

Ob Kat, not Ob Cat.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Legs are for Cowards.**
Post by: **danmanthedog** on **August 29, 2014, 03:57:28 pm**

Quote from: TheFlame52 on August 29, 2014, 03:43:05 pm
Ob Kat, not Ob Cat.

Kitty cat meow meow!

Title: **Re: Demongate: Legs are for Cowards.**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **August 29, 2014, 04:00:06 pm**

A wooden chest smashed into Vladamir's back. Thane jumped on him as he stumbled, snatching the hammer from his rotten fingers. She gasped as a familiar face came into view, shimmering like mist around Vladamir's. Fallen Angel moved suddenly and Thane lashed out without thinking. The real Vladamir would have dodged easily. Instead, his right knee shattered and collapsed. "First, I seem to recall telling you not to touch my hammer," Thane snarled, crushing Vladamir's hand as he reached towards her. "Second, I hope this hurts, you psychotic son of a bitch."

Ob Kat descended, smashing Vladamir's face in. "And you, shut up," she told the hammer. It was too late to go back to sleep, and too early to start training. The perfect time to start drinking.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Legs are for Cowards.**
Post by: **FallenAngel** on **August 29, 2014, 04:24:50 pm**

Do note that, as Vladimir Uristovich's skeleton, FallenAngel can't feel pain or be exposed as himself unless in the presence of an object with the opposite signature of the item used to permit the swapping, Anan's soul gem.

From the engravings of Vladimir Uristovich's severely mangled skeleton, dead Duke

Well, that happened. I don't know how Thane woke up as soon as I opened the door to leave her room, but it's impressive. Still, I have access to far more corpses and far more magic. As soon as I find my locus of power, which I hid somewhere as soon as I joined this fortress, I will mentally tame an army of crundles. Crundles are typically seen has harmless, but in large enough numbers and with the element of surprise, anything is possible, especially when the entire military and everyone else will be convinced they're ordinary pets. Once I do find my locus of power, I'll go from a person of average strength to the dwarf equivalent of a bronze colossus. Then, I'll talk to my brother. Also, I need to get access to some bronze, some other materials, and a forge. I can make the magic mirror later; those are very simple to make.

Later, at the church

"I remember leaving it right at the site of this church... I think nobody will notice if I lift the tile right here."

FallenAngel IV slowly lifts the hard stone tile on the floor and picks up a glowing grey ring

"There you are. Now, to test my re-acquired strength."

FallenAngel IV walks out of the church, with the ring on his finger

Later, deep beneath the fortress

"Back when I used to wear this all the time, I could mine out an entire quarry with my bare hands. Let's see if I still can do anything like that."

FallenAngel IV shatters a large section of the wall, causing a weak fortress-wide earthquake and filling the tunnel with dust

cough "Perfect."

The next day, at the forges

"May I use this forge for a few hours?"

Unspecified metalsmith: "I don't see why not."

"Time to make a copycat of Ob Kat."

Hours pass and FallenAngel IV finishes his creation

"There, a perfect replica of the hammer my brother is contacting the world through. The hardest part is yet to come."

The next day, in Dan's lab

"I hope nobody misses this masterpiece green glass window."

FallenAngel IV takes a handsaw and some resin, cuts wood strips off of a larch log and sticks it to the mirror, then uses the rest of the log as a back to the mirror

"One piece of genetics, taken from the small bit of Thane's blood that got on Vladimir's hand when she crushed it, and..."

FallenAngel IV turns into a mirror-image of Thane

"This is the strangest thing I have ever done and I really really hope this works. I am going to have to drink out an entire barrel or two once I am done."

FallenAngel IV walks out of Dan's lab, wielding a replica of Ob Kat while looking identical to Thane

(OOC: The magic mirror leaves no trace of the original individual unless they want to leave one.)

Title: **Re: Demongate: Legs are for Cowards.**
Post by: **danmanthedog** on **August 29, 2014, 04:53:19 pm**

"Kay that was strange. Maybe I need to get some more air, what do you think urist?"

"Arhhh!!! The pain THE PAIN!!!"

"Hm I agree with you perfectly and also I looks like it does hurt to get your flesh pulled off all at once, which is good to know so thank you."

Title: **Re: Demongate: Legs are for Cowards.**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **August 29, 2014, 04:55:55 pm**

That's not how sensing sources of magic works. Even if Fallen looks exactly like Thane and she can't see beneath the illusion, she'd still know that there'd a person completely shrouded in magic in front of her. Plus, a mirror image of herself standing in front of her would kind of tip her off.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Legs are for Cowards.**
Post by: **FallenAngel** on **August 29, 2014, 04:59:15 pm**

She wouldn't know for certain it's FallenAngel, though. Demongate is WEIRD.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Legs are for Cowards.**
Post by: **TheFlame52** on **August 29, 2014, 05:15:10 pm**

Once FallenAngel, Danman and Flame started dabbling in magic, everything went batshit insane.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Legs are for Cowards.**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **August 29, 2014, 05:24:39 pm**

Well, from past experience, we know that Thane is probably going to try to kill something posing as her with magic. And since she possesses a short term memory, she's likely going to assume it's Angel.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Legs are for Cowards.**
Post by: **FallenAngel** on **August 29, 2014, 05:35:50 pm**

Do note that FallenAngel has a magic ring that makes him stronger than superdwarven with catlike reflexes and a bunch of random required secondary powers.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Legs are for Cowards.**
Post by: **Rhaken** on **August 29, 2014, 05:49:17 pm**

...What the hell is going on in this place.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Legs are for Cowards.**
Post by: **MDFification** on **August 29, 2014, 06:41:33 pm**

Quote from: Deus Asmoth on August 29, 2014, 12:23:52 pm

"Magic", she cursed.

Thane confirmed Marble Factioneer.

... although the Faction's policy of eliminating magic users did precisely nothing to stop the tomfoolery.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Legs are for Cowards.**
Post by: **Zaerosz** on **August 29, 2014, 06:49:51 pm**

Sometimes I try to understand what the hell is going on in this fort and then I see Danman and FA post and I give up.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Legs are for Cowards.**
Post by: **TheFlame52** on **August 29, 2014, 06:54:28 pm**

Flame senses all this and comes to inspect who in the underworld is using so much magic. If she finds a fight she'll try to break it up.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Legs are for Cowards.**
Post by: **FallenAngel** on **August 29, 2014, 07:01:00 pm**

I'm pretty sure a fight will happen. Or Thane being convinced she's gone insane, if she's too sober or too inebriated. It's a fairly broad range, but it's easy to get out of.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Legs are for Cowards.**
Post by: **danmanthedog** on **August 29, 2014, 07:31:53 pm**

Quote from: Zaerosz on August 29, 2014, 06:49:51 pm

Sometimes I try to understand what the hell is going on in this fort and then I see Danman and FA post and I give up.

Thank you I try my hardest.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Legs are for Cowards.**
Post by: **Gnorm** on **August 29, 2014, 07:59:07 pm**

Quote from: Zaerosz on August 29, 2014, 06:49:51 pm

Sometimes I try to understand what the hell is going on in this fort and then I see Danman and FA post and I give up.

This is honestly my exact attitude regarding their posts. With Rhaken, I'll read everything he posts quite thoroughly; with FallenAngel, I'll skim.

Speaking of which, is he still possessing the skeleton? I would imagine that the unnamed metalsmith would react a bit differently if a skeleton asked to use his forge. Also, why have we had *two* dwarves so far that have been somewhat obsessive about Thane? Is she just the sexiest dwarf in all of Demongate?

Title: **Re: Demongate: Legs are for Cowards.**
Post by: **FallenAngel** on **August 29, 2014, 08:01:18 pm**

FallenAngel IV just REALLY needs that hammer. His brother is speaking to the world through it.
Also, returning to his original body was implied, since Thane caved in Vlad's skeleton's face. The body was still mobile but mostly useless.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Legs are for Cowards.**
Post by: **Gnorm** on **August 29, 2014, 08:04:02 pm**

Quote from: FallenAngel on August 29, 2014, 08:01:18 pm
FallenAngel IV just REALLY needs that hammer. His brother is speaking to the world through it.
Couldn't he just ask for it?

Title: **Re: Demongate: Legs are for Cowards.**
Post by: **FallenAngel** on **August 29, 2014, 08:06:04 pm**

Quote from: Gnorm on August 29, 2014, 08:04:02 pm
Quote from: FallenAngel on August 29, 2014, 08:01:18 pm
FallenAngel IV just REALLY needs that hammer. His brother is speaking to the world through it.
Couldn't he just ask for it?

FallenAngel IV is not exactly a straightforward thinker. It's much simpler to use bizarre magic and illogical plans to get it.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Legs are for Cowards.**
Post by: **Zaerosz** on **August 29, 2014, 08:13:24 pm**

Or, more simply, "shenanigans are funnier".

Title: **Re: Demongate: Legs are for Cowards.**
Post by: **Gnorm** on **August 29, 2014, 08:17:45 pm**

Quote from: Zaerosz on August 29, 2014, 08:13:24 pm
Or, more simply, "shenanigans are funnier".

FallenAngel should just give up his quest to speak with his brother and invent the Dwarven sit-com.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Legs are for Cowards.**
Post by: **danmanthedog** on **August 29, 2014, 09:07:50 pm**

He is back in his body but I made his skin part plump hemlet.

Quote from: Gnorm on August 29, 2014, 07:59:07 pm
Quote from: Zaerosz on August 29, 2014, 06:49:51 pm
Sometimes I try to understand what the hell is going on in this fort and then I see Danman and FA post and I give up.
This is honestly my exact attitude regarding their posts. With Rhaken, I'll read everything he posts quite thoroughly; with FallenAngel, I'll skim.

Speaking of which, is he still possessing the skeleton? I would imagine that the unnamed metalsmith would react a bit differently if a skeleton asked to use his forge. Also, why have we had *two* dwarves so far that have been somewhat obsessive about Thane? Is she just the sexiest dwarf in all of Demongate?

What about my posts?

Title: **Re: Demongate: Legs are for Cowards.**
Post by: **Zaerosz** on **August 29, 2014, 09:10:23 pm**

Honestly, I just skip your posts. They're borderline incomprehensible to me, and when I do understand what the hell you're going on about it's "look at me i am SCIENCE and also irrelevant to story."

Title: **Re: Demongate: Legs are for Cowards.**
Post by: **Rhaken** on **August 29, 2014, 09:38:38 pm**

Tarmid ushered an extraordinarily aggravated Thane into his messy office. The same old stacks of books she was so accustomed to seeing had been pushed up against the walls. Likewise, the desk that had occupied the center of the room had been dragged aside, leaving only three rough-hewn mudstone chairs as centerpieces. She took one at Tarmid's request, and her former teacher took the chair across from her. She idly reflected that this was the first time in years that she had sat down with Tarmid without a book or a bottle between them.

"Well, Tarmid? Why have you called me here?"

"Because things have been stirring in Demongate, Thane." *The scribe sounded twice his age.* "Mad, rambling things. A madness has infected our home, and I aim to contain or excise it before it claims us as well."

Thane rolled her heliotrope eyes. Their brilliant shine had long ago given way to something else. A dull hardness. "Oh, I've noticed a madness alright. Do you have any idea the kind of crap I've put up with lately?"

"I won't pretend I know," *Tarmid replied.* "But perhaps your experience with the subject will be of some help. It'll have to wait a bit, however."

"Wait for what?"

"Sir Brenzen."

Well, that explained the third chair. Thane idly flicked a thumb at one of the amethyst spikes on Ob Kat. "So, if our previous interactions are anything to go by, this is when you make me swear to secrecy. Am I right?"

"Afraid so," *Tarmid replied.* "Do you accept?"

"Yes, yes, it's not like I have a whole lot of people left to trust." *Though she sounded distant, Tarmid could still sense the pain and anger hidden beneath the surface of her words. How could he not? The two dwarves had come to know each other fairly well over the years.*

Several minutes of awkward silence passed them by before Brenzen joined them, clad in shining adamantine from head to toe as always. He exchanged quick pleasantries with the two dwarves before taking the other seat and set Udeshkuro!l, his fabled bismuth bronze mining pick, down across his lap. It was odd to think that the knight's weapon was the least valuable piece of his military attire, despite its many kills at his hands.

"So," *Thane began,* "if I'm allowed to be in on this, why can't we discuss the matter at Evening Prayers?"

"Cornelius has been affected as well," *came Brenzen's reply.* "Torvald is suspicious as well. That leaves us."

Tarmid nodded "I would have extended the invitation to the Padre as well, but the whole elf caravan fiasco more or less disqualifies him as a sensible dwarf at this point." Brenzen and Thane agreed.

"Now, to summarize the madness." Tarmid went into his teaching voice, and for a moment Thane felt she was having history lessons again. Those were the days. "There have been multiple incidents of catacomb vandalism. Some woman claims to be Danman reincarnate, we've had four dwarves named Fallen Angel, each more unhinged than the last, a dwarf claiming to be a demon, and apparently sensible old Cornelius is losing his mind as well. Am I missing anything?"

Thane piped up,, and regaled the two dwarves of the Order with her tale of Fallen Angel's latest choice of insane behavior. Brenzen's scowl could have killed a wagon. She carefully omitted any mention of the voice within Ob Kat. Thane asked if there was anything else. Tarmid and Brenzen exchanged glances. Then Tarmid walked to the back of the room, toward a pair of thick tarps. Tarmid pulled them down without ceremony, and the objects beneath dazzled Thane's eyes for a moment.

They were strange collusions of gemstones. One was all bloodstone, and roiled ever so slowly, gentle as a shallow stream in summer. The other, made of wood opal, shone and shimmered in a brilliant golden hue, giving off far more light than the candles around the room. It shifted in a curious pattern in all directions, enough to hurt the eyes if you stared into it for too long.

"This," Tarmid said, pointing to the bloodstone structure, "is essentially a vampire detector. From the shifting, you can tell that a vampire or Bloodkin resides somewhere near the territory, though I've no idea where." He turned to the other device, one hand shielding his eyes. "This, on the other hand, is a thaumaturgy sensor. It shines when magic is used in its vicinity. I've calculated its range to include the whole of our territory. The more brilliant the shine, the more magic is being used. And this is far too much magic for one fortress."

Thane gulped. The dwarves of the Order often spoke ill of magic users, claiming them to be selfish fools dabbling in powers they know nothing of. She had never considered the whole magic thing as good or bad, until she started seeing them abuse their powers left and right. And to think that there was so much magic in Demongate...

Tarmid threw the tarps back into place, concealing the brilliant gemstone arrays. "There is more. I have studied the works of Saint Emdief for the past couple of years, and learned enough to replicate one of his most famous devices, believed to be lost to time. It was gruelling work, but I do believe it functions correctly now."

From the sleeve of his robe, Tarmid produced a small oval device, fashioned of copper and bismuth bronze. In a socket at its center was a wood opal, and a short tube of etched green glass filled with some strange fluid.

"This is what Saint Emdief called a thaumometer." Thane tried to suppress the flash of recognition. She was fairly certain that Tarmid had caught it, but the scribe said nothing of it. "It detects magic in a much shorter range. I've fine-tuned it enough to pick up exactly how much magic is being used, in a unit I think is called 'thaum'." He flipped a switch in the back of the device, and a faint sliver of light grew from the core of the wood opal, pointing in Thane's general direction. Tarmid brought the device closer, and the fluid within the glass tube shifted and compressed, until it lined up with one of the etchings.

"Something on your person is giving off around fifteen thaum," Tarmid said. He moved the device around in Thane's vicinity, until it passed close to Ob Kat. There was a moment of resonance, and the light within the gemstone began to blink. Tarmid raised an eyebrow. "I suppose this will have to wait." He disabled the device and stowed it back in his sleeve. "Come. We've something else to show you."

They crested the western hill in the last hour before twilight. A crisp autumn breeze tugged at their clothes and hair, blowing dried birch and oak leaves across the dense, wild grasses. In a matter of weeks, these trees would be naked, and woodcutters would labor in the winter chill and snow to cut them down for precious timber.

Ahead of them, taking up the southwest portion of the hill, was an unfinished wall of grey stone, grass and moss growing through the many cracks. Nobody had ever bothered to come finish this addition to Demongate's architecture, and so it had come to lay in abandonment, mostly forgotten by the fortress denizens.

Castle Helgarde. A clever observer could tell how it was meant to provide a view for marksdwarves over the entire western portion of the territory. However, no marksdwarf had ever been stationed in the unfinished hill fort. It was unsafe, with no ceiling or battlements. There were but two rooms, and only one of these had a proper stone floor. The other had been left with natural grass, which had grown into a wild tangle. An occasional topic of conversation among the Evening Prayer Group had been the re-purposing or continued construction of the Castle, but it had always been put off under the unfailing argument of 'who cares'.

"What's so special about Castle Helgarde?" Thane asked nobody in particular.

"I'd never have given it a second thought," Brenzen replied, "until I saw Torvald walking about. He said he just likes to take his breaks by the castle, but I don't buy a word of it."

The High Magebane led them through the chest-high grass of the southernmost room, pick held out in front of him, navigating toward one of the corners. Once Thane and Tarmid were close by, he swatted aside the thin branches of an overgrown shrub. Just behind the shrub, embedded in the cool ground, was a wooden hatch.

Tarmid pulled out the thaumometer, flipped its switch. It shone brighter than before, and the fluid moved to the fifty thaum mark. The three dwarves exchanged dark glances, then turned back. They walked at a brisk pace back toward Demongate, not slowing down until they were safely back inside Tarmid's office.

"Was that there before?" Thane asked.

"No," said Tarmid. "It wasn't in the original plans either. Someone built a tunnel beneath the castle in recent years, though I have no idea whom. Far more worrying is what Sir Brenzen and I found within the tunnel." The scribe turned to Brenzen, as if urging him to pick up the tale.

"Down there, a shoddy tunnel leads to a steel door. Beyond the door is a chamber of dwarven masonry, with a bismuth bronze throne and table at its center and a silver lever. There are five slabs as well, of the sort we use to memorialize the dead, but none of them is engraved. We've no idea who built it, and no idea what it's for, but the fact is that it wasn't there two years ago. Someone built a hidden structure near Demongate, using the most common building materials in Demongate. We must find out who built it, and why."

"There's more," the Scribe pitched in. "Inside the chamber, the thaumometer gets a reading of well over one hundred thaum. Powerful magic is at work within that strange room, though I've truly no idea what kind."

"Is one hundred really so much?" She asked. "How much does a normal dwarf emit?"

"Half a thaum."

Thane nervously licked her lips.

"So Thane," said Tarmid. "What are your thoughts on the subject?"

There it was. An obvious glance towards Ob Kat. Tarmid wanted more than just her input on the madness and the chamber beneath Castle Helgarde, she was sure of it. But was she willing to tell them?

My apologies if I didn't portray Thane very accurately. I thought this scene was much more interesting from her point of view. I can change that if you're not okay with it, Asmoth.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Legs are for Cowards.**
Post by: **danmanthedog** on **August 29, 2014, 09:45:36 pm**

So what is this building at in the fort? Also has the spears been all hooked up?

Title: **Re: Demongate: Legs are for Cowards.**
Post by: **FallenAngel** on **August 30, 2014, 07:29:40 am**

As I have said before, Demongate is WEIRD.
I suppose, since Thane was brought into Tarmid's office, she never met the lookalike?

There's probably 10-20 very confused dwarves by now.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Legs are for Cowards.**
Post by: **Gnorm** on **August 30, 2014, 08:36:14 pm**

Events of 7th Granite, 665:

Corley pulled the lever by his side and soon listened to the familiar clang of the steel door being closed behind him. His thaumateurge made the usual motions, and one-by-one the slabs began to glow. Corley noticed, however, that two of the slabs remained dark; there was no one on the other end.

"So," he began, "who is here?"

"I am here" responded Datan's voice. "Corley, I want no part in this wretched plot of yours."

"And why would that be?"

"If you think that I, for even an instant, would trust you, you're just plain naïve."

"Is that your final decision?"

"Yes."

"Very well." Corley motioned to his thaumateurge. "Cut the connection."

The slab ceased to glow then, leaving two remaining. Corley asked for one of the two to speak up.

"As for me," began Nathob, "I can assure you that you have my support. My wealth and men will be able to greatly aid you in your search."

"That is excellent to hear," replied Corley. A smile began to creep onto his face. His plan was finally beginning to gather more collaborators.

"I trust that you will not forget your promise," said Nathob.

"Fear not. I'll see to it that you become a worthy goddess."

A voice suddenly came from the final slab: "I doubt I even have to tell you that you have *our* support."

"Excellent. Josef, Nathob, with your cooperation, our goal will be reached in no time. Nathob, you will be receiving instructions shortly regarding the search. As for Josef, you may continue hiring thee mercenaries for the eventual invasion. The next meeting shall be held one month from now. Dismissed!"

The thaumateurge brought the spell to an end and the glows died out. Corley leaned back in his chair, wondering about the other two. After the first meeting the week before, he did not expect much from Gulo; the idiot probably had his thaumateurge killed right after the connection ceased. Pilat on the other hand, he had hoped to win over to his side. "At the very least," he said aloud, "I expected that Pilat would at least inform me of his rejection of my offer directly."

"I have an answer Father," said the thaumateurge as it reached into its cloak. The creature began to smile proudly as it rummaged through its pockets. "The lord's thaumateurge came by this morning; couldn't get back in time. Pilat sent this to you!"

Corley glanced at the hard-leather box that the thaumateurge held out for him. He was hesitant to open the box himself or, for that matter, to even have it near him.

"Open it," he said. The thaumateurge suddenly realized the poential danger before them. It slowly reached for the hinged lid, quivering in fear. With a forceful push, he thrust open the lid and held the box as far away from him as he could. He then cried out in fear as he awaited an explosion, or perhaps a cloud of poisonous smoke, or any other terrible traps that could have been in the box. When nothing happened, he smiled once again and gave the box to his master.

Inside was a strange contraption; it was unlike anything that Corley had seen in all of his years. It was long and straight, though it curved slightly at one end. It had various metal bracings and components covering it as well, one of which was connected to wick of some sort. At one end was an opening, revealing the hollowed interior. Alongside the device were various tools, oils, powders, and balls that Corley also failed to ascribe meaning to. Two papers were tied to the hollowed end with string, one of which was a letter. It read:

"To Corley,

I write to tell you of my decision to enter into collaboration with your cause. I eagerly await working with you and I hope that we may achieve our mutual goal. I apologize that I will not be able attend our scheduled meeting, but do not take that as any indication of a lack of cooperation on my part. This weapon is a gift to you, a token of our agreement. It is a new invention of us humans; may it serve you well. The instructions for its use are attached to the barrel. Whatever I must do to help you, tell me at once.

*Sincerely,
Lord Pilat"*

Title: **Re: Demongate: Legs are for Cowards.**
Post by: **TheFlame52** on **August 31, 2014, 08:54:06 am**

Ahahaha

Anyone have a bulletproof vest?

Title: **Re: Demongate: Legs are for Cowards.**
Post by: **MDFification** on **August 31, 2014, 02:24:46 pm**

Quote from: TheFlame52 on August 31, 2014, 08:54:06 am

Ahahaha

Anyone have a bulletproof vest?

Seeing as the fort has more bodysnatchers than pulp science fiction, that's likely to be unnecessary.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Legs are for Cowards.**

Post by: **FallenAngel** on **September 02, 2014, 01:34:28 pm**

Do I need to perform CPR on the thread?

Title: **Re: Demongate: Legs are for Cowards.**

Post by: **danmanthedog** on **September 02, 2014, 02:57:48 pm**

[Quote from: FallenAngel on September 02, 2014, 01:34:28 pm](#)

Do I need to perform CPR on the thread?

Yes please and could be school starting up again.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Legs are for Cowards.**

Post by: **peregarrett** on **September 02, 2014, 03:39:20 pm**

[Quote from: FallenAngel on September 02, 2014, 01:34:28 pm](#)

Do I need to perform CPR on the thread?

Perform WHAT?

Autumn made to its end, and dwarven merchants arrived to the newly built depot. FractalEntity was unusually ready to trade, so we sold a whole load of old clothings in exchange of gold bars, steel armor, cheese and a yak bull. Not that we really needed all that stuff, but it seemed the most useful.

The last sparing between Cornelius and Flame was unnaturally swift and easy.

- Hey, Flame, what's the hell? I've just stabbed you twice. Where are you, dreaming?
- Maybe that's you became skillful speardwarf, Padre?
- Don't fool me. I know my level and yours too. And your Ethadmerseth is no match to my ordinary iron spear. What's the problem?
- ... Thaumaturgy...
- What? Traumatology? You should've come to the hospital if you're injured.
- Not traumatology, thaumaturgy. Magic, as it's usually called.
- I do not believe in magic. There's science and there're fairy tales, sometimes both. Also there's divine intervention, but that's a very rare case.
- Oh, nevermind then. Defend yourself!

Sparring went on, in a more usual way. That is, Cornelius was pressed to turtle behind his artifact shield and still go ocassional taps on parts that didn't fit it.

Matthilde's youngest daughter got posession and made a mudstone scepter called Lasganbumal "The Tan Worry", with a picture of Ripperpunch theadamantine chest and dragon Inira Wealthtaxed the Heat of Diamonds killing some human. If When we get a queen, it can serve as a royal scepter, I think.

A magma spewing device failed to work, all because a middle pump was left unconnected from power source. Who was the designer of this thing?! It needs some improvement!

A vile force of darkness has arrived!

Citizens (185)	Pets/Livestock (202)	Others (163)	Dead/Missing (1703)
Amxu, Troll			
Gozru, Troll			
Ozud, Troll			
Xuspgas, Troll			
Ago, Troll			
Arstruk, Troll			
Ber, Troll			
Zom, Troll			
Asno, Troll			
Em, Troll			
Snamoz, Troll			
Snang, Troll			
Olngö, Troll			
Utes Ötdangoso, Goblin Swordsman			
Nako Engrorazstrog, Goblin Swordsman			
Osta Stozuulut, Goblin Swordsman			
ûsbu Zesttosmunstu, Goblin Swordsman			
Ngokang Kutsmobgostat, Goblin Swordsman			
Mato Ngebzoxedub, Goblin Swordsman			
Băx Amxusmunxaz, Goblin Swordsman			
Dang Slobuomosp, Goblin Swordsman			
Zolak Osnunngusa, Goblin Swordsman			
Dang Utuzolak, Goblin Swordsman			
Dostngosp Smatspostrodno, Goblin Swordsman			
Nguslu Nakoonso, Goblin Swordsman			
Tode Bostebstâsost, Goblin Swordsman			
Snamoz Iospdostngosp, Goblin Swordsman			
Osnun Matoospu, Goblin Swordsman			
Snodub Zolakoza, Goblin Swordmaster			
Nako Abodang, Goblin Maceman			
Zolak Atuetosp, Goblin Maceman			
Mato Amxugosma, Goblin Maceman			
Mato Snangommul, Goblin Maceman			
Strodno Ostaestu, Goblin Maceman			
Ago Amxustrastnas, Goblin Maceman			
Băx Ogomsmunstu, Goblin Maceman			
Gozru Omospulxe, Goblin Maceman			
Ngokang Kutsmobsnogspo, Goblin Maceman			
Stâsost Snolûsbu, Goblin Maceman			
Atu Dostngospônu, Goblin Mace Lord			
Kutsmob Smunstugam, Goblin Spearman			
Stozu Ongslunngokang, Goblin Spearman			
Stozu Olngönusnost, Goblin Spearman			
Arstruk Otsmostâsost, Goblin Spearman			
Dang Olngösasmok, Goblin Spearman			
ûsbu Bemngorûg, Goblin Spearman			
Stozu Strodnousasp, Goblin Spearman			
Ngoso Ngomustă, Goblin Spearman			
Ber Nguslusuru, Goblin Spearman			
Atu Ngebzoduspbu, Goblin Spearman			
Olngö Zuspzebazstrog, Goblin Spearman			
Osta Smunxuatu, Goblin Spearman			
Smunstu Bosaostosp, Goblin Spearman			
Ngebzo Asubsong, Goblin Spearman			
ûsbu Busmnguslu, Goblin Spearman			
Atu Kutsmobhsagus, Goblin Elite Bowman			
Ngerxung Zolakoza, Goblin Swordsman			
Atu Emzongsmo, Goblin Swordsman			
Gozru Agunnako, Goblin Swordsman			
Strodno Uspenstosbûb, Goblin Swordsman			
Snodub Smunxazaslot, Goblin Swordsman			
Amxu Uksosrâbab, Goblin Swordsman			
Xuspgas Snolurar, Goblin Swordsman			
Ngom Xuspgaser, Goblin Swordsman			
Zolak Ustuaslot, Goblin Swordsman			
Aslot Zukăxaslot, Goblin Master Lasher			
Ngom Uksosomku, Goblin Hammerman			
ûsbu Smunxuolngö, Goblin Hammerman			
Arstruk Bosaôlsmu, Goblin Hammerman			
Bosa Loddang, Goblin Hammerman			
Olngö Asmrarstâsost, Goblin Hammerman			
Osnun Goksmunstu, Goblin Hammerman			
Olngö Snogem, Goblin Hammerman			
Osnun Bosaal, Goblin Hammerman			
Bosa Ensangösm, Goblin Hammerman			
Băx Iosnungstrodno, Goblin Hammerman			
Nguslu Nguturar, Goblin Axe Lord			

A few trolls made in through merchants entrance, but caravan guards stopped them till the gate was closed. The others charged at the gate, but traps did their job well and, after several way too brave goblins died, the siege was lifted. With a few losses of unlucky dwarves that got caught far from

Cornelius passed his overseership without any celebrations. Looks like he's been terribly tired of being in charge of everything. Instead he prefer to spend his days in mastering his spear and carving malachite statues in his own deep workshop. And drinking.

http://dffd.wimbli.com/submit.php?action=message&fid=9597

Sorry for such a not-roleplaying final, but I kinda tired of it and really lost in what happens here.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Legs are for Cowards.**
Post by: **TheFlame52** on **September 02, 2014, 03:42:42 pm**

Who is overseer now? Is it me? The OP hasn't been updated in a while.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Legs are for Cowards.**
Post by: **peregarrett** on **September 02, 2014, 03:53:51 pm**

Quote from: TheFlame52 on September 02, 2014, 03:42:42 pm

Who is overseer now? Is it me? The OP hasn't been updated in a while.

Since the fort rides a minecart right into madness, you can grab the game as soon as you feel courage for that.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Legs are for Cowards.**
Post by: **TheFlame52** on **September 02, 2014, 03:56:44 pm**

Gotcha, grabbing the save now and writing the first update.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Legs are for Cowards.**
Post by: **MDFification** on **September 02, 2014, 04:14:46 pm**

Shoddy next. Frosh week ends soon - then we can see if I can have a second turn without killing the fort this time. Although to be fair, I wasn't given a whole lot to work with. A bunch of tantrumming vampires, to be precise.

Title: Re: Demongate: Legs are for Cowards.
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **September 02, 2014, 04:52:07 pm**

The turn after Garrett is Mask's, so I'll see what he's up to.

Title: Re: Demongate: Legs are for Cowards.
Post by: **TheFlame52** on **September 02, 2014, 04:56:29 pm**

EDIT: Bleh, let's sort things out and then we can do stuff. But I've already started playing and I've done about 2 weeks.

Title: Re: Demongate: Legs are for Cowards.
Post by: **MDFification** on **September 02, 2014, 05:11:50 pm**

Quote from: TheFlame52 on September 02, 2014, 04:56:29 pm

The following is a speech given by Flame on Granite 1st, 666

As you well know, my friend Cornelius passed the overseership of this fortress over to me. Like any other overseer, I'm going to make some changes. For almost as long as this fort has had walls, there has been a pile of rotting garbage in the courtyard. I tried to keep it small while I was overseer, but when my term ended it grew back to its old size. But I have a solution that will keep the pile small: a magma dump. I've ordered the construction of a tunnel to bring magma under the pile. Then we will throw the garbage into the hole. Don't worry, the hole is deep enough to avoid any splashes. Let's keep Demongate clean!

I'd wait until we've heard from Mask or a day at least has passed to post the next turn. He does technically speaking have turn priority.

Title: Re: Demongate: Legs are for Cowards.
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **September 02, 2014, 08:21:29 pm**

I'll get some plot related to Thane's various goings on up tomorrow evening, which may or may not include a reason why Brenzen can't take the helm. We'll see. Also, Fallen, if you could send me some sort of plot regarding why you want a hammer or whatever it is you want, we can likely try to work out a satisfactory resolution rather than me hitting you with a hammer, which is exactly the response Thane would give to seeing someone disguised as herself.

Title: Re: Demongate: Legs are for Cowards.
Post by: **FallenAngel** on **September 02, 2014, 09:24:57 pm**

Since I have to leave soon, I will leave you with a small snippet of what the motivation is. FallenAngel and his brother, whose name I'm not completely sure on (I'm leaning towards Risen or RisenDemon) got into an accident during childhood. His brother got trapped in the spirit world while FallenAngel ended up wedged between them, granting him bodysurfing. Once Ob Kat was created, Risen had a connection to the physical realm, and FallenAngel needs to discuss matters.

Title: Re: Demongate: Legs are for Cowards.
Post by: **4maskwolf** on **September 02, 2014, 11:19:06 pm**

Thanks for the notification, asmoth!

I'm here, can and will take turn. Have game, will travel.

Title: Re: Demongate: Legs are for Cowards.
Post by: **Rhaken** on **September 02, 2014, 11:30:49 pm**

Quote from: 4maskwolf on September 02, 2014, 11:19:06 pm

Thanks for the notification, asmoth!

I'm here, can and will take turn. Have game, will travel.

Hoho, he returns! Glad to have you back, 4mask.

Hope you don't mind the liberties I've taken with Brenzen. With any luck, I didn't deviate far from what you'd intended.

Title: Re: Demongate: Legs are for Cowards.
Post by: **MDFification** on **September 03, 2014, 12:02:02 pm**

Welcome back 4mask! *IT BEGINS AGAIN.*

Title: Re: Demongate: Legs are for Cowards.
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **September 03, 2014, 04:37:37 pm**

"I doubt that the room beneath Castle Helgard is related to the bodysnatchers," Thane said, frowning. Tarmid, ever the teacher, nodded approvingly. "Why?" he asked. "The grave robberies seem to be done on impulse," she answered, thinking quickly. "Whoever turned Vladamir into a puppet clearly didn't have much of a plan for what they'd do afterwards. What's more, the stolen bodies have been showing up again more often than not. Burned and maimed, sure, but they're not that hard to find. There was no trace of the dungeon until you actually found the place itself, and even then there's no evidence of what it's being used for."

"Perhaps the corpses are the evidence of the room being constructed, and we simply didn't join the dots?" Tarmid countered. "I suppose there's no way to prove that they're not, but it seems awfully careless for someone who leaves as little trace as the person who made that room. Plus, there's far too many bodies. Three or four dwarves could have made a room that small inside a month, even counting the breaks. A zombie would have had more than twice the working hours of a live person, but there's more than twenty empty coffins, and most of the missing bodies are accounted for. So, why would such a secretive person simply discard tools after such a short amount of time, particularly when they could potentially last forever? Plus, there was no corpse rot there."

"No..." Tarmid trailed off. "No smell of death," Thane nodded. "There was no ventilation in that room, any smells would have lingered for months, and most of the bodies have gone missing and turned up again in the last year. It's circumstantial, I know, but it's true."

"So, we have two madmen running around doing Armok knows what?" Brenzen rumbled. "At least two," Tarmid said apologetically. "There seems to be at least one other unknown force in Demongate, though that may just be our regular insanity being mistaken for something more sinister."

Brenzen closed his eyes for a moment. He seemed to be praying. "Fine," he eventually growled. "So, essentially, we have an unknown number of enemies, each with unknown objectives, and each with an unknown number of followers?"

"That's about it," smiled Tarmid. "Though I think we can safely attribute at least some of the cadaver theft to Dan. She's very eager to tell people about her, eh, 'science'. I think the best thing to do for now may be to operate alone and find out what we can about our opponents. Action before we're better prepared would only alert them that we know about them."

Thane and Brenzen nodded, and Thane turned to leave. As the door closed behind her, Brenzen quietly asked "What do we do about the reading from her hammer?"

"I'm not sure yet," Tarmid answered. "We can't afford to give her enough time to utilize its power if she's an enemy, but on the other hand, she's had the thing for years now and barely murdered anyone important. At the very least, there's no point in turning her into an

enemy when we need all the friends we can get."

"That is the beginning of a very dark path, scribe," Brenzen warned. "Be careful where you follow it."

"I'm sure I haven't completely compromised my morals yet," Tarmid smiled. "Besides, I'm sure if that day comes you'll be there, pick ready and waiting."

Brenzen nodded. "Until we meet again, then."

Title: Re: Demongate: Legs are for Cowards.

Post by: **MDFification** on **September 03, 2014, 05:09:48 pm**

Beef inhaled. Whenever the gypsum was in him, the voices stopped. This was A Good Thing. For a few hours at least, he'd have blessed clarity of thought.

Or he would, if the gypsum didn't make him deliriously angry.

"The militia's really gone downhill these past few years. I miss the Duke as much as the next dwarf, but he really starting neglecting us once he got into the nobility."

This, of course, made Beef angry. He prepared a witty retort to put this ignoramus back in his place. Unfortunately, what actually came out was;

FUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUCK YOUUUUUUUUUUUUUUU

"Alright, alright, I get it, don't say that stuff around a Vulture."

FUCKYOUFUCKYOUFUCKYOU

"You've got gypsum all over your beard, by the way."

AARGHSAGHIALEHAFUKYOU

"When in hell do I get relieved of duty?"

Title: **Re: Demongate: Legs are for Cowards.**

Post by: **FallenAngel** on **September 03, 2014, 05:12:10 pm**

From the thoughts of FallenAngel IV, Legendary+2 Bodysurfer

I sure hope this plan is successful; otherwise, I need to map out a way to return to the past, and acquire 5 extra bars of steel, because that's the only plan I have left. I should write down this on a stone tablet soon.

I wonder what Dan has been doing. He's never been too sinister, only strange.

For one reason or another, I rarely see some people. I don't exactly recall their names. I wonder what they do.

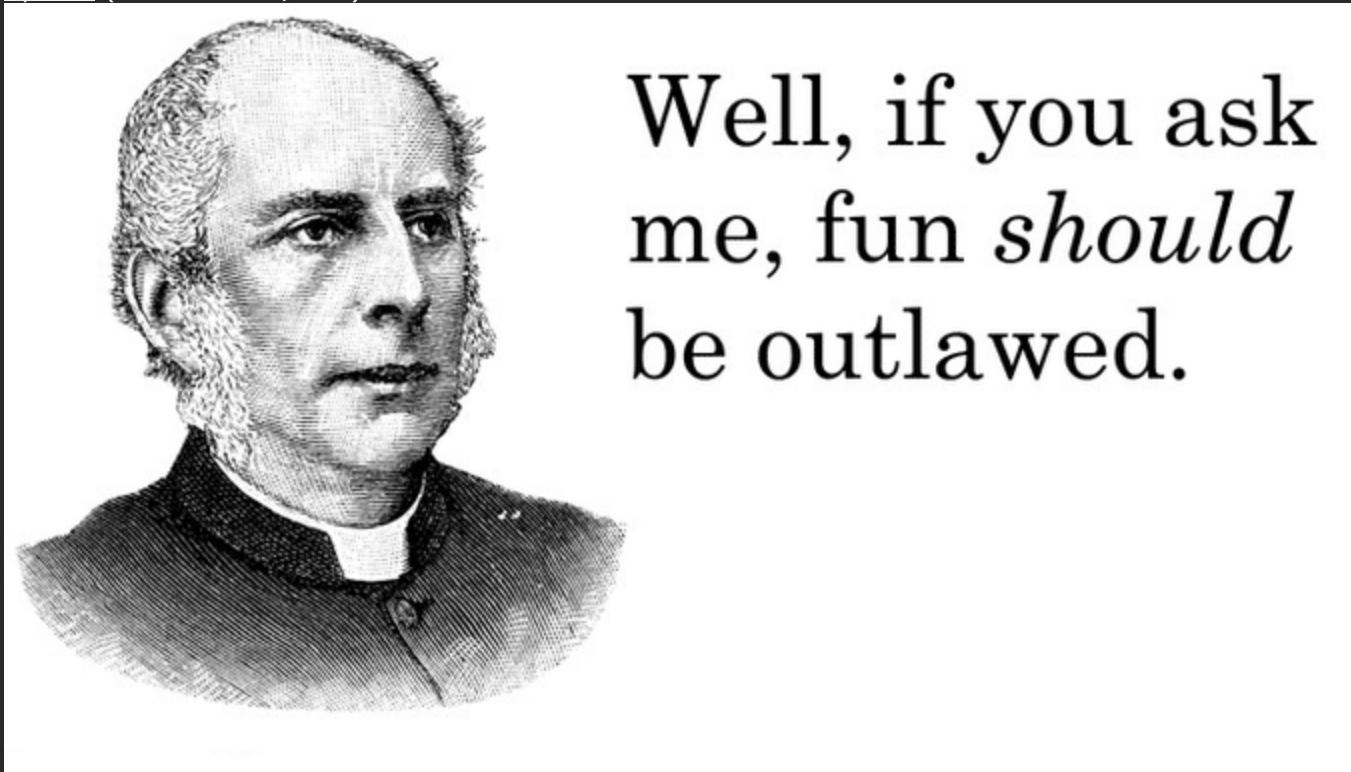
I'm hungry. I'm going to eat something and hope this works.

Title: Re: Demongate: Legs are for Cowards.

Post by: **MDFification** on **September 03, 2014, 06:00:27 pm**

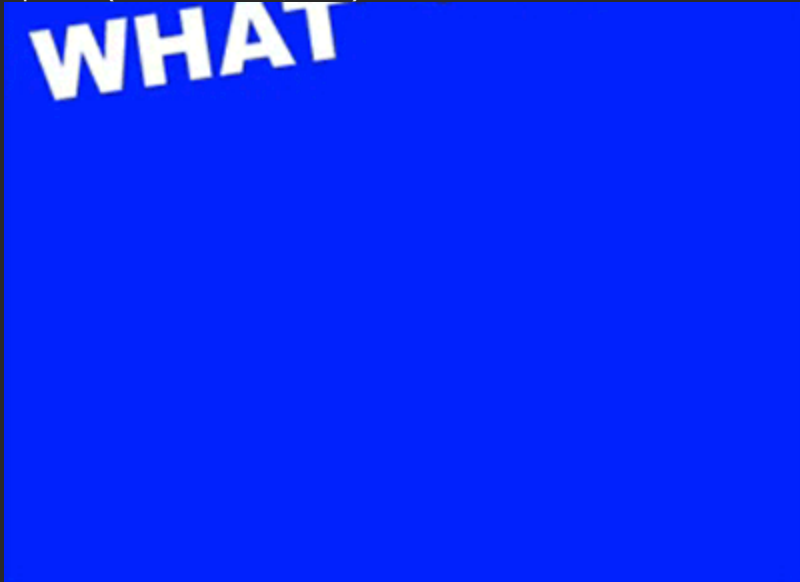
```
>mfw magic
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Spoiler (click to show/hide)



alternate ending

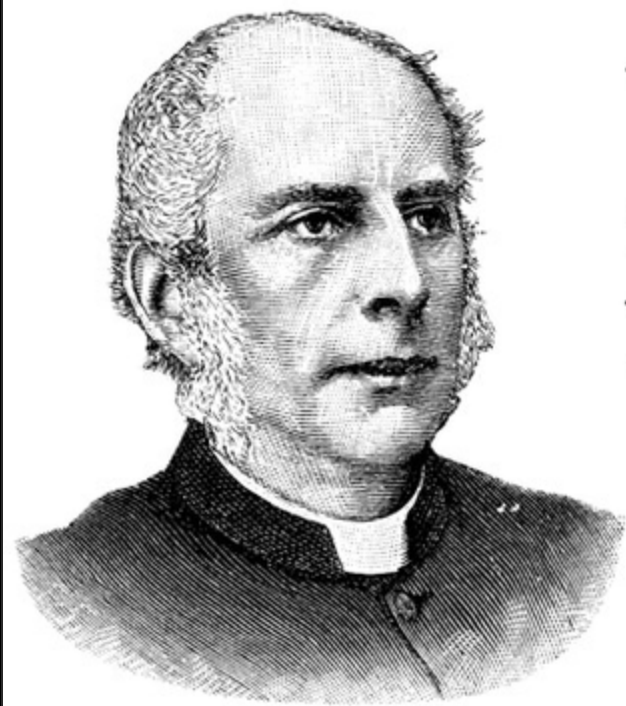
Spoiler (click to show/hide)



Title: **Re: Demongate: Legs are for Cowards.**

Post by: **Rhaken** on **September 03, 2014, 06:05:24 pm**

Quote from: MDification on September 03, 2014, 06:00:27 pm



Well, if you ask me, fun *should* be outlawed.

I, for one, hold the firm opinion that we could have a whole different brand of intrigue to throw around without magic users in the mix. That being said, it is a fair bit more satisfying to bring them down a peg without resorting to magic even once.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Legs are for Cowards.**
Post by: **MDFification** on **September 03, 2014, 06:11:14 pm**

Quote from: Rhaken on September 03, 2014, 06:05:24 pm
I, for one, hold the firm opinion that we could have a whole different brand of intrigue to throw around without magic users in the mix. That being said, it is a fair bit more satisfying to bring them down a peg without resorting to magic even once.

tbh I'm just looking for excuses to post ridiculous pictures.
It is more satisfying, yes. Hard to do when arbitrary JUST AS PLANNED gets pulled, but eh.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Legs are for Cowards.**
Post by: **4maskwolf** on **September 04, 2014, 10:20:36 am**

oh jeez, I need to go back and read a whole bunch of new stuff that has happened since I last checked.

I don't mind liberties being taken with my character, particularly not since I was gone for so long... sorry...

Title: **Re: Demongate: Legs are for Cowards.**
Post by: **4maskwolf** on **September 04, 2014, 10:57:37 am**

Has anyone done anything with why Oku was actually at Steelhold? If not, I can establish that on my turn.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Legs are for Cowards.**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **September 04, 2014, 11:07:12 am**

I don't think that there's been anything Steelhold related aside from Corley and Emdief reappearing, some Shank and Asmoth stuff and the Knights being related to Jackal, Rhaken and Zane.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Legs are for Cowards.**
Post by: **MDFification** on **September 04, 2014, 11:57:56 am**

Quote from: Deus Asmoth on September 04, 2014, 11:07:12 am
I don't think that there's been anything Steelhold related aside from Corley and Emdief reappearing, some Shank and Asmoth stuff and the Knights being related to Jackal, Rhaken and Zane.

There was quite a bit of stuff done with Corley (who may or may not be skulking around Demongate somewhere, and also has a clone that definately is) and also token appearances by Amsoth, Shank and Emdief (once each I think, all of them in former Steelhold. Emdief really can't be considered Emdief anymore)

Title: **Re: Demongate: Legs are for Cowards.**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **September 04, 2014, 01:36:58 pm**

Well, Asmoth was somewhere south of Demongate getting all philosophical about whether creating a race of nearly mindless killing machines was a good thing or not. Also, for someone who doesn't like talking much, a lot of Thane's story seems to be exposition.

Thane hesitated for a moment, then grasped Ob Kat's haft, reaching out with that sense somewhere between hearing and sight where the magic lurked.
"I know you're there," she said. After a moment with no answer, she shook the hammer. "Answer me!"
I don't live in that hammer, you know, *came the slightly bemused reply.*
"Then why can I only hear you if I'm holding it?" Thane asked.
I told you before, you've linked your own powers to the hammer. I had nothing to do with it. So, as a magical being, you can only sense me when you're holding it. And sometimes I do have other things to besides teaching you how to see.
"So, what are you then?"
Eh, I suppose I'm your mentor or something for now. I'm to show you how to use your powers so that you can... hrm... 'Be what you were meant to be?'... 'Fulfil your destiny?'... 'Take a level?'... well, something like that in any case.
Thane thought about that for a moment. "So, what are my powers?" she asked.
Every living being emits a certain amount of magical energy, which we measure in thaums. The average elf gives out one thaum, a dwarf half of that, with the obvious exception of those with latent magical abilities themselves. My point is that you weigh in at zero.
"And that's a bad thing?"
Not a good thing or a bad thing, just a different thing. A fish is immersed in water, and so doesn't see the water around it. You're outside of the river, so you can see its flows. With enough training, you'll be able to drink from it, if I may continue the metaphor.
"Drain magic, you mean?" said Thane.
And spit it back out, since I doubt you learned any table manners growing up. You can't actually influence it, any more than you can influence what shape water will be when you pour it out of a bucket, but it's a handy trick nonetheless.
"So... what does Fallen Angel want with you, anyway?"
Thane sensed a feeling of discomfort from the disembodied voice, as though it was shuffling its feet. He is my brother, I suppose. It's a

difficult relationship to summarise. He's a little bit insane.
"I'd noticed."
Indeed. I can't really say what he actually wants, because pretty much everything he does has little to no bearing on what he actually intends it to achieve. It makes him difficult to plan around. Speaking of which, there's some confusion going on in the dining room.
"About what?" Thane couldn't help but think she was going to dread the answer.
Apparently, you're there in spite of several people seeing you coming here to the barracks to train. Most of the confusion seems to be centred around the adjectives 'happy' and 'polite', though.

Thane pinched the bridge of her nose in an attempt to suppress the need to crack some skulls. After a few minutes, she emerged from the barracks with the familiar weight of a hammer on her back. She was beginning to wish she really was insane. The real world couldn't possibly be this crazy.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Legs are for Cowards.**
Post by: **FallenAngel** on **September 04, 2014, 01:58:41 pm**

the plot thickens

Title: **Re: Demongate: Legs are for Cowards.**
Post by: **danmanthedog** on **September 06, 2014, 08:31:32 am**

GIVE ME 50 CCS OF THREADNECROMANCERY NOW!!!!

Title: **Re: Demongate: Legs are for Cowards.**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **September 06, 2014, 10:59:57 am**

If we don't hear from Mask by Wednesday, I guess we'll move on to the next in line.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Legs are for Cowards.**
Post by: **FallenAngel** on **September 06, 2014, 11:34:55 am**

That sounds good.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Legs are for Cowards.**
Post by: **4maskwolf** on **September 06, 2014, 02:11:41 pm**

I've already responded and am here. Am downloading the save now.

Edit: Well hell, where's the Depot lever?

Title: **Re: Demongate: Legs are for Cowards.**
Post by: **4maskwolf** on **September 06, 2014, 03:43:09 pm**

Sir Brenzen's eyes snapped open, the sound of the alarm signal filling his ears. After a moment of waking up, dread filled him: this was no ordinary alarm. This alarm signal had been set up during the first years of the fortress, but there had never been a reason to use it.

The bloodkin had arrived.

He rolled over and grabbed his pick from where it lay by his bed. With practiced motions, he shouldered his breastplate, pulled on his greaves, and equipped himself with the rest of his armor. He ran to the gates of the fortress, hoping deep down that this was just a false alarm.

As he ran, the shouts of civilians filled his ears as they raced in a panic towards the vault. Cries of alarm from the militia as they saw the force that opposed them. Finally, Sir Brenzen pushed his way to the lookout post, and despair set in more firmly. He gazed out over a vast sea of pale, emaciated dwarves, each and every one of them armed to the teeth with weapons. There seemed to be no end to their numbers, no end to their armies. He turned to rally the militia to see them backing away, then one by one turn and sprint for the depths of the fortress, shouting to the civilians to follow them if they wanted to live. Soon, Sir Brenzen stood alone, watching the horde move towards Demongate faster than any dwarf should have been able to. He moved to the barracks to head them off, when suddenly all sound ceased. His own arms and legs refused to move. The wind ceased to blow. It seemed as though the whole world had stopped in its tracks.

"The great Sir Brenzen," a soft voice said, "at last, we meet each other. Your efforts at Demongate are legend, do you know?"

Sir Brenzen tried to respond, tried to speak, but his mouth would not move, his tongue would not form the words.

"And so here you are. Trying to fight against impossible odds, to save your friends. A noble effort, to be sure, but a futile one. The hordes will overwhelm you, will destroy everything you know and love. And they will not stop here. They will overwhelm the entire continent, erasing from existence all memory of the dwarves, the elves, the goblins, and the humans. All of them, forgotten to history. And only you can stop this."

Confusion flashed through Sir Brenzen, and he heard the voice chuckle. "In order to save others, sometimes it is necessary to sacrifice oneself. I'm sure your order taught you that. Would you not sacrifice yourself to save the world?"

"Let me help you. Embrace the magic you have so long avoided. You were born with a great propensity for magic: use it. With my help, you could destroy this army, destroy all those who would threaten the world, your order. All you must do is swear allegiance to me, and to those I swore allegiance to."

Sir Brenzen's mind recoiled in revulsion, thought his frozen body could not do the same, and the voice chuckled again.

"Do you have any idea the lies your order have told you, knight. The things they have hidden from you. The great mysteries they refuse to unlock. Do you know why you have been promoted so fast through the ranks, why nothing has been able to hurt you in battle, ever?"

"You were born to magic, knight. The knights of St. Zane knew this, and that is why they sought you out. They sought to dampen your powers, to control them, so that you would not unveil their hypocrisy, all the lies they have told. In battle, you are untouchable, because nothing can match your power. The training the knights have given you allow you to channel that power into combat skill, until no mortal can best you in the field of battle."

"You are wondering who I am, knight? I was once much like you. I was born to magic, but never told what I could do, never allowed to explore my abilities. My powers waned, until, one day, I found something that enlightened me. Something that showed me how everything I thought I knew was merely a lie, a fabrication made up by the false ones. And that day, I became a champion of the world."

"Consider my offer, knight. Think long and hard on it. And remember the consequences that will befall the world should you refuse."

Suddenly, the world came back into motion again. The shrieks and howls of the bloodkin outside coming closer and closer, the screams of fleeing civilians. Sir Brenzen made ready to battle the horde, praying to the saints, the chosen of Armok. Suddenly, the bloodkin burst through the door, and something tapped his shoulder. He whirled around, moving to defend himself...

Sir Brenzen snapped awake, feeling someone grabbing his wrist. He opened his eyes to see that his hand was inches from hitting Brother Cornelius.

"I am sorry brother. I was not aware of what I almost did."

"There is no problem, brother. I came to inform you that I am stepping down, and that by popular vote you are to be the new overseer of Demongate."

Brother Cornelius released Sir Brenzen's wrist and left the room, leaving Sir Brenzen to his morning prayers.

All throughout his morning prayers, Sir Brenzen was troubled by the dream. It had felt so much realer than a dream, as if someone was truly speaking to him. He said the last rites of the morning and stood, walking to his door and throwing it open. He needed to discuss the dream with Tarmid: perhaps the scribe could help him understand what it meant.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Legs are for Cowards.**
Post by: **danmanthedog** on **September 06, 2014, 03:47:51 pm**

Problem with that team is that isn't there only like 100 bloodkin left.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Legs are for Cowards.**
Post by: **4maskwolf** on **September 06, 2014, 03:48:50 pm**

Quote from: danmanthedog on September 06, 2014, 03:47:51 pm
Problem with that team is that isn't there only like 100 bloodkin left.

shush, you. It was a dream sequence anyways. :P

Title: **Re: Demongate: Legs are for Cowards.**
Post by: **TheFlame52** on **September 06, 2014, 03:55:51 pm**

That's only the *northern* bloodkin, the bloodkin that will attack us in the game. But in the story, it will be the southern bloodkin attacking, and they number in the thousands.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Legs are for Cowards.**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **September 06, 2014, 03:57:02 pm**

I think that the gods may be beginning to regret their decision to install a revolving door entrance to the afterlife.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Legs are for Cowards.**
Post by: **4maskwolf** on **September 06, 2014, 04:17:11 pm**

Quote from: Deus Asmoth on September 06, 2014, 03:57:02 pm
I think that the gods may be beginning to regret their decision to install a revolving door entrance to the afterlife.

Hmm?

Are you referring to my thing?

That wasn't a spirit talking to Sir Brenzen.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Legs are for Cowards.**
Post by: **danmanthedog** on **September 06, 2014, 04:26:14 pm**

Quote from: Deus Asmoth on September 06, 2014, 03:57:02 pm
I think that the gods may be beginning to regret their decision to install a revolving door entrance to the afterlife.

Imposable because if the afterlife had that I would still be stuck in it going around and around for ever.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Legs are for Cowards.**
Post by: **TheFlame52** on **September 06, 2014, 05:41:13 pm**

Quote from: Deus Asmoth on September 06, 2014, 03:57:02 pm
I think that the gods may be beginning to regret their decision to install a revolving door entrance to the afterlife.

Ahahaha sig'd. Flame can hop bodies too, but she hasn't had the need to yet. Also, she seems to have forgotten her original purpose.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Legs are for Cowards.**
Post by: **FallenAngel** on **September 06, 2014, 05:43:03 pm**

Quote from: TheFlame52 on September 06, 2014, 05:41:13 pm
Flame can hop bodies too, but she hasn't had the need to yet. Also, she seems to have forgotten her original purpose.

Well, I suppose Flame doesn't have a disposition for being in unnaturally dangerous areas at the wrong time, unlike FallenAngel. His first death was during a goblin siege near the safety of the spider. Has anyone found the corpse? I hid and forbid it.
THE ULTIMATE TREASURE HUNT.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Legs are for Cowards.**
Post by: **4maskwolf** on **September 06, 2014, 05:44:10 pm**

Quote from: FallenAngel on September 06, 2014, 05:43:03 pm
Quote from: TheFlame52 on September 06, 2014, 05:41:13 pm
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THE ULTIMATE TREASURE HUNT.

or, you know, I can use the stocks screen to find it.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Legs are for Cowards.**
Post by: **FallenAngel** on **September 06, 2014, 05:45:10 pm**

Quote from: 4maskwolf on September 06, 2014, 05:44:10 pm
Quote from: FallenAngel on September 06, 2014, 05:43:03 pm
Quote from: TheFlame52 on September 06, 2014, 05:41:13 pm
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THE ULTIMATE TREASURE HUNT.

or, you know, I can use the stocks screen to find it.

Sure, if you want to be boring about it.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Legs are for Cowards.**
Post by: **MDFification** on **September 06, 2014, 06:03:56 pm**

As I mentioned earlier in the thread: you can mod in a substance that inflicts a syndrome that permanently changes a specific race into another. If we were to mod such a syndrome in, we could use DFhack to force a siege of *whatever* and then transform them all into bloodkin/bloodkin thaumatarges.

If anyone actually ever gets around to doing this, we can finally have our confrontation. Hopefully using large enough numbers of 'kin and mages to make it dangerous to the fort.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Legs are for Cowards.**
Post by: **Gnorm** on **September 06, 2014, 06:20:04 pm**

Exactly how dangerous *are* the base-level bloodkin to an experienced militia-dwarf?

Title: **Re: Demongate: Legs are for Cowards.**
Post by: **4maskwolf** on **September 06, 2014, 07:14:19 pm**

Quote from: Gnorm on September 06, 2014, 06:20:04 pm
Exactly how dangerous *are* the base-level bloodkin to an experienced militia-dwarf?
eh?

I'd have to take another look at the raws, but they aren't that much more powerful than a standard dwarf, particularly since most of my contributions had to be taken out due to bugs. There is, however, one thing which makes them extremely powerful: they can convert you with their bite attack. (Which actually may not work as intended right now, due to possible modding mistakes/a weird rage bug).

Edit: looks to be that I made a mistake modding the raws: bloodkin transformations do not cause them to change allegiance from their mother civilization. As such, transformed dwarves would simply be more powerful, I guess. Also, I laughed when I saw the interaction file, because it contains an easter egg of something MDF and I planned but had to take out due to it working poorly in the current system. Same with the materials folder, which actually has two easter eggs.
Edit 2: to clarify: by change allegiance I mean "go berserk", because there isn't currently a way to make a creature change to a different civ by modding.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Legs are for Cowards.**
Post by: **danmanthedog** on **September 06, 2014, 07:39:03 pm**

Quote from: 4maskwolf on September 06, 2014, 07:14:19 pm
Quote from: Gnorm on September 06, 2014, 06:20:04 pm
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Edit 2: to clarify: by change allegiance I mean "go berserk", because there isn't currently a way to make a creature change to a different civ by modding.

I think it was the floating brains in MDF that would some how cause my dwarf to attack the other dwarfs after attacking the brain or he had schizophrenia.

EDIT-could that be of any use for turning the dwarfs into bloodkin?

Title: **Re: Demongate: Legs are for Cowards.**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **September 06, 2014, 08:52:52 pm**

Quote from: FallenAngel on September 06, 2014, 05:43:03 pm
Quote from: TheFlame52 on September 06, 2014, 05:41:13 pm
Flame can hop bodies too, but she hasn't had the need to yet. Also, she seems to have forgotten her original purpose.

Well, I suppose Flame doesn't have a disposition for being in unnaturally dangerous areas at the wrong time, unlike FallenAngel. His first death was during a goblin siege near the safety of the spider.
Has anyone found the corpse? I hid and forbid it.
THE ULTIMATE TREASURE HUNT.

I found that thing in the first week of my turn. It was the reason for Thane taking control of the fortress in the first place. Plus it was under a pile of clothes and stuff.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Legs are for Cowards.**
Post by: **FallenAngel** on **September 06, 2014, 09:15:33 pm**

Quote from: Deus Asmoth on September 06, 2014, 08:52:52 pm
Quote from: FallenAngel on September 06, 2014, 05:43:03 pm
Quote from: TheFlame52 on September 06, 2014, 05:41:13 pm
Flame can hop bodies too, but she hasn't had the need to yet. Also, she seems to have forgotten her original purpose.

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Oh, right, I forgot.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Legs are for Cowards.**
Post by: **danmanthedog** on **September 06, 2014, 09:51:21 pm**

Quote from: FallenAngel on September 06, 2014, 09:15:33 pm
Quote from: Deus Asmoth on September 06, 2014, 08:52:52 pm
Quote from: FallenAngel on September 06, 2014, 05:43:03 pm
Quote from: TheFlame52 on September 06, 2014, 05:41:13 pm
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Oh, right, I forgot.

OR DID YOU FORGET?!?

Title: **Re: Demongate: Legs are for Cowards.**
Post by: **Quartz_Mace** on **September 06, 2014, 10:04:45 pm**

Could I get Dorf'd? I'd like a man in the militia please. I don't care if he dies; I only want to know if he does.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Legs are for Cowards.**
Post by: **MDFification** on **September 07, 2014, 06:42:26 am**

Quote from: Gnorm on September 06, 2014, 06:20:04 pm
Exactly how dangerous *are* the base-level bloodkin to an experienced militia-dwarf?

I don't want to spoil, so I'll just say that if they come in numbers with adequate thaumaturge support, I'd be worried.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Legs are for Cowards.**
Post by: **4maskwolf** on **September 08, 2014, 08:10:28 am**

If you're wondering why the delay, a lot of the story progression this turn will depend upon my superior writer friend Rhaken's next post, where Sir Brenzen and Tarmid talk. As such, I'm just waiting patiently until he gets online.

Don't hurry, Rhaken. I was just giving everyone else an update as to why I haven't posted much.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Legs are for Cowards.**
Post by: **Rhaken** on **September 08, 2014, 09:38:11 am**

Quote from: 4maskwolf on September 08, 2014, 08:10:28 am
If you're wondering why the delay, a lot of the story progression this turn will depend upon my superior writer friend Rhaken's next post, where Sir Brenzen and Tarmid talk. As such, I'm just waiting patiently until he gets online.

Don't hurry, Rhaken. I was just giving everyone else an update as to why I haven't posted much.

Now don't y'all worry. It should be up by wednesday tops. I've been busy as all of fuck, but things should calm down for a few days. Calm is good. Calm means writing.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Legs are for Cowards.**
Post by: **MDFification** on **September 10, 2014, 01:13:30 pm**

Quote from: 4maskwolf on September 06, 2014, 07:14:19 pm
Quote from: Gnorm on September 06, 2014, 06:20:04 pm
Exactly how dangerous *are* the base-level bloodkin to an experienced militia-dwarf?
eh?

I'd have to take another look at the raws, but they aren't that much more powerful than a standard dwarf, particularly since most of my contributions had to be taken out due to bugs. There is, however, one thing which makes them extremely powerful: they can convert you with their bite attack. (Which actually may not work as intended right now, due to possible modding mistakes/a weird rage bug).

Edit: looks to be that I made a mistake modding the raws: bloodkin transformations do not cause them to change allegiance from their mother civilization. As such, transformed dwarves would simply be more powerful, I guess. Also, I laughed when I saw the interaction file, because it contains an easter egg of something MDF and I planned but had to take out due to it working poorly in the current system. Same with the materials folder, which actually has two easter eggs.
Edit 2: to clarify: by change allegiance I mean "go berserk", because there isn't currently a way to make a creature change to a different civ by modding.

You can give them [OPPOSED_TO_LIFE], which causes them to no longer be counted as citizens of your civ and to attack everything that doesn't have [NOT_LIVING]. Or you can give them [CRAZED] which forces them to attack everyone and no longer be part of your civ, but then they'll attack eachother as well.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Legs are for Cowards.**
Post by: **4maskwolf** on **September 10, 2014, 01:33:12 pm**

Quote from: MDFification on September 10, 2014, 01:13:30 pm
Quote from: 4maskwolf on September 06, 2014, 07:14:19 pm
Quote from: Gnorm on September 06, 2014, 06:20:04 pm
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IIRC, neither of those tags actually works that way when it comes to removing from civ. I have used a rage mist effect in my InfrenoBreak mod, but killing the raged creature causes a loyalty cascade.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Legs are for Cowards.**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **September 10, 2014, 03:33:49 pm**

The crazed thing only works if it then causes them to attack a member of the same civ, which causes them to become enemies of that civilisation. Of course, if one of their former friends hits them first, things get nasty.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Legs are for Cowards.**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **September 11, 2014, 12:44:18 pm**

First post is (finally) up to date again. Are we the last 34.11 game still running besides the Museum?

Title: **Re: Demongate: Legs are for Cowards.**
Post by: **4maskwolf** on **September 11, 2014, 01:41:02 pm**

Quote from: Deus Asmoth on September 11, 2014, 12:44:18 pm
First post is (finally) up to date again. Are we the last 34.11 game still running besides the Museum?

It's quite possible. We are just awesome like that.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Legs are for Cowards.**
Post by: **MDFification** on **September 11, 2014, 02:50:50 pm**

Quote from: Deus Asmoth on September 11, 2014, 12:44:18 pm

First post is (finally) up to date again. Are we the last 34.11 game still running besides the Museum?

I think Murdermachines still refuses to die, but nobody knows what's going on there. That thread is impenetrable. For srs. But Moltenchannels finally died yesterday.

How will Demongate die, I wonder? Last game we could have kept going indefinately if it weren't for silly things like turning the entire fort to vampirism, locking all non-named characters in a room then burning them to death, and leaving the survivors on militia duty until they tantrumed (in uniform) etc. And we never did manage to beat the HFS...

Title: **Re: Demongate: Legs are for Cowards.**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **September 11, 2014, 03:12:51 pm**

I imagine Demongate will never actually die, the time between Overseer posts will just continue getting longer and longer until eventually people will live their lives never knowing what will happen on Granite the twenty second.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Legs are for Cowards.**
Post by: **4maskwolf** on **September 11, 2014, 06:22:43 pm**

Quote from: Deus Asmoth on September 11, 2014, 03:12:51 pm

I imagine Demongate will never actually die, the time between Overseer posts will just continue getting longer and longer until eventually people will live their lives never knowing what will happen on Granite the twenty second.

I have a plan, actually, for a story death, and I'll pm you all the details in a bit.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Legs are for Cowards.**
Post by: **MDFification** on **September 11, 2014, 09:14:37 pm**

Demongate shall die when Gnorm grows tired of killing overseers and moves on to players. You cannot convince me otherwise. Looking forward to it, 4mask.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Legs are for Cowards.**
Post by: **4maskwolf** on **September 11, 2014, 11:12:21 pm**

Quote from: MDFification on September 11, 2014, 09:14:37 pm

Demongate shall die when Gnorm grows tired of killing overseers and moves on to players. You cannot convince me otherwise.

Sigged!

Title: **Re: Demongate: Legs are for Cowards.**
Post by: **Gnorm** on **September 12, 2014, 12:48:18 am**

Quote from: 4maskwolf on September 11, 2014, 06:22:43 pm

Quote from: Deus Asmoth on September 11, 2014, 03:12:51 pm

I imagine Demongate will never actually die, the time between Overseer posts will just continue getting longer and longer until eventually people will live their lives never knowing what will happen on Granite the twenty second.

I have a plan, actually, for a story death, and I'll pm you all the details in a bit.

Hold it right there! Don't think that you can just march in here and throw *my* planned ending off track. It seems as if I will have to out-write you.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Legs are for Cowards.**
Post by: **MDFification** on **September 12, 2014, 11:28:41 am**

Well, the Museum has migrated. We are now likely the last running 34.11 succession fort.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Legs are for Cowards.**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **September 12, 2014, 11:53:36 am**

If no one has any plans for unleashing hell any time soon, I was going to do a story bit with them during my next turn. I'll also try to figure out where our queen is, because if she's gone forever the Bloodkin probably got her.

Also, I don't think it's Wednesday anymore, Rhaken.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Legs are for Cowards.**
Post by: **TheFlame52** on **September 12, 2014, 03:48:57 pm**

Quote from: MDFification on September 12, 2014, 11:28:41 am

Well, the Museum has migrated. We are now likely the last running 34.11 succession fort.

No, Murdermachines is still trudging along. But I am willing to keep them both alive, because they are awesome.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Legs are for Cowards.**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **September 12, 2014, 06:21:21 pm**

So, there's definitely nothing stopping the queen from arriving on our land, and after checking the Legends, there's no record of Datan Leafyquakes ever arriving at Demongate. I fear our queen was kidnapped while on her journey.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Legs are for Cowards.**
Post by: **danmanthedog** on **September 13, 2014, 04:11:24 pm**

Quote from: Deus Asmoth on September 12, 2014, 06:21:21 pm

So, there's definitely nothing stopping the queen from arriving on our land, and after checking the Legends, there's no record of Datan Leafyquakes ever arriving at Demongate. I fear our queen was kidnapped while on her journey.

Damm and even all that work for her tower

Title: **Re: Demongate: Legs are for Cowards.**
Post by: **MDFification** on **September 13, 2014, 04:25:10 pm**

>tfw no Duke

Title: Re: Demongate: Legs are for Cowards.
Post by: Gnorm on September 13, 2014, 04:49:48 pm

Quote from: MDFification on September 13, 2014, 04:25:10 pm

>tfw no Duke

Sorry about that.

Title: Re: Demongate: Legs are for Cowards.
Post by: Rhaken on September 13, 2014, 07:46:35 pm

Another day, another pile of schematics. Tarmid's desk was covered in diagrams that had been copied but a few times over the course of centuries, the original locked away in a hidden vault at the Keep of Saint Zane. On the floor was a jumbled heap of assorted mechanical components, each a different size and shape. Tarmid sifted through the mess, once again lost in the instructions. How hard could it be to replicate machinery from seven centuries ago?

A brisk knock at the door, followed by a call. It was Sir Brenzen. Tarmid welcomed him in without so much as a thought toward hiding his work. The High Magebane refused Tarmid's offer of a seat and stood near the desk, arms folded across his chest. He looked restless, agitated.

"We need to talk, Tarmid. Right now, if possible." *His voice sounded hoarse. If Tarmid didn't know better, he'd say Brenzen was scared.*

"Very well," *he replied.* "I'm all ears."

The knight hesitated. An unusual behavior for him. Tarmid took a moment to notice the dark circles under his friend's eyes. Something had to be amiss. Even in sleep, Brenzen was known to be meticulously disciplined.

"What are you working on?" *Dodging the issue too. Something had to be amiss.*

"A vampire detector, based on the same principles as the thaumometer. Not sure it'll work though." *Tarmid let the tension build for a moment before continuing.* "What's on your mind, Sir Brenzen?"

Brenzen's thick shoulders slumped. Then he told Tarmid about the dream, the the invasion, and the mysterious voice that had tried to tempt him. Merely telling the tale seemed to be taking the wind out of the knight, and he almost looked older when he was done. Tarmid remained silent for a few moments, thoughts racing in his head, trying to connect the dots and complete the picture.

"Well, I could say it's just a dream and nothing to worry about," *said Tarmid, in his most convincing Cornelius impression.* "But nothing is that simple around here anymore, is it?"

From within his robes, Tarmid produced the thaumometer. Admittedly, he had never tested the device on Brenzen before. He brought the device toward the knight, filled with apprehension. What if the voice in the dream was right? What would they do if it turned out that Brenzen was highly attuned to thaumic forces? Tarmid had done enough reading to know that, if nothing else, the Order was right about thaumaturgy. It was a force best left alone. Any being who dabbled in it became eventually twisted by it, and ever starving for more. It made gypsum addicts look like functional members of society. Fikod Trumpettrammel was proof of this.

Tarmid approached Sir Brenzen with the device. His heart rate was rising. Within moments, the wood opal would flash, and Tarmid would be lost as to what to do. How could he keep the knight from falling to temptation? Or even keep him safe from the darker forces of the world, who would be drawn to him as moths to flame? His hand approached the knight's chest.

Nothing. Tarmid's trepidation was quickly replaced by a sense of relief. He let himself sigh.

"You see? Just a dream. Nothing to worry abo- oh my."

The gemstone began to glow. The green glass reader started to climb, from an initial zero thaum, up to ten, through twenty, ending at a worrying fifty-six thaum. The wood opal had begun to hum, a low whining noise. Before Tarmid could grasp the significance of this, the glow and hum began to peter out, and the thaumic reader shot back down to zero as quickly as it had climbed.

Tarmid was thoroughly confused.

"What do you suppose that was?"

"I was hoping you could tell me," *said Brenzen, doing his best to come off as unfazed.*

"I haven't a clue," *said Tarmid.* "I suppose that's more research that needs to be done."

"There's more," *said Brenzen, sounding more like his old, no-nonsense self. The knight stared knives into Tarmid.* "That... thing. Whatever it was. It said the Order was lying to me. What do you make of that?"

"Oh dear." *Tarmid sighed.* "I was hoping it wouldn't come to this."

"You knew about this?" *Brenzen nearly flew off the handle.* "Why didn't you tell me? By the Saints, Tarmid, I thought I could trust you to be truthful with me."

"And I am."

"Then why lie to me, dammit?" *That may have been the first time Tarmid had heard Brenzen curse.*

"I didn't lie, Sir Brenzen. Not once." *Tarmid cut Brenzen's reply off with a masterful teacher's glare.* "If anything, I withheld information."

"But why?"

"Because I didn't know."

Sir Brenzen was taken aback at that. Tarmid could understand why. One would stand to reason that the Scribes would know the truth, but the Order kept the truth sealed in a vault beneath their headquarters. Most scribes only saw the censored, adulterated version of history, the darkest details filtered out to keep the faithful from faltering.

"It was only when I became Loremaster that I had access to the truth. Or anything resembling the truth, I must say. Yes, the Order lied to us, to all of us. Probably since the very beginning, but I can't be certain."

"Alright, so the Order lied to us," *Brenzen said at length.* "But why?"

"Where do I begin?" *Tarmid sighed.* "The simpler facts, I suppose. Our Saints were not exactly examples to dwarven society. Saint Jackal was a guardsdwarf sent to the desert to found a penal colony. Saint Modi wasn't initially Saint Jackal's wife, but a prisoner sentenced for murder who ended up seducing him. Saint Rhaken was a spymaster for the old kingdom and a criminal warlord later in life. Saint Zane was one of his agents. Saint Emdief was an exiled engineer from their Mountainhomes, who came back to life as a woman at the hands of the Fractaldwarf. And Karius Durtis, who mentored Urist McKnight in the years preceding the Migration, was directly responsible for the start of the fall of Steelhold. The majority of the populace had been converted to vampirism, and Karius had them trapped in the deeps and incinerated in a flood of magma before escaping to the surface to chase the Masked One." *Tarmid paused for breath.* "Shall I continue?"

"Wait." Brenzen was shocked. *It looked as if his life had been uprooted and he hadn't the slightest clue what to make of what was left.* "Why would the Order lie to us like that? Why keep the truth hidden?"

"If you weren't born into the Order, would you have joined knowing it was founded on the teachings of criminals of the Old World?" *Much as he hated to admit it, Tarmid could see the point to the lies.* "The Order needed all the numbers they could get, and it's far easier to recruit the young and righteous if they believe they are serving a higher cause, a holy cause. Hence the lie."

Brenzen's icy eyes fell toward the floor as he took it all in. It was only after several moments of contemplating his own navel that the knight chose to speak again.

"You mentioned a Fractaldwarf."

"Yes."

"Our broker is called Fractaldwarf."

"I am aware of that."

"Could it be the same one?"

"After all we've seen in this place, I am all but certain of it."

"Have you spoken to him? It? Something?"

"No. And I would be far more inclined to, if he wasn't described by all counts as a certifiable lunatic."

Brenzen returned to contemplating his navel. He looked for all the world like a dwarf on the verge of melancholy.

"What other lies have we been led to believe?"

"Mostly little things. There are multiple inconsistencies in our records, which leads me to believe we lost sizeable forces at some point without anyone but the higher-ups knowing where they ended up or why. The rest is mostly a number of things that would shake the faith of the most zealous of Knights."

"Such as?"

"I'd rather not be the one responsible for breaking your will, Sir Brenzen," *Tarmid replied.* "But if you must know, the Apocrypha is full of dark revelations. A good deal of it is nothing more than conjecture and madness, but underneath that..."

"It makes perfect sense?" *Brenzen finished for him.*

"Yes."

Brenzen scowled.

"I must know, Tarmid."

"Are you adamant about this?"

"Yes. No more lies, no more censoring. I must know."

"Very well." *Tarmid went to the back of the room and procured a heavy granite box, its surface engraved in the most intricate scrollwork. The bas-relief in the stone seemed to shift in the flickering candlelight, and in that shifting, Brenzen could swear he saw his nightmares beckoning him.*

Tarmid brought the stone box toward Brenzen. The knight reached out to touch it, going against his instinctive revulsion. Tarmid pulled it out of his reach at the last moment.

"Sir Brenzen." *He sounded stern.* "Whatever you discover when you read this, do not let your faith falter. Lies or no lies, the Saints do watch over us. Of this I am certain."

"How can you know?"

"I just do." *They left it at that.*

"What do you suppose spoke to me then? In my dream?" *Brenzen sounded uncertain, apprehensive.*

"I've no idea," *Tarmid replied.* "But I can guarantee you that it wasn't an ally. Do not fall for its wiles, Sir Brenzen. Magic corrupts. We have seen this with our own eyes. It was your skill, not magic, that has kept you safe. Remember this. Even Armok's champions were not invincible."

"I know, Loremaster," *Brenzen said, though he did not sound fully convinced. Tarmid would have to keep an eye on him.* "Speaking of magic, what do we do about the Thane situation?"

"For once, I haven't a clue," *Tarmid replied.* "I suppose we monitor her for now."

"Very well. I'll keep an eye open in the barracks."

"Certainly. And I trust I don't have to remind you to keep that book safe?"

"No eyes but mine will see its pages."

"See to that."

They parted ways then, Loremaster and High Magebane. Once Brenzen was gone, Tarmid eyed the pile of machinery he had been working on. His motivation to pursue that particular line of work had gone down the drain. He had other worries now. He would have to keep a close eye on both Thane and Sir Brenzen, but had no idea how to do it. And he certainly didn't want to invade their privacy. They were his friends, his only friends in the world at this point.

Tarmid knelt before his desk, breathing deeply of the faint scent of book and candle. Then he shut his deep blue eyes and prayed. For Armok knew how long, he prayed, ardent as never before, seeking guidance more than solace. His eyes flew open at the end, and for a moment, he could swear he heard a faint voice, the gruff, rumbling tone of age, whispering to him.

"I hear you," *said the voice. Tarmid was sure he imagined it.* "I hear you and watch over you."

It had to be his imagination. Gods and Saints weren't known for being talkative to the faithful except in the most dire situations. And things in Demongate couldn't have reached that point already.

Could they?

Tarmid rose gingerly to his feet and walked to one of his bookcases, intent on distracting his mind with some reading. His fingers brushed the spines of many tomes before he settled on The Witch-Hunter's Primer, a centuries-old volume detailing long-outdated methods for

locating and taking down practitioners of thaumaturgy. A few hours and many pages later, a strange drawing caught his eye.

A blade of steel and wood opal.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Legs are for Cowards.**
Post by: **Rhaken** on **September 13, 2014, 07:47:41 pm**

Goddamn. Pardon the delay. I was thrown a curve ball this week.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Legs are for Cowards.**
Post by: **4maskwolf** on **September 13, 2014, 08:22:09 pm**

Quote from: Rhaken on September 13, 2014, 07:47:41 pm

Goddamn. Pardon the delay. I was thrown a curve ball this week.

No worries Rhaken, I see you are as skilled as ever in your writing.

Sir Brenzen returned to his quarters swiftly, head down, not looking at other dwarves around him. A few looked at him curiously, but most stayed out of his way. He quickly locked his door, then unlocked the three locks on the top drawer of his desk. With methodical movements, he placed the tome in his desk and locked it there. He slumped down onto his bed, and the memories washed over him.

Brenzen ran for the woods, not looking back. Behind him, he heard the sounds of his parents yelling, then a scream. He looked behind him to see his father falling over, his head cleanly severed by the blade. The cloaked figure turned, throwing the blade out towards his mother, and Brenzen saw that the blade was made of a strange black iron. The blade sunk straight into his mother's heart, then at a motion from the figure flew back into the cloaked man's grasp. His mother slumped to the ground, the life bleeding from her body, as Brenzen watched in shock. His parents... the greatest warriors on this side of the continent... dead... The figure turned, straight towards Brenzen, and suddenly all his fear fell away. Why should he be afraid? This person couldn't possibly want to hurt him.

The figure began moving forward, walking rapidly this time, approaching the motionless dwarf child. Beneath the cloak, it smiled: this was too easy. The minds of mortals were easily clouded, easily fooled. This one would make a fine apprentice when he grew up. It could sense the power coming off of him, but... The figure stopped. There was something wrong. The power was gone. As soon as he stopped, the dwarven child let out a cry of panic and ran away, off into the woods. But how was that possible. The energy couldn't just disappear like that. It had spent far too long seeking the source of the power to be mistaken. It had to be here.

Brenzen watched the figure come closer, a peaceful look on his face. But there was something... something... something wrong. He frowned, struggling to remember. It was just out of reach, but he knew... something. "Run, fool" he heard a gruff voice whisper, and suddenly he remembered. The thing in front of him had killed his parents. He cried out and fled, running off into the woods. Behind him, he heard the footsteps come to a halt, but he kept running... and running... and running...

Sir Brenzen stood slowly, picking up his great pickaxe and walking out the door. It was time to train, whether his heart was in it or not, and he had promised Tarmid to keep an eye on Thane. On the way out, he hesitated, then retrieved the tome and placed it securely within his armor, out of sight. It would hamper his movement slightly, but that was far better than having it fall into the wrong hands.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Legs are for Cowards.**
Post by: **danmanthedog** on **September 13, 2014, 09:50:18 pm**

How is my babies?

Title: **Re: Demongate: Legs are for Cowards.**
Post by: **Gnorm** on **September 13, 2014, 10:01:04 pm**

"So what has the year 665 brought?"

"Nothing of moment, really."

"Tell me anyway. I'm a curious sort of dwarf."

Leopold and Corley sat in DWEORH's conference room. The year 666 had just begun, and the two had taken the opportunity to meet whilst the fortress was caught up in the commotion of the annual overseer-swap. The door had been locked, but neither creature was concerned about being interrupted; their enemies hadn't made any moves on either of them yet.

"Well," began Leopold, "there was the usual sort of thing. Goblins, monsters, artifacts, elves. Everything that a Dwarven fortress can expect to encounter on a yearly basis."

"And what about *you*?" inquired Corley.

"Me? I haven't been able to work on my own projects at all lately. With the duke gone, it seems that the monk was willing to invite me to the Evening Prayers for my input, keeping me busy. As for the monk himself, he didn't seem to have any interest in building DWEORH's headquarters or finishing the mine cart tracks."

"So you are actually a member of the committee now?"

"I can't really say for certain. I'm certainly attending some of the meetings, but I think that the only reason for that I was there last year was because of the monk; he was the only one that seemed to almost trust me. With the knight as the new overseer, time will tell if I'm ever allowed back inside."

"Did you discover anything whilst inside?"

"Nothing. They may have a reputation amongst the peasants that'll whisper conspiracy theories in the dining hall, but they're really just a bunch of drunken bastards who'll debate over how to kill elven traders—or the more notable members were just holding their tongues with me present."

"That's disappointing."

"Yes." Leopold leaned forward in his chair. He was getting tired of discussing such pedestrian matters with—of all people—the Father. What he wanted were answers, answers to the questions that had been troubling him. Perhaps Corley had answers?

"May I ask you something Father?" he asked, though to Corley it seemed as if he was sighing.

"Ask away," Corley responded. Leopold thought that he sensed a twinge of suspicion in his voice. It was very slight, but there

nonetheless.

"What was I doing before our partnership?"

"What exactly do you mean?"

"I mean—pardon me for my faulty memory—I can't really recall what anything about my life before meeting you. Do you know anything about me?"

Corley paused for a long time. Leopold couldn't quite figure out what his facial expressions were; confusion? anger? agitation? Whatever Corley was feeling, Leopold could tell that he was not pleased with the question. After almost a minute, Corley finally made his response.

"How the Hell should I know," he asked in an incredibly nonchalant tone.

Leopold felt as if he had just hit a stone wall. The only dwarf—or dwarf-esque creature—in the fortress that might have known anything either did not or was not going to tell him. It seemed as if he was never going to learn. Stil, there was another question he had that the Father *had* to know the answer to.

"Do you have any more questions?" asked Corley, though his tone indicated that he didn't really want to hear any more; Leopold was undeterred by this.

"Yes. What does your scroll say?"

Corley seemed to relax entirely, losing all the agitation that he had just a moment before.

"Why don't you check the local library?" he asked with a smug grin.

Leopold could not help but laugh. "That so-called 'school-house' or 'library' is a wreck. I hear that it was somewhat popular in its early days, when peasants would go there to study and classes were actually taught. But after a few years, the people lost interest, and likewise, the teachers stopped caring as well. Even if it was still active, I doubt that it would have a copy of your scroll just sitting there for any peasant to read."

"Correct. I doubt that even that Tarmid has even heard of it, let alone read it. After all, he's only a—exactly what rank *is* he?"

"I believe he calls himself 'Loremaster.'"

Corley shrugged. "Maybe he's heard of it, but I expect that a copy of the scroll would be something they would lock away if they had one." Corley reached into his coat pocket and withdrew a tattered piece of parchment. Leopold was sure that it was at least one thousand years old, if not older than that.

"This happens to be an original, found in the hands of a demon. One had managed to escape from Hell by some means, and was impersonating a god of the humans. When an adventurer figured out its ruse and slayed it, all of its possessions were put up for auction of fund a remodelling project. I just happened to be in the area on a scouting mission—I was in disguise, of course—when I came across the scroll and made off with it for all of two silver coins.

"It is called the "Scroll of the End," written in an old Dwarven dialect. I'm not sure if this is the only one in existence or not; there could be thousands of copies for all I know. I've read it over several times, and I have become quite familiar with its contents."

"What does it say Father?"

"It speaks mostly of the fortress Sedilkosoth, of which you're aware. It was a gift to the inhabitants of this world by the creator: Armok. Whoever should control both halves of the fortress may achieve godhood, once the proper ritual is performed."

"And what *is* this ritual?"

"You can leave that to me. Your job is to make sure that the committee doesn't do anything rash. Once this is all over, you will get what it is that you have been wanting."

"I understand Father."

Corley rose to leave; he had to get back to a more secluded part of the fortress. After he was gone, Leopold stood up as well, content that their efforts would be able to outdo any plans of the Evening Prayer Group.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Legs are for Cowards.**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **September 13, 2014, 10:27:45 pm**

Dan, if something happens to you or your children, I'm sure it will feature in the overseer's update. I'll add it to the rules and everything if you want.

Thane's journal
Fallen Angel has taken to disguising himself as me and carrying around a hammer that he thinks is an exact replica of Ob Kat. It's barely even combat worthy- probably as a result of him having no smithing experience- and it doesn't have any amethyst on it, but perhaps it does look vaguely similar to people who haven't been carrying it around and using it for the last decade. If they're a long way away. And have one eye shut. And their other eye is being pecked out by vultures. In any case, I just can't be bothered dealing with him right now. I can't think of a time since arriving at Demongate where I wasn't being stalked by a lunatic, and now that this one has found something else to occupy his time with that doesn't involve desecrating corpses or murdering people I'm just fine with being able to go to sleep without having to worry that someone will try to break into my room and rob me. Now that this is on paper in front of me, I'm a little bit worried about my own state of mind.

In any case, I've been reading up on the Marble Faction again. Some of the books mention some of their offshoot groups being capable of performing exorcisms as a result of their campaign against magic, but since all of our literature came from the Knights it's censored to the point where I'm fairly certain that the references to the technique I found were only there because of lazy acolytes. Doubtless, the Knights have their own ways of dispelling spirits, but I have a suspicion that it would be both painful and fatal for the patient in need of it. It may seem extreme that I want to get rid of the voice that appears to have my best interests at heart, but the fact that it's related to Angel does nothing for my doubts about its sanity, and sometimes I just get the feeling that... there's something off about it. "Something strange about the voice that only you can hear? Surely not!" I've had enough of people trying to manipulate me, so I'm sending it right back to the underworld... spirit world? I'm sending it back to where it came from. Damn spirits. Coming into our world, taking all our sanity. There's barely enough sanity to go around as it is.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Legs are for Cowards.**
Post by: **fractalman** on **September 14, 2014, 10:54:44 pm**

So the order's finally figured it out.

And I'm still alive.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Legs are for Cowards.**
Post by: **danmanthedog** on **September 15, 2014, 07:04:58 am**

Sorry for not posting lets just say xfinity company itself is a bastard.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Legs are for Cowards.**
Post by: **Zaerosz** on **September 15, 2014, 04:49:27 pm**

Quote from: Deus Asmoth on September 11, 2014, 12:44:18 pm
First post is (finally) up to date again. Are we the last 34.11 game still running besides the Museum?
Um. Harvestcoast is still running I guess

Title: **Re: Demongate: Legs are for Cowards.**
Post by: **MDFification** on **September 17, 2014, 03:21:30 pm**

So... any updates inbound?

Title: **Re: Demongate: Legs are for Cowards.**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **September 17, 2014, 04:27:12 pm**

I guess if we go a week without hearing from the overseer in charge, we'll have to move on from now on. Reasonable turn lengths are fine, but there's no point waiting around indefinitely. Mask has been sent a PM, and if we don't get a reply by Saturday the turn goes on to whoever's next in line.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Legs are for Cowards.**
Post by: **FallenAngel** on **September 17, 2014, 04:42:54 pm**

From the engravings of FallenAngel IV, Legendary+2 Bodysurfer

I can't believe how hard it was to sneak into Thane's office to write this without causing too much suspicion. However, I seem to have gained the favor of a few dwarves. One's a bit shorter than normal with a beard that goes to his feet and the other is always carrying six mugs full of various boozes. Not exactly the best driving force of allies, but whatever works.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Legs are for Cowards.**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **September 17, 2014, 05:33:03 pm**

Don't leave your graffiti all over my nice tidy office! Steal corpses and identities as much as you want, but that's plain rude!

In other news, Mask is confirmed for:

*~~Dead~~
*Not dead

Title: **Re: Demongate: Legs are for Cowards.**
Post by: **4maskwolf** on **September 17, 2014, 05:34:51 pm**

4maskwolf is here and writing the next update, but I've hardly been able to sleep for the last couple days due to school, much less post long, thought-through posts on the forums.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Legs are for Cowards.**
Post by: **FallenAngel** on **September 17, 2014, 06:10:59 pm**

Quote from: Deus Asmoth on September 17, 2014, 05:33:03 pm
Don't leave your graffiti all over my nice tidy office! Steal corpses and identities as much as you want, but that's plain rude!

In other news, Mask is confirmed for:

*~~Dead~~
*Not dead

FallenAngel always carries a few stone tablets.
However, he did etch a picture of a camel on fire on the underside of your chair and shuffled your notes to make it look like he was doing something important, so there's that.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Legs are for Cowards.**
Post by: **4maskwolf** on **September 17, 2014, 06:52:44 pm**

For two months, the overseer Sir Brenzen was rarely seen. He was spotted, occasionally, in the barracks, training with the other squads. But the rest of the time, nobody knew where he was, though many suspected he had something to do with the walling off of the underground entrance to the spider fort. Few used the dining area of the spider fort anyway, so nobody objected overmuch to the new arrangement.

On the 28th of Slate, four dwarves received letter in their rooms. Tun, the mayor, Tarmid, the scribe, Ingish, an engineer, and Bomrek, a doctor. The letter read:

Meet at the sealed place when the darkest hour of the night has arrived. There is a matter of dire import to discuss, one that concerns the whole fortress. Ensure nobody follows you.

At the appointed hour, one by one, the dwarves arrived at the wall that sealed off the spider fort. There was a clicking sound from the wall, and part of it slid open to allow them entrance. On the other side of the fake wall stood Sir Brenzen.

"Come, friends." He said simply, turning and striding off into the darkness.

The four dwarves glanced at each other before following Sir Brenzen. He walked a ways down the hall, turned the corner, and they could hear the wall sliding shut behind them. Suddenly, Sir Brenzen turned to the right, halfway down the corridor where a wall used to be. An oil lamp was lit inside, and they could now see a series of rooms, carved out of the dirt, laid out in a somewhat bare fashion. Two tables sat in the center room, pushed together, surrounded by six chairs. Sir Brenzen took his place at the head of the table and, when they all found seats, began to speak.

"Welcome to the first meeting of the Demongate Guardians."

Another post is likely to come later tonight or tomorrow afternoon.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Legs are for Cowards.**
Post by: **4maskwolf** on **September 17, 2014, 07:38:03 pm**

Oh gods I'm sorry....

Good morning Steelhold, to the tune of Good Morning Tucson by Jonathan Coulton (<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=6K9vQoxnqQ0>)

Still so dark because it's
still so early and the
chipper little girly on lookout doesn't mind at all
these phony dining rooms and
fake swords are killing me
this bad liquor's filling me with equal parts joy and rage

Put my armor on and crack in half
I choke back a laugh
Find the dipshits who annoyed me

Good Morning Steelhold!
The magic flows and so I smile wide and say
Good Morning Steelhold!
I'll kill all you before I end my life this way

When I was coming up I
got the axes which means I
got the axes that I wanted
there was no young punk
to steal my iron blades
and I am still sort of amazed that you can be born in the fortress

When I don't like what they talk about
I stab them, bleeding out
They just gasp and cry for air

Good Morning Steelhold!
The magic flows and so I smile wide and say
Good Morning Steelhold!
I'll kill you all before I end my life this way

While they yell and argue I pretend I'm paying notice
But I'm really far away
I'm really far away
I keep my smile warm
So that they don't think I'm evil
'Cause now I have someone to slay
I have someone to slay

The fort is melting but I
Still keep going it's been a
pleasure knowing you I wish you all the best of luck
when my target dies I'm
Comfortable winging it I'm
Practically singing it the song that tears the world apart

Through the incinerating fireball
I see the fortress fall
Into hellfire and ashes

Good morning Steelhold
The magic flows and so I smile wide and say
Good morning Steelhold
I'll kill you all before I end my life this way!

FYI: This song is about a dwarf driven mad by Corley's magic during the fall of Steelhold.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Legs are for Cowards.**
Post by: **danmanthedog** on **September 18, 2014, 06:32:51 am**

I like it

Title: **Re: Demongate: Legs are for Cowards.**
Post by: **4maskwolf** on **September 18, 2014, 07:59:15 pm**

"Welcome to the first meeting of the Demongate Guardians."

Sir Brenzen's voice rang out across the table. There was a brief silence, then a million questions at once.

"Why are we here?"
"What are you talking about?"
"What is going on?"

Tarmid remained silent. He had hoped it would not have to come to this, but Sir Brenzen had deemed it necessary to invoke the emergency plan. They had always had it in their back pocket, in case of a disaster, and perhaps it was getting to the point where drastic action would be needed. Still, Sir Brenzen could be a little less blunt about this.

Sir Brenzen raised his hand for silence, and the clamor died almost immediately, "All will be answered in due time," he turned to Tarmid, "I am invoking the emergency disclosure powers that come with my rank, Tarmid. As a scribe of the order, it is your duty to make note of that, should the council wish to review it."

"Now, to begin. I have the right, as a high magebane of the order of the Knights of St. Zane, to, in an emergency, divulge certain facts about the situation that would be otherwise classified, at my discretion. Let me be clear: nothing any of us say here leaves this room, or there will be hell to pay."

The room was dead silent, apart from the scratching of Tarmid's pen against parchment.

"I have called you here today because you represent some of the most important and skilled dwarves in our fortress. You three have demonstrated yourselves to be dwarves of great courage and quick mind, and that is exactly what we need."

In shortened speech, Sir Brenzen gave the assembled dwarves insight into the current nature of the fortress: of the menace of Castle Helgard, of the true mission of the fortress's founding, and of the magic in their midst. The three laydwarves sat stunned, unsure of what to do with the revelations that had been thrust upon them.

In closing, Sir Brenzen finished, "Each of you have your own unique skills in various areas. Ingish, it is said that you can build any machine, any trap, with ease and simplicity, yet they are far more effective than anything another dwarf can make. Bomrek, you are an expert in examining the bodies of the fallen as well as the wounds of the living. And Tun, you occupy a unique position of trust as our mayor."

Sir Brenzen paused for a moment, then said, in a softer, friendlier tone, "And if we are to survive, if the fortress is to survive, I will need each of you to help us. Can you do that?"

Another long pause, then Ingish stood, "If what you say is true, I am willing to accept the honor of being called a guardian. What is it I can do?"

A weary smile came across Sir Brenzen's face, "Thank you, Ingish. Tarmid can explain to all of you who accept what you can do for the fortress in this hour of need. But an hour has passed, and we must depart, before anyone begins to wonder where we are."

So, yeah, Sir Brenzen just assembled a group of various dwarves to assist in rooting out and eliminating threats both internal and external.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Legs are for Cowards.**
Post by: **4maskwolf** on **September 19, 2014, 11:27:13 pm**

Hey all, quick update, I'm going to be out of town the next couple of days, so the next post should be on Monday. Feel free to write character stuff in the meantime.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Legs are for Cowards.**
Post by: **FallenAngel** on **September 20, 2014, 12:09:38 pm**

From the engravings of FallenAngel IV, Legendary+2 Bodysurfer

I have completed my greatest invention. It is a portal to the spirit dimension. Once I pull the lever, thousands of random troubled souls will be released and haunt those who do not believe in ghosts, or those with far weaker connections to magic than normal. I can't control whose souls will be released, but it'll be the souls of the dead from this continent for sure.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Legs are for Cowards.**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **September 20, 2014, 02:30:05 pm**

Thane's Journal.

I sense a great disturbance in the air, as though millions of voices are sighing in exasperation.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Legs are for Cowards.**
Post by: **Gnorm** on **September 20, 2014, 02:42:51 pm**

There are already ghosts in Demongate! You don't need to create a portal out of nowhere to justify them being there!

Title: **Re: Demongate: Legs are for Cowards.**
Post by: **FallenAngel** on **September 20, 2014, 03:16:00 pm**

Quote from: Gnorm on September 20, 2014, 02:42:51 pm

There are already ghosts in Demongate! You don't need to create a portal out of nowhere to justify them being there!

FallenAngel is going to make more ghosts.
The soul portal was actually a failed donkey maker. Don't ask why a donkey maker was necessary. It just was.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Legs are for Cowards.**
Post by: **Gnorm** on **September 20, 2014, 03:17:32 pm**

Quote from: FallenAngel on September 20, 2014, 03:16:00 pm

Quote from: Gnorm on September 20, 2014, 02:42:51 pm

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The soul portal was actually a failed donkey maker. Don't ask why a donkey maker was necessary. It just was.

Why do we need more ghosts! Why do you want more ghosts! What is your motivation for *anything* you do! How did you make this portal! Why would you make a donkey-maker!

Title: **Re: Demongate: Legs are for Cowards.**
Post by: **MDFification** on **September 20, 2014, 03:18:21 pm**

The Ghost of Vlad is tired of this horseshit.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Legs are for Cowards.**
Post by: **FallenAngel** on **September 20, 2014, 03:25:15 pm**

Quote from: Gnorm on September 20, 2014, 03:17:32 pm

Quote from: FallenAngel on September 20, 2014, 03:16:00 pm

Quote from: Gnorm on September 20, 2014, 02:42:51 pm

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Why do we need more ghosts! Why do you want more ghosts! What is your motivation for *anything* you do! How did you make this portal! Why would you make a donkey-maker!

We need more ghosts because *nothing is happening*. FallenAngel doesn't need a solid motivation for ANYTHING. He does things because things are to be done. The portal was made by fine-welding some plasticone magitek spongiform bovine femurs into a helical shape, which was then infused with the force of 14 slightly upset demigods through continual chanting. The donkey maker was to make transporting goods easier, and because war donkeys.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Legs are for Cowards.**
Post by: **Gnorm** on **September 20, 2014, 04:23:59 pm**

What do you mean "nothing is happening!" If you want more action, why don't you try participating in some of the plot-lines that are *already happening*? If you are going to start something, put some thought into it. Don't just come out and say that you have a spirit portal—or a donkey maker—without any build up or reason. Do you have any plans for where you want to take this story? Could it not be

done with any of the ghosts or phantoms already exist in Demongate? What happened to the plot-line with FallenAngel's brother? Isn't that more important to him than random acts of randomness? Also, even if he was to make a portal to the Afterlife, wouldn't it be better to try and summon something specific instead of just letting so many spirits flow through as they please?

Title: **Re: Demongate: Legs are for Cowards.**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **September 20, 2014, 08:29:50 pm**

Quote from: FallenAngel on September 20, 2014, 03:25:15 pm

Quote from: Gnorm on September 20, 2014, 03:17:32 pm

Quote from: FallenAngel on September 20, 2014, 03:16:00 pm

Quote from: Gnorm on September 20, 2014, 02:42:51 pm

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I tried to understand what you just wrote without resorting to google. This is what I came up with:
Quote

The portal was made by (some form of) welding some (?) (FF6 reference) (femurs from mad cow disease stricken cows) into a spiral

As for needing ghosts because you don't think enough is happening, have you ever watched a film where instead of a plot, there's just things exploding? Just because someone's not putting a doomsday plan into action all the time doesn't mean that nothing is going on, and when there isn't a lot of story in a succession game, that generally means we haven't suffered catastrophic levels of fatalities recently. That is a *good thing*.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Legs are for Cowards.**
Post by: **Gnorm** on **September 21, 2014, 03:00:23 am**

Decided to get my act together and write a few pages in the book of lore that Corley's supposed to have been working for these past years. Will post soon.

A GENERAL HISTORY OF STEELHOLD:

addressed to the Order of the Knights of St. Zane
by Corley, 2nd Baron of the Barony of Steelhold and Father to the Bloodkin forces

Preface

I confess that I am loathe to put pen to paper and put forth this account. Indeed, even after all these many years I still cannot look back upon the fortress Steelhold without feeling the utmost regret for all that transpired in that damned place. There, Dwarfkind's sins—having been kept at bay by monarchical leadership and harsh law—reached their culmination upon being unchecked in the times of anarchy. It would seem as if my clansmen and I are cursed; my father, my cousin, my grand-aunt, and I have all fallen prey to that darkness that one tries—often in vain—to hide. When it came to pass that the Creator Armok found it pleasing to have Steelhold purged and eliminated, not even He could entirely cleanse the evil that lurked within, for I escaped and my tools of destruction followed.

Following my escape, my great conquest would overtake the entirety of what is often called the Old World. My forces seemed to be unstoppable, and the grass upon which I trod turned to ash in my wake. Yet still the evils of my past did haunt me, and the sleepless monstrosity that I have become is an eternal reminder of this. I could never be fully satisfied, and I took my battle to the Mainland. There I nearly met my end by the sword, defeated by an enemy more powerful than I had faced before. Mortally wounded, I was sealed away from the world, locked in a prison of endless sleep. There did I remain for what I have determined to be almost five hundred years.

I awoke within the fortress Demongate, home to a great many helpful dwarves. Your Order retains a strong presence there, as of this writing, primarily through the knight Brenzen and the scribe Tarmid. Of these two, at only one did I attempt harm, only twice, and through indirect means. Through the incompetence of my allies, I was forced to flee the fortress; the scribe lives still.

Through these events, I have come to realize that, despite my reservations, the history of Steelhold and its people. Of those that lived within her halls, very few escaped, and if Karius Durtis ever wrote on the subject, I have no doubt that his writings have been guided astray by his zealous devotion for his master. Indeed, from what I have seen in this new time, several tomes of enormous size exist on the subject of Steelhold, and not a single one exists that is accurate. It has therefore become my duty to set down in ink the truth of the matter, that it may be preserved in fact forever and ever.

Time has indeed distorted the tale of Steelhold. If your Order knows anything about its history, you will know that there was no saint in the fortress, no, not one. Those that your Order adores were at best pillagers, and at worst monsters. There was no victory on their part; I was the sole victor in those days. The truths that will be set forth before you in this volume may not fix what damage has been done to history, but it can be balm to begin its healing.

Consider this history my final gift to Dwarfkind. With it, you that will most certainly be left behind and forgotten when the Ark is born in her glory will with certainty be able to look to the past and leave doubts behind. Steelhold is a reminder of our horrible Dwarven nature; may she live forever in these pages.

—Corley, 2nd Baron of the Barony of Steelhold and Father of the Bloodkin

Title: **Re: Demongate: Legs are for Cowards.**
Post by: **MDFification** on **September 21, 2014, 07:47:52 am**

Quote from: Gnorm on September 21, 2014, 03:00:23 am

Those that your Order adores were at best pillagers, and at worst monsters.

Lol Emdief.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Legs are for Cowards.**
Post by: **FallenAngel** on **September 21, 2014, 10:54:12 am**

Everything I do will make sense eventually.
In the meantime, enjoy the plot holes.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Legs are for Cowards.**
Post by: **Rhaken** on **September 21, 2014, 10:56:22 am**

Quote from: FallenAngel on September 21, 2014, 10:54:12 am

Everything I do will make sense eventually.
In the meantime, enjoy the plot holes.

J. J. Abrams? Is that you?

Title: **Re: Demongate: Legs are for Cowards.**
Post by: **MDFification** on **September 21, 2014, 02:27:58 pm**

Quote from: Rhaken on September 21, 2014, 10:56:22 am

Quote from: FallenAngel on September 21, 2014, 10:54:12 am

Everything I do will make sense eventually.
In the meantime, enjoy the plot holes.

J. J. Abrams? Is that you?

Demongate: Insufficient Lens Flare

Title: **Re: Demongate: Legs are for Cowards.**
Post by: **danmanthedog** on **September 22, 2014, 07:27:53 am**

My god in two days all purgatory break loose. Maybe I should live at my college library to make sure you guys don't release heaven/nordic heaven.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Legs are for Cowards.**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **September 22, 2014, 12:59:09 pm**

Dan, I'm not sure you could do anything for our insanity except make it worse. Or add more dismembered corpses.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Legs are for Cowards.**
Post by: **danmanthedog** on **September 22, 2014, 03:30:27 pm**

Maybe that might work if I get enough bodies to clog the door.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Legs are for Cowards.**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **September 22, 2014, 05:14:09 pm**

...I can see why the people in charge of this place want to be drunk all the time.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Legs are for Cowards.**
Post by: **4maskwolf** on **September 22, 2014, 08:59:15 pm**

Okay so.

I'll give you a game post tomorrow. I swear it on my honor.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Legs are for Cowards.**
Post by: **4maskwolf** on **September 23, 2014, 08:03:52 pm**

Game post coming in a little while, in the meantime, please go edit the wiki as I spent much of my schoolday doing.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Legs are for Cowards.**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **September 23, 2014, 08:19:50 pm**

Oh yeah. We have a wiki. Oops.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Legs are for Cowards.**
Post by: **4maskwolf** on **September 23, 2014, 09:56:51 pm**

Well hell...

Okay so, I played a lot of demongate tonight, but I won't be able to make a post until tomorrow. I'll try to make it extra awesome in exchange.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Legs are for Cowards.**
Post by: **FallenAngel** on **September 24, 2014, 06:36:59 am**

From the engravings of FallenAngel IV, Legendary+2 Bodysurfer

I had the strangest dream. I built a portal out of bizarre materials in hope of making a donkey maker and accidentally made a ghost portal somehow. Through the materials I used, it's more than impossible to make something similar, but when I have a dream like that, there's got to be a reason. I'll build a handheld ghost portal just in case.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Legs are for Cowards.**
Post by: **MDFification** on **September 24, 2014, 02:58:38 pm**

Quote from: FallenAngel on September 24, 2014, 06:36:59 am

From the engravings of FallenAngel IV, Legendary+2 Bodysurfer

I had the strangest dream. I built a portal out of bizarre materials in hope of making a donkey maker and accidentally made a ghost portal somehow. Through the materials I used, it's more than impossible to make something similar, but when I have a dream like that, there's got to be a reason. I'll build a handheld ghost portal just in case.

This improves nothing.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Legs are for Cowards.**
Post by: **danmanthedog** on **September 24, 2014, 03:48:43 pm**

Quote from: MDFification on September 24, 2014, 02:58:38 pm

Quote from: FallenAngel on September 24, 2014, 06:36:59 am

From the engravings of FallenAngel IV, Legendary+2 Bodysurfer

I had the strangest dream. I built a portal out of bizarre materials in hope of making a donkey maker and accidentally made a ghost portal somehow. Through the materials I used, it's more than impossible to make something similar, but when I have a dream like that, there's got to be a reason. I'll build a handheld ghost portal just in case.

This improves nothing.

Really I would think that it would improve our ties with thaumancery. Also still no queen, does it say anything in legends.

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **4maskwolf** on **September 24, 2014, 04:51:58 pm**

Corley sat in the depths of Castle Helgarde, holding one hand over a the pool of water. In the reflection was not, as would be expected, an image of the Castle, but instead an image of the barracks of Demongate. He frowned as he gazed at the image: where was the blasted knight? His spy had reported that Sir Brenzen had seemingly disappeared from the fortress, but surely he had to come out to the barracks every once in a while. So where could he possibly be?

Perhaps it was his extended use of magic, perhaps it was intuition, but suddenly Corley whirled around and thrust his hand towards a robed figure who had appeared in a dark corner of the room. A burst of dark fire rippled out from his outstretched hand, only to die out before it reached the figure. As he moved to defend himself from the attack that must surely be coming, the hooded figure spoke.

"If I were here to kill you, Corley, you would be dead already."

With that, the figure pulled back it's hood, and Corley resisted the urge to jump in shock. A dwarf stood before him, with an expressionless golden mask concealing its features. Silence hung in the air like an oppressive heat, when finally Corley said, "You're supposed to be dead."

The Masked Dwarf chuckled softly, "I suppose you could say that. Emdief's attack left me weak, nearly powerless, for more than a century. It was only the adamantine I had absorbed that kept me alive, in incredible pain. I have been forced to observe the events of the world, powerless to change them. Powerless to aid the worshippers of the true ones who thought me gone forever. But then, much the same could be said for you, couldn't it? You managed to escape from Steelhold's destruction, I see."

Corley remained silent. The less he told this madman, the better. Or madwoman, as the case may be.

The Masked Dwarf gazed silently at Corley for another minute, then gestured at the scrying pool, "You've been working on your magic, I see. Looking for someone?"

Corley clenched his jaw, internally fuming. The Masked Dwarf must take me for a fool, he thought, if he thinks I will tell him anything he can use.

The Masked Dwarf sighed, "I know you don't trust me, Corley. My path and yours have long been different. But if I had wanted to kill you, I would have consumed your essence in darkness the moment I entered the room. Instead, I let you get in the first shot, if only to show you how futile attacking me is."

"I came here to offer some adivce, and a warning. Would you like the advice first."

Corley nodded slowly, uncertain as to whether this was a trick or not.

"Very well. If you truly seek the knight, you will not be able to find him by scrying. The interference put off by Tarmid's thaumateurgical arrays and his own innate magic will hide him. Have your agents listen for tunneling happening within the fortress."

"Now, my warning. If you choose to proceed with your current path, you will find me your enemy. And not only me, but likely the FractalEntity as well."

At the mention of the FractalEntity, a slight chuckle escaped from Corley, "You mean the old fool?"

The Masked Dwarf nodded, "Yes, the old fool. The most powerful mortal thaumateurge."

Corley raised an eyebrow, and the Masked Dwarf sighed again, "I have little time to devote to this matter, so I will explain in brief. I'm sure you've heard that every living creature, or almost every living creature, generates a very small amount of magic by themselves? The knights have a measure for this, the dwarum. Every feat of magic we perform generates a certain number of dwarums. Even I don't know exactly how the strength of ones aura relates to the amount of magic they can channel, but generally a stronger aura means that the creature can channel more magic safely. To put it in perspective, I can channel almost 5000 dwarums with the aid of my lords, and the ritual you used to create your, ah, children, was almost that much, made easier by the ritualistic nature of it."

The Masked Dwarf paused for a moment, then said, "I have personally seen the FractalEntity channel 20000 dwarums of power during a single spell. With ease."

The shock Corley was feeling must have shown on his face, because the Masked Dwarf chuckled slightly, "Don't say I didn't warn you."

The shadows wrapped around the Masked Dwarf, and suddenly Corley was alone again, staring into empty space.

Alright, I'm going to slip out of character and provide some information to put what I just said in perspective. The strength of one's magical aura is far, far lower than the amount the creature can actually channel, particularly if they have a pact with a greater entity that can provide power. The Masked Dwarf, by thaumometer reading, gives off about 49 dwarums of power on a constant basis, which jumps up significantly while using magic. Corley is less magically powerful than the Masked Dwarf, with his spell that created the bloodkin made far easier with the sacrifice of such powerful creatures as demons and the nature of the spell as a ritual. Most mortal magic users, without a pact, can manage between 100-500 dwarums, while pact-bound can sometimes manage 500-2000. I'll probably provide at least some of this information in a later post, but I just wanted to clear something up fairly quickly.

Also, while the Masked Dwarf is technically telling the truth about Fractal's power, he/she is, as usual, leaving something out. The nature of the power source Fractal uses is such that while the power is easy to draw on, it is also incredibly inefficient at accomplishing its task. The sheer power required the generate even a small spacetime rift means that Fractal is using almost three times the amount of energy as a normal mage during most spells. Again, I'll probably reveal this later in character, but I just wanted to get this said so that people don't misinterpret what I'm doing.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Legs are for Cowards.**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **September 24, 2014, 06:12:14 pm**

Thane's journal.

I've been working on ignoring whatever this new sense is lately. I realise that this probably isn't what the voice wanted, but I'm not crazy enough to do things just because a voice or a dream told me to. I can feel a presence in Demongate, watching, searching for something. I remember Tarmid mentioning once that bats don't use their eyes to navigate, instead using the echoes of their surroundings to find their way with their ears. Imagine, then, that there are three giants screaming at this one bat who has only recently learned to hear instead of trying to move through the darkness with only her eyes, and you will understand why I'm trying to control my senses. I have frankly no idea who two of the presences are, but I walked into our broker a few days ago and nearly passed out. There are others, of course. The three lunatics, for a start. I thought I saw something in Brenzen the other day, but I guess he was just standing in the wrong place and a flow just happened to pass through him. Despite all this, I'm getting some measure of control now. I'm still caught in a flood, but it feels like I'm in a boat rather than trying to swim. Today, I managed to drop the reading on Tarmid's thaumometer by two thaums while I was giving him a stockpile update and he was distracted. He seemed on edge while he was talking to me, though, as if he expected me to start shooting lightning bolts from my finger tips. I don't see why that would be a problem. It would look amazing.

Quote from: danmanthedog on September 24, 2014, 03:48:43 pm

Quote from: MDFification on September 24, 2014, 02:58:38 pm

Quote from: FallenAngel on September 24, 2014, 06:36:59 am

From the engravings of FallenAngel IV, Legendary+2 Bodysurfer

I had the strangest dream. I built a portal out of bizarre materials in hope of making a donkey maker and accidentally made a ghost portal somehow. Through the materials I used, it's more than impossible to make something similar, but when I have a dream like that, there's got to be a reason. I'll build a handheld ghost portal just in case.

This improves nothing.

Really I would think that it would improve our ties with thaumancery. Also still no queen, does it say anything in legends?

Legends has diddly squat to say about our queen's current situation. She seems to have vanished into the aether.

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **danmanthedog** on **September 24, 2014, 08:13:06 pm**

What's my levels at, also who is now living in the queen's tower?

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **Gnorm** on **September 24, 2014, 08:32:47 pm**

Interesting post. So the Maskdwarf is back, *and* she knows what Corley is up to? I guess Corley will need to work on his fighting skill.

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **Cinder** on **September 24, 2014, 09:16:12 pm**

PIMPSTACK

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **September 25, 2014, 05:14:12 am**

Dan, could you possibly stop quoting exposition dumps when you only want to ask single sentence questions?

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **danmanthedog** on **September 25, 2014, 07:12:35 am**

Okay my bad I keep forgetting about that I will change it.

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **4maskwolf** on **September 25, 2014, 08:23:46 am**

Remember, the wiki is your friend. Update the wiki.

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **4maskwolf** on **September 25, 2014, 05:20:56 pm**

From the shadows, the stranger watched. Nobody noticed her, even when they walked straight past her. Life in the fortress proceeded as usual, as if the stranger did not exist.

With a twist of her will, Oku dissapeared further into the shadows. She felt them surrounding her, and pushed with her mind. She felt the shadows part, and she stepped out into pitch blackness.

It had been a simple matter to comandeer the spare room that the silly knight had dug out in his "secret" headquarters. It was large, completely unused, and even the knight never entered. It had been a simple spell to seal the door permanently, so that she could have a base from which to operate.

Suddenly, a thought flashed through her head, and she frowned, staring around the room. Something seemed familiar here... something...

The Masked Dwarf watched from the shadows, enjoying the scene unfolding before him. Modi relentlessly forced the poor mad dwarf backwards, inflicting serious injuries upon Lenehan. He smiled behind the mask: things were going exactly according to plan.

He stepped from the shadows, the obsidian knife held before him. As much as he hated the elf-lover, Lenehan's death would not further his goals...

Oku clutched her head, shaking it back and forth. "Where are these memories coming from," she wondered, slowly standing back to her feet. The last thing she remembered was the calling to go to Steelhold, to retrieve the sacred mask from the infidels. While the true ones were not overly concerned with the fate of the mask, they had called her to wear it, and so she had been sent to retrieve it. But she had failed in her mission, but...

How had they known her. The Emdief dwarf had recognized her, despite her never seeing him before. The four dwarves, the ones who wouldn't die, they had known her to. But how...

She shook herself out of her comtemplation. It mattered not what she remembered: all that mattered was the mission. She tapped the ground, and a circle of glowing runes lit up beneath her. There was a mission to complete, and complete it she would. She began to chant, the words of the ritual emanating off of the walls.

Sir Brenzen gestured at the wall, his hesitance obvious in his awkward movements. As usual, nothing happened: no goutts of flame or darkness, no change in the room around him, nothing.

"Magic is a dangerous force," Tarmid had said, "it corrupts even the most pure of heart, turns them into monsters."

Sir Brenzen gritted his teeth, blocking out the memory. The knights had lied to him. He could no longer trust anything they said.

"If anything, I withheld information."

"Shut up Tarmid," Sir Brenzen growled, even though he was alone. He focused on his core, tried to feel the power of the world and within himself like the tome said, but nothing was there. He couldn't sense anything.

There was an oppressive quality to the air, he noticed suddenly. Something that hadn't been there before. Something was going to happen.

He had no idea how he drew that conclusion, or how he reacted so quickly, but he threw out his hands as if to shield himself from an attacker. A wall of roaring, blood-red flames appeared, devouring the darkness that raced out towards him. He felt a surge of enegry through his entire body, and then it was gone. The wall of flames died out.

Something told him that the wall of darkness had not been the primary effect of whatever had happened, nor had been visible to most dwarves. He had no idea how he knew this, but he did, with impossible certainty. He burst out of his door, wearing full battle armor, and ran towards the source of the burst.

So, yeah, Sir Brenzen is not happy with the knights. He isn't renouncing his knightship, not yet, but let's see how this plays out.

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **September 25, 2014, 05:50:02 pm**

I don't see how Oku got the mask back if Shank had it, though. I mean, there's obviously one explanation, but it doesn't feel right somehow.

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **Rhaken** on **September 25, 2014, 05:57:20 pm**

Quote from: Deus Asmoth on September 25, 2014, 05:50:02 pm
I don't see how Oku got the mask back if Shank had it, though. I mean, there's obviously one explanation, but it doesn't feel right somehow.

4mask and I sorted it out, no worries. Technically, Shank is on the side of the Old Gods. And Oku. As far as anyone knows. Least of all himself. Maybe.

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **MDFification** on **September 25, 2014, 05:59:29 pm**

>tfw only guy who allowed their character to reach a conclusion to their story after Steelhold fell (losing their personality and becoming a tool of a vengeful, uncaring god)
>tfw everyone else is alive somehow through magic
>tfw
t(;0;t)

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **FallenAngel** on **September 25, 2014, 06:10:16 pm**

>tfw I never participated in Steelhold because by the time I became a player of Dwarf Fortress Demongate was fairly far along
>tfw I don't know these plots
>tfw I realize I should read these plots

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **CaptainArchmage** on **September 25, 2014, 06:27:46 pm**

Oh look, we’ve got two threads with “Pimpstack” in the title already. This is turning into a meme.

So how’s the fort looking since I last participated?

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **September 25, 2014, 06:44:51 pm**

The fort is looking great. People die, then come back to life for no good reason. I guess it's kind of like a comic book, but with more disregard for sanity. We had a pimpstack first, by the way.

Quote from: MDFification on September 25, 2014, 05:59:29 pm
>tfw only guy who allowed their character to reach a conclusion to their story after Steelhold fell (losing their personality and becoming a tool of a vengeful, uncaring god)
>tfw everyone else is alive somehow through magic
>tfw
t(;0;t)

Asmoth technically reached a conclusion. She realised that creating a bunch of mindless killing machines might not have been the best way to go about building a utopia and turned all existential. And she's alive through !!SCIENCE!!, not magic. So there.

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **CaptainArchmage** on **September 25, 2014, 06:51:03 pm**

Quote from: Deus Asmoth on September 25, 2014, 06:44:51 pm
The fort is looking great. People die, then come back to life for no good reason. I guess it's kind of like a comic book, but with more disregard for sanity. We had a pimpstack first, by the way.

Quote from: MDFification on September 25, 2014, 05:59:29 pm
>tfw only guy who allowed their character to reach a conclusion to their story after Steelhold fell (losing their personality and becoming a tool of a vengeful, uncaring god)
>tfw everyone else is alive somehow through magic
>tfw
t(;0;t)

Asmoth technically reached a conclusion. She realised that creating a bunch of mindless killing machines might not have been the best way to go about building a utopia and turned all existential. And she's alive through !!SCIENCE!!, not magic. So there.

I just remember, yes. There was a pimpstack here first. Apparently, I was partially responsible for that one too.

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **September 25, 2014, 07:06:00 pm**

Does anyone have any idea who's alive and who's dead, by the way? I was planning to update the list.

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **FallenAngel** on **September 25, 2014, 07:15:39 pm**

FallenAngel IV is still alive probably.
FallenAngel as a being is alive. FOREVER.

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **Rhaken** on **September 25, 2014, 07:16:58 pm**

Quote from: FallenAngel on September 25, 2014, 07:15:39 pm

FallenAngel IV is still alive probably.
FallenAngel as a being is alive. FOREVER.

Godsdammit, another one!

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **MDFification** on **September 25, 2014, 07:18:35 pm**

Quote from: CaptainArchmage on September 25, 2014, 06:27:46 pm

Oh look, we’ve got two threads with “Pimpstack” in the title already. This is turning into a meme.

So how’s the fort looking since I last participated?

To sum up the current state of Demongate;

We've seen some serious depletion of military forces (down from 3/4 complete melee squads that were expanding and 2 full crossbow squads to 1 full crossbow squad, 1 partial and 3 half-full melee squads), as well as numerous civilian casualties after near continuous goblin sieges and mega/forgotten beast attacks. Morale is currently OK, with a possible tantrum spiral striking mainly children and the military should one occur. This is likely due to no morale-raising improvements I can find being completed since the reign of Vlad.

The last significant construction since your turn was the creation of the Spider, a giant, dubiously necessary liability. It was a gaping hole in the fort's defenses that serves as a bastion in case the fort falls so far as I can tell... making it the second one we have. I think it was constructed during FallenAngel or Dantheman's reign. I also found an elaborate tomb which appears to have been filled with an unnamed jem cutter. There's an incomplete railroad starting in cavern 1 and leading through cavern 2 to cavern 3, culminating in the apparently walled off and abandoned Miner's Guild. I don't know who started its construction, but this segways neatly into the biggest change; the complete and utter collapse of the cavern defense scheme. There's also been some bewildering changes to the depot airlock; the depots been moved and an abandoned one is walled off. A tower of unknown origin (filled with statues) has been erected in the main courtyard as well, but I have no idea where it came from.

The 1st cavern layer is currently secured by a single door. Which means forgotten beasts can path from the 3rd cavern layer, through the 2nd and 1st, and into the fort since there's an intricate series of passages between them. Actually, the 2nd cavern level also has multiple undefended entrances! Fortunately the only know forgotten beast (the one from my turn that got trapped behind some trees) is unable to utilize this, but future ones might. Were Vlad still alive, I'd make a post to suggest rectifying these issues; since he's dead and my current character is off getting high/being schitzo, I'll just post this instead.

There are some upsides. We're pretty stable morale-wise (I'm surprised, Demongate) and we have the beginning of adequate preparations for engaging the HFS. Still, the main thesis of this post should be understood as **Demongate's military is crippled**. If it weren't for our remaining champions and our well-designed main gate I have no doubt we'd already be overrun or forced to turtle; we've grown complacent. We're taking losses faster than we can replace militia dwarves, and we've allowed previously tight defenses fall apart.

I'm getting a stable 33 FPS. Demongate is aging, and seems to be nearing an inevitable end bar a revitalization. Unfortunately, the leader who canonically would have addressed these issues, Vlad, is dead. The fortress story-wise seems to not have gotten over his death; it's running on inertia thanks to the Prayer Group, but from what I can tell our alcoholic illuminati is falling apart. Thane doesn't trust them anymore, Brenzen doesn't trust them any more, and they've let in a lot of dwarves who are either insane or outright traitorous. The hard core of old EPG loyalists as far as I can tell consist of Thanatos, Tarmid and Cornelius; they can probably call on Thane if she remains sane and feels there's an urgent danger to the fortress.

As dark forces gather, the fortress starts to crumble from within; it's physical decline into weakness matched by the decay of the fort's once proud institutions. Of the old players, the EPG is weaker than ever before; the Miner's Guild has completely lost all political authority, and Vlad's military has been decimated. One good push and Demongate could collapse. Seeing as the leader of our civilization has disappeared (and I think it's likely she was either killed or converted by the Bloodkin) the fall of Demongate could well spell the doom of the New World's dwarves.

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **FallenAngel** on **September 25, 2014, 07:21:17 pm**

Quote from: Rhaken on September 25, 2014, 07:16:58 pm

Quote from: FallenAngel on September 25, 2014, 07:15:39 pm

FallenAngel IV is still alive probably.
FallenAngel as a being is alive. FOREVER.

Godsdammit, another one!

I've been here a while.
Took a while to establish the bodysurfing though. It's somehow hard to die in Demongate unless you're either...
A. A bodysurfer
B. Working under the rule of a bodysurfer

My turn had a high bodycount, including Helgarde. Almost all causalities were due to water pouring down the main stairwell which was being drained into the caverns because it was flooding everything.
There was cat pus EVERYWHERE.
So, basically, it was a normal Tuesday in a dwarven fortress.

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **MDFification** on **September 25, 2014, 07:24:31 pm**

One more thing: We have what is almost a complete magma weapon... except it empties inside our walls. With a few upgrades, this can be turned into a magma reservoir, and then a fully functional cannon.

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **Rhaken** on **September 25, 2014, 07:29:45 pm**

Quote from: MDFification on September 25, 2014, 07:24:31 pm

One more thing: We have what is almost a complete magma weapon... except it empties inside our walls. With a few upgrades, this can be turned into a magma reservoir, and then a fully functional cannon.

We should probably address Demongate's decline first. You're absolutely right, the fort has been crippled to hell and back. And just fixing it would be an endeavor for an entire turn or more, I'd wager. Sadly, I'm not quite at liberty to take a turn. Maybe if the place survives another month.

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **4maskwolf** on **September 25, 2014, 07:46:05 pm**

Quote from: Rhaken on September 25, 2014, 07:29:45 pm

Quote from: MDFification on September 25, 2014, 07:24:31 pm

One more thing: We have what is almost a complete magma weapon... except it empties inside our walls. With a few upgrades, this can be turned into a magma reservoir, and then a fully functional cannon.

We should probably address Demongate's decline first. You're absolutely right, the fort has been crippled to hell and back. And just fixing it would be an endeavor for an entire turn or more, I'd wager. Sadly, I'm not quite at liberty to take a turn. Maybe if the place survives another month.

As a point of fact, our military just lost another brave member to a goblin siege: Besmar Laborglazed, elite marksdwarf, was slain by swordsgoblins after going outside (why oh why) to collect ammunition.

We also lost a legendary planter who went outside against strict burrow orders. Dunno about that one.

On the other hand, our crossbows have proved to be quite deadly. We still have at least two elite marksdwarves left, and the others have not-inconsiderable power. We're basically out of skilled dwarves for the military that I can draft, what with getting no migrants this turn, but I'll figure something out...

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **Rhaken** on **September 25, 2014, 07:50:11 pm**

Waitwaitwaitwait. Waitaminnit. Is Kadol alive? Kadol Matchmanors, the swordsdwarf? He's my favorite non-player dwarf in the fortress. I imagine that if he's still around, he's quite badass. Despite having no right arm.

If he lives, I request his name be changed to Kadol One-Hand, for the sake of badassery. Unless anyone objects.

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **danmanthedog** on **September 25, 2014, 07:52:59 pm**

The tower was for the queen to be locked in also was meant to fall when level was pulled inside. The first deport melted and I couldn't repair so I tried to make another underground.

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **September 25, 2014, 07:57:31 pm**

Kadol One-Hand does sound pretty badass.

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **FallenAngel** on **September 25, 2014, 08:00:18 pm**

You could always draft a Fishery Worker or two and train them. A few Proficient warriors is better than no extra warriors at all.

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **danmanthedog** on **September 25, 2014, 08:03:09 pm**

Use the spear of enlightenment because when we are fighting vampires we need all the help.

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **MDFification** on **September 25, 2014, 08:06:08 pm**

Quote from: Rhaken on September 25, 2014, 07:50:11 pm

Waitwaitwaitwait. Waitaminnit. Is Kadol alive? Kadol Matchmanors, the swordsdwarf? He's my favorite non-player dwarf in the fortress. I imagine that if he's still around, he's quite badass. Despite having no right arm.

If he lives, I request his name be changed to Kadol One-Hand, for the sake of badassery. Unless anyone objects.

He's alive, and managed to get himself a title. He's got 6 notable (including a forgotten beast) and 5 less-than-notable kills. He also appears to have lost his ability to stand in 662 (it's currently 666. If the fortress seemed doomed on any year...) so that would be during the second rule of Thane.

Going in terms of casualties (checking the tombs, which are much, much bigger than they used to be) the fort's population has been dropping since a sharp increase in the deathrate in 661 (FallenAngel's rule). I take it that following those initial losses, we've suffered from military attrition to the point that we haven't been able to pull ourselves back out of the gradual population decline. My recommendation for a enlarged military would be to reorganize again to make sure all of our troops are in squads organized by weapon type, and fill in the gaps with the biggest, least important dwarves you can find. That way our existing soldiers will accelerate the training of our new recruits, and they're more likely to survive the coming battles. A live-training scheme could help too, if someone wants to make the effort to cage a lot of goblins.

EDIT: Just noticed Vlad's tomb is also doubling as Thane's tomb so they can get buried together. This makes me kind of sad. RIP ThaneVlad, the Demongate OTP.

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **Rhaken** on **September 25, 2014, 08:10:37 pm**

Quote from: Deus Asmoth on September 25, 2014, 07:57:31 pm

Kadol One-Hand does sound pretty badass.

Aye. I think I gave him that nickname in one of my story posts.

Checked if he was alive at the end of peregarret's turn. He is alive, ecstatic, and has eleven kills. However, he has lost his wife, youngest son, and eldest son. And his right foot. So basically, in his left hand, he carries a sword, a shield, and a crutch. Bad. Ass.

Quote from: danmanthedog on September 25, 2014, 08:03:09 pm

Use the spear of enlightenment because when we are fighting vampires we need all the help.

I disagree. (http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=7R6_Chr2vro)

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **Gnorm** on **September 26, 2014, 12:29:14 am**

The faction section of the OP needs to be updated to include the defunct Miner's Guild and DWEORH.

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **4maskwolf** on **September 26, 2014, 01:29:50 pm**

Sir Brenzen skidded to a halt, his pace broken by the sound of the invasion alarm. He cursed: investigating the magical pulse would have to wait. He changed directions, heading for the barracks, watching the civilians pour into the fortress walls. The archers raced past, snatching bolts as they went, climbing the stairs to the upper sections of the wall.

"Close the Depot! Ready the gatehouse!" Sir Brenzen yelled, and watched as the nearest civilians ran to pull the appropriate levers. The military was almost fully assembled, just a couple of dwarves still running to their posts. He saw Tarmid climbing the stairs to the archer tower and looked away, concentrating on the task at hand.

The wait seemed interminable. From the archer tower, he could hear shouts and the plinks of crossbow fire, but the doors to the gatehouse prevented him from seeing the effects the bolts were having. He heard the roaring of trolls on the far side of the walls, over by the depot, and a sudden thought struck him. As long as there was a heavily guarded carvan in the depot, which seemed to not want to leave, he may as well put them to use.

"Lower the Depot bridge!"

The closest civilian, a farmer, gave him a sideways glance, but performed the order. A few minutes later, one of the crossbowdwarves clambered down the stairwell. "Sir Brenzen, sir! One of the farmers has left the fortress! He's being chased by a troll!"

Sir Brenzen swore: the civilians knew better than to do something this stupid. He ran up the stairs, nearly bowling over the crossbowdwarf, and sprinted towards the trade depot. He saw the caravan guards hacking at a troll further down, and as he approached one of the axedwarves embedded his axe in the troll's skull. Sir Brenzen raced past, sprinting down the ramps that led to the depot and out of the fortress walls.

He was too late. The troll stood over the farmer, who had clearly bled out from a massive gash in his side. With a cry of rage, Sir Brenzen ran at the troll, and within moments the troll lay on the ground, dead. Breathing heavily, Sir Brenzen returned to the fortress.

The battle was finally over. Sir Brenzen planted his pickaxe in the skull of the last wounded goblin, watching as the last of the swordsgoblins ran over the horizon. Despite his best efforts, two dwarves had been lost today: one of Demongate's most skilled farmers, and one of its last elite marksdwarves. He returned to the barracks and gazed around, looking at what military the fortress had left. The fortress had its champions, yes: Thane, Thanatos, and a few others. He supposed even he could be added to that list. But all of this seeming strength hid an even greater weakness. One large siege, one concerted effort by the goblins, and the fortress would crumble.

A memory of Vlad rose unbidden in Sir Brenzen's mind, of the time when Vlad had taken over control of the military. Although being dismissed as militia commander had wounded his pride, and the knights being moved to other squads had been almost intolerable, that had been the glory day of Demongate's military. What Demongate needed right now was more soldiers, and quickly.

Sir Brenzen watched impassively as the dwarves filed into the room. Some of them clearly remembered the last time that they had been called to a fortress meeting, and Sir Brenzen couldn't blame them for being wary. Behind him stood Thane, Thanatos, and Tun Logenkazud, three of Demongate's militia captains.

Finally, all of the dwarves had arrived. It was a tight fit, squeezing all of the fortress's members into one place, but they were all there.

"Dwarves of Demongate," Sir Brenzen began, "Today is a sad day. We mourn the deaths of two of our number, whom the goblins took from us."

"It is because of this that I have called you here. We have grown complacent, confident in the strength of our military. Meanwhile, one by one, our dwarves are killed off, until someday, maybe soon, there will not be enough of the military left to keep the goblins at bay."

"I will be blunt: we need more soldiers. Our military has been in decline ever since Vlad reworked it. Our squads have grown weaker and weaker, as one by one they are killed by invaders."

"After I am done speaking, I would like all dwarves willing to enter the military to stay in this room. The militia captains will choose from among you who they wish to be in their squads. But this effort will take more than simply refilling our ranks. We need better weapons, better armor, expanded defenses. I have already marked out areas to build our new defenses, and Tarmid has approved the requisite work orders. With your help, we shall all survive, now and in the future. Thank you for your time. You may go."

Alright, so, I guess I'll take the time to explain my plans for the fortress's defense.

I'm planning on expanding and improving the Surface Palisade to force hostiles to subject themselves to ballista and archer fire as they try to approach the fortress. Once they leave the ballista firing range, they will be confronted by the melee squads of the military.

As for the military itself: I plan on filling the ranks of the 1st hammer, 1st sword, 1st axe, 1st crossbow, 1st hellguard, and creating a new squad (the 2nd hellguard) as a group of heavily armored warriors (weapon still undetermined) lead by one of the experienced warriors of the fortress who isn't already a militia commander. Then, we'll have six full squads, plus Sir Brenzen, the lone bowman, and the scribes of St. Zane. Additionally, I'm going to order the construction of a plethora of archery ranges to allow the archers to train while not on siege defense duty. I also plan on setting up a catapult firing range and devoting three or so dwarves to siege operation, so that they can be ready in the event of a siege.

Edit: The wiki is your friend. Update the wiki. There's only so much updating I can do before I simply don't have the knowledge to update any more.

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **MDFification** on **September 26, 2014, 01:37:36 pm**

For the 2nd Hellguard you could use our remaining speardwarfs (headed by the legendary speardwarf and legendary drug dealer Beef Vanderhug?).

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **September 26, 2014, 03:20:38 pm**

Well, I've got the Overseer list and alive/dead thing up to date (to the best of my knowledge) on the wiki anyhow. I'll try get some proper updating done tomorrow.

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **TheFlame52** on **September 26, 2014, 03:22:52 pm**

Is the crippled brewer still alive? I feel kind of responsible for him, considering he was crippled during my overseership.

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **danmanthedog** on **September 26, 2014, 04:13:03 pm**

Quote from: TheFlame52 on September 26, 2014, 03:22:52 pm

Is the crippled brewer still alive? I feel kind of responsible for him, considering he was crippled during my overseership.

No he is not. He started spamming canceling jobs so I locked him in a statue area with food and alcohol but he wouldn't drink so he died.

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**

Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **September 26, 2014, 05:20:55 pm**

I'm nearly certain that it's a bad thing that my reaction to this is

- 1: There are more efficient ways of killing useless dwarves.
- 2: If he can't do his job, you shouldn't be wasting food on him anyway.

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**

Post by: **4maskwolf** on **September 26, 2014, 07:00:37 pm**

Quote from: MDfification on September 26, 2014, 01:37:36 pm

For the 2nd Hellguard you could use our remaining speardwarfs (headed by the legendary speardwarf and legendary drug dealer Beef Vanderhuge?).

Actually I have a different plan for the hellguard that I thought up today. You'll see what the plan is when I make the post in question.

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**

Post by: **Gnorm** on **September 26, 2014, 08:21:58 pm**

So, what's Leopold's status regarding fort politics? After his term, it seems that Cornelius brought him into an Evening Prayer Meet at least once. Considering Sir Brenzen's in charge though, I expect he won't receive any invitations any time soon.

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**

Post by: **4maskwolf** on **September 26, 2014, 09:19:46 pm**

Quote from: Gnorm on September 26, 2014, 08:21:58 pm

So, what's Leopold's status regarding fort politics? After his term, it seems that Cornelius brought him into an Evening Prayer Meet at least once. Considering Sir Brenzen's in charge though, I expect he won't receive any invitations any time soon.

Eh. Sir Brenzen isn't going to revoke Leopold's invitation, so he can stay in the prayer group. Seeing as how power is starting to shift away from them, though, there will be less interesting information for him to bring back. I'm sure that if Sir Brenzen did enough digging he could find something slightly suspicious, but he's not checking the evening prayer group people as thoroughly as he checked the guardians, so unless Leopold is a bad spy he can stay.

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**

Post by: **4maskwolf** on **September 26, 2014, 09:24:47 pm**

Hey, could someone go through the last save and figure out who the two best soldiers in the main melee squad are other than the squad leaders. Just two, not two for each squad. And could you tell me their names and weapons?

Sorry, I don't have access to the save right now.

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**

Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **September 26, 2014, 10:51:33 pm**

"We need to do more than just fill in the gaps in our forces with untested recruits," Brenzen said. "I want you to recommend two for promotion to the rank of captain so we can train recruits more efficiently."

Thane nodded. "Well, Tosid Rithludodok from the first axe and Ushat Mengkol of the first sword are the best we've got, if you want my opinion on it."

"Better than me?" Thanatos snorted.

"You're not even in their league," she snapped before turning back to Brenzen. "But I wouldn't say they're the best choice for promotion. I am the only person in my squad who actually uses a hammer, so if it's efficiency you're looking for my advice would be to give the new squads to Beef Vanderhuge for spears and Melbil Arbanas with maces. Fill the squads out from there, just don't expect any miracles. I'd be surprised if the new blood knows which end to hold a blade with."

"And that's your final opinion?" asked Brenzen. Thane nodded, shrugging. "So be it. I'll take it under advisement. Dismissed."

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**

Post by: **4maskwolf** on **September 26, 2014, 11:37:43 pm**

"Are you sure that the new defensive structures will help us, Ingish?" Sir Brenzen asked, pacing the meeting area.

"For the third time, Sir, it's the best I could devise under the limited notice I was given for planning the new defenses. If you had wanted better, you should have given me more time to work."

Sir Brenzen nodded tersely, then turned to Bomrek, "How have your studies been going."

Bomrek pursed his lips, "It's rather difficult to get a good feel for the anatomy of such creatures without a specimen, you understand. I'm gleaning as much as I can from the descriptions and have a few rough sketches, but my work would be much faster if I had one of these bloodkin to study. Even a corpse would be better than what I have now."

Sir Brenzen nodded once more and turned to Tun, "Have you discovered anything that would be important to share with your fellow guardians?"

Tun hesitated, then nodded, "There are more than a few who object to your overseership, Sir Brenzen. They say that a military dwarf should not be in charge of the civilian affairs of the fortress. Which brings me to a suggestion of mine."

Sir Brenzen waited, and after a moment of silence Tun continued, looking slightly disconcerted, "While one of us serves as overseer of the fortress, we will be able to easily steer events to the betterment of Demongate. However, terms as overseer are short, usually limited to one year, and I'm sure you will continue this tradition. So what then? How do we prevent those with less than pure intentions from using the fortress for their own ends?"

"We need a military, Sir Knight. A force that answers to us and us alone, so that we can take back the fortress should the need arise. One that is well trained and well equipped, so as to be a significant force. While I find it distasteful to do so, it appears to be a necessity."

The next ten minutes of the meeting were filled with debating, with even Tarmid jumping in to propose his viewpoint. In the end, by a vote of 3-2, the Guardians agreed, reluctantly, to form a military branch.

"Very well," Sir Brenzen said, standing up from his seat, "I will discuss possible candidates for promotion to militia captain with my fellow military leaders. Unless there is any more to discuss, the meeting is adjourned."

After a thorough check of the candidates, performed by Tun and Sir Brenzen, Beef Vanderhuge and Melbil Arbanas were given squads and a new barracks in the cleared-out hellfort. Their ostensible mission: to protect the fortress against any invading demonic entities.

Forming the first and second squads, hellguard, they were given specific orders not to respond to normal crises, to instead train until they were needed to fight the demons sealed beneath the adamantine sword.

Only Melbil Arbanas knew the true mission of the hellguards: to protect the fortress from internal threats. None others were trusted with that information to start: that would come in time. It was an unfortunate necessity, Sir Brenzen pondered, that the Guardians, who worked for the good of Demongate, would require a secret army. But it had to be done.

Alright, so, the hellguard might need a bit of explaining:

Note to future overseers: do not send the hellguard into battle. They are specifically forbidden from entering battle on Sir Brenzen's orders, as they are needed to keep constant vigilance on the demon fortress.

What the rest of the fortress knows about the hellguard:
They are two squads who train apart from the rest of the fortress, down in the demonic fortress, to keep an eye on any possible demonic breakins. They were handpicked by Sir Brenzen and Melbil Arbanas on Thane's suggestion. Their ostensible mission and training location are no secret, and a few dwarves have confirmed that they do indeed train exactly where they are expected to be.

What they don't know: The Hellguard is the military arm of the Demongate Guardians, although currently they are acting as sleeper agents, since they perform no actions outside of their declared duties. Currently, only Melbil knows this secret among them, but will eventually share it with others. All of the squad members were handpicked to be dwarves of known good character and strong loyalty to the fortress, to better facilitate their mission.

So, uh, yeah, have fun. And I swear on my honor that's the last group I'll create this turn.

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **fractalman** on **September 26, 2014, 11:54:32 pm**

The work had begun. While everyone else was running around like "a dying, headless chicken", FractalEntity had set his mind to a much more important task: upgrading the revolving door to the afterlife. As things were now, it was a rusty thing that squeaked horribly when anyone tried to use it. Apply some eldritch elbow grease, and it would be better than new: people would be able to come and go as freely as they pleased, without relying on those fickle fate fields. Or bodysnatching. Or timeline changes. Or...

It would take years. Decades. Maybe centuries or millenia. But the work had begun.

In the meantime, a rather important problem presented itself: sewer brew, sunshine, or a 50/50 mix?

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **September 26, 2014, 11:56:12 pm**

Just as long as the Hellguard never has an Order 66 moment. And they leave those statues where they are.

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **Gnorm** on **September 27, 2014, 12:07:00 am**

Corley's Journal
The Maskdwarf
--
The Maskdwarf just came here, alive! How could something even like him survive Steelhold, and for as many years as have passed! He's definitely not an ordinary dwarf, that much I have always known; what he is I don't know. He claims to have the power of the "True Gods," but what that means, I can't say. How long has he been here? Has he been watching me for all these past years?

He claims to have knowledge of my goals and the Ascension Project, and he has ordered me to stop. He threatens me with magic, claiming that he can dispatch me without effort, but I doubt his words. If he truly wanted my plans to be stopped, he would have killed me—I'm not going to give into any command's of his—and I wouldn't put it past him to lie. Perhaps he actually wants me to disobey him; there's only one way to find out. The demon seems to have considerable thaumateurgical skill, as he demonstrated in our recent confrontation. I tried to cast a basic offense spell at him, but it didn't work; I was never much of a combat-magic user anyway. If he comes back, I'll use the matchlock, and should that fail, he'll taste my sword.

A few things that the Maskdwarf said to me struck me as quite odd. For one, he stated that the FractalEntity is apparently one of the strongest thaumaturges around. I suppose that explains why he can simply rise from the grave whenever he feels like it, but how would the Maskdwarf know so much about the issue. He gave the implication that the two of them were working together, saying that he'll be my enemy too if I continue with my plans. I might see about having a little chat with him. The Maskdwarf also advised me to check for tunneling in the fortress. I'm not sure what he meant by that—whether literally or figuratively—but I've told Leopold to have his men keep an eye open.

I feel that I'll need more information now that I know about the presence of another enemy. I've requested that Leopold take any scroll, book, pamphlet, or tome from the library related to Steelhold or cultism and to bring it here to me; I have plenty of studying to do if I'm going to stay alive. I told him that he should also ask Tarmid if he knew of any such works that were not in the library, and that should questions arise—for they are wont to do so when the Order is involved—to say that its just historical and theological curiosity. Until then, I wait.

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **4maskwolf** on **September 27, 2014, 03:31:57 pm**

Quote from: Deus Asmoth on September 26, 2014, 11:56:12 pm
Just as long as the Hellguard never has an Order 66 moment. And they leave those statues where they are.
Their entire mission, as far as the rest of the fortress knows, is to keep those statues in place and make sure nothing comes out of the depths.

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **FallenAngel** on **September 27, 2014, 03:47:52 pm**

Now I have an irresistible urge to move those statues...

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **Gnorm** on **September 27, 2014, 03:54:01 pm**

Does anyone else in the fort have any knowledge of the Demongate Guardians even existing, or just of the Hellguard?

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **4maskwolf** on **September 27, 2014, 04:00:10 pm**

Quote from: Gnorm on September 27, 2014, 03:54:01 pm
Does anyone else in the fort have any knowledge of the Demongate Guardians even existing, or just of the Hellguard?
Just the Hellguard. The Demongate Guardians are a secret society, so to speak.

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **MDFification** on **September 27, 2014, 05:06:33 pm**

It'd be a shame to waste the Hellguard for simply plot reasons. I recommend digging them a proper barracks down in the midst of the cavern levels (perhaps doubling as a better bastion? Our current fallback points are insufficiently supplied to handle the fort's population, and it never hurts to have a secondary one in case of emergency) and using them as our front line against forgotten beasts.

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **4maskwolf** on **September 27, 2014, 05:11:29 pm**

Quote from: MDFification on September 27, 2014, 05:06:33 pm
It'd be a shame to waste the Hellguard for simply plot reasons. I recommend digging them a proper barracks down in the midst of the cavern levels (perhaps doubling as a better bastion? Our current fallback points are insufficiently supplied to handle the fort's population, and it never hurts to have a secondary one in case of emergency) and using them as our front line against forgotten beasts.

Part of their duties (once they are skilled enough) will be forgotten beast cleanup, yes. I'll probably take your advice on moving supplies down there, but why dig out a bastion when we have one already built for us?

Edit: but if the defenses work as they hopefully will, we'll hardly need them on the surface. Also, since I'm going to have them training around the clock, they can serve as powerful backup troops should the need arise. Particularly if we continue playing this fortress for another five or so years, we may need two whole squads of experienced soldiers to supplement whatever is left of the normal squads. I do have plans for the future of putting them back into the regular military, but for now I don't think we really need them, particularly since most of them are so new to fighting. I have practical reasons for isolating them as well as story reasons.

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **FallenAngel** on **September 27, 2014, 05:31:14 pm**

FallenAngel IV's room
"Ah, there's where I put it. Can't believe I tried to jam it between the bricks..."

From the engravings of FallenAngel IV, Legendary+2 bodysurfer

(the top half of the tablet is missing)
have a plan. Given my average aiming skills and lack of experience with a crossbow, I will construct a device I saw in a dream about the far future. It's two small, curved glass panes with the outer one being larger, all surrounded by a rigid material. Said object will, when attached to a crossbow, permit anyone to get a better idea of where they are aiming, increasing accuracy fourfold at the very least - all it requires is knowledge of how to make a crossbow fire, which is easy to pick up. The second part of the plan involves string and paper, which I've already taken and have in my lab. This requires no magic. The most rudimentary thing I have ever built.

This is my finest hour.

Later, in FallenAngel IV's part of Dantheman's lab
"It was so nice of the glassworkers to take some clear glass and make these lenses. Now, to take some wood to make the outer part..."

Two hours later
"Success! And now to attach it to the crossbow, which I... uh... borrowed from a ranged squad..."

(the sound of wood clacking against metal is heard throughout the halls)
"...and there, it's done. Now, to relay the message..."

The halls of Demongate, outside Thane's room
"Perfect, she's about to get out of her room. Bolt? Check. Note? Check. String? Check. Device? Check. Crossbow? Check."

(FallenAngel IV aims the crossbow, sending the bolt inches past Thane's skull and into her bedroom wall)
"Now to run while she's still confused."

From the writings of FallenAngel IV, Legendary+2 Bodysurfer

Thane, I have something that must be discussed. Meet me at my tomb in two hours. And bring Ob Kat.

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **danmanthedog** on **September 27, 2014, 05:49:42 pm**

There is the room I made for the host in the dark fortress you can take but must taken with plot force. :P

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **September 27, 2014, 07:59:01 pm**

*Thane stared in disbelief at the note on the bolt. The fact that it was there was a fair indication that the lunatic hadn't planned to kill her, but on the other hand it wasn't the most pleasant of things to wake up to. Muttering curses under her breath she stormed towards the offices, shouldering several dwarves with slow reflexes out of her way.
"Brenzen!" Thane shouted, hammering on the door of his room with her fist. "Come out! I've had enough of this shit!"
The door creaked open, revealing the knight.
"What?" he asked curtly, glaring at her still-clenched fists. For a moment, Thane thought she saw a swirl of magic around him, but it vanished just as quickly.
"Him!" she said, throwing the bolt on Brenzen's table. "This utter psycopath! He's tried to rob me, he's been vandalising my office! He reanimated Vladamir's corpse for Rakas' sake! He fired this at my head a couple of minutes ago, and now he wants me to meet him to talk!"
"And what do you want me to do about it?"
"You could do your job for a start," Thane snarled. "You're supposed to hate magic, yet you're letting a necromancer who claims to be a gods damned demon roam around freely in a military run fortress? Cut his head off, burn him at the stake, bury him under a crossroads! I don't care!"
You could just go and see him. He probably thinks he can help you.
Thane suppressed a scream with difficulty. She was certain she'd never been this furious before, so full of rage that it felt like more was flowing into her from every direction. Two rooms away, Tarmid frowned in confusion as the reading on his thaumometer dropped by fifteen. Thane breathed deeply.
"I'm warning you now," she said quietly. "If I go to see Fallen Angel, or if he comes to find me after I don't, and someone else isn't there,*

one of us is going to die. I've had enough. I'm asking you, as a friend, to stop me from trying to kill one of the people I'm meant to be protecting."

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **FallenAngel** on **September 27, 2014, 08:08:58 pm**

At FallenAngel's tomb

"Where is she? From everything I have gathered, convincing someone you don't plan to kill them by firing a crossbow bolt near their head but missing on purpose should work. Dwarves are *weird*. Maybe after this fortress falls I'll be a goblin for a while. That'd be fun."

(FallenAngel IV taps his foot)

"She'll come by eventually; after all, I stole some important papers. In the meantime..."

(FallenAngel IV pulls out a large book)

"...time to read up on more magic that even I haven't tapped yet."

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **September 27, 2014, 08:13:30 pm**

Thane doesn't even have a thaumometer!

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **Rhaken** on **September 27, 2014, 08:14:28 pm**

Quote from: FallenAngel on September 27, 2014, 08:08:58 pm

"She'll come by eventually; after all, I stole some important papers and the Thaumometer. In the meantime..."

...You whatnow.

Tarmid is the one with a thaumometer. And you'd have to pry it from his cold, dead fingers, even if by some miracle you knew it existed. And where did you get those "important papers"?

EDIT: Ninja'd.

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **FallenAngel** on **September 27, 2014, 08:16:57 pm**

Quote from: Deus Asmoth on September 27, 2014, 08:13:30 pm

Thane doesn't even have a thaumometer!

The word "Thane" looks a lot like the word "Tarmid". Changing it.

EDIT: There's not too much paper in Demongate; the most logical option was to take some from Thane's office while she was asleep, so that's where the important papers were gotten from.

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **4maskwolf** on **September 27, 2014, 08:26:37 pm**

Check your pm's, Fallen.

Hey everyone, I'd like to say something rather important for the future of the fortress. What some of you may not know is that there is a lot of work done behind the scenes to coordinate the story and ensure that in the end, there is a satisfying conclusion for everyone. One of the things that I've realized recently is that because this is mostly done by the "old guard": me, Rhaken, Deus Asmoth, MDFication, and Gnorm, that it not only excludes you all from the ongoing plot but also means that you don't know what we have planned. This can have unforeseen consequences that, while sometimes helpful to the story, can also cause disruption, and frankly we're probably the ones to blame for that for not working with you all to weave your personal narratives into the larger story.

So, I'm going to say something here: if there is something specific you are going for, something you want for your character's story, pm one of us. We can help you accomplish it while also making it more awesome by having actually affects on the story as a whole.

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **Rhaken** on **September 27, 2014, 08:31:29 pm**

Quote from: 4maskwolf on September 27, 2014, 08:26:37 pm

Check your pm's, Fallen.

Hey everyone, I'd like to say something rather important for the future of the fortress. What some of you may not know is that there is a lot of work done behind the scenes to coordinate the story and ensure that in the end, there is a satisfying conclusion for everyone. One of the things that I've realized recently is that because this is mostly done by the "old guard": me, Rhaken, Deus Asmoth, MDFication, and Gnorm, that it not only excludes you all from the ongoing plot but also means that you don't know what we have planned. This can have unforeseen consequences that, while sometimes helpful to the story, can also cause disruption, and frankly we're probably the ones to blame for that for not working with you all to weave your personal narratives into the larger story.

So, I'm going to say something here: if there is something specific you are going for, something you want for your character's story, pm one of us. We can help you accomplish it while also making it more awesome by having actually affects on the story as a whole.

This message endorsed by the Steelhold & Demongate Conspiracy Foundation (probably).

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **danmanthedog** on **September 27, 2014, 08:36:51 pm**

I like how in story every one is hating on fallen but did every one forget about my body stealing. (I can't really post long posts because of data.) Also how goes the spear trapping for hell?

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **Gnorm** on **September 27, 2014, 08:42:49 pm**

Quote from: danmanthedog on September 27, 2014, 08:36:51 pm

I like how in story every one is hating on fallen but did every one forget about my body stealing. (I can't really post long posts because of data.) Also how goes the spear trapping for hell?

You body swapped once. He is in his fourth incarnation, steals corpses of major characters, declares a powerful artifact to be his brother and attempts to steal it, impersonates a main character, and attacks characters for teh lulz.

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **FallenAngel** on **September 27, 2014, 08:55:06 pm**

Quote from: Gnorm on September 27, 2014, 08:42:49 pm

You body swapped once. He is in his fourth incarnation, steals corpses of major characters, declares a powerful artifact to be his brother and attempts to steal it, impersonates a main character, and attacks characters for teh lulz.

Your point? I see nothing wrong with how the story is progressing.

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **Gnorm** on **September 27, 2014, 09:14:47 pm**

Quote from: FallenAngel on September 27, 2014, 08:55:06 pm

Quote from: Gnorm on September 27, 2014, 08:42:49 pm

You body swapped once. He is in his fourth incarnation, steals corpses of major characters, declares a powerful artifact to be his brother and attempts to steal it, impersonates a main character, and attacks characters for teh lulz.

Your point? I see nothing wrong with how the story is progressing.

If you see nothing wrong with how your story is progressing, perhaps I am mistaken, unenlightened. Explain to me then, how I can understand it, for I am in need of your help. How is your story progressing, from the beginning where you were burning insects for fun up until now? Where do you plan to take this story?

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **4maskwolf** on **September 27, 2014, 09:23:15 pm**

Quote from: Gnorm on September 27, 2014, 09:14:47 pm

Quote from: FallenAngel on September 27, 2014, 08:55:06 pm

Quote from: Gnorm on September 27, 2014, 08:42:49 pm

You body swapped once. He is in his fourth incarnation, steals corpses of major characters, declares a powerful artifact to be his brother and attempts to steal it, impersonates a main character, and attacks characters for teh lulz.

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Gnorm.

First of all, the passive-aggressive nature of that was uncalledfor. Second, he doesn't have much of a plan. I asked him. But I'm also going to try to work with him to refine his plans (read: have a clear direction to work towards).

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **MDFification** on **September 27, 2014, 09:32:29 pm**

>And so the IRL Evening Prayer Group rears its ugly head, and the thread was thrown into chaos.

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **Rhaken** on **September 27, 2014, 09:35:25 pm**

Quote from: MDFification on September 27, 2014, 09:32:29 pm

>And so the IRL Evening Prayer Group rears its ugly head, and the thread was thrown into chaos.

This might be a bad time to mention that I'm a teetotaler.

Obviously, one of you must drink my share. I nominate MDFI.

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **MDFification** on **September 27, 2014, 09:41:29 pm**

Quote from: Rhaken on September 27, 2014, 09:35:25 pm

Quote from: MDFification on September 27, 2014, 09:32:29 pm

>And so the IRL Evening Prayer Group rears its ugly head, and the thread was thrown into chaos.

This might be a bad time to mention that I'm a teetotaler.

Obviously, one of you must drink my share. I nominate MDFI.

My liver may never forgive you.

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **fractalman** on **September 27, 2014, 10:55:19 pm**

Quote from: danmanthedog on September 27, 2014, 08:36:51 pm

I like how in story every one is hating on fallen but did every one forget about my body stealing. (I can't really post long posts because of data.) Also how goes the spear trapping for hell?

Everyone?

Nah. My character noticed your bodysurfing, said hi, then wondered why none of the other "main characters" were bodysurfing reliably.

Three months later, it hit him: he needed to upgrade the resurrection mechanic of the universe.

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **Rhaken** on **September 27, 2014, 10:58:04 pm**

Quote from: fractalman on September 27, 2014, 10:55:19 pm

Quote from: danmanthedog on September 27, 2014, 08:36:51 pm

I like how in story every one is hating on fallen but did every one forget about my body stealing. (I can't really post long posts because of data.) Also how goes the spear trapping for hell?

Everyone?

Nah. My character noticed your bodysurfing, said hi, then wondered why none of the other "main characters" were bodysurfing reliably.

Three months later, it hit him: he needed to upgrade the resurrection mechanic of the universe.

Holy crap you're alive.

Hypothetically, if Tarmid were to ask your dwarf about Steelhold, how much of the truth would he get?

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **September 27, 2014, 11:04:49 pm**

Quote from: FallenAngel on September 27, 2014, 08:55:06 pm

Quote from: Gnorm on September 27, 2014, 08:42:49 pm

You body swapped once. He is in his fourth incarnation, steals corpses of major characters, declares a powerful artifact to be his brother and attempts to steal it, impersonates a main character, and attacks characters for teh lulz.

Your point? I see nothing wrong with how the story is progressing.

There's nothing wrong with how the story is progressing, it just makes sense that every other dwarf in Demongate would think you're a sociopath.

Also, for people interested in coordinating with the overarching plotlines, there's link in the OP to a discussion. If you want to keep your plans private and react to things as they come, that's fine too, but if you're involving other people it's polite to give them some idea of what you have in mind.

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **danmanthedog** on **September 28, 2014, 07:28:20 am**

I was playing around... damm the passive aggressive is thick like molasses. Let's all take a breather and burn some elves.

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **Zaerosz** on **September 28, 2014, 09:03:34 am**

I'd like to point out to FallenAngel that it generally helps if things actually make sense within the context of the story. Not *your* story, *the fort's* story. None of what I've seen so far from you has achieved that. Just speaking as, you know, a casual observer.

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **fractalman** on **September 28, 2014, 12:24:19 pm**

Quote from: Rhaken on September 27, 2014, 10:58:04 pm

Holy crap you're alive.

Hypothetically, if Tarmid were to ask your dwarf about Steelhold, how much of the truth would he get?

All of it, with a warning that "I was insane. Then I became depressed. I cannot promise I have remembered everything correctly."

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **September 28, 2014, 12:29:13 pm**

The question then becomes "Would anyone actually believe the amount of crazy in the truth, or just assume that they're being lied to?"

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **fractalman** on **September 28, 2014, 12:38:04 pm**

Too true.

Journal entry of the fractal entity:

Whoever keeps reading this, please stop leaving it on the chair. It belongs on the desk, thank you.

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **4maskwolf** on **September 28, 2014, 12:44:36 pm**

Quote from: fractalman on September 28, 2014, 12:38:04 pm

Too true.

Journal entry of the fractal entity:

Whoever keeps reading this, please stop leaving it on the chair. It belongs on the desk, thank you.

The hilarious moment when you've been the one reading it offhandedly and then forgetting about it due to your characters eccentricity.

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **MDFification** on **September 28, 2014, 12:52:23 pm**

Quote from: Deus Asmoth on September 28, 2014, 12:29:13 pm

The question then becomes "Would anyone actually believe the amount of crazy in the truth, or just assume that they're being lied to?"

I feel like it's a good time to remind everyone that my character is schitzo, tormented by the voices of the dead, and on copious amounts of drugs.

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **4maskwolf** on **September 28, 2014, 01:15:20 pm**

Quote from: MDFification on September 28, 2014, 12:52:23 pm

Quote from: Deus Asmoth on September 28, 2014, 12:29:13 pm

The question then becomes "Would anyone actually believe the amount of crazy in the truth, or just assume that they're being lied to?"

I feel like it's a good time to remind everyone that my character is schitzo, tormented by the voices of the dead, and on copious amounts of drugs.

So, in other words, the perfect person for Sir Brenzen to recruit :P

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **fractalman** on **September 28, 2014, 01:33:13 pm**

Quote from: MDFification on September 28, 2014, 12:52:23 pm

Quote from: Deus Asmoth on September 28, 2014, 12:29:13 pm

The question then becomes "Would anyone actually believe the amount of crazy in the truth, or just assume that they're being lied to?"

I feel like it's a good time to remind everyone that my character is schitzo, tormented by the voices of the dead, and on copious amounts of drugs.

...Did you forget exactly how absurd my characters backstory is, even by the standards of dwarves?

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **TheFlame52** on **September 28, 2014, 02:48:42 pm**

Quote from: fractalman on September 28, 2014, 01:33:13 pm
...Did you forget exactly how absurd my characters backstory is, even by the standards of dwarves?
That's a good point. It's even weirder than Flame's. At least she comes from within Dwarf Fortress.

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **Gnorm** on **September 28, 2014, 03:14:57 pm**

Quote from: TheFlame52 on September 28, 2014, 02:48:42 pm
Quote from: fractalman on September 28, 2014, 01:33:13 pm
...Did you forget exactly how absurd my characters backstory is, even by the standards of dwarves?
That's a good point. It's even weirder than Flame's. At least she comes from within Dwarf Fortress.

Isn't Flame some sort of ambassador from the Demon Empire trying to negotiate peace with the dwarves of Demongate? I'd say despite most dwarves assuming that she's just insane, she's been doing a good job considering the Hellguard is actively trying to avoid a Hell breach.

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **TheFlame52** on **September 28, 2014, 03:49:51 pm**

That's true, but she didn't actually have anything to do with it. Except for maybe producing all the spikes lining the demons' entry hallway.

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **Gnorm** on **September 28, 2014, 04:09:54 pm**

Quote from: TheFlame52 on September 28, 2014, 03:49:51 pm
That's true, but she didn't actually have anything to do with it. Except for maybe producing all the spikes lining the demons' entry hallway.
That's just my point: she's such a good ambassador that she doesn't even *need* to negotiate peace; things just work out her way.

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **September 28, 2014, 04:15:06 pm**

The weapon traps themselves could simply be a placebo. If the dwarves think they're safe from hell, they don't need to invade hell and there's no need for war. Flame's job is done, and no one even knows she did it.

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **TheFlame52** on **September 28, 2014, 05:07:00 pm**

Quote from: Deus Asmoth on September 28, 2014, 04:15:06 pm
The weapon traps themselves could simply be a placebo. If the dwarves think they're safe from hell, they don't need to invade hell and there's no need for war. Flame's job is done, and no one even knows she did it.
That moment when you realize that your character is more devious than you are.

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **danmanthedog** on **September 28, 2014, 06:09:55 pm**

Wait a minute I think I lined that hall way with the spears and spikes in my turn plus the doors. :P

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **September 28, 2014, 06:33:50 pm**

Actually, I set up the majority of the spears, I just wasn't able to link them up to a lever before the end of my turn.

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **danmanthedog** on **September 28, 2014, 07:04:18 pm**

Quote from: Deus Asmoth on September 28, 2014, 06:33:50 pm
Actually, I set up the majority of the spears, I just wasn't able to link them up to a lever before the end of my turn.
Huh whelp sorry for taking credit. Who's turn is it right now

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **September 28, 2014, 07:30:02 pm**

Still Mask's.

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **4maskwolf** on **September 28, 2014, 08:04:50 pm**

Quote from: Deus Asmoth on September 28, 2014, 07:30:02 pm
Still Mask's.
WORKING ON IT!!!!

I'm currently discussing something with FallenAngel, so forgive my absence from the thread. That, and I don't have my computer that has Demongate on it right now, so all that stuff that's happened in story that can be reflected in game?

It's not done yet ::)

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **Gnorm** on **September 29, 2014, 12:42:15 am**

Leopold sat stood quietly by the drawbridge, looking at the Hellguard march around the fortress. It was not *officially* his territory, in fact he was technically forbidden from setting foot in Sedilkosoth, but it still piqued him slightly to see the army so close to his operations. Sir Brenzen was taking some "security measures" as overseer that Leopold wasn't quite sure of, namely the expansion of this internal army. Felt too much like military police for his comfort.

A tired looking worker came up from behind him carrying a letter. Since the end of the year 664, work on the railroad had ground to a complete halt, but DWEORH still kept a handful of workers on hand just in case something were to happen.

"Letter from your father, Torvald sir."

Leopold took the letter, and thanked the dwarf whilst motioning for him to leave. As he looked over the letter's contents, concern grew quickly on his face. After he had read it twice, he crumpled it up and shoved it into his pocket.

"I guess it's time to visit the old library."

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **September 29, 2014, 03:29:59 am**

Quote from: 4maskwolf on September 28, 2014, 08:04:50 pm

Quote from: Deus Asmoth on September 28, 2014, 07:30:02 pm

Still Mask's.

WORKING ON IT!!!!

I'm currently discussing something with FallenAngel, so forgive my absence from the thread. That, and I don't have my computer that has Demongate on it right now, so all that stuff that's happened in story that can be reflected in game?

It's not done yet :.)

Didn't mean to look like I was pressuring you there, I was just answering Dan.

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **Cinder** on **September 29, 2014, 07:26:52 am**

Is Matthilde dead yet?

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **MDFification** on **September 29, 2014, 11:54:57 am**

Quote from: Objective on September 29, 2014, 07:26:52 am

Is Matthilde dead yet?

Yep. Couldn't tell you how, I just read the name on the dead list. I just know that the cause of death was suffocation and that it happened in 662.

So you died sometime during Asmoth's second turn, though I can't figure out why... maybe you were a civilian that got killed by forgotten beast extract?

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **September 29, 2014, 12:35:16 pm**

I think she would have died via goblin crossbow if she died during my turn. Severed spine or something, perhaps.

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **4maskwolf** on **September 29, 2014, 06:11:53 pm**

Bluh. Hi people.

The truck? It trucks.

We're working on a few important story elements behind the scene, but I'll hopefully be able to give you a small tidbit today or tomorrow involving the Hellguard's missioning.

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **Gnorm** on **September 29, 2014, 08:49:44 pm**

Quote from: Objective on September 29, 2014, 07:26:52 am

Is Matthilde dead yet?

Matthilde is alive and well; *Mattias* has been dead and buried since 662.

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **MDFification** on **September 29, 2014, 08:59:33 pm**

Quote from: Gnorm on September 29, 2014, 08:49:44 pm

Quote from: Objective on September 29, 2014, 07:26:52 am

Is Matthilde dead yet?

Matthilde is alive and well; *Mattias* has been dead and buried since 662.

Matthilde was Mattias in game tho. Don't know why.

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **Gnorm** on **September 29, 2014, 09:11:24 pm**

Quote from: MDFification on September 29, 2014, 08:59:33 pm

Quote from: Gnorm on September 29, 2014, 08:49:44 pm

Quote from: Objective on September 29, 2014, 07:26:52 am

Is Matthilde dead yet?

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Matthilde was Mattias in game tho. Don't know why.



Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **Zaerosz** on **September 29, 2014, 09:18:45 pm**

Well she's probably not going to be alive much longer in any case; given her age, she's reached the stage where she could literally drop down dead at the beginning of any year.

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **MDFification** on **September 29, 2014, 09:29:15 pm**

Quote from: Gnorm on September 29, 2014, 09:11:24 pm

Quote from: MDFification on September 29, 2014, 08:59:33 pm

Quote from: Gnorm on September 29, 2014, 08:49:44 pm

Quote from: Objective on September 29, 2014, 07:26:52 am

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Matthilde is alive and well; Mattias has been dead and buried since 662.

Matthilde was Mattias in game tho. Don't know why.

A screenshot of the Dwarf Fortress game window, identical to the one above. It shows the "Historical Figures" window with the same list of dwarves and command line at the bottom. The window has standard Windows-style controls in the top right corner.

... huh.
There's no Matthilde in the most recently uploaded save.

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **4maskwolf** on **September 29, 2014, 09:30:09 pm**

Quote from: MDFification on September 29, 2014, 09:29:15 pm

Quote from: Gnorm on September 29, 2014, 09:11:24 pm

Quote from: MDFification on September 29, 2014, 08:59:33 pm

Quote from: Gnorm on September 29, 2014, 08:49:44 pm

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... huh.
There's no Matthilde in the most recently uploaded save.

Yes there is. I've seen her.

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **MDFification** on **September 29, 2014, 09:41:55 pm**

Weird. I guess my save's bugged.

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **4maskwolf** on **September 29, 2014, 09:43:21 pm**

Well, I've got good news and I've got bad news.

The good news is that the military is back in action.

The bad news is that the military now outnumberes the civilians.

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **4maskwolf** on **September 29, 2014, 09:47:21 pm**

Oh, and our crippled veteran is back in combat duty, I needed another skilled macedwarf to train the rookies.

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **MDFification** on **September 29, 2014, 09:49:29 pm**

Quote from: 4maskwolf on September 29, 2014, 09:43:21 pm
Well, I've got good news and I've got bad news.

The good news is that the military is back in action.

The bad news is that the military now outnumberes the civilians.

If only they didn't all insist on performing individual combat drills when not ordered to train, this wouldn't even be a bad thing logistics wise.
Hooray for extreme militarization! I want to create propaganda featuring the ghost of Vlad now.

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **Gnorm** on **September 29, 2014, 09:50:06 pm**

Perhaps an update will be coming our way?

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **4maskwolf** on **September 29, 2014, 09:51:00 pm**

Quote from: MDFification on September 29, 2014, 09:49:29 pm
Quote from: 4maskwolf on September 29, 2014, 09:43:21 pm
Well, I've got good news and I've got bad news.

The good news is that the military is back in action.

The bad news is that the military now outnumberes the civilians.

If only they didn't all insist on performing individual combat drills when not ordered to train, this wouldn't even be a bad thing logistics wise.

When did I say they weren't active duty?

Quote from: Gnorm on September 29, 2014, 09:50:06 pm
Perhaps an update will be coming our way?

I've already told you basically what I'm doing for the rest of the turn, but if you really want a story post I can do something for you all.
Gimme a second.

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **4maskwolf** on **September 29, 2014, 09:52:09 pm**

Quote from: MDFification on September 29, 2014, 09:49:29 pm
Hooray for extreme militarization! I want to create propaganda featuring the ghost of Vlad now.

DO IT!

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **4maskwolf** on **September 29, 2014, 10:11:53 pm**

"Beef Vanderhuge, come in, " Sir Brenzen said, a grim look on his face.

Beef stepped gingerly into his superior's office, glancing around at the various religious symbols displayed prominently on the walls. If it gave this dwarf something to live for, so be it, he supposed.

"So Beef," Sir Brenzen said, pulling out a file, "you appear to have... quite and interesting history. Your wife and child died in 662, and ever since I have reports saying that you have seemed rather... off. Care to explain?"

Beef just shrugged his shoulders. How could he ever explain in terms the knight would understand.

Sir Brenzen nodded, going back to his file, "You were assigned to the 1st Hammer under Thane, but were given a spear, as was your previous training. You have had an excellent career of service, and have apparently even deemed your weapon worthy of a name, as it should. You are the most skilled speardwarf of Demongate and one of the few dwarves who still have training in the weapon. Is that all fair to say?"

"I suppose so."

"Good. Let us continue. In the summer of 666, you were appointed out of the 1st Hammer to captain of the 2nd Hellguard by Overseer Brenzen, along with most of your surviving compatriots from 1st Hammer. Why you all were wielding spears, only the dead know," a brief flash of sadness crossed Brenzen's face, "You were given seven raw recruits to train and have managed to ensure that they don't kill themselves in the process of learning warcraft."

Brenzen pushed the notes to the side and looked straight at Beef, "This is important, Vanderhuge, so I want you to listen up. You hold

one of the most important jobs in the entire fortress right now without even knowing it."

Beef frowned. He was a militia captain, with orders not to fight in the case of a goblin invasion. How was that important?

Brenzen walked around the table until he was standing five feet from Beef, staring him straight in the eyes, "There are many, even in this fortress, who would seek the downfall of all that we have built here. There are many who would seek to turn the fortress to their own diabolical ends. Your job, Vanderhuge, is to ensure that that never happens. You and your squads were handpicked because you are all loyal, good-hearted dwarves who will put the fortress above themselves."

Sir Brenzen's face was deadly serious as he continued to speak, "Know that what I do, I do for the good of the fortress. I will do everything I can to ensure that no more families are split apart like yours was. But I am only overseer for a year, and I do not know what my successors will do. Help me to ensure the safety of the fortress, Beef."

Beef stared at Sir Brenzen, his gypsum-addled mind trying to comprehend what was going on here. Was Sir Brenzen asking him to report directly to him, regardless of who was the overseer? Wasn't that against the law?

So what if it was against the law. Sir Brenzen was trying to help people, and that was what mattered. Beef knew that he would never wish what had happened to his family on anyone else, and Sir Brenzen wanted to prevent that. He nodded slowly.

Sir Brenzen smiled, "Thank you, Beef. You are dismissed."

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **October 01, 2014, 11:56:41 am**

Small update for our legions of avid readers: we're working out some plot details regarding various aspects of Demongate's story. We'll return to your regularly scheduled mayhem when these are finalised.

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **4maskwolf** on **October 01, 2014, 04:37:51 pm**

Quote from: Deus Asmoth on October 01, 2014, 11:56:41 am
Small update for our legions of avid readers: we're working out some plot details regarding various aspects of Demongate's story. We'll return to your regularly scheduled mayhem when these are finalised.

What he said.

Also, Rhaken requested I hold off on posting the first part of a scene until he posted something he wants to happen canonically earlier, so give it a little bit.

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **Rhaken** on **October 01, 2014, 11:21:20 pm**

Clad in heavy robes, the three Scribes of Saint Zane went about their daily duties within their small rectory. Erith cleaned and organized books, while Onul and Sazir went about their studies. This had been their routine for the past several years, ever since they had volunteered to join the Scribes at Thane's insistence. Though far from the most exciting of ways of life, it gave them knowledge. And knowledge, as they had come to learn under Master Tarmid, was more valuable than gold.

How unfortunate, then, that knowledge, like gold, did not buy happiness. The madness that gripped Demongate was taking its toll on everyone, Scribes included. Though Master Tarmid had taught them many exercises to steel their wills, not even a dwarf is made of stone. To make matters worse, the Master had become more reticent as of late, less willing to share valuable information with them. They all knew something was getting to him, but couldn't really ask about it. He never opened up to them.

Lunchtime had come and gone. Usually, the Master spent most of the morning with them, but on this day he had been conspicuously absent. Fearing he had fallen prey to one of his famous research binges, Onul had gone to check on him in his office. He was quite awake, but looked and sounded like a dwarf twice his age. When she asked why he hadn't shown up, the Loremaster merely shrugged.

The Scribes were distracted from their work by the sound of the heavy mudstone door sliding on its hinges. They prepared to shoo the visitor away, until they saw who it was that had graced their rectory.

"Master Tarmid!" Onul was on him in an instant. Rith and Sazir sometimes commented that their colleague had a bit of a crush on the Loremaster. Nevermind that she was married. "How are you feeling?"

"Somewhat better, Onul," the tired dwarf replied. "I feel it is time to make up for a lost morning of lessons." Gingerly, Tarmid maneuvered himself into his high chair, facing his three students. "I believe today we had planned to look through thaumaturgy law?"

The Scribes exchanged glances amongst themselves. "Actually sir..."

"Yes?"

"We have a question, but we feel it's a bit... deep."

"I see." Tarmid remained impassive, though he truly had no idea what might be coming. "Ask away."

It took several moments of ponderous silence for Erith to speak up.

"How do you keep faith from wavering?"

If ever a question had caught Tarmid off guard, this was it.

"Well, that's not a simple one to answer," he said, at a loss for words for the first time in years. "Do you mean faith in yourself, or faith in the Gods?"

"Both," she replied, shrinking inward on herself. She seemed ashamed to have even asked.

"No need to hide yourself, Erith. It's a perfectly legitimate question."

The Scribes leaned in closer, expecting an answer. Tarmid adjusted himself on his seat. He had never felt so self-conscious before.

"Well, faith is no simple issue, to be sure. There are times when everything seems dark, and that we don't know what to do, and our prayers seem to fall on deaf ears. Am I hitting home so far?"

The Scribes nodded. Tarmid somehow felt like he was teaching children.

"At times like those, when nothing seems right, is when we should truly focus and pray. A wavering faith is like a cracked bone. Leave it be, and the crack will widen and the bone break. But tend it, mend it, treat it well, and it will grow back stronger than ever before. be it faith in yourself, or others."

It was Sazir's turn to speak up. "Master Tarmid, may I confess something?"

"Certainly. I trust it's nothing serious?"

"Well..." *She bit her lip.* "I feel like praying is a waste of time. It's like I'm speaking to wall and hoping the wall will respond, but it never does. And no matter how I try, I just feel frustrated. What am I praying to? Do the saints even care about me? Do the gods? Why can't they show me if they care?"

"Now, Sazir, that's understandable," *Tarmid replied, not at all liking where this was going.* "But you must persist. There is an element of contemplation in our prayers. Even when you doubt that the gods listen, you can still use the opportunity to look inward."

"Can't I just meditate? At least I wouldn't feel like I'm wasting my breath."

"You aren't, Sazir. The gods and the saints are ever there for us. They watch and protect us."

"What makes you so certain?"

"Well, faith, I suppose."

Sazir's eyes fell to the floor. "Master Tarmid, you know about my daughters, correct?"

"I am," *he said, with a note of sorrow. Both of Sazir's daughters had died infants, prey to goblins and disease. Tarmid said nothing more, letting Sazir resume at her own pace.*

"When I found out that my little girl was sick, I prayed," *she said, a tear peeking out the corner of one dazzling blue eye.* "I prayed for three days, at her bedside. I did not eat or sleep or drink. I just prayed, and asked the doctors what could be done. They did their best, they said, but it wasn't enough."

Another heavy silence fell on the room as they waited for Sazir to bite back her tears.

"The gods didn't aid me, Master Tarmid. Not in my most desperate hour of need. Why would they help at any other time?"

Tarmid nearly tripped on his own tongue. "I'm afraid I have no good answer to that, Sazir. But I do know this: in the end, the burden of action falls to us."

"So why do we need the gods?" *The tears came to Sazir like a winter storm. It wasn't just the loss of her children. It was the potential loss of her faith, the one thing that had kept her together for so many years.* "If they don't do anything anyway, why would we pray to them in the first place?"

Tarmid tried to say something then, but he stumbled over his own tongue.

"Help me, Master Tarmid," *Sazir sobbed. Her fellow scribes put comforting arms around her shoulders. She didn't seem to notice.*

"I can't."

She looked up at him through teary eyes, a frightened little girl in a grown woman's body. Tarmid had never felt so useless in his life. "I don't have the answer this time, Sazir. I'm sorry. I truly wish I did, but I don't."

Silence visited them once again. In the end, after consoling Sazir to the best of his ability, Tarmid excused himself and went back to his duties as fortress manager. On the way out, he promised Sazir he would search for a better answer.

Tarmid wasn't sure he would find one. That conversation had pressed all his buttons, poked at every fresh wound with the tip of a sword.

Mind racing with trepidation, Tarmid walked the sprawling halls of Demongate like a dwarf late to his own funeral. His whole life, he had quested after the truth, diligent as any knight. But now that it was right around the corner, he was finally afraid. What if the truth wasn't to his liking? What if it turned his life on its head, left him without compass?

What if there was nothing left after he realized the truth?

No. He must press on. He had been lied to long enough. Probably his entire life, from the moment when he was four years old and shipped off to the Keep to learn the ways of the Scribes. He had worshiped criminals as if they were demigods. He had been fed falsehoods from a rotting spoon, and he had sucked them up greedily and asked for more. How could he tell others to keep faith at a time like this, when his own faith was faltering?

He had arrived. The door came open after three knocks. The lunatic known as the Fractal Dwarf stood within the bedroom, looking rather surprised.

"Hello Tarmid, how may I help you?"

Tarmid stared the dwarf dead in the eye. All of the usual warmth was gone from him. After a moment to calm himself down, the Loremaster finally trusted himself to speak.

"I know who you are."

The Fractal Entity raised an eyebrow, but invited him in. He offered Tarmid a seat, sat sideways in his own chair.

"Are you sure you know what you're saying, Loremaster?"

"Positive. Now tell me everything. About Steelhold. About thaumaturgy. The truth."

"What makes you so sure I'll speak truthfully?"

"I just know."

The Fractal Entity smiled, amused at some private joke that only he would ever understand.

Then he told Tarmid everything.

From beyond the stars, through the veil of eternity, a lone being stands watch. He gazes down into the mortal world, hands clasped behind his back, ancient brows furrowed in the promise of a scowl. He watches the mortal world below - if there is such a thing as below in this place - and monitors the pieces as they move about the board. He nudges one in the right direction. It complies without ever knowing it is being watched.

Another being joins the first, materializing through the endless expanse. It peers down through the aether, at the confused masses below, and sighs.

"You're pulling strings again."

"Aye," *the watcher replies, not sparing his company so much as a glance.*

"Doesn't it ever bother you that they would hate to know they are being moved about without their consent?"

"Once upon a time, it did," *he replies, cold and distant.* "But I was young then. I didn't understand the bitter truth of my calling."

"Which is?"

"Everyone and everything is a resource. Sympathy is poison. It would be like feeling sorry for a hammer after a long day at the forge."

"I see where you're coming from. Would that you were wrong about this."

"Perhaps I am. Perhaps we just don't know it yet."

Silence settles upon the watchers as they peer into mortal affairs. The elder watcher plucks at strings and wills. At times he is so subtle, even his companion does not notice. Below, a piece changes direction. It moves toward another with purpose. The pieces begin to communicate. One knows what is happening behind the scenes. The other can only guess.

"You've told him to seek out the truth."

"Not quite," *replies the puppeteer.* "I nudged him toward it. Showed him the road. He walked it of his own volition, in the end. Though we may have to take a more direct approach soon."

"Don't you fear that the truth will break him, rather than set him free?"

"I have contingencies in place should that happen."

"Right. I should have guessed." *The watcher gazed down at the other pieces. The untouchable one, ever more distressed. The faltering one, upon which hinged so much. They would need contingencies, all right. They would need as many as they could get.*

"You play a dangerous game, my friend," *Jackal said, eyes ever on the mortals that would set the course of Existence.*

"I know. But the Enemy is playing it too. This gives us the upper hand."

Jackal raised an eyebrow. "How do you figure?"

Rhaken's scowl deepened. His mouth twisted into what could have been a long lost relative of the grin.

"My game. My rules."

Tarmid stared into the wall of his bedroom. He didn't trust himself to sleep. He didn't trust himself to write down what he had just discovered. A million new lines of inquiry raced through his troubled mind. What he had learned was outlandish. Outright heretical, if you asked anyone in the Order. Yet it was the truth. All of it. He didn't know why he knew, but he did.

But the truth brought more questions than answers. Why had only this twisted mockery of the events of Steelhold survived the ages? Had Karius Durtis lied? That didn't seem likely, from the Fractal Entity's description. Somewhere along the timeline, the truth had been left by the wayside. Had it been done on purpose? Had someone thrown it by the wayside, like one would leave a moth-eaten shirt that is falling apart at the seams?

And what of thaumaturgy? What if it wasn't all demonic in nature? Then he had been persecuting innocent civilians. How many had died imprisoned for dabbling in the arcane, when they could have contributed to the improvement of all dwarvenkind with but a little supervision?

And what would he do with himself, now that he knew his life had been a lie?

Hours went by. Tarmid couldn't sleep. He considered getting his drink on, but felt too nauseous to keep anything down. So he lifted himself from the bed in the dead of night, donned his robe and shoes, and made his way topside. He walked through the cool night air of the surface, with nary a soul to disturb him. More than ever in his life, Tarmid felt alone.

Solitude was good. It would allow him to pray.

He entered the chapel and knelt in the center of the smooth floor, where the mudstone gave way to microcline and then to cobaltite, a serene shift in texture. Faint but brilliant moonlight filtered through the gemstone windows, casting colored shapes of gods and saints upon the pews. Before him were the stone statues of the Saints of Steelhold. Tarmid looked into their cold, dead eyes, unsure of what to think or feel.

Tarmid shut his eyes and began to pray. Not to the Saints, as many times before, but to Armok himself, the one true god of gods. He prayed for strength and guidance. He prayed for wisdom and courage. But above all else, he prayed because there was nothing else left in him.

"We hear you, Tarmid," *whispered the still air of the chapel, in the rough voice of a dwarf in the twilight of his life.* "Do not shut us out. We will show you the path, if only you will let us."

Tarmid snarled, rose to his feet. He ran to the doors, peered outside. He began to run around the chapel, chasing shadows, looking for the inconsiderate asshole who was messing with him.

"Show yourself, coward," *he snapped.* "How dare you try to mess with a dwarf's faith? Come out. I would know your face, that I may rearrange it later."

"You are the only dwarf there, Tarmid," *the voice replied. It seemed to be coming from Tarmid's own skull.* "No one is mocking you. Now, we must speak. Our time together is short, and there is much to be said."

Tarmid's heart hammered in his chest. He felt something prod at his mind, gentle but persistent. He noticed that he could hear the echo of his ragged breathing. But the voice had no such echo.

"Who are you?"

"A monster, Tarmid. A monster you now know well."

Tarmid's head turned toward one of the statues, forged of pure silver. It depicted an ancient dwarf, thick with muscle and clad in armor. His hands rested upon a massive morningstar as if it were a cane. Above the thick beard peered hard eyes, capped by a severe brow. Tarmid swallowed the lump in his throat.

"Saint... Rhaken?"

"Yes, Tarmid. Wicked though we may have been, Armok saw fit to take us under his wing for the ordeals to come."

"Ordeals?"

"Listen carefully. Time is short. Write nothing down, commit everything to memory. There is very little I can tell you, but it may change the fate of the world. Of many worlds."

Tarmid listened to every word. In the morning, they found him kneeling in the center of the floor, perfectly awake, eyes wide open. He took this opportunity to return to his duties. Before he even stopped for breakfast, he went to the rectory to visit his students.

They looked disheartened, shaken after what they had seen in their mentor on the previous day. Immediately they approached him, hesitant but curious, unsure of what to make of the exhausted, but serene dwarf before them.

Onul was the first to speak. "Master Tarmid? Are you feeling well?"

Tarmid smiled. "Better than I've felt in years, my dear. And I believe I have your answer now, Erith."

"Beg pardon, Master?"

"I know why we still pray to gods and saints." There was unwavering conviction in his voice, something he thought long gone.

There was a moment of fateful silence before Erith could muster the will to ask. "Why do we pray to them, Master Tarmid?"

"Because they listen." Three sets of eyes fell upon him, uncomprehending. "We may note be able to see the results of this, but they do listen."

He could see by their expressions that they had completed the sentence themselves.

The burden of action falls to us.

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **fractalman** on **October 02, 2014, 11:46:03 am**

Wow. Nicely done.
Quote
The untouchable one, ever more distressed.

Lines of pseudocode filled nearly half a book. Lines of actual code filled almost three. Page after page of yet another book began to fill with attempts to integrate a particularly stubborn function. Eventually, the writer sighed and switched to a tedious numerical integration to twenty decimal places: such precision would be necessary, for what was being designed now was not just a simple, one-use spell, but a compiler for future spells. A tiny mistake at this stage could result in disaster at all later stages.

Hours passed. Finally, the third line had been translated into thaumic form. The writer at last put his books away, and went to sleep.

That night, his dreams blended the eldritch madness of Swordthunders, the relatively mundane terrors of Steelhold, and the taunts of a graphing calculator, always dancing just out of reach.

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **4maskwolf** on **October 02, 2014, 05:10:03 pm**

Posting this on behalf and with permission of Jrrocks.

"I have a letter adressed to you, Thanatos," came the gruff voice of Sir Brenzen. Thanatos turned around, looking for the source of his voice. The 1st sword all stopped training and stared at Thanatos as he strode to the door where Brenzen was waiting for him. Brenzen held out a letter, sealed with the mark of a foggy orb. Thanatos tried not to let his shock show as he took the letter from the knight, who nodded and returned to his combat training. Thanatos turned to his squad, "Continue training. I will be with you shortly."

Gently, Thanatos opened the wax seal on the letter, opening the folds to reveal the inside. In shaky handwriting was written:

Thanatos. I hope that this letter finds you in good health, though given your military practices it may not. Time is short, and what I must relay to you is of utmost importance.

We are going underground. There is not longer any way we can hold the surface world against the bloodkin: they are too numerous. We have slowed them down a year, maybe two, but too many of our members have been lost. Zeus's entire squad was wiped out on a disastrous mission to stall the bloodkin about to invade the other defensive fortresses. Soon, they will breach the defenses into the north.

We have found a way into the caverns, and are going to lay low there and eke out an existance. The age of dwarves is coming to a close, replaced by these foul hordes. We can only hope that when they have won the surface, they will be content with their gains and not follow us to the underworld.

I ask you to relay the following information to the one in charge at Demongate: the bloodkin are not attacking you now. They have forces in place to prevent your retreat, but seem content to watch the pass. I know not why they do this, but they refuse to approach closer than ten miles.

Lastly, I ask that you come down and join us. If the bloodkin do follow, we will need all of the warriors we can get. You are one of the last of the council, and I beg you to join us in our exile.

~Hecate

Thanatos folded up the letter and placed it in a drawer. He would tell Brenzen the information contained in the letter, and then he would take his leave. It was high time he retired from the military: he had never been much of a fighter, forced into war by the necessities of the bloodkin invasion.

At the end of this year, he told himself, at the end of this year.

And now something I wrote up as a teaser to what's going to happen late in my year.

Beyond the stars, a dwarf stared down. He watched as The Adversary made its next move and grimaced. This was a dangerous move by his opponent: high risk, but high reward. If successful, it could topple many of the intricate plans he had built, forcing him to resort to riskier backup plans. Which is why they could not fail. He knew the weakness of his opponent's move, and knew that he could exploit it.

Rhaken breathed out a sigh and whispered to empty air, "Emdief, old friend, the world may need you one last time."

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **4maskwolf** on **October 02, 2014, 10:06:38 pm**

That awkward moment when you realize that the reason your defense revamp is going at a snail's pace is because you conscripted most of the civilian population.

I even made an attempt to avoid recruiting stoneworkers.

Welp...

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **FallenAngel** on **October 02, 2014, 10:11:31 pm**

Did you conscript FallenAngel IV? If you did, make sure he's in a crossbow squad, because he made a scope for a crossbow and would force his way into being at a range when fighting random goblins and stuff.

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **4maskwolf** on **October 02, 2014, 10:24:45 pm**

Quote from: FallenAngel on October 02, 2014, 10:11:31 pm
Did you conscript FallenAngel IV? If you did, make sure he's in a crossbow squad, because he made a scope for a crossbow and would force his way into being at a range when fighting random goblins and stuff.

I specifically avoided recruiting anyone who was named.

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **FallenAngel** on **October 02, 2014, 10:27:14 pm**

That's what I expected.

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **MDFification** on **October 03, 2014, 05:11:55 am**

You can just unassign the barracks the soldiers are all idling at. Then they'll go back to their real jobs.

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **4maskwolf** on **October 03, 2014, 08:05:19 am**

Quote from: MDFification on October 03, 2014, 05:11:55 am
You can just unassign the barracks the soldiers are all idling at. Then they'll go back to their real jobs.

Eh.

I'd rather not. I've got enough stoneworkers, they just have a tendency to derp around instead of work.

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **fractalman** on **October 03, 2014, 01:10:15 pm**

So i've spilled my metaphorical guts about Steelhold. It should have been cathartic. So why do I feel wors-

"ACHOO!"

Great. I made my body specifically to be immune to essentially every disease in existence-

"ACHOO!"

but apparently...

"Da cobbon cold iz oberpowehd, nerf plhz."

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **October 03, 2014, 03:40:40 pm**

It was so easy... so easy to ignore what terrible things I had created, as long as I could justify it to myself that I did it to keep her safe. She was only a child, trapped inside that hell on earth alongside me and her brother, after everyone else was gone. I tried to save them both, but her brother didn't survive the process. She was stronger, and as long as she was alive it was all worth it, no matter the price. I could turn a blind eye to the things I had made and done, pretend that it wasn't motivated solely by the base instincts of revenge and rage, I could even fool myself into thinking that she was unaffected by it all- that she was still the innocent child who would ask for a hug while I was elbow deep in someone's abdomen. But she grew up. It was a slow process. I remember taking notes, but I can't summon the energy to refer to them. She grew up, and she wanted to play the game. That terrible game with only one wager and only one price. She was barely a hundred and forty when she introduced me to her first pawn. Fish, or something. I listened to her words of love, gave them my blessing, wondering how someone could be so easily fooled. I hoped that she would be content to keep working with me, perhaps even take over. Leadership never interested me. She was too determined to forge her own path though, so I said goodbye and sent her north. I have all the letters she sent. The information was irrelevant to me, I had all the materials I needed where I was, but as long as I got them, I knew she was doing well. I don't know how long it's been since the last one... Ten years? Twenty? I have to accept that she's dead and continue with my projects. I could even create a better daughter if I so chose, I mastered that particular endeavour long ago. What point would there be, though? She's dead, and regardless of who killed her, my nephew, that bitch queen or her toy, I can only assume that there's some catspaw on their way for me as well. I'd pray that they arrive quickly if my life's work hadn't already proven that this world has no gods.

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **4maskwolf** on **October 03, 2014, 05:00:15 pm**

Asmoth, I need confirmation over on the FA QT that something I wrote is okay with you.

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **Doctor_Whiteface** on **October 03, 2014, 05:53:08 pm**

If there are med-dorfs so far, and the chief is unDorfed, could I get him? Also, could I get a turn at this?

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **FallenAngel** on **October 03, 2014, 06:00:28 pm**

Welcome to the ride that never ends.
Never ends.
First, you start out requesting a medical dwarf.
Then, you find yourself living in the back of a truck in the middle of Hawaii with three beach bums, each of them named Louis, while you're eating your own socks.
Then, you find yourself getting off a Greyhound bus in Nashville, Tennessee.
You will experience the plot.
You will become the plot.
THE PLOT WILL BECOME YOU.
WELCOME TO DEMONGATE, HOME OF PLOT.

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **4maskwolf** on **October 03, 2014, 06:18:02 pm**

Quote from: Doctor Whiteface on October 03, 2014, 05:53:08 pm

If there are med-dorfs so far, and the chief is unDorfed, could I get him? Also, could I get a turn at this?

The chief medical dwarf is a dwarf who's been claimed since the fortress started. However, I do have a surgeon who is unclaimed. He's also one of the guys who I recruited into the military, but I can unrecruit him if you want.

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **Doctor_Whiteface** on **October 03, 2014, 06:18:47 pm**

Quote from: 4maskwolf on October 03, 2014, 06:18:02 pm

Quote from: Doctor Whiteface on October 03, 2014, 05:53:08 pm

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The chief medical dwarf is a dwarf who's been claimed since the fortress started. However, I do have a surgeon who is unclaimed. He's also one of the guys who I recruited into the military, but I can unrecruit him if you want.

What's the life expectancy of a recruitdorf?

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **Doctor_Whiteface** on **October 03, 2014, 06:22:08 pm**

Quote from: FallenAngel on October 03, 2014, 06:00:28 pm

Welcome to the ride that never ends.
Never ends.
First, you start out requesting a medical dwarf.
Then, you find yourself living in the back of a truck in the middle of Hawaii with three beach bums, each of them named Louis, while you're eating your own socks.
Then, you find yourself getting off a Greyhound bus in Nashville, Tennessee.
You will experience the plot.
You will become the plot.
THE PLOT WILL BECOME YOU.
WELCOME TO DEMONGATE, HOME OF PLOT.

Future first post of Overseer Urist McWhiteface:

"Journal of Urist McWhiteface, 30 Obsidian, 14th year of keeping

I am appointed Overseer by popular vote, effective at tomorrow's dawn. I diagnose lunacy. I soon will diagnose many things, including the illnesses of this fort. Surgery by masons will do to fix, to be certain."

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **4maskwolf** on **October 03, 2014, 06:22:54 pm**

Quote from: Doctor Whiteface on October 03, 2014, 06:18:47 pm

Quote from: 4maskwolf on October 03, 2014, 06:18:02 pm

Quote from: Doctor Whiteface on October 03, 2014, 05:53:08 pm

If there are med-dorfs so far, and the chief is unDorfed, could I get him? Also, could I get a turn at this?

The chief medical dwarf is a dwarf who's been claimed since the fortress started. However, I do have a surgeon who is unclaimed. He's also one of the guys who I recruited into the military, but I can unrecruit him if you want.

What's the life expectancy of a recruitdorf?

As a melee? Decently high, since our defenses handle most threats before they reach us. Just as long as your dwarf doesn't try any Leeroy Jenkins shit, he should be fine.

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **4maskwolf** on **October 03, 2014, 06:30:47 pm**

Fun fact: out of a fortress of 182 dwarves, 81 are children and 69 are in the military. This leaves 32 work-capable dwarves who aren't in military service. Of course, much of the military isn't actually on duty at any given time, but it's still an interesting statistic.

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **Doctor_Whiteface** on **October 03, 2014, 07:16:47 pm**

Quote from: 4maskwolf on October 03, 2014, 06:22:54 pm

Quote from: Doctor Whiteface on October 03, 2014, 06:18:47 pm

Quote from: 4maskwolf on October 03, 2014, 06:18:02 pm

Quote from: Doctor Whiteface on October 03, 2014, 05:53:08 pm

If there are med-dorfs so far, and the chief is unDorfed, could I get him? Also, could I get a turn at this?

The chief medical dwarf is a dwarf who's been claimed since the fortress started. However, I do have a surgeon who is unclaimed. He's also one of the guys who I recruited into the military, but I can unrecruit him if you want.

What's the life expectancy of a recruitdorf?

As a melee? Decently high, since our defenses handle most threats before they reach us. Just as long as your dwarf doesn't try any Leeroy Jenkins shit, he should be fine.

Works for me.

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **4maskwolf** on **October 03, 2014, 07:18:55 pm**

You have been dwarfed. Any particular title you desire?

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **MDFification** on **October 03, 2014, 07:20:42 pm**

Quote from: 4maskwolf on October 03, 2014, 06:30:47 pm

Fun fact: out of a fortress of 182 dwarves, 81 are children and 69 are in the military. This leaves 32 work-capable dwarves who aren't in military service. Of course, much of the military isn't actually on duty at any given time, but it's still an interesting statistic.

So long as they're not all always idling and can actually be mobilized to work when required...

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **TheFlame52** on **October 03, 2014, 07:24:50 pm**

Quote from: 4maskwolf on October 03, 2014, 06:30:47 pm
Fun fact: out of a fortress of 182 dwarves, 81 are children and 69 are in the military. This leaves 32 work-capable dwarves who aren't in military service. Of course, much of the military isn't actually on duty at any given time, but it's still an interesting statistic.

Are you counting Not A Squad? They are civilians all the time, and don't really count as military at all.

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **October 03, 2014, 07:25:41 pm**

I got them to train for a while during my turn. Also, that post is fine by me. I thought I'd replied to it already. My bad.

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **4maskwolf** on **October 03, 2014, 07:26:05 pm**

Sir Brenzen sighed. This whole situation was getting out of hand, and Thane was right: one way or another, this harassment had to stop. It was obviously getting to her, and he was not unaware of some of FallenAngel's... experiments.

"Very well, Thane," he said tiredly, "out of respect for our friendship and to ensure the safety of all involved, I will accompany you."

Thane nodded tersely and turned: Sir Brenzen could tell she was too angry for words. They walked in silence: Thane fuming, Brenzen contemplating. There was something more to this whole situation. Even for someone as crazy as Fallen, this was absurd: why would he risk his life bothering Thane to try to get his hands on Ob Kat. And why specifically now?

FallenAngel heard footsteps approaching and closed the book. Excellent, she had arrived. Now all he had to do was convince her to let him borrow the hammer for a few days, and things would be perfect again. He would have his brother, Thane would have her hammer, and everyone will be happy.

The door flew open and an enraged Thane entered the room, followed closely by Brenzen. Fallen frowned: that wasn't part of the script. The knight wasn't supposed to be here.

"What do you want?" Thane growled, staring at him. There was a lot of hostility there, but no matter: that would change soon.

"I'd like to borrow your hammer, as I've said in the past."

"No. I've told you over and over again, and shooting a crossbow at me won't make me say yes. You have a minute to clear out of my line of sight."

Brenzen put his hand on Thane's shoulder, but Thane shrugged it off, glaring angrily across the room.

"This is not going to plan at all," Fallen mused silently, then said, "please Thane. I want to see him again."

Thane growled, "And I've told you fifteen times your brother isn't in the hammer."

Fallen felt tears welling up in his eyes, "His imprint is there, Thane. I can bring him back. I can make it right. Just please let me use the hammer."

"No." Thane said.

Fallen felt rage well up inside of him. Who was she to deny him this. If he had to kill her to get the hammer, so be it: he would have his brother back. But first, to deal with the knight. He turned towards Brenzen, who was watching the scene with concern, and said, "LEAVE!"

The magic in his words compelled the knight, forcing him out of the room. He knew that the spell of confusion would only last for a few hours, but that was plenty of time to kill this wretch. He would have preferred it not to come to this, but her immunity to magic left no other option.

Thane clutched her hammer tighter, "What did you do?" she yelled at him.

Fallen stood up, holding out his hand. He felt the familiar tugging sensation as the blade appeared. He liked to say it was made of coalesced sunlight, though it was really just solidified magic. "I'll give you one more chance, Thane. Hand over the hammer."

Thane growled and ran at him, and Fallen ran to meet her.

Tarmid sat at his desk, pondering how he should write what he had learned down. It was heresy, he knew, to think the way he did, but there was no other conclusion now.

A sudden spike on the thaumateurgical array startled him, and he stood up. The array was registering a large upswing in magic use, located somewhere above him. He grabbed his crossbow and quiver and exited his room, locking the door behind him. He ran up the stairs, almost running straight into Brenzen.

Who proceeded to walk on like nothing had happened. Tarmid frowned: this was unusual behavior for the knight. He walked quickly back and stood in front of the knight, who stopped in his tracks and stared blankly down at Tarmid.

"Sir Brenzen? Are you okay?"

Brenzen stared blankly at him, then, after a long moment's hesitation, said, "Yes."

Tarmid looked at the knight's eyes. Staring into the distance, blank facial expression, slow response time: Tarmid knew these symptoms. Brenzen had been mentally confused by a magic-user. Tarmid did the only thing he could think of: he brought his hand back and slapped the knight hard across the face.

Brenzen's mind cleared suddenly, and he remembered what had happened. He had gone with Thane to confront FallenAngel, Fallen had gotten upset, and then...

"That son of a bitch." he growled, and sprinted back up the stairs, Tarmid following close behind.

Thane growled, blocking another strike from Fallen's sword. She lashed out with Ob Kat to strike at him, but once again the bastard danced out of range. The fucker was too fast, she couldn't get a shot in.

She heard footsteps coming from behind her, and wondered if there were some people coming to deal with Fallen. She was sure someone had to have heard their battle, and anyone who did should have fetched the military to deal with the situation.

Taking advantage of her momentary distraction, Fallen lunged forward, plunging the sword through her armor into her right arm. Thane yelled at the unexpected pain and felt something snap inside of her. She felt a burning sensation in her stomach, and suddenly Fallen slumped to the ground and fell still, gashes appearing across his whole form as his soul was sundered from his body. But still she gathered power, even as the door opened behind her: more power than she had ever felt in her life. It was unbearable, she had to get rid of it. She whirled around and blindly tried to push the power away, make it go someplace else.

Tamid followed the knight up the stairs, taking the steps two at a time. It was almost certain that Brenzen was returning to where he had been bewitched, and he was headed in the direction the magic had come from. They approached a little-used door and Brenzen barged into it. The door swung open, revealing Thane standing stock still as FallenAngel's body crumpled to the ground. Brenzen began to move towards her and she whirled around, a pulse of energy flying from her hands and striking the knight. Brenzen flew backwards and collided with the wall, slumping down. Tarmid hoped that he was only momentarily stunned rather than killed, but didn't spare the time to check. He ducked behind the door to get himself out of the line of fire, but Thane simply stood, breathing heavily, until suddenly she seemed to realize what she had done. Tarmid noticed that she was bleeding from her right arm and that Ob Kat was laying on the ground next to her. He walked out from behind the door, regretting what had to happen next, if only for the safety of everybody else.

Brenzen stood slowly to his feet, grunting from the pain that spiked through his legs. He saw Tarmid walking in the door, crossbow held at his side, and knew what was going to happen next. He picked up his pickaxe from the ground where it had fallen and moved over next to Tarmid.

"Thane," Tarmid said, voice heavy with regret, "I am afraid that under the circumstances, you are under arrest for murder of a member of the fortress, use of magic, and assault. Please leave your hammer where it is and come with us."

Thane glared back at the two of them, and Tarmid continued, "I will try to get this cleared up as soon as possible and release you to return to your duties as commander of the first hammer. As it stands, however, you are guilty of the murder of FallenAngel with magic."

Thane sighed, "What are you going to do to me?"

Tarmid gazed back solemnly, "I am going to discover the truth."

FallenAngel opened his eyes, the scene still firmly stuck in his mind. He could feel his brother's soul within his body, trying to escape. He felt weak, but the weakness would fade. The gashes from his dismissal from his body had already faded. He picked himself up off the floor: Thane was gone. He strode quickly towards the wall and disappeared with a flash.

The next instant he found himself in his chambers, the machines set up and ready to go. He picked up the soul-magnet and gently pushed his brother's soul into the coils. The next part had to be done quickly, or the soul would wither and return to the afterlife. He plugged the coil into the machine and aimed it down at the placid dwarven body laying below. It had taken him a long time to gather the components for this body and a good deal of magic to keep it preserved, but it was finally done. He began flicking the switches, and felt the power hum within the machine. A brilliant light appeared around the body, so bright that he had to look away, and a roaring noise began that got louder by the second. Then, suddenly, it stopped.

Fallen looked at the body hopefully, watching for the slightest sign of movement, but nothing stirred. He felt a crushing despair: he had failed. He could never set things right, never correct the mistake he had made.

The body's eyes flew open, and it sat up quickly, falling off of the table in the process. It tried to stand, but failed, then finally hauled itself to its feet. It looked around in shock at the laboratory around it.

"Where am I?" Fallen heard his brother ask. He walked around the table and embraced his brother, who enthusiastically embraced him back.

"You are home."

Copy-paste is your friend. As is the wiki.

Quote from: TheFlame52 on October 03, 2014, 07:24:50 pm

Quote from: 4maskwolf on October 03, 2014, 06:30:47 pm
Fun fact: out of a fortress of 182 dwarves, 81 are children and 69 are in the military. This leaves 32 work-capable dwarves who aren't in military service. Of course, much of the military isn't actually on duty at any given time, but it's still an interesting statistic.
Are you counting Not A Squad? They are civilians all the time, and don't really count as military at all.

Erm...
They seem to keep switching between being active duty and not active duty, so...
idk what's up with that. But I counted them.

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **Doctor_Whiteface** on **October 03, 2014, 07:45:54 pm**

Quote from: 4maskwolf on October 03, 2014, 07:18:55 pm

You have been dwarfed. Any particular title you desire?
"Urist McWhiteface," if it's not too long.

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **4maskwolf** on **October 03, 2014, 07:51:29 pm**

Quote from: Doctor Whiteface on October 03, 2014, 07:45:54 pm

Quote from: 4maskwolf on October 03, 2014, 07:18:55 pm
You have been dwarfed. Any particular title you desire?
"Urist McWhiteface," if it's not too long.

I actually meant profession title, but thanks for letting me know. No, it isn't too long.

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **Doctor_Whiteface** on **October 03, 2014, 07:58:39 pm**

Quote from: 4maskwolf on October 03, 2014, 07:51:29 pm

Quote from: Doctor Whiteface on October 03, 2014, 07:45:54 pm
Quote from: 4maskwolf on October 03, 2014, 07:18:55 pm

You have been dwarfed. Any particular title you desire?

"Urist McWhiteface," if it's not too long.

I actually meant profession title, but thanks for letting me know. No, it isn't too long.

Profession title... "Sawbones," perhaps.

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**

Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **October 03, 2014, 08:08:15 pm**

Just to clarify, you also are desirous of a turn as overseer?

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**

Post by: **Doctor_Whiteface** on **October 03, 2014, 08:11:04 pm**

Quote from: Deus Asmoth on October 03, 2014, 08:08:15 pm

Just to clarify, you also are desirous of a turn as overseer?

Yas. I like to think that I run a sane and efficient fortress.

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**

Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **October 03, 2014, 08:16:10 pm**

... hmm. I guess we can let that slide for now and give you a turn regardless.

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**

Post by: **Doctor_Whiteface** on **October 03, 2014, 08:19:53 pm**

x3

Is there presently a way to seal the fortress against outside threats?

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**

Post by: **4maskwolf** on **October 03, 2014, 08:21:25 pm**

Quote from: Doctor Whiteface on October 03, 2014, 08:19:53 pm

x3

Is there presently a way to seal the fortress against outside threats?

Yep.

But I'm trying to set up our defenses so that we never have to. Pull a couple levers, activate the ballista, get the archers into place, and laugh.

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**

Post by: **Doctor_Whiteface** on **October 03, 2014, 08:36:27 pm**

Quote from: 4maskwolf on October 03, 2014, 08:21:25 pm

Quote from: Doctor Whiteface on October 03, 2014, 08:19:53 pm

x3

Is there presently a way to seal the fortress against outside threats?

Yep.

But I'm trying to set up our defenses so that we never have to. Pull a couple levers, activate the ballista, get the archers into place, and laugh.

That's a stupid plan. Where's the magma? :P

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**

Post by: **MDFification** on **October 03, 2014, 08:39:35 pm**

Quote from: Doctor Whiteface on October 03, 2014, 08:11:04 pm

Quote from: Deus Asmoth on October 03, 2014, 08:08:15 pm

Just to clarify, you also are desirous of a turn as overseer?

Yas. I like to think that I run a sane and efficient fortress.

So why on earth are you signing up to play a Steelholdian fort then?
Our first fort had 4 hospitals, mysterious 'ventillation' shafts that wound up being used as highly inefficient corridors since they were apparently breached by accident, a megaproject that produced 3000+ power that was subsequently channeled into a trade depot (note; no projects were ever attempted that would require use of power in Steelhold) and the reason our fort died was because someone decided to herd the entire fort's population into a room (for some reason) and then accidentally mined into the magma sea, flooding it and burning everyone to death because he wouldn't disable the burrow.
Just so you know what you're getting into.

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**

Post by: **FallenAngel** on **October 03, 2014, 08:44:47 pm**

I'm a latecomer to the party, joining not too long ago during Demongate's run, but I did random useless things for the sake of Fun. If I had the time, I would've made it !!Fun!!.
I built a stone spider connected to the main fortress despite it being outside with no defense, dug a hole in the brook for no reason, and dug into the aquifer in such a way that tons of people died due to falling into the drainage system that I had dug out to prevent excessive flooding.
The water was flowing straight down the main stairwell.

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**

Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **October 03, 2014, 08:45:24 pm**

I believe the population was locked up so that a group of migrants could take over the fortress instead of leaving it in the hands of the workforce that didn't need to eat, drink or sleep and also had the bonus quality of removing the unskilled migrants rather than needing to train them up.

-

Thane screamed as she felt the energy of the world rushing into her, as though she was a whirlpool sucking in every piece of passing debris. It was too much for any sane person to handle, and it had to go somewhere. Fallen Angel fell to his knees in front of her. Thane studied him for a moment, bringing Ob Kat down on his head with a crunch. Artyom fell backwards, leaking fluids through the crack in his skull. Against all logic, he opened his eyes.

"It's not too late," he said in Vladimir's voice.
"It is for some people," Thane said sadly, bringing the hammer down again. The world turned grey around her as she drained it of light and life, a walking void that offered nothing but death.
"All hail your great hero," a voice said smugly.

Thane's eyes shot open, glancing around for danger. She sat up, missing the weight of Ob Kat as she looked around her cell. Still as barren as ever, nothing but the book Tarmid had given her to occupy herself with while they decided how to kill her. It was a lousy trade for the hammer that was now in his office, but it was better than nothing. A small cough outside told her that her guard was still there, unless he had been replaced by someone else. Thane hadn't bothered calling out. Even if she could smooth talk her way to freedom, there was nothing she could do after that. Leaning back against the wall, she tried to open her mind to the flow that she knew was around her. For a moment it seemed like it was there, dull, as though she was watching the world through the worn patch of a blindfold, but there nonetheless. It faded the more she concentrated on keeping it there, until she finally gave up, frustrated. Thane thumped the book that the librarian had given her on the bed in front of her, opening it to a random page without looking at the title. A section about weaponsmithing caught her eye, and she flicked it back to the start of the chapter.

Notes by the First Loremaster of St. Zane:

Promotion to the rank of Magebane traditionally carried with it the gift of a ceremonial weapon, exquisitely made by a specially trained weaponsmith. In recent years, this has been regrettably discontinued owing not only to the smith failing to train any apprentices before his untimely passing, but also to us being unable to justify such needless spending after our recent losses. With luck, we will be able to reinstate the custom once resources permit and we find a suitable smith.

Thane glanced at the cover of the book. It was easily a hundred years old, and the note at the front claimed it was a copy of an earlier text. She was nearly certain that Brenzen didn't have any weapon besides his pick in any case.

The weapons themselves are only used in battle in the direst of need in any case, for they are works of art rather than warcraft, representing the beauty that Knights strive to protect. They have proven fully functional on the few occasions that they have been used, normally due to desperation or the primary weapon of the Knight in question being unusable for any number of reasons, so much so that tales spring up every so often about the great weapons of the Magebanes that can only be used against the most dire of foes. Though it is a good thing that we can inspire such awe in those we guard from the darkness, it is best not to cultivate these tales in case it 'comes back to bite us', as the locals of my current resting place say. Fortunately, the accounts I was able to collect of these ceremonial weapons did not contain too much hearsay, mostly having been obtained from the wielders of the weapons themselves. Though the odd piece of unsubstantiated gossip has regrettably had to be removed, this chapter comes mostly 'from the horse's mouth'.

There didn't seem to be any movement outside other than the guard occasionally shifting his weight to the other foot. Thane settled down for a long night of reading.

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **Arcvasti** on **October 03, 2014, 09:22:43 pm**

Somewhat intrigued by this, has a neat story from what I've gleaned. Will have to read the thing at some point. Now, my question is thus:

What exactly is a Pimpstack.

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **FallenAngel** on **October 03, 2014, 09:33:16 pm**

Honestly, I have no clue myself.
I assume it is an ordinary stack that is pimp.

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **4maskwolf** on **October 03, 2014, 09:40:07 pm**

Quote from: FallenAngel on October 03, 2014, 09:33:16 pm

Honestly, I have no clue myself.
I assume it is an ordinary stack that is pimp.

What he said. I have no idea.

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **Doctor_Whiteface** on **October 03, 2014, 09:49:01 pm**

Quote from: MDFification on October 03, 2014, 08:39:35 pm

Quote from: Doctor_Whiteface on October 03, 2014, 08:11:04 pm

Quote from: Deus Asmoth on October 03, 2014, 08:08:15 pm

Just to clarify, you also are desirous of a turn as overseer?
Yas. I like to think that I run a sane and efficient fortress.

So why on earth are you signing up to play a Steelholdian fort then?
Our first fort had 4 hospitals, mysterious 'ventillation' shafts that wound up being used as highly inefficient corridors since they were apparently breached by accident, a megaproject that produced 3000+ power that was subsequently channeled into a trade depot (note; no projects were ever attempted that would require use of power in Steelhold) and the reason our fort died was because someone decided to herd the entire fort's population into a room (for some reason) and then accidentally mined into the magma sea, flooding it and burning everyone to death because he wouldn't disable the burrow.
Just so you know what you're getting into.

Sounds like my forts after a while, just with more nonsense.

My literal strategy for fort-building is this:

1. Strike the earth!
2. Build a one-story shack around that entryptoint
3. External depot
4. wall around the depot
5. Bridge as the only point of access
6. Build towards the sky for refuse stockpiles
7. Get 140 Dorfs plus the King and associates
8. CLOSE THE GATES, NONE SHALL EXIT AGAIN.

Every fort that's survived past stage 2 has survived indefinitely or until I've got bored and decided to mine the map down to the Magma Sea and make some massive construction.

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **jrrocks05** on **October 03, 2014, 09:53:04 pm**

Well that's boring!! LOSING IS FUN!!!!!!

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **October 03, 2014, 10:01:53 pm**

Quote from: 4maskwolf on October 03, 2014, 09:40:07 pm

Quote from: FallenAngel on October 03, 2014, 09:33:16 pm

Honestly, I have no clue myself.
I assume it is an ordinary stack that is pimp.

What he said. I have no idea.

I believe our pimpstack came about as the result of the insanity of the mayor Besmar Forbes. No one was entirely sure what a pimp stack was and they didn't have enough fancy hats to build one once they found out, so they just built a pump stack and lied to him about it.

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **Doctor_Whiteface** on **October 03, 2014, 10:06:03 pm**

Quote from: irrocks05 on October 03, 2014, 09:53:04 pm

Well that's boring!! LOSING IS FUN!!!!!!

And the most fun I have in the game is trying to manage a tantrum spiral that usually necessitates my finally creating a medbay around year 6 or 7 when I inevitably forget to brew booze. :P

WHICH REMINDS ME, I'll probably forget that here, too. Whoever happens to get the turn before me, leave PLENTY OF ALCOHOL JUST IN CASE >.>

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **MDFification** on **October 03, 2014, 10:06:11 pm**

Meanwhile, in the drug addled and overpopulated mind of Beef Vanderhuge...

Make gettings up Beef. There is vork for you to be doingk, yes?

Godsdamnit. Beef made his excuses and stumbled out of the barracks. He knew of course that everyone assumed he'd be heading down to the local gypsum den, but that at least was better than people knowing that against all logic, the voices in his head were occasionally real.

He thought.

He's probably not real. That would be ridiculous. Don't listen to him, Beef. Destroy the local sunshine supply.

Why did this kind of thing have to happen to Beef?

Because your mind, damaged as it is, is very, very easy for the dead to sway? I mean, it wasn't all that impressive to begin with, and you've snorted, smoked and ate enough chemicals to kill a forgotten beast. Or, given your service record, four.

What is it that they even want?

Listen up soldier. Ve is givingk you order, yes? You remember beingk Vulture, yes? Thane is likely to be burned to death as witch. Vlad hoped that he vas wrongk about the Knights, but apparently once Vlad is no longer amongk the livingk, everythingk goes to shit, yes?

Right. Captain Thane. Vultures. Obey your superior. Hold on just a moment; Beef needs to straighten things out.

What do you think your doin-

Outside the mind of Beef (Hopefully now the narrative can actually make some semblance of sense)

The mixture of gypsum and sunshine seared Beef's throat as it went down. If it weren't for the sudden rush of adrenalin, he would have relaxed. The world grew sharper, as if a film had been removed from his eyes. More importantly, the voices stopped. He could concentrate again.

Riding on his high, Beef realized that what he had experienced wasn't real. It had felt real at the time, sure, but that was just because he was insane. Speaking to the dead? It'd be worse to be a necromancer than insane. Beef wasn't interested in that. He was interested, however, in what he was about to do. Consequences don't exist, after all, while you're high.

He obviously felt bad about leaving the Commander's lady to rot in a cell while those Knight pricks argued what to do with her. That wasn't right. Those jerks had no idea how to run a military - it's almost as if the militia wasn't their primary concern. Actually, Beef remembered the vocies telling him that they and the Blood Men were working together to keep the Dark Fortress a secret, but that couldn't be real. *Vlad was doing that.* Duh.

Beef gripped his spear and wandered off into the tunnels. One of these had to the lead to the jail. Yeah. And then he'd bust out the Duke's lady. It was a good thing he was convinced he was an immortal at the moment, or he wouldn't have the guts to do this. Better not think about that. When you doubt yourself, the voices come.

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **fractalman** on **October 03, 2014, 10:51:12 pm**

Quote from: MDFification on October 03, 2014, 08:39:35 pm

Quote from: Doctor Whiteface on October 03, 2014, 08:11:04 pm

Quote from: Deus Asmoth on October 03, 2014, 08:08:15 pm

Just to clarify, you also are desirous of a turn as overseer?

Yas. I like to think that I run a sane and efficient fortress.

So why on earth are you signing up to play a Steelholdian fort then?

Our first fort had 4 hospitals, mysterious 'ventillation' shafts that wound up being used as highly inefficient corridors since they were apparently breached by accident, a megaproject that produced 3000+ power that was subsequently channeled into a trade depot (note; no projects were ever attempted that would require use of power in Steelhold) and the reason our fort died was because someone decided to herd the entire fort's population into a room (for some reason) and then accidentally mined into the magma sea, flooding it and burning everyone to death because he wouldn't disable the burrow.

Just so you know what you're getting into.

Well, **technically**, we had a few millstones that needed power...
and it wasn't the trade depot that got powered, it was the [Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)
portal to FIX THINGS

I do remember your rant:

Quote

What I can't believe is that we've had adamantine for 3 years now and all we've used it for is building a goddamn trade depot

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **4maskwolf** on **October 03, 2014, 10:56:23 pm**

"Vanderhuge, you've abandoned your post."

Beef swore under his breath. The last person he had wanted to run into was the knight himself. While Brenzen was a nice and noble guy and all, he was also the one most likely to call him out on his actions.

Brenzen crossed quickly in front of Beef, blocking his path, "Under whose orders have you abandoned your station?"

Beef thought quickly, going over the list of people he had been told could give that order, "Mechanic Ingish, sir."

Brenzen seemed to consider this, and Beef almost sighed in relief. He had managed to outthink the knight. Brenzen turned his back and walked down the corridor in the direction Beef was going, and after the knight rounded the corner, Beef followed slowly. Perhaps the knight was headed where he needed to go, in which case all Beef had to do was follow without being caught. He could do this.

Beef followed the knight around several twists in the corridor, until he rounded a corner to see Sir Brenzen standing directly in front of him.

"Ingish didn't give that order, did he Beef?"

Beef's shock made it hard to think, but he managed to choke out, "Of... of course he did, Sir."

Brenzen sighed, "I know for a fact that Ingish has been discussing mechanical theory with Tarmid for the past hour. Additionally, I don't see Melbil Arbanas with you, and any order to the hellguard is delivered to pairs of soldiers, for security reasons. You have abandoned your post and been derelict in your duty, and I'd like to know why."

Beef frowned. The knight was smarter than he looked, Beef had to give him that. Beef saw that the knight's pick was still strapped to his back and took a deep breath. It would be a shame to hurt Beef's commanding officer, but it would be still more of a shame if Beef let them execute the Duke's wife. With a practiced motion, he slung the adamantine spear off of his back and lunged at the knight.

Before Beef knew what was happening, he found himself flat on his back, the tip of the spear placed under his chin. Brenzen loomed over him, and he tried to scramble back, but the wall prevented him from getting away. The knight looked coolly down the point of the spear at Beef.

"I hope you realize that you now stand guilty of treason, assault against a commanding officer, attempted murder, dereliction of duty, and falsifying orders, and that it is my duty and right to execute you on the spot as a high magebane of the Knights of St. Zane."

Beef felt his eyes widen as the knight said Beef would be executed, but Brenzen continued, "However, under the circumstances, I believe that I should hear you out before making a final judgement. Choose your next words wisely."

Level 37 fighter comes in handy sometimes :P

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **fractalman** on **October 03, 2014, 11:27:59 pm**

Journal of FractalEntity:

I think a bunch of ghosts are harassing the dwarves, especially Beef. Am considering driving them off if they go too far. Need to define "too far" one of these days.

By the way. I don't mind people reading my journal. I encrypt anything really important. However, stop leaving it on the chair! It belongs on thedesk! Thank you for your cooperation.

My dwarf just does not get it. *snerk*

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **4maskwolf** on **October 03, 2014, 11:28:39 pm**

Quote from: fractalman on October 03, 2014, 11:27:59 pm

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My dwarf just does not get it. *snerk*

What does he not get, exactly?

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **Rhaken** on **October 03, 2014, 11:37:55 pm**

Quote from: 4maskwolf on October 03, 2014, 11:28:39 pm

Quote from: fractalman on October 03, 2014, 11:27:59 pm

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My dwarf just does not get it. *snerk*

What does he not get, exactly?

Laid.

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **4maskwolf** on **October 03, 2014, 11:43:24 pm**

Quote from: Rhaken on October 03, 2014, 11:37:55 pm

Quote from: 4maskwolf on October 03, 2014, 11:28:39 pm

What does he not get, exactly?

Laid.

Hey now man, there's no need to bring that up, you know that's a sore spot for him, can you just let it drop :P

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **fractalman** on **October 04, 2014, 12:10:14 pm**

Quote from: 4maskwolf on October 03, 2014, 11:28:39 pm

Quote from: fractalman on October 03, 2014, 11:27:59 pm

Journal of FractalEntity:

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My dwarf just does not get it. *snerk*

What does he not get, exactly?

he's the one leaving the journal on the chair.

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **TheFlame52** on **October 04, 2014, 12:14:01 pm**

Quote from: Arcvasti on October 03, 2014, 09:22:43 pm

Somewhat intrigued by this, has a neat story from what I've gleaned. Will have to read the thing at some point. Now, my question is thus:

What exactly is a Pimpstack.

To which I reply:

Quote from: TheFlame52 on May 10, 2014, 07:23:42 pm

You haven't heard of pimping stations? You can build them when the economy is turned on. A dwarf gets into the pimping station and levies money from all the dwarves that pass by. It's a good way to collect taxes for your fort. :P

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **4maskwolf** on **October 04, 2014, 03:53:43 pm**

Okay, so, update on the progress of the actual in-game game.

I have finally finished playing my year and will, as soon as all story elements are up, be uploading the save, or shortly thereafter. Also, one of our people just died of old age: not a named dwarf, an unnamed bonecarver. Goes to show how long we've been going at this: this was the 14th year of the fortress.

I'll update this post with pictures of what I revamped in a bit.

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **Gnorm** on **October 04, 2014, 05:58:37 pm**

Quote from: 4maskwolf on October 04, 2014, 03:53:43 pm

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Post by: **Doctor_Whiteface** on **October 04, 2014, 06:47:38 pm**

Quote from: 4maskwolf on October 04, 2014, 03:53:43 pm

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Post by: **4maskwolf** on **October 04, 2014, 06:48:44 pm**

Quote from: Gnorm on October 04, 2014, 05:58:37 pm

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Lolz oh man. This fortress though.

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **4maskwolf** on **October 04, 2014, 06:58:40 pm**

Also, while I'm waiting on the other parts to the whole Thane-FallenAngel story, I may as well post something that actually happens chronologically earlier in the canon.

Thanatos knocked on the door to Brenzen's office, feeling a surge of trepidation. The militia commander of Demongate was well known for his obsession with honor and duty, and there was the possibility that Brenzen would refuse his request. There was silence from the other side of the door, so he knocked again, louder.

"Come in," came a tired voice from behind the door.

Thantos pushed open the door and entered the room, doing his best to leave his uncertainty behind him. He had a mission to Demongate, but his first loyalty is, and always will be, to the Olympians. They took him in, trained him, and, when the time came, had elected him to their council. If they were in trouble, it was his duty to join them and fight alongside them.

Brenzen was sitting at his desk as Thanatos entered, rubbing his eyes in exhaustion. Thanatos stood at a respectful distance until the knight gestured for him to sit in the second chair. A long silence filled the air, until finally Brenzen spoke, "I'm sure you have a reason for coming here."

Thanatos nodded slowly, still not willing to speak. The knight gestured for him to go on, so he finally said, "I have important information

to share with you, sir."

Brenzen raised an eyebrow, and Thanatos continued, "The bloodkin are on the move, commander. They have taken over the whole south and are about to make their move on the border fortresses. They..." his voice trailed off as Brenzen's eyes narrowed.

"How do you know our mission here?" the knight demanded.

Thanatos flinched internally: how was he supposed to have known the mission was a secret. It was obvious to him why the fortress had been founded.

Noticing his hesitation, Brenzen said, "I'll ask you one more time. How do you know our mission here?"

"I... Isn't it obvious, sir? The bloodkin are invading the south and..."

"Where did you get this information?" Brenzen interrupted, "and more importantly, why haven't you shared it before now?"

Thanatos hesitated, trying to collect his thoughts, and Brenzen stood, looming over him, "I asked you a question, captain, and I expect a response."

"I am a member of the Olympians, sir."

Silence hung heavy in the air, and Thanatos felt as if the walls of the room were closing in on him as the knight stared directly at him. After what seemed like days, Brenzen sat down, his gaze still fixed on Thanatos.

"I should have known you lot would plant a spy in our fortress. It was only a matter of time until it happened, though I must admit I did not expect them to be as skilled at hiding as you were. Then again..."

"I'm not here to spy, sir," Thanatos interrupted. He didn't know what compelled him to say it, but the knight deserved to know the truth, "I was sent as a liaison to Demongate to establish contact with the knighthood and forge an alliance between our groups. The letter you gave me was sent by another member of the council."

Brenzen was quiet for a long moment, then, "Explain yourself."

"I am a member of Olympian council, one of the few survivors. When it seemed that the bloodkin could be repulsed, I was sent to speak directly with the knight in charge of Demongate to establish an alliance to drive them out. However, when I arrived it was clear that the presence of the knighthood in Demongate was limited: we had assumed they had sent one of the masters to the fortress. I sent back word to my fellow council members and was advised to stay and provide information to the fortress for it's betterment."

Thanatos paused, and Brenzen gestured for him to go on, "It is too late, sir. The Olympians are retreating to the caverns, away from the bloodkin. They have won the war in the south, and possibly the entire world. As we speak the bloodkin mass their forces to storm the other border fortresses. All except Demongate."

Brenzen raised an eyebrow as Thanatos continued, "The bloodkin have deployed enough of their forces south of us to keep us from escaping from the pass, but not enough to take the fortress by storm. They seem to be waiting for something, and want to be well away from the fortress when it happens. What that something is, we don't know."

Silence fell upon the room once again, and Sir Brenzen stood and walked around the table until he stood behind Thanatos. He placed one hand on Thanatos's shoulder, "I have a feeling you're telling the truth, my friend. The last message from the Council of Masters indicated that they had lost contact with a force of knights headed south to probe the bloodkin lines almost as soon as they passed the border fortresses, so that part of your story is corroborated. The rest, I will take on your honor."

Brenzen walked back to his chair and sat down, and after a brief pause Thanatos spoke again, "Sir, if I may... I have a request of you."

"What is it?"

Thanatos took a deep breath and looked the knight straight in the eyes, "I'd like to be relieved of service at the end of the year and be allowed to rejoin my group in the caverns."

Brenzen seemed to consider this momentarily, then nodded, "If that is what you truly wish, then I will allow this."

Thanatos felt as if a great weight had been lifted off of his shoulder, "Thank you sir. You have my gratitude."

Brenzen nodded curtly, and Thanatos stood and left the room.

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **Doctor_Whiteface** on **October 04, 2014, 07:06:33 pm**

Quote from: 4maskwolf on October 04, 2014, 06:48:44 pm

Quote from: Gnorm on October 04, 2014, 05:58:37 pm

Quote from: 4maskwolf on October 04, 2014, 03:53:43 pm

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Can't wait to start my turn and drop my jaw at the lunacy I'll need to deal with :)

Lolz oh man. This fortress though.

Let me guess. A completely average bedlam in every possible way.

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **Gnorm** on **October 04, 2014, 07:18:36 pm**

Quote from: 4maskwolf on October 04, 2014, 06:48:44 pm

Pretty sure you know generally how the year ends, given that we have all been talking about it over in the quicktopic.

I know *what* will happen, but I'd still like to see *how* it gets written.

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **Doctor_Whiteface** on **October 05, 2014, 07:55:11 am**

Quote from: 4maskwolf on October 04, 2014, 11:56:21 pm

Dear Urist McMiner,

You see that? That hole in the ground? That's our quarry. You decided to come to this fortress, and in this fortress we live like humans. We have wonderful housing units for all of you, but the fortress needs more stone, since we're running out of trees to cut down and spare wood to use. So could you please stop going on break once a month for two weeks and actually get something done, please? The quarry won't expand itself.

Sincerely,

Your expedition leader, the carpenter

Sweet Armok, what have I got myself into? ;-;

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **4maskwolf** on **October 05, 2014, 09:10:03 am**

Quote from: Doctor_Whiteface on October 05, 2014, 07:55:11 am

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Sincerely,

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Sweet Armok, what have I got myself into? ;-;

No no, that's one of my personal fortresses, don't worry.

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **Gnorm** on **October 08, 2014, 08:41:27 pm**

It seems as if someone has been shirking his overseer duties.

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **4maskwolf** on **October 08, 2014, 08:47:57 pm**

I'm awaiting the conclusion to the whole Thane thing, which is out of my hand. Then I'll post the final thing.

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **MDFification** on **October 08, 2014, 08:53:20 pm**

Quote from: 4maskwolf on October 08, 2014, 08:47:57 pm

I'm awaiting the conclusion to the whole Thane thing, which is out of my hand. Then I'll post the final thing.

Yeah, I haven't written a response to the Brenzen/Vanderhuge situation. I'm writing essays right now and don't really have time to do things that aren't terrible.
If you need to move on, you can always just cop out by making Brenzen how very, very high Vanderhuge is.

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **October 09, 2014, 05:09:17 am**

I can write up a trial scene that gets interrupted by Beef's craziness, but Tarmid's role would be reduced to scanning with the thaumometer since I'm not sure how much he's meant to uncover in his research.

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **Scruffy** on **October 12, 2014, 09:58:44 am**

Interestin fort.

By the way, when did pimpstack become such a popular name for pumps?

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **jrrocks05** on **October 12, 2014, 10:32:32 am**

When did urist start liking socks?

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **TheFlame52** on **October 12, 2014, 12:57:04 pm**

Quote from: Scruffy on October 12, 2014, 09:58:44 am

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By the way, when did pimpstack become such a popular name for pumps?

Someone misspelled pumpstack, I made a joke about it, six months later it went viral.

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **Scruffy** on **October 12, 2014, 01:03:40 pm**

Quote from: TheFlame52 on October 12, 2014, 12:57:04 pm

Quote from: Scruffy on October 12, 2014, 09:58:44 am

Interestin fort.

By the way, when did pimpstack become such a popular name for pumps?

Someone misspelled pumpstack, I made a joke about it, six months later it went viral.

Calling them pimpstacks has been around longer than that. We had them in !!drunkfortress!! about two years ago or so. Doesn't really mater though

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **jrrocks05** on **October 12, 2014, 01:53:39 pm**

Quote from: TheFlame52 on October 12, 2014, 12:57:04 pm

Quote from: Scruffy on October 12, 2014, 09:58:44 am

Interestin fort.

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Not viral.dwarf fortres viral!!!!

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **TheFlame52** on **October 12, 2014, 02:41:48 pm**

The Demongate pimpstacks came up in May 2014, and I know for a fact that it was a typo, so they must have arisen independently. But which one went viral? Th world may never know.

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **Gnorm** on **October 12, 2014, 02:54:13 pm**

Just looking through the forums' search engine, it looks as if "pimpstack" was first mentioned in 2012 in *Drunk Fortress*, though it seems to have been merely a typo, and one that didn't really catch on back then.

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **Doctor_Whiteface** on **October 12, 2014, 08:44:29 pm**

I patiently await the savefile.

My year will be a journal kept by my dorf, more or less divorced from the story. The major players in said story can feel free to operate things around me as needed.

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **October 13, 2014, 05:00:44 am**

I should probably confirm that you know Demongate is running in 0.34, not 0.40 just so wee can avoid awkwardness later on.

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **Doctor_Whiteface** on **October 13, 2014, 12:20:06 pm**

Quote from: Deus Asmoth on October 13, 2014, 05:00:44 am

I should probably confirm that you know Demongate is running in 0.34, not 0.40 just so wee can avoid awkwardness later on.

Good. I don't particularly enjoy .40, mostly because the Adventure Mode interface got buggy in the LNP

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **MDFification** on **October 13, 2014, 04:35:53 pm**

Going through my forts and relabeling my pumpstack control levers to pimpstack control levers.

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **October 13, 2014, 05:48:56 pm**

I'm kind of interested in the images that'd pop up if pimpstacks ever became a full blown meme. In any case, there's something in the quicktopic relevant to your interests, MDF.

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **danmanthedog** on **October 14, 2014, 06:34:27 am**

Quote from: Deus Asmoth on October 13, 2014, 05:48:56 pm

I'm kind of interested in the images that'd pop up if pimpstacks ever became a full blown meme. In any case, there's something in the quicktopic relevant to your interests, MDF.

A bunch of sweet pimps stack on top of each other

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **Doctor_Whiteface** on **October 14, 2014, 06:56:55 am**

Quote from: Deus Asmoth on October 13, 2014, 05:48:56 pm

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This is a masterfully designed image of pumps. The pumps are in a stack. The pumps are wearing purple hats.

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **Rhaken** on **October 15, 2014, 10:15:08 pm**

My friends of Steelhold and Demongate! I have an announcement to make.

One year ago today, CubeJackal created the original Steelhold thread (<http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=132097.0>). Happy birthday, Steelhold! We remember your batshit insanity with fondness.

As a present of sorts, I give you this segment that I have been ever so slowly writing since the latter days of Steelhold. I hope you all enjoy it.

Late Spring, 260
Dwarven Mountain Hall of Chainbell

Heavy leather workgloves tied to his belt, Stinthad Abbeylanced walked through the crowded streets to his home. It was market day, and the roving caravan had returned not two days past. Wee ones crowded the wagons, badgering the merchants for toys and exotic treats and exciting tales of travel and adventure. Up until a few years ago, his own daughters would be running about, spending most of their allowances on sugary confections and figurines brought from afar. They would always come back with exciting new tales to tell, most of them probably fabricated.

After spending most of the day topside running maintenance on the windmills, Stinthad was looking forward to a quiet evening with the missus. That whole notion went down the drain when he crossed the threshold into his modest apartment. His wife Unib was sitting at the foot of the bed, holding a sealed scroll, a light frown on her delicate features.

Stinthad walked up to her. "Honey, is something wrong?"

She handed him the scroll. "A messenger stopped by with news from the caravan. He said this was for you."

Scowling, Stinthad broke the wax seal and unfurled the scroll. He was sure Unib hadn't read it, but the look on her face told him she knew. Maybe the messenger had told her. He knew what that meant. A death in the family.

He read the whole thing in tense silence. When he was done, he threw the scroll at the corner of the room, startling Unib. His hands clenched into fists as he spoke, perhaps a bit louder than he intended.

"So the bastard is dead, eh? Well, good fucking riddance. He can get eaten raw by elves, for all I care."

Unib held her husband's arm. "Dear, isn't that a little harsh? I mean, he was your father."

Stinthad pulled away from her grasp. "Yeah? Some father. Do you have any idea what it was like to live with him? He'd disappear for months at a time, then return with a fresh crop of injuries that my mother had to tend to. Or my brother Udil. He'd stay for a couple weeks, always at his desk, barely talked to me, and then he'd be off again. Just like that. Wouldn't even wait until morning to say goodbye. You'd just wake up and he was gone, and you never knew if you'd see him again."

Tears had been peeking at the corner of his eyes as he spoke, and by the end of it they were streaming down his cheeks and into his beard. "He wasn't there when my beard came in. He wasn't there when I turned twelve and got my first job as a ranger. He never gave him anything to remember him by."

Then why was he crying?

He fell to his knees, sobbing. Unib held her husband in her arms until he regained his composure.

"Does my brother know?"

"I don't think so. He's been out hunting."

"I'll go tell him then."

Stinthad Ringlabored was hauling his latest kill into Chainbell. No easy task. He had tracked the giant badger into the Plain of Riders for the better part of a week, and had managed to fell it with one of his last remaining bolts. The trek back was fast draining him of energy.

He was just past the gate when he saw his brother, grim-faced, arms folded across his chest. Not a good way to finish a hunting trip. Still trailing the massive corpse, Stinthad approached his sibling.

"Something wrong, big brother? You look cross."

"Father's dead."

Stinthad Ringlabored, Hunter, cancels Return Kill: Mourning.

The elder Stinthad threw another pair of socks into his ratty old suitcase. His scowl had just deepened since delivering the news to his brother, who had insisted on tagging along back to his home. Though he loved his brother, meeting with him always left a bitter taste in the elder Stinthad's mouth. Why had his parents named two consecutive sons Stinthad? Was the younger brother meant to be a success, where the elder had failed? Their father had certainly been around longer when younger Stin was growing up. If that was the case, no wonder Stinthad hated the old bastard.

"Dear, are you sure you want to do this?" *His wife pleaded with him. Stinthad just looked at his brother. He was standing by the door, expression as guarded as ever. Stin was never one to nurse his pains in plain sight. Not even in front of his elder brother.*

"I have to. I'm the heir to his estate. And as much as I hate him, I still have to check that he's properly buried." *Stinthad sighed, ran a hand through his beard.* "Besides. I still haven't said goodbye to my mother. And she died months ago."

"Then I'm going with you," *Unib replied, reticent. She was none too fond of the idea, but she had to. Dwarven custom and all that. Husband and wife must not be torn asunder. Even on a trip such as this.*

After a moment's hesitation, Stinthad hugged her. They held each other for a good long moment, paying no mind to his brother. The younger Stinthad was content to hover in the doorway, still as a statue, interrupting nothing. They couldn't even hear him breathe.

"I suppose I should tell the girls," *Stinthad said after a fashion.*

"You do that, dear," *Unib replied.* "I'll get to packing."

Stinthad marched out the door, clapping his brother on the shoulder on the way out. Different as the two might be, they both got that faraway look in the eyes when there was something important to be done.

Unib packed in silence for a while, paying no mind to her brother-in-law. Just the way he preferred it. The hunter was not much of one for speaking, but he would always be around to lend support.

"He doesn't mean a word of it, you know," *he said abruptly.*

Unib turned to face him, confused. "How do you mean?"

"The whole 'I hate my father' thing." *He sounded as distant as ever. Clinical, almost.* "True, Dad wasn't the best father in dwarven history, but he never let us starve. He couldn't always be there for us, but always came through when he was around. Stinthad never said this kind of thing back then."

"Why does he say it now?" *Unib asked.* "What changed?"

Stinthad eyed her coolly. "Think about it. Which is easier? Admitting that you still love the father that dragged you around the countryside on the run from the law when you were barely a beardling; the father who went and got himself arrested for organized crime and managed to drag your darling mother along with him? Or deny the whole thing to yourself and everyone you meet?"

Unib's gaze met the floor. Her husband had not once said a kind word about his father, in all the decades they'd been together. Not once. Now she understood why.

Later it struck her that that was the most she'd heard her brother-in-law say in one sitting.

Getting the permits had been a two-week ordeal of bureaucratic pain in the backside, but now it was done. Stinthad and Unib had visas to enter Steelhold as visitors. Their daughters Unib and Adil had decided to join them and pay their respects to their grandmother. Their grandfather was casually left out of the conversation.

They trekked across the continent for months, their travel clothes slowly but surely taking on the hues of dirt and mileage. Mountains and forests had given way to a vast desert, and Stinthad quickly discovered why half the wagons were full of water barrels. It was only after a month of journeying ever southward that they found the sea. A week after that, they rounded the bay toward their destination.

Steelhold. a prison for the worst criminal filth that The Gloves of Admiring had to offer. And within, Stinthad would find his deceased parents.

How could he have known that the gates would seal shut behind the caravan? How could he have known that the prison had been taken over by a madwoman? A sense of honor had taken him and his across the known world to this place as a visitor. Now they would remain as prisoners, guilty of no crime other than poor timing.

A great tomb had been built for his parents. Neither was interred within. His mother had been thrown in the regular burial halls. His father was never buried. The circumstances of his death had made his body impossible to recover. He had been quite a mover and shaker in Steelhold, they said. A King among dwarves, they said. Those who hadn't succumbed to madness, at least.

His wife Unib was the first to go. She had been hauling garbage outside when the goblin army arrived. They had torn her apart. The body was found days later, already bloated, after the breaking of the siege. Stinthad had been too grief-stricken to bury her himself. Now he had no idea where she was. Probably still out in the field, decomposing away. It's not like anybody else cared.

His daughters were next. They had been sucked dry on the very same day. He had cradled their lifeless bodies in his arms for hours on end, sobbing uncontrollably. He almost felt like succumbing to the curse. He could hear everyone around him droning the same mantra ad nauseam. 'Drink', they beckoned, 'or join the food chain'. He would have none of it. Had everyone else taken leave of their senses?

Logs! More logs. He needed them. Desperately. And stone! So much stone. This was a fucking fortress, why the hell was there no stone? Or leather? Couldn't they just flay one of the dead? It's not like anybody gave two shits about propriety anymore. If you're not going to bury them anyway, why not take the skin while you're at it? Or the bones? You could always make more crafts that way. Even totems.

Where was the fucking leather? And gems! Glorious, scintillating gemstones. Where? Where, by the gods nobody else seemed to believe in anymore, where?

Irons gripped his throat, pinned his wrists to leaden chains. His clothes had long since rotted away. Not like he needed them. As far as his captors were concerned, being naked just made the whole process easier.

He had fathered hundreds of them. Wee beardlings, birthed by the first two women captives he had been forced to copulate with. He had refused at first, of course. What would Unib say? But the masters would have none of it. They used that shining mask to bring the fire to his loins, and by damn, it had to be appeased. He didn't even feel good doing it. It just happened. More than once he had blacked out, and when he came to, he was in the middle of it. Sometimes with the originals. Sometimes with his daughters. Granddaughters. Greatgranddaughters. Whatever they threw at him. No amount of shame could keep him down, try as he might.

Dreams were his only solace. In dreams he saw the world, saw his wife, his daughters who were naught but skulls now. He saw other places, faraway. A land across the waters. Great ships filled with humans and dwarves and elves. Caves, more vast than the greatest mountain hall, damp, rancid, smelling like home and death and placenta and madness and life. And the masters probed him endlessly about these dreams. Sometimes he even understood what they were saying long enough to tell them. At least, he thought he did. Maybe. As long as they let him see and hug his daughters when he was done. Probably.

He had no idea how long it had been. All he knew is that he was getting old, and his children were starting to age as well. The masters saw fit to find a new use for him. They removed the shackles. He fell to the floor on legs that hadn't walked a step in what could have been a century. They opened his mouth by force. The one with the mask hovered overhead; he who had been slowly eating the one-armed female. He held goblet of blood. Dwarven blood, birth-blood of one of the most recent children. What would he do with it? He was mad. He had to be. Only a mad dwarf would wear a mask on his chest instead of his face.

The mad one upended the goblet. Thick, chunky blood filled his mouth, and it was not his own. The fleshless one made him drink. The heat was upon him then. When it subsided, only thirst remained. Thirst and vision and sleep and two parched skulls.

His masters had nodded then. He would father no more children. But he would be their entertainment for centuries.

The sounds of boot-clad feet dragged Stinthad from a most pleasant dream. He had been talking to his father again. So many things the old dwarf had to say. Something about patience and power and conspiracy and war. Now awake, he heard more of the same from the Kin within the chamber.

"The Third Army has begun to take the North, my lord," *spoke one of the armored ones, kneeling before the throne.* "They expect a solid victory over all settlements north of the Funnel on the Steppes. Within a year, the North may yet be yours."

Shank nodded his pleasure. He reclined upon the throne, dressed in the finery of a warrior-king. In a sense, he was. "And the Father?"

"Our sources tell us he is within the territory of the First Iron. Presumably near the Funnel. No actual contact had been established at the time of the report."

"Very well. Continue the conquest, Commander. Bring the Knights of Saint Zane to their knees as swiftly as possible. That will crush morale in the North."

"And the Olympian raids, my lord?"

"Insects," *the Lord of the Bloodkin spat.* "Ants hiding in a hill. Crush them beneath your bootheels or scatter them to the winds. It makes no difference to me, and should make no difference to you. As long as they are snuffed from existence, I could not give less of a shit."

"Your will be done, Lord Shank."

The Commander saluted, wheeled around, and left the golden hall. He paid Shank's pet lunatic no mind, completely unaware that he was his direct descendent. What did paternal relationships matter to the Bloodkin, anyway? They often said that they all had the same Mother, Father, and Uncle, and these were their rulers. How you were born was irrelevant. How you were turned was irrelevant. All were their children, and all were therefore siblings. That was the meaning of family to their race.

Shank paced up and down the hall, muttering to himself. Talking to his Masters through the Mask. He heard and answered countless voices, endless requests. They had given him a race of his own, they said. He was in command now, just as he wished. Now he must uphold his end of the bargain. Deliver them the world. A shattered world, bathed in blood, filled with his warriors. A world to corrupt and destroy other worlds of the brother-nemesis of their own lord.

This he would deliver. He would foerever be their instrument of death and suffering. The mere thought of it got him hard. He would have to go murder some of the livestock when he was done.

Once the meeting was over, Shank left his throne room - yes, his throne room now that his beloved was finally gone - and descended the granite staircase. He had forced his subjects to set up the livestock near the first cavern, where he could see their suffering from the windows of the summer palace. He walked onto the balcony, and was immediately bathed in the shrieks of the damned. It made him cackle.

There was one bit of business to attend to before he got to his fun. He clamped the mask he had long ago sewn into his chest, had it seek his agent in the other land. Communication had to be much more direct now that Kivish was gone.

"Amsan. Hear me, necromancer." *Try as he might, he couldn't keep the mirth from his voice.* "The time draws near."

He would not wait for a reply. There was suffering to cause and sample, and Shank's patience had been worn thin in the past seven centuries. He vaulted the balcony railing, and came crashing a hundred feet below in a heap of filth and slush and gore. He shattered both his legs. They rebuilt themselves instantly.

Shank grinned, began to cackle. Thousands of pairs of eyes fell upon him in absolute terror. Yet beneath the fear, hidden away, was the faintest glimmer of a dark hope.

Many would be released from their torment by the time he was done.

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **October 16, 2014, 05:48:29 pm**

Shank is in the wrong game. He would have done well as a Chaos Lord.

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **Gnorm** on **October 16, 2014, 10:11:18 pm**

You know, this narrative seemed really serious, and then . . .

Quote from: Rhaken on October 15, 2014, 10:15:08 pm

The mere thought of it got him hard.

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **October 17, 2014, 04:34:23 am**

Shank's always been turned on by insanity though. Even project immortality did it for him.

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **MDFification** on **October 17, 2014, 07:54:57 am**

Quote from: Deus Asmoth on October 17, 2014, 04:34:23 am

Shank's always been turned on by insanity though. Even project immortality did it for him.

And here I thought he had a monarchy fetish.
Still not the weirdest confirmed sexual relationship in these threads.

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **4maskwolf** on **October 17, 2014, 06:38:10 pm**

Urk.

Sorry about my lack of activity guys. :/

I'm just swamped in college application stuff right now.

If you all could resolve all of the plotlines (except for the big finale, which I can still write) which need to be resolved before the finale, that would be great...

Sorry...

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **FallenAngel** on **October 17, 2014, 06:59:30 pm**

Demongate's prisons

FallenAngel IV walks past Thane.

"Daemones numquid surgent, castella numquid ceciderit...
Indica in milites..."

FallenAngel IV leaves, a haunting aura remaining in his place.

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **October 17, 2014, 07:31:24 pm**

Thane rolled her eyes and went back to her book.

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **Gnorm** on **October 17, 2014, 10:48:15 pm**

Quote from: Deus Asmoth on October 17, 2014, 04:34:23 am

Shank's always been turned on by insanity though. Even project immortality did it for him.

I know, it's mainly the term "boner" that I found odd. I just think it's a little colloquial and a bit silly in comparison to the rest of the writing.

Quote from: MDFification on October 17, 2014, 07:54:57 am

And here I thought he had a monarchy fetish.
Still not the weirdest confirmed sexual relationship in these threads.

Have you been compiling a list?

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **Rhaken** on **October 17, 2014, 11:02:06 pm**

Quote from: Gnorm on October 17, 2014, 10:48:15 pm

Quote from: Deus Asmoth on October 17, 2014, 04:34:23 am
Shank's always been turned on by insanity though. Even project immortality did it for him.

I know, it's mainly the term "boner" that I found odd. I just think it's a little colloquial and a bit silly in comparison to the rest of the writing.

Though that term never actually came up, I pretty much did it on purpose to showcase how batshit Shank can be. Honestly not sure if it worked for or against that.

Also, fun fact about Stinthad's daughters. One was drained of blood by Asmoth. The other was drained by Shank.

You seriously cannot make this stuff up.

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **Gnorm** on **October 17, 2014, 11:04:43 pm**

Quote from: Rhaken on October 17, 2014, 11:02:06 pm

Quote from: Gnorm on October 17, 2014, 10:48:15 pm

Quote from: Deus Asmoth on October 17, 2014, 04:34:23 am

Shank's always been turned on by insanity though. Even project immortality did it for him.

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Though that term never actually came up, I pretty much did it on purpose to showcase how batshit Shank can be. Honestly not sure if it worked for or against that.

I meant to say "hard," not "boner;" forgive me, for I am quite tired. Nevertheless, I was personally snapped out of the narrative by that one word.

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **Rhaken** on **October 17, 2014, 11:08:32 pm**

Quote from: Gnorm on October 17, 2014, 11:04:43 pm

Quote from: Rhaken on October 17, 2014, 11:02:06 pm

Quote from: Gnorm on October 17, 2014, 10:48:15 pm

Quote from: Deus Asmoth on October 17, 2014, 04:34:23 am

Shank's always been turned on by insanity though. Even project immortality did it for him.

I know, it's mainly the term "boner" that I found odd. I just think it's a little colloquial and a bit silly in comparison to the rest of the writing.

Though that term never actually came up, I pretty much did it on purpose to showcase how batshit Shank can be. Honestly not sure if it worked for or against that.

I meant to say "hard," not "boner;" forgive me, for I am quite tired. Nevertheless, I was personally snapped out of the narrative by that one word.

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **October 19, 2014, 01:33:40 pm**

Minor update: pending confirmation from MDF, the pre trial scene is reasonably up to scratch. Once that's finalised, the trial itself will need some input from Rhaken, MDF again and Fallen once it's written, and then I think the plot will be mostly sewn up.

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **FallenAngel** on **October 19, 2014, 06:49:16 pm**

Sounds like a party.

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **October 20, 2014, 12:57:10 pm**

Beef Vanderhuge crept towards the cells of Demongate. It had taken him weeks of planning to advance this far; learning the schedule of the Guardians so he'd know when Brenzen wasn't keeping an eye out for him, getting to know which of the jailors wouldn't bother asking why he was visiting the captain at this time and more importantly who liked to leave five minutes early without checking the mostly empty cells. Even finding out the precise amount of gypsum that would block out the voices without rendering him incoherent had been a feat in itself considering the effects it had on his short term memory. In a few short moments, everything would be fine. Thane would be free, at least one of those dead people would leave him alone. Just Beef, some peace and quiet, and perhaps a few pinches of psychological stimulants. Beef checked behind himself one more time to make sure he wasn't being followed before turning into the hall of cells.

"Captain Vanderhuge! What are you doing here?" a stern voice asked. Beef turned back around to see that scribe. Tarmid? He was pretty sure that he'd be able to spear him and make good on his escape, but on the other hand, Tarmid was pretty good friends with Brenzen from what Beef had seen. That Knight was scary enough without hunting for some vengeance.

"I was, uh, just going to see the captain," Vanderhuge improvised. It occurred to him that this was actually a perfectly reasonable excuse. "We were in a squad together for years, after all. Got to make sure she's holding up ok."

Tarmid sighed. "Beef, no one who is going to visit a friend sneaks around corners like you were doing. I am nearly certain that Brenzen has told you not to attempt anything rash already, so would you care to tell me what you had planned for this evening or should we go and find him?"

"The Baron... he, ah, left me a letter... before he died," Beef decided, praying for inspiration. "He said not to open it until he was gone, but all it said was to look out for Thane and... make sure she was safe. I didn't think that being in prison on threat of execution was in line with Vlad's wishes."

"You do realise that breaking her out of confinement is the thing that would make her appear most guilty in the eyes of the fortress, I assume?" the Scribe asked. He sounded as though he thought this should be painfully obvious. "If you truly wish to aid Thane, I have a job for you, though. Are you interested?"

Beef considered. On one hand, this was putting off his next stone nosing by an unacceptable amount of time. On the other, if Vlad thought that he was helping the girl without getting prodded, he might stop with the prodding... He nodded slowly.

"Good," Tarmid smiled. "As you may know, Thane has been imprisoned for the sorcerous murder of one 'Fallen Angel'. The fact that his body disappeared soon after the alleged murder, as well as the repeated sightings of a dwarf matching his description and... unusual mannerisms... mean that the trial should be a mere formality pending dismissal due to lack of evidence at this stage. It would be preferable if you could track down Fallen Angel and ensure that he attends the trial so that there is no doubt that Thane did not in fact murder him, though. Brenzen is not a great believer in the old adage of 'innocent until proven guilty'. I doubt it will be difficult to find Fallen Angel, subtlety is not one of his strong points. You may be in some danger when you attempt to apprehend him, though, as he appears to possess a variety of..."

Beef nodded solemnly every so often, letting the Scribe's lecture wash over him. If all he needed to do was find some dwarf, the rest of the evening could be spent using up the gypsum he hadn't been able to use in preparation for this mission. The search could begin in the morning.

I should at least have a draft of the trial scene done by the end of the week. If anyone else wants to get it done before that, feel free. My brain is just a bit fried at the moment.

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **FallenAngel** on **October 20, 2014, 01:47:29 pm**

FallenAngel IV slinks away from the two

"I should lay low for a while. Where would nobody expect me...?"

FallenAngel IV's perplexed expression changes to brilliance

"Of course! I'll hide as a dead body in a coffin. I just need to make myself a vampire temporarily, so I can survive. While I wait for this to die down, I'll read more of my book..."

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **October 20, 2014, 02:48:22 pm**

It's a good thing that no one in Demongate ever checks if anyone is listening to them before having private conversations. Otherwise there might be a plot development regarding a character without that character instantly knowing about it.

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **MDFification** on **October 20, 2014, 04:13:31 pm**

Aye. However, this is the species that has "risked life for socks" engraved on at least 25% of its tombstones.

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **danmanthedog** on **October 21, 2014, 09:25:58 am**

Quote from: MDFification on October 20, 2014, 04:13:31 pm
Aye. However, this is the species that has "risked life for socks" engraved on at least 25% of its tombstones.

But socks are what make the world go around

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **fractalman** on **October 21, 2014, 01:00:15 pm**

Quote from: FallenAngel on October 20, 2014, 01:47:29 pm
FallenAngel IV slinks away from the two

"I should lay low for a while. Where would nobody expect me...?"

FallenAngel IV's perplexed expression changes to brilliance

"Of course! I'll hide as a dead body in a coffin. I just need to make myself a vampire temporarily, so I can survive. While I wait for this to die down, I'll read more of my book..."

'Why would you need to lie low' thought the FractalEntity. 'You're only bodysurfing.'

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **October 25, 2014, 12:56:22 pm**

Mask, can I get the names of the people in Beef's squad? They're relevant to the trial piece.

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **4maskwolf** on **October 25, 2014, 01:47:46 pm**

Quote from: Deus Asmoth on October 25, 2014, 12:56:22 pm
Mask, can I get the names of the people in Beef's squad? They're relevant to the trial piece.

Erm...

I don't have access to the save until Monday...

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **4maskwolf** on **October 27, 2014, 08:08:07 pm**

One list of names, coming right up:

- Sibrek ashoktosid
- Ushrir Enolrovod
- Mafol Asenkilrud
- Urvad Akrukaththir
- Rakust Senglogem
- Bomrek Melbiloshur
- Rith Letmosoltar
- Aban Idsazir
- Edem Matoltar

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **October 28, 2014, 04:27:37 am**

Excellent. In other news, my internet provider is being a jerk, so things on my end are being slightly delayed.

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **Gnorm** on **October 31, 2014, 12:11:55 pm**

Any chance of just a filler update here or there, 4maskwolf? It's been almost a month since anything new.

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **4maskwolf** on **October 31, 2014, 03:52:20 pm**

Maybe later today/tommorrow, I'm really sorry about all of this...

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **October 31, 2014, 05:03:23 pm**

I have the trial scene done and dusted. I'd have sent it to the players involved for approval a couple of days ago, but my internet router has broken and the company involved is in no rush to do anything about it. I'm in the process of writing it out again on a touchscreen (ugh) and I'll be able to pass it on Monday. If everyone's happy with it (or if no one replies) it'll be getting posted Wednesday and then most of the hanging threads of plot will be resolved. I think.

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**

Post by: **Rhaken** on **October 31, 2014, 06:35:43 pm**

Holy shit. I'm alive. Probably.

I should have a bit more free time on my hands for now, and I want to see if I can finally finish that goddamned battle at Clearstockades. Asmoth sent me a pretty amazing scene that's a part of it. Not sure if she sent to you as well, Gnorm. But I would like your help with some other parts of the scene. Mostly Corley's stuff. You up for it?

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**

Post by: **Gnorm** on **October 31, 2014, 06:51:59 pm**

Just tell me what I need to write; I'll see what I can do.

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**

Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **November 03, 2014, 02:09:51 pm**

PMs have been sent to the players involved. If no objections are raised by Wednesday, I'll be posting the trial scene then. If there are objections, I'd like to get them resolved by Friday at the latest. Yes, it's pushy, but I'd like to get this moving again.

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**

Post by: **4maskwolf** on **November 03, 2014, 06:41:16 pm**

I'm beginning work on the final scene for my turn, sorry for the delay everyone, I ran into a wall with college apps.

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**

Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **November 05, 2014, 04:29:57 am**

Wall o'text inbound. The rest is up to Mask, I think.

Beef frowned, confused. "I thought I was meant to be looking for this Fallen thingie person?" he said. "That was my initial plan, but there have been... complications," Tarmid told him as he ran his hands over a strange machine filled with some kind of green gemstone. Red veins running through the stone shifted unpredictably, though Beef got the feeling there was a rhythm to it that he just couldn't see. "I do not expect you to have any in depth knowledge on this subject," Tarmid continued, "but this is a bloodstone array, used to detect, among other things, vampires. One approaching our fortress should have been detected miles away, but the one here-" he pointed to a place where several red veins were converging "-appears to have come into existence right in the middle of Demongate! I would not have believed it possible had I not seen it myself, but it leaves me with two theories; that a vampire has been shielding itself from detection through unknown methods that have recently failed it, or that someone intentionally infected themselves for some mad reason. Your new task is to track down the abomination and ensure it does not escape. Taking them alive would be slightly more preferable, but not so much so that you should risk any lives to do so. You may use your squad; consider it Guardian business." "And then I get to go back to looking for our friend, right?" Beef asked sourly. "Of course. If you are so eager for a rest, you may be encouraged that I have a feeling that our fugitive is linked to this sudden appearance in some way. Fallen Angel often seems to be a the centre of the more unpredictable aspects of life here," Tarmid said, handing Beef a small box. Beneath a glass window glittered the same green gemstone as in the strange machine. "This may lack some of the finesse of its larger counterpart, but it is useful for locating the cursed at close quarters," Tarmid explained. "Your target should be in the direction with the most red, simply put." Beef considered arguing for a moment, then sighed and nodded instead. The sooner he could get this over with, the sooner he'd be able to confiscate some more contraband for very close inspection later on.

*

Beef wasn't sure how nine people could make as much noise as his recruits were. The clanging of the steel chains Tarmid had given him didn't even seem like the loudest part, he was certain that Sibrek could drown out a stampede of elephants with the noise of his breathing. Beef sighed as they climbed the stairs, hoping that their enemy was deaf, or had buried their head under a pile of rocks. It would have been so much easier a few short years ago. The baron would have been leading the charge, and everyone involved would have had enough experience to hold their weapons the right way up. Now, though... Beef looked at his squad of 'warriors' and saw nine barely trained recruits. Sibrek was trying -and failing- to look calm, Rith had the grin of someone stupid enough to be looking forward to their first real battle, and Bomrek seemed to be looking for a way to flee. They would have to do, though.

A chill of panic rushed through Beef as the bloodstone compass levelled off as they were climbing past the sleeping area, before he realised it was pointing not towards the living quarters, but at the graves. Beef shook the compass, wondering what a vampire would want with lifeless bodies, but the red blob didn't change direction. He silently beckoned his squad to follow him.

The tombs were as cold as ever. Here and there dried out flowers rested on the nameplates of dwarves with still living families, but for the most part they were bare; relics of those who lived and died alone, or whose relatives had died with them. Beef shook his head sadly. How long had it been since he'd visited Besmar and Vucar? There was worse waiting around the corner than those who had simply been forgotten, though. Some of the coffins had been broken into. A few had had their shattered lids replaced and repaired, but most lay empty, shards of stone all that was left of their name and history. Beef looked around, seeing the rage on the faces of his squad and holding up a hand to remind them the stay quiet. He glanced again at the box. The red dot was pointing back the way they had come. No one could have passed them, so it had to mean they needed to go deeper into the spiralling catacombs. They rounded the final corner, every step as loud as a thunderstorm in the musty gloom of the oldest graves. The glow from Tarmid's box was brighter than ever, pointing at the very end of the hallway, towards a pile of bones heaped against the wall. Beef crept towards them, wincing as the recruits followed him with their impression of silence. They bones didn't seem to be anything special. Some of them were broken, and they weren't in any order, as though someone had just thrown them out to make room for something... Beef glanced at the tomb beside him. Its lid had been clumsily replaced, as though someone had tried to pull it back up while lying inside the coffin. He pointed and thanked the gods when his squad seemed to understand.

Beef handed one of the chains to Rith, taking positions at the head and feet of the tomb. Sibrek and Bomrek crept to the sides, and Beef held up three fingers. Two fingers... One... Sibrek and Bomek heaved, slowly raising the lid. Beneath, propped on his elbows, the vampire was reading a book. It glanced up curiously. "Drop it!" Beef shouted, and the lid crashed back down. The chains clanged disappointingly quietly as they bound the tomb shut, trapping the creature inside. "Hey," it shouted indignantly, banging on the walls of the coffin. "This isn't funny, guys!" "Get Tarmid. Now," Beef told Rith, taking out his spear. If the bloodsucker managed to break the stone from the inside somehow, it wouldn't be getting away without a few new holes.

*

Rith had never been the most athletic of dwarves. She hated running and had only joined the militia because it seemed marginally better than spending her days harvesting crops. But she ran now. The world had contracted to the sound of her breath, gasping in and out, and Tarmid's office. Everything else had become nothing more than obstacles to be avoided. In the back of her mind, she registered an indignant shout as she dashed in front of someone carrying a sock, but she had already rounded the corner. Tarmid's door was closed, with someone from the other Hellguard standing in front of hit. He looked at Rith with some concern as she doubled over in front of him, trying to get her breath back. "...Tarmid?" she gasped. "He's visiting the prisoner at the minute," the guard said. "I don't think he'll be too long, you can wait here if you want!" he called after her as she dashed away again.

*

"I take it you have finished the book by now?" Tarmid said as he walked into the cell.

"That's what you wanted to ask? No, I've been much to busy counting the cracks in the ceiling to read," Thane answered, sitting up on the bed. She'd gone through it twice and still had the time to try get her second sight under control... and discover that there were forty two cracks in the ceiling.

Tarmid gave her his Unamused Teacher Stare for a moment, then continued, "Did anything in it strike you as important?"

Thane thought for a moment. "Nothing in particular," she eventually decided. "I'd like to find out more about whoever the first loremaster was, though. There's something... off about them."

"There is not that much known about the first loremaster, to be honest," Tarmid told her. "As far as we can tell, they were nearly single handedly responsible for compiling our original archives, so anything that they did not feel worthy of note is very difficult to find. Ironically, most of the information on the first loremaster seems to fall into that category. She certainly seems to have been zealous about keeping our minds untainted by darkness, though."

Thane snorted. "That's one way of putting it. You didn't come here for a book review, though. What's so important that you have to interrupt my busy schedule?"

"It is about the trial," he answered. "A few discrepancies have been appearing, so I thought I should ask you if you know anything about the location of Fallen Angel's body?"

"It was outside my cell chanting at me a few days ago," Thane shrugged. Tarmid nodded as though he'd expected as much. He reached into a pocket, pulling out something that Thane vaguely recognised.

"You my remember that this is a thaumometer, used to measure magical energy," he said as he fiddled with some dials on the side of the device. "To be honest, most of the crimes you are being accused of seem to be falling apart in front of us, but Brenzen will still feel bound to see you dead if you are found to be practising sorcery. I would like to verify that you are not before I waste my time trying to keep you alive, so may I?"

Thane sighed, standing up. Tarmid passed the thaumometer through the air in front of her, then frowned. He adjusted the device again, the swiped it in front of Thane again.

"Zero?" he muttered. "That does not make sense..."

"Why not?" Thane asked.

Tarmid glanced up at her, apparently shocked to remember that there was someone else in the room to distract him from his mystery.

"Well, er... As long as something is alive, it will give off trace amounts of magical energy, somewhere in the region of point two up to point seven thaums. The undead give off significantly more energy, as they are sustained only by sorcery rather than anything physical. A reading of zero in something capable of moving around is unheard of to the best of my knowledge."

"Wasn't one of your Saints meant to be able to kill magic or something?" Thane asked.

Tarmid rubbed his chin, thinking. "Saint Emdief, yes," he agreed. "I suppose I could argue that this counts as precedent, though I would hope that you will agree to further study of your abilities at a later point."

Thane opened her mouth to agree, then the door burst open. One of the recruits Brenzen had added to the militia tumbled inside, gasping for air.

"Beef said..." she choked out. "Tarmid... Tombs!"

"I am sorry, I must have misunderstood you," Tarmid said politely.

"In the old tombs," Rith tried again. "Beef said you had to go there."

"Ah," Tarmid nodded, turning back to Thane. "I am afraid you will have to excuse me, something urgent has come up."

The door swept shut as Tarmid strode quickly towards the stairs. Thane sat back down on her bed, idly watching the threads of magic that ran through the fortress. She still couldn't understand what any of them actually did, although she had decided that the red and black ones should probably be left alone.

"Um," said a voice behind her. Thane looked over, slipping back into the physical world. It felt strange, like crossing your eyes and being turned upside down. The recruit was back on her feet, staring sadly at the door.

"The guards will be patrolling in an hour or so," Thane told her.

The girl nodded, sitting on the floor. Thane sighed. They were going to have to talk now, she supposed.

*

"Thane Levi, you have been accused of sorcery, murder, attempted murder and assault," Brenzen intoned. "How do you plead?"

Five dwarves were seated at a table in front of her, Brenzen and Tarmid among them. She recognised the doctor who had given her a crutch one as well. The others were just faces from the crowd. Was this the new Evening Prayer Group, or something else entirely? Thane supposed it didn't really matter.

"Innocent, if we're not counting goblins and criminals," she answered. Tarmid's quill scratched as he wrote the response down.

"And was Fallen Angel a criminal?" Brenzen asked pointedly.

"If you don't think he's a criminal, you should. But I didn't kill him."

"Can you prove that?" the doctor cut in.

"Of course not," Thane exclaimed. "I've been locked up for the past week! I bet that you can't even prove he's dead, though."

"Because you hid the body!" one of the unknown dwarves shouted triumphantly. Tarmid coughed quietly.

"In fact, myself and Brenzen took Thane into custody immediately after her alleged display of sorcery," he said. "When we went back to entomb the body, it had vanished. I sent one of the Hellguard squads out to search for it, and can testify that Fallen Angel is not dead, even if he is not quite alive either."

Brenzen stared at the scribe for a moment, then nodded sharply. "Very well. What of the displays of magic we both witnessed on that day?"

"Well, according to your testimony, the last person you remember speaking to you was Fallen Angel himself, not Thane. It also seems odd that she would ask you to accompany her to a place, only to bewitch you into leaving it. In any case, I took the liberty of reading her with my thaumometer and I am certain that Thane is incapable of using magic. Whatever it was that threw you across the room will have to be investigated, but she could not have done it on her own."

"Very well," Brenzen said. "Unless there are any objections, you're free to go," he told Thane. "Anything that was confiscated from you is under guard in Tarmid's office. He will be there to give them back as soon as we finish our next order of business."

Thane glanced around, then walked towards the door. Someone had certainly been pulling strings, or the trial would have been a lot messier, she knew. Did the scribe want something from her, or did he trust her? She'd find out soon enough. She looked over her shoulder as the door swung shut.

"Yesterday, a reading appeared on my bloodstone array in the centre of Demongate, which should be impossible," Tarmid was saying. She caught a glimpse of Beef and one of his recruits carrying what looked like a coffin into the room before the crack closed with a click.

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **MDFification** on **November 05, 2014, 06:39:30 pm**

>Demongate
>Updating

Good joke.

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **4maskwolf** on **November 05, 2014, 08:03:51 pm**

The Battle of the Arena, Part One

"And you're quite sure that you were right about Thane?" Sir Brenzen asked, pacing back and forth in the cramped space of Tarmid's office.

"Obviously I am, Brenzen," the scribe said with a tired sigh, "or else I would have been forced to convict her of a crime of which she was innocent."

Brenzen's characteristic scowl deepened, "You have been wrong before."

"Your case is different," Tarmid said, rubbing his temples, "I have never read of a similar anomaly in any of my literature. You know as well as I do the reasons I rigged the trial, and you played your part as the accuser admirably."

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **4maskwolf** on **November 05, 2014, 09:05:37 pm**

Quote from: FallenAngel on November 05, 2014, 09:03:18 pm

And apparently FallenAngel forgets he can make people forget things.
"hey brenzen remember that thing we're doing"
"yes"
"no you don't"
"ok"
"I'm leaving"
"why were you here"
"I wanted to say hi"
"oh ok"

Still, FallenAngel has the power of the slade ring, which was important in still having a skull...
I honestly wonder what would happen.

There are fairly significant story reasons he can't actually do that that I'll explain in a later update. Next update will probably come tomorrow, with the battle itself, though given how long it will probably be it may end up being posted Friday. Idk.

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **November 06, 2014, 08:04:59 am**

Quote from: FallenAngel on November 05, 2014, 09:03:18 pm

And apparently FallenAngel forgets he can make people forget things.
"hey brenzen remember that thing we're doing"
"yes"
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Still, FallenAngel has the power of the slade ring, which was important in still having a skull...
I honestly wonder what would happen.

Good thing Thane is immune to magic and can negate Fallen's ring's power, then bash his head in with a hammer.

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **FallenAngel** on **November 06, 2014, 10:50:34 am**

Quote from: Deus Asmoth on November 06, 2014, 08:04:59 am

Quote from: FallenAngel on November 05, 2014, 09:03:18 pm

And apparently FallenAngel forgets he can make people forget things.
"hey brenzen remember that thing we're doing"
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"why were you here"
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Still, FallenAngel has the power of the slade ring, which was important in still having a skull...
I honestly wonder what would happen.

Good thing Thane is immune to magic and can negate Fallen's ring's power, then bash his head in with a hammer.

The ring thing was in relation to the battle.
I'm also fairly sure body occupation is the only thing that can be nullified, not body surfing overall.

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **TheFlame52** on **November 06, 2014, 05:16:24 pm**

I reeeeeeeealy hope Flame has a part in the finale, or at least her traps.

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **4maskwolf** on **November 06, 2014, 05:26:27 pm**

Quote from: TheFlame52 on November 06, 2014, 05:16:24 pm

I reeeeeeeealy hope Flame has a part in the finale, or at least her traps.

Not of my turn, no. Of the end of the fortress, yes.

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **TheFlame52** on **November 06, 2014, 07:51:19 pm**

Quote from: 4maskwolf on November 06, 2014, 05:26:27 pm

Quote from: TheFlame52 on November 06, 2014, 05:16:24 pm

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Not of my turn, no. Of the end of the fortress, yes.

The end of the fort is what I meant. And sweet.

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **4maskwolf** on **November 06, 2014, 09:16:55 pm**

Quote from: TheFlame52 on November 06, 2014, 07:51:19 pm

Quote from: 4maskwolf on November 06, 2014, 05:26:27 pm

Quote from: TheFlame52 on November 06, 2014, 05:16:24 pm

I reeeeeeeealy hope Flame has a part in the finale, or at least her traps.

Not of my turn, no. Of the end of the fortress, yes.

The end of the fort is what I meant. And sweet.

Yes, you will have a part in the end of the fortress. Oh yes...

cackles maniachally

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **danmanthedog** on **November 06, 2014, 09:37:24 pm**

Release the demons my friends!!!!

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **jrrocks05** on **November 06, 2014, 09:44:07 pm**

I do not like the sound of all this.

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **danmanthedog** on **November 06, 2014, 09:45:33 pm**

And when we fight them back we throw goblins into the pit to make a landing pad for our dwarfs.

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **4maskwolf** on **November 06, 2014, 09:49:00 pm**

Oh, by the way, Demongate is up for induction in the hall of legends, it's just that Monk hasn't updated it in a while, so if you think this story is worth having a permanent link on the front page, go over there and vote for it.

This especially applies to non-players: while it's great to have active players vote for it, it's also nice to know that it has appeal beyond the narrow base of active players and that we aren't just sitting around in a circle writing things that are totally boring and stupid. If it is, feel free to tell us (or just me, via pm's, if you don't want to offend the other writers).

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **FallenAngel** on **November 07, 2014, 01:01:56 pm**

FallenAngel's brother sits uncomfortably in the dining hall

"I wonder where FallenAngel is. Hiding from the military shouldn't take that long."

A random dwarf walks over

"Ah herd sum commoshun 'round the 'rena, I did. Some sorta dark beastie, it was. Scared me socks off 'n ah had ta get new 'uns. I thot yer brother was 'volved 'ome way."

"Thanks, Urist. You're name is Urist, right?"

"Ah, close 'nuff. 'onestly, ah can 'ardly tell us dwarves apart mahself. Say, son, whatsher name?"

"Risen. RisenDemon. It'd be best not to panic - the two of us had unusual parents. Just call me R."

"'ounds good tah me, son. 'ell, I finished mah meal, back tah work."

"Yeah, I have to return to work, too."

RisenDemon walks to Dantheman's lab and pulls a note out of his pocket

From the notes of FallenAngel IV, Legendary+2 Bodysurfer

"He's always been one with an ego."

I'm afraid I'll have to hide myself. There is a hunt for me. I foresee bad things in the future, so I advise you to take my soul swapping machine and follow the attached directions. No time to question, just go.

"Time to finish up what I've been told to work on..."

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **fractalman** on **November 07, 2014, 04:15:44 pm**

A breath was drawn in, then let out: a sigh of triumph, fatigue, and relief. Higher language code, more easily comprehensible to a dwarf or human than the symbols used for more advanced magic (though the purpose of the code would have remained incomprehensible to most), had been compiled into a form that magic could understand...but the runes needed to be built out of a more stable substance before they were safe to use. High-quality adamant was the obvious candidate; stuff from swordthunders could not be used, for rather obvious reasons.

The Entity nodded to himself. It was time to take and analyze some samples from the adamant barrier.

ooc:
[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)
The idea is for my character to prevent maskdwarf's ritual from deleting all the adamant everywhere.

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **4maskwolf** on **November 08, 2014, 01:03:07 pm**

Yeah about that update...

I'm getting to it...

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **FallenAngel** on **November 08, 2014, 09:06:19 pm**

I added a small bit to the TvTropes page.

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **4maskwolf** on **November 09, 2014, 07:50:46 pm**

The Battle of the Arena, Part Two

The four dwarves pushed past screaming civilians, forcing their way through towards the arena. As they neared the arena, the air itself seemed to become heavier, more oppressive; the shadows became longer, seeming to extend towards them. Finally, they reached the entrance of the arena, and all four of them stopped in their tracks.

Shadows swirled around the room, causing the torches to seem to flicker in and out as shadows surrounded them. At the far wall of the arena, a massive demonic form was chained to the wall, bound by chains of pure darkness. A long, shifting cord of shadows extended out from the center of the demon's chest, latching on to a human figure at the center of the room.

For as horrible as the demon was, the human was somehow the most scary thing in the room. Her eyes gazed impationately forward towards the four, and there was no emotion behind they eyes, no life. She raised her arms, the shadows of the room darkening to almost

pure blackness, and a humorless smile touched her face, "Welcome, little dwarves, to the last day of your lives."

Brenzen stared at the human, his feet frozen to the ground. He could feel the power radiating off of her, the darkness shrouding the room. Something in him knew that the ritual was almost complete, that she could summon forth the demons at any time. He was paralyzed, unable to move: it was hopeless, there was no way to fight this.

Suddenly, he heard a voice whispering to him, "Move, knight. Do your duty."

The paralysis faded from his limbs, and he glanced around. Thane, Thanatos, and FallenAngel looked at him, waiting for orders. He pulled his pickaxe off of his back, determination setting in his jaw.

"Charge!"

It went wrong almost immediately.

As the dwarves charged forward, Oku's smile became broader, and she stomped one foot on the ground. The ground under her seemed to be rent assunder, as black steel armor surrounded her body. She reached down into the ground and pulled out a massive sword composed of the same material, easily hefting it in one hand.

Brenzen was the first to reach her, swinging his pickaxe down in an arc. With impossible speed, Oku dodged to the side, slamming Brenzen off balance with a magic-imbued punch. Thanatos leaped towards her, but a heavy counterattack forced him backwards, barely able to stop her swings. Thane brought her hammer down on the woman from behind, only to have Ob Kat glance off the massive steel plates, barely making a dent. As FallenAngel stabbed his magical blades towards her, Oku whirled around and slammed the flat edge of her sword into his chest, sending him flying into the wall. He impacted with a sickening crunch, slumping forward and collapsing to the ground.

Attempting to take advantage of distraction, Thanatos lunged forward again, but his sword bounced off of her armor. The force of the impact almost dislocated with his arm, and while he was off balance Oku's sword flashed around, cutting a deep gash in his side. He tried to raise his shield to block her next swing, but the slash cut under his guard. He felt his leg crumple beneath him, pain washing over him and almost causing him to black out.

"Where are we going, sir?" Melbil Arbanas asked as the two commanders followed Tarmid up the stairwell.

Tarmid hesitated as they walked, then simply said, "To help".

The three walked in silence into the main part of the fortress, cowering civilians moving quickly out of the way. Suddenly, Tarmid held out his arm, stopping the other two in their tracks.

"Now what, sir?"

"Now," Tarmid said, staring ahead into the darkness, "we wait."

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **TheFlame52** on **November 09, 2014, 08:06:43 pm**

If you haven't already written up everything, Flame would like to interfere.

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **FallenAngel** on **November 09, 2014, 08:48:23 pm**

Oh, by the way, RisenDemon was working on a dwarven biosuit. Unlike high-tech ones, it just keeps the wearer alive longer, and, since it was fashioned from the soul-swapper, lets the user swap two people's souls using their hands. To put it in TvTropes words (it has enhanced my life in an odd way), he might need a Big Damn Heroes moment. Maybe putting FallenAngel (or someone else, but FallenAngel would be the easiest and safest for soul-swapping) into Oku's body?

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **4maskwolf** on **November 09, 2014, 11:45:08 pm**

People stop trying to mess with my story >:(:P

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **MDFification** on **November 09, 2014, 11:53:17 pm**

Quote from: 4maskwolf on November 09, 2014, 11:45:08 pm
People stop trying to mess with my story >:(:P

Excuse but Vanderhuge needs to hook up with Otu b/c I ship it, is this ok?

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **November 10, 2014, 08:11:11 am**

Quote from: FallenAngel on November 09, 2014, 08:48:23 pm
Oh, by the way, RisenDemon was working on a dwarven biosuit. Unlike high-tech ones, it just keeps the wearer alive longer, and, since it was fashioned from the soul-swapper, lets the user swap two people's souls using their hands. To put it in TvTropes words (it has enhanced my life in an odd way), he might need a Big Damn Heroes moment. Maybe putting FallenAngel (or someone else, but FallenAngel would be the easiest and safest for soul-swapping) into Oku's body?

There are bad ideas roaming the world, each powerful in their own right. Attempting to possess a master of dark magic who serves ancient and powerful demons is a prince among these ideas, reigning over the common 'How hard can it be' and 'Alcohol keeps me alert'.

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **FallenAngel** on **November 10, 2014, 09:07:45 am**

Quote from: Deus Asmoth on November 10, 2014, 08:11:11 am
There are bad ideas roaming the world, each powerful in their own right. Attempting to possess a master of dark magic who serves ancient and powerful demons is a prince among these ideas, reigning over the common 'How hard can it be' and 'Alcohol keeps me alert'.

Scratch that, let's shove 'em into a sheep or something. It's perfectly reasonable!

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **fractalman** on **November 10, 2014, 07:03:29 pm**

Quote from: FallenAngel on November 09, 2014, 08:48:23 pm
Oh, by the way, RisenDemon was working on a dwarven biosuit. Unlike high-tech ones, it just keeps the wearer alive longer, and, since it was fashioned from the soul-swapper, lets the user swap two people's souls using their hands. To put it in TvTropes words (it has enhanced my life in an odd way), he might need a Big Damn Heroes moment. Maybe putting FallenAngel (or someone else, but FallenAngel would be the easiest and safest for soul-swapping) into Oku's body?

Bit late to try to change the direction of the story...though I would not be opposed to pulling a stupid stunt like trying to bodyswap, to distract the masked one for a split second.

Long-winded ramble in which my dwarf figures out much of the Masked one's plot, too late to stop it completely...but in time to prevent all the adamant everywhere from vanishing.

A number of adamant slivers sat on a shelf, each the same size, while a single point of eldritch light hung in the center of the room. The Entity, wearing an artificial (but very convincing) body, grabbed a piece of adamant with a pair of magically insulated pliers, and brought it to contact with the light.

"one...two...three..."

The adamant crumbled into dust, and the Entity wrote the data down.

Then the next one. "one...two..th-" and it crumbled.

Then the next, and the next, and the next...

"Three seconds", muttered the Entity. "All of them. Three seconds or less. That's all they last when exposed to the singularity. They should be lasting much longer than that, the weakest samples should have lasted five seconds. So why aren't they lasting as long as they should?"

"Rift phenomena depleting the adamant? Unlikely. Those are one of the few things I can reliably detect. Mistake by Armok? Even less likely, that guy is also easy to detect. Complete failure of the entire system?...hold that thought. Action by one of the demon's creators? Also unlikely, Swordthunders would have detected that kind of disturbance.

"So that leaves mortal and quasi-mortal casters...which means it's either a completely new caster who's figured out how to use adamant as a power source, or it's the maskdwarf. The former is incredibly unlikely a priori, but why in the world would the masked dwarf go and do so straight under my nose?"

"Of course! Nobody else ever figured out how to draw power from adamant, because it has defenses against that sort of thing! But add the spacial distortions I give off...and the defenses weaken. Add in the temporal paradox involving flame, though, and the opportunity should have come much sooner...ah, you needed me to be distracted with one of my projects. "

The Fractal Entity's face took on a grim expression.

"I know what you're planning now, Masked Dwarf. You're planning to temporarily disconnect the spires from the network, and drain them almost to nothing, counting on me to attack you, triggering a disproportionate emergency response, resulting in a cascading chain reaction failure of all the spires everywhere at once when they try to reconnect...but it won't work."

'you see' thought the Entity to itself, 'I know something you don't: I can draw upon the adamant in Swordthunders to reinforce the adamant here, without damaging space time. I shall likely induce much madness in others by doing so...but space time shall not be further stressed. If space time is not further stressed, then the cascading failure you seek will not occur. Oh, and if you were able to siphon power from adamant indefinitely, you'd have been much, much more subtle about it, escaping my notice until you felt you had the power to challenge me.'

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **4maskwolf** on **November 11, 2014, 09:15:10 pm**

Will update tomorrow. My apologies for life.

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **MDFification** on **November 12, 2014, 11:00:14 pm**

Quote from: 4maskwolf on November 11, 2014, 09:15:10 pm
Will update tomorrow. My apologies for life.
You're behind life? Goddamn, 4mask. Why'd you make it possible for people to get fat?

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **4maskwolf** on **November 12, 2014, 11:07:42 pm**

Quote from: MDFification on November 12, 2014, 11:00:14 pm
You're behind life? Goddamn, 4mask. Why'd you make it possible for people to get fat?
Erm...
It's a long story involving a toothbrush, a can of coke, and a Java program.

In all seriousness, though, you WILL get an update tomorrow.I SWEAR!

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **Rhaken** on **November 13, 2014, 12:43:52 pm**

Quote from: 4maskwolf on November 12, 2014, 11:07:42 pm
Erm...
It's a long story involving a toothbrush, a can of coke, and a Java program.

I could probably help with one of those.

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **FallenAngel** on **November 13, 2014, 12:51:24 pm**

Yesterday's tomorrow is today's today; don't push this into tomorrow's today.

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **4maskwolf** on **November 13, 2014, 01:34:15 pm**

I'm working on the post as we speak, just gimme a bit.

Quote from: Rhaken on November 13, 2014, 12:43:52 pm

Quote from: 4maskwolf on November 12, 2014, 11:07:42 pm

Erm...
It's a long story involving a toothbrush, a can of coke, and a Java program.

I could probably help with one of those.

That was a joke about why I made it possible for people to be fat. Only the last one actual got in the way of the story.

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **4maskwolf** on **November 13, 2014, 01:58:39 pm**

The Battle of the Arena, Part Three

Through the pain in his leg and side, Thanatos saw Thane be joined by Sir Brenzen as the two assailed their opponent. The human was keeping them at bay, but seemed to be on the defensive, unable to launch a full-scale attack of her own. He groaned and tried to stand, only to have his leg crumple out from under him. He knew not how wounded he was, but he knew it was bad.

He tried to stand again, and suddenly he heard FallenAngel's voice, as if spoken directly to his mind, "The cord, cut the cord. It powers her, makes her stronger. We can't win while she draws that power."

Brenzen growled as his pick slammed once more into Oku's armor, only to glance off without making a dent. It was all well and good that he could keep her on the defenses, but if his weapon couldn't hurt her this battle would never end. Thane wasn't having much more luck, as Oku seemed more focused on keeping her from scoring any blows.

While he was distracted by this thought, Oku spun around, her blade slicing through his adamantine breastplate and delivering a heavy slash across his chest. Before his mind could even register the pain, her foot slammed into his lower body, driving him across the room and knocking his feet out from under him. His head slammed into the wall and everything went dark.

At the sight of her friends being hurt, possibly killed, Thane's anger boiled over into rage. She felt a tugging sensation within her, followed by an influx of energy. The room seemed to brighten, the shadows becoming less pronounced, and she charged at the smug human who had hurt Thanatos and Brenzen. Her hammer crashed down on the back of the human's breastplate, and to her surprise the hammerblow made a large dent in the armor. The human stumbled a few paces forward, doubling over, and Thane went in for the killing blow.

As she brought her hammer down where the humans head was, her opponent dropped to the ground and rolled to the side. Before Thane could regain her balance, she felt the blade cut into her arm, nearly severing it. She cried out in shock as her body dropped to the ground, and the human slowly stood, raising her sword high.

"You want to play with magic, little dwarf," the human whispered, shadows coalescing around the blade, "Then die by it."

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **FallenAngel** on **November 13, 2014, 02:37:42 pm**

That was interesting.
I wonder what will happen next. Will RisenDe- *gets shot*

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **4maskwolf** on **November 13, 2014, 02:58:10 pm**

Quote from: FallenAngel on November 13, 2014, 02:37:42 pm

That was interesting.
I wonder what will happen next. Will RisenDe- *gets shot*

RisenDemon and FractalEntity will have their moments, yes. I'm just not going to share what exactly they'll be doing.

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **jrrocks05** on **November 13, 2014, 03:03:28 pm**

My guy is so dead. It's kind of ironic "Thanatos" the Greek god of death being killed by some shadowy human just give the guy a scythe!!!!

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **FallenAngel** on **November 13, 2014, 03:06:58 pm**

Quote from: jrrocks05 on November 13, 2014, 03:03:28 pm

My guy is so dead. It's kind of ironic "Thanatos" the Greek god of death being killed by some shadowy human just give the guy a scythe!!!!

Relax, unusual magic is prevalent enough in the fortress that, even if you die, if someone liked you in-story, you might be able to be brought back. Somehow.
Let's not get into details...

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **jrrocks05** on **November 13, 2014, 03:13:47 pm**

That would be even more ironic :D :D :D. The character named after the Greek god of death "Thanatos" brought back to life. ;D ;D ;D

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **danmanthedog** on **November 13, 2014, 03:27:57 pm**

Come back as a lichm

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **jrrocks1** on **November 13, 2014, 04:03:48 pm**

Lichm???

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **Rhaken** on **November 13, 2014, 04:16:15 pm**

Quote from: 4maskwolf on November 13, 2014, 01:34:15 pm

I'm working on the post as we speak, just gimme a bit.

Quote from: Rhaken on November 13, 2014, 12:43:52 pm

Quote from: 4maskwolf on November 12, 2014, 11:07:42 pm

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It's a long story involving a toothbrush, a can of coke, and a Java program.

I could probably help with one of those.

That was a joke about why I made it possible for people to be fat. Only the last one actual got in the way of the story.

It's also the one I could help with. :)

And people, please. Enough with the bringing back from the dead. There was a rule against it in the first post, and it has been broken far too often already.

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **danmanthedog** on **November 13, 2014, 04:24:18 pm**

Quote from: jrrocks1 on November 13, 2014, 04:03:48 pm

Lichm???

I meant lich also will we doing a sequel after demon gate?

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **jrrocks05** on **November 13, 2014, 04:31:32 pm**

If I die don't worry I won't be coming back from the dead unless needed too for the plot in some way but probably not.

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **4maskwolf** on **November 13, 2014, 04:38:00 pm**

You have turned down the offer of immortality. What do you want instead, a cookie?

:P

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **jrrocks05** on **November 13, 2014, 04:51:39 pm**

No I demand something much greater TWO cookies, ONE sock and A cat.

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **November 13, 2014, 08:06:56 pm**

Quote from: danmanthedog on November 13, 2014, 04:24:18 pm

Quote from: jrrocks1 on November 13, 2014, 04:03:48 pm

Lichm???

I meant lich also will we doing a sequel after demon gate?

I don't think we'll be doing a direct sequel, though I'd certainly be up for doing another plot based fort in the new version if others are interested. It makes for interesting storytelling. Plus it'd be fun to try to justify why a cousin getting kidnapped by goblins years ago seems to inevitably send dwarves on a spiral to insanity but they can get over their entire family getting brutally murdered as long as they have a nice bedroom.

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **FallenAngel** on **November 13, 2014, 08:32:08 pm**

Quote from: Deus Asmoth on November 13, 2014, 08:06:56 pm

I don't think we'll be doing a direct sequel, though I'd certainly be up for doing another plot based fort in the new version if others are interested. It makes for interesting storytelling. Plus it'd be fun to try to justify why a cousin getting kidnapped by goblins years ago seems to inevitably send dwarves on a spiral to insanity but they can get over their entire family getting brutally murdered as long as they have a nice bedroom.

I'd be up for doing that.

Because of all the plot that has unfolded, if I'm involved, slight drops to the events of Demongate (and maybe Steelhold, but I know Demongate much more than I do Steelhold) miiiiiight occur.

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **danmanthedog** on **November 13, 2014, 09:07:00 pm**

Well if some one story wise causes a mass danger to the fabric of the world, we could use the race I am trying to make which are lawful evil angels. Who come to fix what we did to the world.

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **fractalman** on **November 13, 2014, 10:55:43 pm**

Quote from: danmanthedog on November 13, 2014, 09:07:00 pm

Well if some one story wise causes a mass danger to the fabric of the world, we could use the race I am trying to make which are lawful evil angels. Who come to fix what we did to the world.

You're a bit late to the "keep all of space and time from breaking down" party. On another note, depending on how things go, I may write an epilogue where my character turns himself into a chibi Xeelee.

Edit: you could try and coordinate your faction of demons to endeavor to at least quarantine the damage should damage occur.

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **4maskwolf** on **November 15, 2014, 01:01:42 pm**

I'll give you all something this afternoon, I promise.

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **November 15, 2014, 04:17:43 pm**

Quote from: danmanthedog on November 13, 2014, 09:07:00 pm

Well if some one story wise causes a mass danger to the fabric of the world, we could use the race I am trying to make which are lawful evil angels. Who come to fix what we did to the world.

It's not actually possible to add new creatures to a world without completely recreating it.

Also, Mask, let me know when we're getting close to the end of your ending so I can see who's available to take the next turn.

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **Gnorm** on **November 15, 2014, 05:19:32 pm**

Quote from: Deus Asmoth on November 15, 2014, 04:17:43 pm

Quote from: danmanthedog on November 13, 2014, 09:07:00 pm

Well if some one story wise causes a mass danger to the fabric of the world, we could use the race I am trying to make which are lawful evil angels. Who come to fix what we did to the world.

It's not actually possible to add new creatures to a world without completely recreating it.

Also, Mask, let me know when we're getting close to the end of your ending so I can see who's available to take the next turn.

I don't think our next player has been on-line in a long while; he's either a lurker or he's not interested.

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **danmanthedog** on **November 15, 2014, 05:56:12 pm**

Quote from: Deus Asmoth on November 15, 2014, 04:17:43 pm

Quote from: danmanthedog on November 13, 2014, 09:07:00 pm

Well if some one story wise causes a mass danger to the fabric of the world, we could use the race I am trying to make which are lawful evil angels. Who come to fix what we did to the world.

It's not actually possible to add new creatures to a world without completely recreating it.

Also, Mask, let me know when we're getting close to the end of your ending so I can see who's available to take the next turn.

If we start a new world after demon gate.

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **FallenAngel** on **November 15, 2014, 08:00:48 pm**

I *might* take another shot, since I have a gaming computer.
Work on the fortress would be faster but slightly less frequent, because reasons.

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **4maskwolf** on **November 15, 2014, 11:09:39 pm**

Aaaaaaaaand unexpected guests.

tomorrow morning, by noon my time.

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **4maskwolf** on **November 16, 2014, 03:00:22 pm**

The Battle of the Arena, Part Four

Brenzen opened his eyes, then quickly shut them at the blinding light surrounding him. He squinted, and the light became a little more manageable, until he could make out the things around him. He sat up, and standing 10 feet away from him was a figure he has only ever seen in ancient tomes.

He quickly moved into a kneeling position, head bowed, "St. Zane"

"Stand, knight," the figure said with a scowl, "we have much to discuss and little time."

Sir Brenzen remained in the same position, "Am I not dead?"

"No, but you will be if you don't listen carefully. Now stand!"

As Brenzen got to his feet, St. Zane continued, "We do know of your challenge of faith, of your wavering in your belief. This was triggered by learning the truth of the knighthood's lies, was it not?" Brenzen remained silent, so Lorius Zane sighed and said, "You are right to doubt."

"We were not the best of dwarves. Steelhold was a penal colony, where prisoners of the local rulers were sent. Rhaken was my commander, a former spymaster for the queen before she tried to have him assassinated for knowing too much. I was one of the few of his contacts who survived the purge and followed him into hiding. Modi was a angry, sociopathic warrior on arrest for murder. Emdief had gotten in over his head with a crime syndicate and was implicated in their crimes. Even Jackal, who was perhaps the most noble of all of us, was not a perfect dwarf: he was chosen to found Steelhold because he constantly questioned authority, and they wanted him out of the way."

"The knighthood as you know it today is built on lies, knight. But it was not always this way," as he spoke, the air around the dwarves rippled, and Brenzen found himself on a hilltop overlooking the beginnings of a battle. Dwarves in shimmering steel armor were arrayed in a loose pattern, all bearing the symbol of the Order, "When the Order was first founded, it was founded on a faith in Armok's power and a hatred of the unnatural acts of the False Ones. We were saints because when forced to take sides, we chose Armok, even to our deaths," the scene shifted until Brenzen saw the other army, a slaving horde of bloodkin, racing forward towards the assembled knights, "they fought against the bloodkin on the old continent, holding the line until the other dwarves had safely escaped. And they paid a terrible price for it."

The scene shifted once more, revealing the aftermath of the battle. The few surviving dwarves limped across a field of corpses, mourning their fallen allies, "During the flight, they lost many of their greatest weapons. Your friend Tarmid has rediscovered the magebanes, wielded by the greatest warriors of the knighthood. But they had a weapon still more potent, one gifted to them by Armok himself. You know what this is, knight, even if you refuse to acknowledge it."

Brenzen's eyes widened, and Lorius Zane nodded grimly, "magic. Divine Thaumateurgy, wrought from devotion to Armok. Olin was not wrong: magic can be drawn from a large number of sources. You, too, know this, even if you haven't accepted it: it is why you have let the magic users live, even when you know of their "crimes".

"Now awake, knight, and show the Demon-bitch what a true follower of Armok can do."

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **November 19, 2014, 04:14:29 am**

Mask, don't go disappearing on us.
<div><div>Title: Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.</div><div>Post by: MDFification on November 19, 2014, 01:59:04 pm</div></div>
<div>4mask will surely deliver. All we have to do is wait...</div>
<div><div>Title: Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.</div><div>Post by: 4maskwolf on November 19, 2014, 02:02:39 pm</div></div>
<div>I'm alive, just busy. I'll get ya'll something tomorrow night at latest.</div>
<div><div>Title: Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.</div><div>Post by: jrrocks05 on November 19, 2014, 04:29:15 pm</div></div>
<div>What a strange Skelton it must be some kind of mutant dwarf.</div>
<div><div>Title: Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.</div><div>Post by: fractalman on November 20, 2014, 12:11:04 am</div></div>
<div><div>Quote from: jrrocks05 on November 19, 2014, 04:29:15 pm</div><div>What a strange Skelton it must be some kind of mutant dwarf.</div><div>Now now, humans exist in the world of dwarf fortress.</div></div>
<div>...on the other hand, with the kind of crazy antics that have been going on in this fort, it's not impossible that humans are descended from some dwarves who got flung back through time.</div>
<div><div>Title: Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.</div><div>Post by: 4maskwolf on November 20, 2014, 02:05:43 pm</div></div>

The Battle of the Arena, Part Five

Brenzen’s eyes snapped open once more, revealing the shifting shadows of the arena. He coughed and tried to stand, but his body was not yet ready to stand up. He could hear Oku saying something, and spoke, “So that’s why you have hidden for so long.”

He turned his head to see Oku turning to face him, her sword still held over Thane. He continued to speak, “You were afraid of us. Afraid that we would learn the truth you have tried for so long to keep hidden. A truth we discovered long ago, but had lost.”

He attempted to take his feet, and this time his legs held up beneath him, “Olin was right about magic. Magic is neither good nor bad, Oku. You know this. Magic is not aligned with any being. It is powered by our faith and our innate power.”

Oku’s face became a scowl as Brenzen continued to speak, “You have lost, Oku. Admit it. The secret you have kept hidden for so long is finally known. The power that you wield is not unique, is not special. We possess the weapons to fight the monsters Steelhold created.”

Oku glared daggers at Sir Brenzen, “It will never leave this room if you die, knight. And that is exactly what will happen.” The darkness swirled around Oku, then launched forward in a vortex towards Brenzen. Brenzen raised his pick and felt the power flow within him, and a vortex of blood-red flame rose forth to fight it.

Far above the clouds, two figures watched the battle below, the clash of flame and darkness. Lorius Zane frowned and glanced at his companion, “You know that he cannot fight her, don’t you. His faith is still shaken, and he has not trained for a battle like this.”

Rhaken smiled, a wolfish smile that would set his enemies on edge, “Still doubting your old spymaster, friend? I would have thought you’d learn to trust me by now.”

Lorius Zane returned his gaze to the battle below, “It bothers me that the fate of dwarvenkind may hang in the balance in the coming days, and I still do not know your plan to combat it. Anything else, old friend, I would trust you on, but have you considered this may be too big even for you?”

Rhaken’s smile faded as he stared at the battle, “It is my constant fear, Lorius. I fear that my mind may fail me, that my strategies will fail in a crucial moment and the Adversary will win. But Armok has entrusted me with this task, and the best laid plans are those kept hidden until they are to be revealed.

Thanatos watched helplessly as his commander fought the human, a clash of fire and darkness overwhelming his vision. He felt the blood running down his side, and his legs felt numb, unable to move. He was completely incapable of helping his commander, and it was clear that Brenzen was losing.

Suddenly, FallenAngel’s voice sounded inside his head again, “The cord, Thanatos. It powers her.”

Thanatos tore his gaze from the battle and peered into the darkness. Through the swirling shadows, he could see the cord connecting her to the demon. Slowly, he began dragging his battered body towards it.

RisenDemon worked at the mechanisms, trying to keep up with his brother’s directions. This was a delicate stage of the proceedings, and if he was to escape this place he needed to finish this project soon.

He started as his brother’s voice sounded in his head, accidently breaking the piece he was working with, “my brother, we need you.”

“Where?” RisenDemon whispered.

“The arena. There are many in need of your skills.”

RisenDemon sighed and whispered, “If you say, brother.” He turned from his task and began to run towards the previously unused arena.

Please refrain from making more journal entries for a bit, until I finish this story.

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **MDFification** on **November 21, 2014, 11:00:42 pm**

4mask delivered.

The end is nigh.

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **4maskwolf** on **November 24, 2014, 01:42:13 pm**

I'm not gone, just busy. You'll get an update tomorrow or Wendesday.

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **4maskwolf** on **November 25, 2014, 08:32:47 pm**

The Battle of the Arena, Part Six

Thanatos crawled forward slowly, approaching where Oku stood from behind. His grasp tightened on his sword as he located the cord, shifting and shimmering above him. With the last of his strength, he turned over, raised his sword, and slashed straight through the strands.

Time seemed to slow momentarily, the shadows of the room coalescing around Oku. Then she let loose an angry roar, and the shadows pulsed outwards, washing over Thanatos, and his vision went dark.

The shadows burst out, smashing dwarves flying. Brenzen felt himself slam into the wall, the bones in his right arm shattering. He felt the power within him die out, the stream of fire from his hands stopped. He slumped to the ground, unable to breathe.

Above the battlefield, Rhaken gazed down on the battle. He sighed and whispered, "One more mission, old friend. One more foe to destroy."

Lorius Zane glanced over at him, "You aren't..."

"I had hoped it would not prove to be necessary, my friend. But the old fox always must plan for every scenario."

Beef Vanderhuge paced slowly around, contemplating the situation with his drug-addled mind. Tarmid had ordered them up here just to stand here? He could hear the battle occuring further down the corridor. Hopefully whatever it was would resolve itself quickly, he was starting to hear the ghosts again.

Suddenly, he felt a presence come over him, washing through his body. He tried to open his mouth, but found that he couldn't. He felt an ancient rage, primal anger, directed at something further in the corridor. His mind was clearer than it had been in years, filled with a sense of purpose. He knew what he had to do. Unslinging his spear, he ran towards the battle, ignoring the words Tarmid was saying.

Tarmid watched as Beef ran down the corridor. This was more focused that he had ever seen Captain Vanderhuge in his life. He smiled: the saints had a plan. He had been right, the saints did listen.

"Captain Arbanas, follow Captain Vanderhuge."

Oku whirled around, searching for the fool who had dared sever the connection. Her eyes fell on the mortally injured dwarf on the floor. He was of no threat. A quick overview of the remaining opponents revealed them all to be dead or critically injured. She had won.

She raised her hands, feeling the power still flowing through the room. She gathered it, mentally shaping it into the shape of a spear. She gave the power direction, purpose, sending it flying down towards the adamantine cap that held the spawn of the True Gods in check. She felt the spear touch the adamantine, but there was a massive resistance. She felt a power she had not felt in a long time.

"Fractal," she growled, "this isn't your battle. Stay out."

The FractalEntity's hand on the channeling orb did not waver, "No, Oku. I have had a long time to ponder the events of Steelhold, and I have chosen my side."

He heard a growl from across the fortress, "You never struck me as a fool, Fractal. Eccentric, yes, but never a fool. Why, then, have you chosen the losing side."

A small smile ran across The FractalEntity's face, "Because you have always been wrong, Oku. You long ago lost all links to the mortal world. You have become that which you worship, an immortal, untouchable entity. But I?

I have not lost myself"

Beef Vanderhuge ran forward, seeking out the target of the hatred that consumed him. Through the haze of anger, he felt his mind sharpening, the effects of years of gypsum use burning away. He burst into the arena to see the evil one standing, locked in a battle with an invisible force. He smiled. This kill would be easy.

Oku growled, trying to force her way through The FractalEntity's barrier. But Fractal was as strong as she remembered, and despite her best efforts brute force would not be the solution here.

Suddenly, she felt her connection to the power disappear, severed by a presence she never thought she would feel again. She turned and raised her sword, just in time to parry the spear headed straight towards her back. With a growl of anger, she parried another blow.

"Emdief. We meet again."

Beef heard the words, as if coming to him from a long distance. He heard himself say, "Well met, Oku. How nice of you to join us for your destruction."

His mind was moving on autopilot, launching attack after attack against the human woman in front of him. He heard her respond, "You were a fool to attack me, Emdief. I have defeated you every time we have fought."

Beef did not respond: he instead raised his hand and grabbed the demon-woman's spear. He should have felt pain, he realized, but instead the blade glowed, then vaporized into ash. He smiled, looking at the now defenseless human. Yet, inexplicably, she was still smiling, "You are dead, Emdief. Remember that."

Beef felt a pulse of energy wash over him, a darkness that made him double over and puke. He felt the presence leave him, wahed away by the energy. With a clear mind for the first time in years, he saw the woman grab Ob Kat from the ground, raising it over his head.

"You have been an annoyance, dwarf. Now, you will die for it."

Melbil Arbanas ran after Beef, but Beef ran like a whirlwind, easily outpacing him. As Beef left his sight, he heard the sounds of battle resume, followed by an exchange of yells. As he burst into the arena, he saw a human in dark armor preparing to kill Beef. With a yell, he ran forward, and while the woman turned she was too slow. Melbil Arbanas's mace slammed down on her helmet, knocking her staggering. He hit her again and again until she slumped to the ground, then hit her a few more times for good measure.

Oku Constructcudgel, priestess of the Adversary and the Demonic Gods, had breathed her last.

Still got one or two more things to write, sorry about the delay...

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **MDFification** on **November 25, 2014, 08:39:18 pm**

>I have defeated you every time we fought.

>Steelhold

>transgenderedmurderghost.jpg

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **Rhaken** on **November 25, 2014, 08:44:51 pm**

Quote from: MDFification on November 25, 2014, 08:39:18 pm
>I have defeated you every time we fought.

>Steelhold

>transgenderedmurderghost.jpg

Of course she'd say that. Oku is the undisputed master of spouting baloney.

IN OTHER NEWS

I feel like writing again. I think I might actually have time for it too. Just don't know what to write. Gimme scenes, let's see if I can get the ol' creative juices flowing.

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **MDFification** on **November 25, 2014, 11:57:57 pm**

Heh, glad to hear it. I'm experiencing the opposite right now. I've felt like Demogate's been dead for months, with no real continuing development of the narrative of the history of the settlement. Unlike in Steelhold where we performed various feats of backstabbery, here we've kind of just... stagnated. This is why I sure as heck ain't voting to put Demongate in the hall of Legends. I voted for Steelhold because it was completely bloody awesome. I don't think the narrative we've constructed here is enough for me to get over my discomfort over voting for things I'm part of.

If we're gonna do another Steelholdian narrative-driven fort, I suggest that we go back to the more specific setting of a penal colony (we can do something else, like a genuine military-centric fortress, a religious settlement, a grimdark perspective etc) as constraints generate creativity and I feel like we've made a setting so generic that the real focus of the fort was always on personal dynamism. This left the thread really vulnerable to stagnating when characters died. I really didn't have another Vlad up my sleeve, so I became useless when his story concluded. I've noticed a lot of people seem to have been coping with the monotony of the setting (it gives very few reasons for interaction between characters) by bringing old characters back into the mix.

Not entirely sure what we can do to avoid this kind of degradation of the thread in the future (I'm going to arbitrarily term it Interaction Famine) but I think a good solution for future exposition-heavy forts would be to increase factionalism. Polarizing the characters and driving them into conflict definitely can't go wrong in terms of provoking interest! The question is how we're going to do it. In Steelhold what started as "every sociopath for themselves" worked out - we established clear factions (mind you, the only faction that was really a permanent thing was the Zane-Emdief-Rhaken triumvirate, Old Gods bless) that didn't result in the narrative stagnating. While in Demongate we kind of shied away from interpersonal conflicts, meaning that we settled into a "mainstream group vs the other writers in the thread" mentality.

If I were to do Demongate again, I'd have tried to be more divisive. For example, maybe instead of turning Vlad from "disgusting cheerful pragmatist mercenary" to hype-rationalist militant Philosopher-King of Demogate could have prevented the Evening Prayer Group. I really liked the Evening Prayer Group, but it turned what had been a narrative of Knights/Padre vs. Militia/Factioneers (although Asmoth never went further than teasing that. RIP) vs. Whatthefuckwaseveryoneelseevendoing? into Reasonable & Important Dwarves vs Literally Everyone.

TL;dr here's what I think we should do for the next thread:
-Be more divisive and less prone to compromise, though factions being temporary and people going from allies to enemies temporarily is by no means bad.
-Get back to a setting thats more specified. If only the bloodkin had actually showed up (looks at RAWs, blushes)
-Figure out what we're doing here. If I'm correct most of us are really into the universe we've been making for 2 threads now, but maybe a clean break and starting afresh would be good for us? I know some of us weren't keen on doing a direct sequel as opposed to a spiritual successor in the first place. Mayhaps they were right.
-Challenge? I feel like next time it'd be good to embark somewhere where we don't end up in a permastable fort like we did in Demongate. So what do we do? Mod elves to give them better weaponry? (Stone/glass weapons and innate skills could make them very, very threatening in nonconventional ways) Settle in a particularly unfriendly biome, with close proximity to enemy settlements + necro towers? Make it mandatory to go to war with everyone? Come on, you know you want to give Gnorm more excuses to murder overseers.
-Megaprojects: I feel like we could benefit from some architectural weirdness. Not really my thing personally (you'll remember that most of my projects have been security/morale oriented in both forts) but some of my favorite developments in these threads have been the bizzarchetecture. Imagine if we actually bothered to finish Castle Helgarde, or the magma weapon, or used the arena.
-Personally I'd like to get the guys from Ardendikes onboard with us. They're good at story, like to do the classical ridiculous construction, and we could use the fresh blood IMO. They've got their own fort going on right now, but it seems pretty dead. They've always had a much slower pace than we, but I think maybe it's worth looking into.

Sorry for the Great Wall-of-Text of China, I'm worried about mongolians on 120 mg of Concerta and have been writing essays for the past 12 hours. (My academic career is... completely and utterly doomed btw)

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **November 26, 2014, 03:47:59 am**

Yeah, I'd agree with a lot of those points. My tentative idea for another fort was the dwarven civilisation being wiped out and the fort being founded by refugees of a glacier/tundra. Also, elves would be modded to be more like the pre-Tolkien version, because it'd help with wiping out civilisation and killing elves is fun. In relation to that, does anyone know how to mod in a weakness to iron?

For factions in that case, there'd only be two I guess, those who want to re-conquer to world versus ones who want to just turtle up, but you'd also be able to have people who are against having nobles when resourses are so thin when most dwarves want a king, and so forth.

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **MDFification** on **November 26, 2014, 05:06:34 am**

Feel free to ignore me, I've been awake for over 24 freakin hours. My body is full of caffine and ADD medication. And yet I'm not doing my work because reasons. :-\

If the elf mod thing happens, I actually want them to have a really Aztec feel to them. This is mostly because the way I want to make them actually deadly is by giving them obsidian muachutil (read; monomolecular-edged saw-swords with frequent, painful, bone-breaking blunt attacks. Oh god.) and capable anti-armor blunt projectiles (slings, bolas, etc) and the pre-columbian American cultures have those kind of weapons in spades.

Also, they kidnap people, sacrifice them to their gods, and eat them. So basically elves with [BABYSNATCHER] enabled already. Plus the elves themselves would be getting a hefty stat bonus; they should have innate climbing, high movement speed and innate skills in dodging and projectile weaponry already in vanilla according to fluff.

I guess we could mod a syndrome caused by contact with iron that only affects elves while we're at it?

If we do do a polar fortress, might I suggest we gen until we find an abandoned south-polar fort (gonna have to mod dwarves to start in that location but only settle mountains, but make there be so few mountains and so many megabeasts that the polar forts are unlikely to survive) and then reclaim? It'd have a great refugee vibe to it, and it would fit with pre-existing lore; Vlad's prior mercenary experience before Demongate was at a fortress called Savagewinds, which was essentially the last survivor of an attempt to colonize lands close to the South Pole. The fort fell prior to the Bloodkin invasion of the New World.

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **Gnorm** on **November 26, 2014, 05:12:51 am**

What I liked about Steelhold was that we were all playing complete and utter psychopaths; if we wanted to do something crazy and kill a ton of dwarves, it was justified and no-one would find it odd. Here, I feel like we've made the characters too heroic with not enough insanity; I certainly wouldn't pull off any elf-serum plot-lines here. Once Corley and Leopold are out of the picture, I'll be able to start almost entirely fresh should we decide to continue.

If we were to make another thread after this, I'd recommend the premise be a fortress that's a military base for the Dwarven Army, but its one of those bases that they send the crazy and misbehaving soldiers to. No heroic, last bastion of Dwarfkind this time, just an unfortunate base full of crazy soldiers and unlucky citizens who needed a new home.

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **MDFification** on **November 26, 2014, 05:22:43 am**

Quote from: Gnorm on November 26, 2014, 05:12:51 am

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Eh, it can still be the bastion. Just not necessarily a heroic one. A grimdark one.

Basically, who would have been able to make it to safety? Most desperate dwarven refugees wouldn't have made it. The only dwarves I can think about that are known to move about by sea and aren't tied by honor to defend their homes to death are mercenaries.

Tl:dr everyone who manages to make it to safety is a turncoat, a pirate, and a raider. They only made it this far because they didn't hesitate to abandon others, were willing to steal supplies from refugees, and abandoned their contracts.

[ETHIC:OATH_BREAKING:UNTHINKABLE]

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **Rhaken** on **November 26, 2014, 05:50:38 am**

I have some ideas there, actually. (I eagerly await the day that you all tremble at the sight of that sentence)

We could try running ourselves a proper penal colony, no magic users allowed. The problem there would be managing the logistics of the place. Chances are, it would be nothing like a prison by the time the second criminal overseer comes around, and that's even assuming that the guards don't all wind up dead. And prisons have tons of rules, most of which are virtually impossible to enforce on the players.

I've long fiddled about with the idea of building a surface fortress. Not a palisade, like we have here in Demongate, but an actual goddamned fortress. Basically, Castle Helgard. Or the headquarters of the Knights. I considered building the thing myself for exhibition purposes, but had neither the patience nor the free time. Especially the latter. If we're going for the Knights, factionalism isn't too far behind, and would serve to show that they aren't the paragons of virtue they claim to be. Among the good knights would be corrupt, arrogant assholes, entire splinter factions in disagreement with one another, and even the Masters themselves could all have their own agendas.

A dwarven shipyard could be fun, and even works in this universe. The dwarves travelled across the sea to reach the New World, after all. This could also fit in nicely with MDFI's idea. A coastal settlement that would basically be a dwarven Port Royal, with a waterfront district of pirates, drunks, whores and peddlers. So that's two hundred dwarves with no scruples in a place where scruples are detrimental to survival. The intrigue writes itself, almost like in Steelhold.

If we're up for a sequel, we could properly mod in the Bloodkin, generate a new world (preferably with the proper art symbols thrown in, like the Saints and the Lords of the Bloodkin), and get started on Steelhold III. It could run parallel to Demongate history-wise (there are probably other continents other than the Oracular Plane and whatever the hell this one is called), or it could be yet another few hundred years forward. Might even seque nicely from Demongate, if the ending goes as I've envisioned.

...Note to self: discuss the particulars of that ending. Dammit.

Either way, factionalism wouldn't be too hard to implement there. Ideas be a-brewin' in my thick skull as we speak. We could also mod pretty much every race in small ways for the sake of fun and flavor, to show that elves and goblins and humans on other continents have

developed different cultures. Even additional races representing different cultures would work: nomadic human raiders, elven seafarers, even primitive-agricultural kobolds would be interesting. Adding custom tidbits to dwarves could work too, even if the dwarven presence in that world is comprised mostly of the descendants of immigrants from distant shores. Again.

As for what I'll be writing: a scene set in Saint Zane HQ is in the works. I'll try to write the damn thing fast, but there will be no progress today, as I have work that needs doing.

On another note. MDFI, don't go on work binges too often. Experience dictates that it never works as planned. Eventually, chances are you just wrote 20 pages of pure gibberish. Always plan some time for massive editing. That being said, best of luck to you, mate. ;)

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **MDFification** on **November 26, 2014, 05:59:20 am**

Quote from: Rhaken on November 26, 2014, 05:50:38 am

On another note. MDFI, don't go on work binges too often. Experience dictates that it never works as planned. Eventually, chances are you just wrote 20 pages of pure gibberish. Always plan some time for massive editing. That being said, best of luck to you, mate. ;)

Ain't no life like the student life. I'd try to relax, but I'm on far too many stimulants right now.

I'm thinking of getting back into modding in a desperate effort to distract myself from exams and overdue essays. Basically finally update Freehold to 40.xx, in name at least because I'd like to keep the impression its a big successful mod and that anyone plays mods that aren't masterwork :-\. This time around though I'd like to scale it back, and focus more on making thoroughly different human cultures to inhabit the various unused biomes. These should all have culturally unique equipment and languages, which I'll base loosely on existing languages from cultures living in a similar biome/social archetype. Which means I'll be doing some weird stuff. Seriously, I have plans to integrate archaic Russian, Norse, and Innuit into a single language file. May god have mercy on my easily distracted soul. With that in mind, all the civs will be balanced to be at constant war with eachother ethics wise, which should lead to a lot of legendary people to kill, a lot of ruins to explore, and a ton of tombs. 2 of the civs I have planned are babysnatcher (though likely to war with goblins) so you can expect to see raids from them, which is really necessary because 40.xx has really infrequent warfare (at your fort- the gobbos still blitzkriege the entire known world in 2 years). But you're more likely to wind up in a war with other civs too. Other civs which are actually dangerous.

I'm also planning a civ which is intended to die out as early as possible so you can explore and loot the ruins that uses a material between adamantine and steel. And as a way to generate more tombs and abandoned forts to reclaim.

I like tombs.

EDIT: Aaaaand the past 4 hours have just been wasted bringing version 0.1 prerelease almost online. Just have to test it now... gonna go reboot the old Freehold thread.

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **jrrocks05** on **November 27, 2014, 01:17:20 pm**

Honestly I like the Port Royale idea a place filled with pirates,sailors,politicians,soldiers,traders and just general scum. A place where a great plot can develop. If we want we can set up a kind of race for the new world kind of idea with every civ sending colonists to try to get as much land as possible. Also we could have lots of Megabeasts and animals after all it is a "New World". If their is a competition for land there could be characters who work for a different Civ's trying to sabotage the colony. It just seems like a great idea for a story and with the Elves(Native Americans/Indians) trying to kill the colonists it seems like a great idea. It could even be a Penal colony just a Civ throwing as many people they can to claim as much land as possible.

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **Gnorm** on **November 27, 2014, 05:30:11 pm**

I like the idea of a port city, though I'm not sure how we would justify building one at this point story-wise unless unless we were to make an interquel.

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **jrrocks05** on **November 27, 2014, 05:53:04 pm**

I don't think a new story should be any kind of sequel or have any connection with this story or Steelhold. We should create an entirely new storyline new ideas,new characters and a New World.

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **November 27, 2014, 06:29:13 pm**

Yeah, an entirely new plot would be for the best.

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **FallenAngel** on **November 27, 2014, 06:33:07 pm**

However, I think it'd be a good idea if we do off-handed mentions to bits of Steelhold and Demongate, mostly for sake of Continuity Nod. It doesn't have to be in-story, although said nods usually are in-story.
"Is that a magic machine?"
"Yes."
"It reminds me of a certain fellows."

Still rambling.

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **jrrocks05** on **November 27, 2014, 07:11:24 pm**

That would be fine but no St.Zane or other stuff. Let's do something new.

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **Gnorm** on **November 27, 2014, 07:46:50 pm**

I think that if we are to do another fort, it *should* be a part of the current story because Demongate failed to be what it was meant to be. We started this game with the intention of fighting off bloodkin hordes, and not a single one came.

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **danmanthedog** on **November 27, 2014, 07:54:40 pm**

Maybe you should change the birth rate to about 20 kids per batch.

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **jrrocks05** on **November 27, 2014, 08:01:13 pm**

I don't know..... A new story line sounds a lot better to me.

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **4maskwolf** on **November 27, 2014, 08:41:51 pm**

Quote from: jrrocks05 on November 27, 2014, 08:01:13 pm

I don't know..... A new story line sounds a lot better to me.

+1.

I'll update tomorrow.

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **MDFification** on **November 27, 2014, 09:18:21 pm**

Quote from: Gnorm on November 27, 2014, 07:46:50 pm

I think that if we are to do another fort, it *should* be a part of the current story because Demongate failed to be what it was meant to be. We started this game with the intention of fighting off bloodkin hordes, and not a single one came.

It's kind of ironic since you feel that way, because if I remember correctly you were opposed to that sequel idea of mine. :P But I understand trying to see it through, considering how much effort we put towards it.

Changes to the bloodkin to ensure they survive are rather simple. We can try to up their birth rate for starters, though if I remember correctly they are immortal, which should help quite a bit. They'd need to be upgraded to 40.xxx as well.

I'd say we should make them settle marginal regions like deserts and gen a large world to ensure other civs don't attack them during worldgen, but in the new version armies physically move during play, so that'd mean Bloodkin attacks would take forever to happen anyway (and we're not safe from them showing up with a single squad that runs away because we didn't make their discipline skill innately high enough) which would create another Demongate.

Of course we could just replace them with Elves being the new challenge race. I've got ideas to make them more dangerous - see this thread. (<http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=146018.0>) But I have exams in a week + 3 essays I have to finish (oh god why) so its really not possible for me to be working on it ATM. I'd ask 4mask as our other local resident modder of course - but he seems pretty busy finishing Demongate, and I roped him into finishing/fixing the Bloodkin for me last time. So you guys'll just have to wait for me to flex my modding muscles in this case, and pray that albatross don't become a civilization and the challenge race doesn't accidentally light itself on fire.

EDIT:

I like the Port-Royale idea, but building a port serves no in-game purpose (we won't ever, ever receive a ship) and I feel like we should avoid setting up plot points that won't ever deliver (case in point: Bloodkin). Perhaps a refugee camp would be a good alternative? You've got refugees, bandits, gangs, conniving entrepreneurs and elements of now-disbanded organizations. Add some lawlessness and crushing poverty and we've got ourselves a nice settlement (though not for the residents).

RP-wise, we can set up dwarves important to factions (represented in-game by the various fort institutions and military squads) in very good accommodations, and leave the rest of the dwarves in bad ones (unless they're legendary). This'll create tension; things start to go badly, and we could end up with riots, which'll make a good realistic challenge since invaders are kind of rare in the new versions. We'll have a baron/count/duke, but they'll be a neutral npc dwarf who's not involved in in-fort politics, and we can compete over the available positions opened up by them. No monarch - that'd make things weird.

I personally don't feel certain I want the bloodkin back - I'm cool with starting fresh. But if you guys want to keep this thing going, I'll participate.

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **Gnorm** on **November 28, 2014, 12:22:07 am**

Quote from: MDFification on November 27, 2014, 09:18:21 pm

It's kind of ironic since you feel that way, because if I remember correctly you were opposed to that sequel idea of mine. :P But I understand trying to see it through, considering how much effort we put towards it.

It's mostly this. I don't believe that we can even emulate what we had going with Steelhold through a sequel, and Demongate stands as proof of that. Still, I feel that we ought finish what we have started regarding the bloodkin.

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **November 28, 2014, 10:33:10 am**

Quote from: Gnorm on November 27, 2014, 07:46:50 pm

I think that if we are to do another fort, it *should* be a part of the current story because Demongate failed to be what it was meant to be. We started this game with the intention of fighting off bloodkin hordes, and not a single one came.

In that case, I might suggest holding off on the planned plot conclusion, which appears to be 'kill the crap out of everything'. An interquel mightn't work that well either, since we know what two of the three major bloodkin players were doing for a lot of their time since Steelhold, though if it's before going to the new continent I guess that frees them up somewhat. If we could get the worldgen seed for the Steelhold saves, would that work for creating a world in .40?

Regarding the shipyards suggestion, I can see at least three factions popping up there; one who support the ship building, another who consider it unholy for any number of reasons, and a third who don't care either way but see a lot of potential for misappropriation of funds. Migrants would initially be engineers sent to work on the Ark, and later refugees when the Bloodkin start taking over everything. Building a ship would be a good megaproject to work on as well and keep people occupied. If we do go with it though, I'd say set it after Demongate on the current continent, since one of the problems we've had is a bit of inaccessibility to newer players, and resetting the canon to before Demongate would leave us with this problem again.

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **FallenAngel** on **December 01, 2014, 02:49:07 pm**

throws rope over cliff
Thread, grab on!

I'll save you!

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **jrrocks05** on **December 01, 2014, 02:55:19 pm**

Snaps scissors

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **FallenAngel** on **December 01, 2014, 03:01:19 pm**

throws a chain

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **December 01, 2014, 03:13:35 pm**

I guess I'll see what Mask is up to, then.

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **jrrocks05** on **December 01, 2014, 03:27:00 pm**

Grabs barrel of rum and torch

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **4maskwolf** on **December 01, 2014, 09:33:51 pm**

grabs !!popcorn!!

Tomorrow.

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **FallenAngel** on **December 02, 2014, 08:12:41 pm**

Is it tomorrow yet?

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **4maskwolf** on **December 02, 2014, 08:59:06 pm**

seeing as how due to some large amount of stupid I've ended up with the save at one house and myself at the other for the next week, you can expect the save on Sunday. The final update will come some time in between then.

Applying for colleges and scholarships sucks.

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **FallenAngel** on **December 02, 2014, 09:01:46 pm**

If I were at a table, I'd flip it.
If I knew I could take, uh, seventeen years or so (I've lost track and also I can't be bothered to count), I wouldn't have rushed myself when on vacation.

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **Sarrak** on **December 04, 2014, 03:09:47 am**

Well, pirate/bandit port/castle story with some references to Steelhold and Demongate sounds great. As Gnorm has already mentioned, what was endearing about Steelhold is playing utter psychopaths without caring too much about well-being of other inmates or civilization as a whole. It was hilarious. And if we would turn back to this style of playing, it can be refreshing. Demongate quickly became too heroic and serious for my tastes. Not that I mind heroism, of course. It simply requires different kind of immersion.

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **FallenAngel** on **December 04, 2014, 12:06:42 pm**

FallenAngel wasn't heroic on purpose.
Think of him as an odd fusion of an anti-hero and an anti-villain.

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **4maskwolf** on **December 04, 2014, 02:42:49 pm**

Quote from: FallenAngel on December 04, 2014, 12:06:42 pm
FallenAngel wasn't heroic on purpose.
Think of him as an odd fusion of an anti-hero and an anti-villain.

Even the Knighthood characters (Sir Brenzen and Tarmid) were not without their faults. They repeatedly tortured a vampire for information earlier in the fortress and proceeded to dispose of it cruelly when they were done.

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **MDFification** on **December 04, 2014, 03:02:18 pm**

Quote from: Sarrak on December 04, 2014, 03:09:47 am
Well, pirate/bandit port/castle story with some references to Steelhold and Demongate sounds great. As Gnorm has already mentioned, what was endearing about Steelhold is playing utter psychopaths without caring too much about well-being of other inmates or civilization as a whole. It was hilarious. And if we would turn back to this style of playing, it can be refreshing. Demongate quickly became too heroic and serious for my tastes. Not that I mind heroism, of course. It simply requires different kind of immersion.

I feel ya. I started Vlad as a greedy sociopath, and he ended up being His Grace Duke Vladimir the First, Hero the People, Lord Commander of the Demongate Militia.

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **FallenAngel** on **December 04, 2014, 03:15:17 pm**

I have an honest question.
Did I write a moderately psychopathic sociopathic person who doesn't care when he or others die?

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **MDFification** on **December 04, 2014, 03:30:29 pm**

Quote from: FallenAngel on December 04, 2014, 03:15:17 pm
I have an honest question.
Did I write a moderately psychopathic sociopathic person who doesn't care when he or others die?

Sociopath yes, but I found your character really, really unpredictable. As in I couldn't grasp their reasons for doing anything.

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **jrrocks05** on **December 04, 2014, 03:53:45 pm**

Even if this story is ok we should start a new one. We know we can do better!!! Just take what we learned from Steelhold and Demongate and apply it to a new story. One thing I know I learned is that we work better with no past influence when there is no set objective or story arc and when there is little to no restrictions. There has to be limits but let those Be your own common sense in most cases!!! That is what made Steelhold different we didn't say oh are final objective is to build a megaproject and you can't do this or that. We also didn't say lets defend against the bloodkin!!!! We just wrote and created one of the best story's I have ever seen!! Let's create another masterpiece not something we're fine with!!! Let's create a "New World".

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **FallenAngel** on **December 04, 2014, 05:08:04 pm**

Quote from: MDFification on December 04, 2014, 03:30:29 pm
Quote from: FallenAngel on December 04, 2014, 03:15:17 pm
I have an honest question.
Did I write a moderately psychopathic sociopathic person who doesn't care when he or others die?

Sociopath yes, but I found your character really, really unpredictable. As in I couldn't grasp their reasons for doing anything.

Being extremely unpredictable was my intent, actually.

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **4maskwolf** on **December 08, 2014, 10:12:35 am**

sigh

I'll upload the save later today, with a brief synopsis of what happened that I would have written in narrative form. I'm just... not able to finish the story :-\

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **December 08, 2014, 12:12:35 pm**

If you want to PM me the synopsis I can finish writing the story long form. I have a few free days and not much to do.

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **MDFification** on **December 08, 2014, 01:53:12 pm**

RIP in Pepperonis

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **FallenAngel** on **December 08, 2014, 02:58:54 pm**

gets shovel

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **danmanthedog** on **December 08, 2014, 04:40:34 pm**

Should I get the badgerdogs to search for the deceased?

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **MDFification** on **December 09, 2014, 01:20:17 pm**

Yo guys, I think Gnorm is kill. Apparently he did something... Meatgod-y with a transgender mod.

Quote from: Toady One on December 08, 2014, 03:28:23 pm
I removed the thread created by Gnorm as concerns the quote above. Gnorm has also been removed.

Anyway now it says he 'can't receive pms' so I'm fairly sure he got banned. Don't know when he'll be back, the Meatgod guy actually got his account back eventually but I didn't read the thread in question and can't say how fucked up it was.

So in summary;

- a) RIP sweet prince.
- b) Don't take inspiration from Steelhold's moral standards.
- c) Your overseers are safe now, the nightmare is over.

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **Sarrak** on **December 09, 2014, 01:45:04 pm**

No more mass killing of our dearest overseers! What was his final tally, by the way?

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **fractalman** on **December 09, 2014, 01:53:35 pm**

Quote from: MDFification on December 09, 2014, 01:20:17 pm

c) Your overseers are safe now, the nightmare is over.

They are never safe.

There's always an unfortunate accident waiting to happen: whether it's an unfortunate accident or an unfortunate "accident" doesn't matter.

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **MDFification** on **December 09, 2014, 02:04:29 pm**

Quote from: Sarrak on December 09, 2014, 01:45:04 pm

No more mass killing of our dearest overseers! What was his final tally, by the way?

Let me think...

He managed to kill:
-Jackal (via goblins)
-Modi (via goblins)
-Lenehan (via Giant Tick)
-Emdief II (via 'training accident of an unknown nature. >mfw trans character mysteriously dies Gnorm)
-Rhaken (via Demon)
-Vlad (via goblins)

Congratulations Gnorm, on being responsible for 6/23 Overseer deaths! That's just over 25%!

Also, upon further investigation of the moderation log, he seems to be permabanned. Guess his thread was at least 1.5 Meatgods in fucked-up-ness.

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **4maskwolf** on **December 09, 2014, 02:24:22 pm**

Urk you'll get the save tonight, I'm bad at this whole thing.

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **FallenAngel** on **December 09, 2014, 02:53:09 pm**

Rest in pork rinds, Gnorm.
Your legacy shall live on.

Funnily enough, I'm pretty sure the only overseer death I'm responsible for was myself.
EDIT: I confirmed he's kill, he doesn't show up on the user list.
Check page 474 near the bottom, Gnorm should be between Gnorc and Gnu.

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **December 09, 2014, 03:01:42 pm**

Hrm. Meatgod was banned for child abuse or something, wasn't he? What did Gnorm get up to?

Also, I wouldn't say your overseers are safe yet. I still hold the record for highest death toll, I think, though I can't curse everyone in the fortress this time around.

Since we're close to the end of the overseer list anyway and the thread's been quiet for a good while now, I figure we might as well start planning for this sequel people are in favour of. Do you want to stay with .34? Going to .40 would be better in my opinion since we'd get to witness the slow advance of the bloodkin armies via reports from our liaisons. The world will have to be fairly small for FPS purposes if it's in .40 though.

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **FallenAngel** on **December 09, 2014, 03:13:11 pm**

.40 would be the better option in my opinion.
When I participate in the sequel thing, I'll use my gaming PC.
Mostly for my own sanity, since my normal DF computer doesn't go very fast anymore.

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **Sarrak** on **December 09, 2014, 03:47:15 pm**

.40 seems fine for our purposes. But some problems with actual invasions may occur...

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **MDFification** on **December 09, 2014, 04:58:32 pm**

Quote from: Sarrak on December 09, 2014, 03:47:15 pm

.40 seems fine for our purposes. But some problems with actual invasions may occur...

To up the number of invasions we can just copy the goblin civ 4 times in the raws and rename it slightly differently. Then make sure we settle nearby many, many goblin civs.

Quote from: Deus Asmoth on December 09, 2014, 03:01:42 pm

Hrm. Meatgod was banned for child abuse or something, wasn't he? What did Gnorm get up to?

Also, I wouldn't say your overseers are safe yet. I still hold the record for highest death toll, I think, though I can't curse everyone in the fortress this time around.

Since we're close to the end of the overseer list anyway and the thread's been quiet for a good while now, I figure we might as well start planning for this sequel people are in favour of. Do you want to stay with .34? Going to .40 would be better in my opinion since we'd get to witness the slow advance of the bloodkin armies via reports from our liaisons. The world will have to be fairly small for FPS purposes if it's in .40 though.

World size actually has no effect on FPS. It got tested, and it has no noticeable effect.
I'd still rather do a full reboot and abandon the bloodkin idea but so far only me and jrocks seem to think this.

As to Gnorm; I never saw what he did exactly, but I do know he made a thread which was deemed harassment and bigoted by Toady, and that it had something to do with modded in transgender dwarves. It made the creator of that mod feel very, very uncomfortable. So I assume he systematically inflicted terrible suffering upon transgendered dwarves for kicks, in addition to whatever other nastiness went down. I have no way of contacting him, so I'll probably never find out for sure.

I advise not googling the Meatgod thing; you can still find the archived posts on the internet (along with who posted it, who's still active on the forum; he actually seemed pretty horrified himself by what he did after the fact, which I presume is the reason he didn't get permabanned). If you want that info just PM me and I'll send you a summary. It was a disturbing read.

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **FallenAngel** on **December 09, 2014, 05:18:31 pm**

I already read a summary of said event, although I think I got a watered-down version.
I'm not going to weigh in on the bloodkin thing since I haven't seen a single one, and I don't know much about them.

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **Rhaken** on **December 09, 2014, 06:59:59 pm**

Oh. Oh my. I remember the Meatgod thing. Gave me the creeps then. Gave me the creeps now.

I have a test in around 11 hours, followed by a day of trying to get a map-reduce framework to not be a fiddlin' twat. After that, I'll get around to writing some shit. I fucking promise.

!!WARNING!!: Those spoiler tags are there for your protection.

Regarding the sequel. There are a million things we can do to keep it within the Steelhold universe. The Saints and the Bloodkin are part of but one world, after all. The Saints might be mobilized in a different world if need be, and Shank's mission is Spoiler (click to show/hide) to spread the Bloodkin to other worlds created by Armok and conquer them. In the planned ending, Spoiler (click to show/hide) the Bloodkin are contained in this world, which may leave the Saints to turn their attention to other worlds.

If can stick to this world and move to a different landmass, or move on to another world entirely. Either way, this 'verse can continue if we wish it. The hard thing to settle on would be a theme/setting for the fortress itself.

Once again, I'm all for a coastal fort. I like building massive wooden constructions over or near the open water, like waterfronts and slums and fishing villages. Hopefully, that's not just me. A scheme of segregation like the one present in Glovedloved wouldn't go amiss either, or something more in line with I'll be writing about tomorrow: a central fortress, surrounded by tiny farming hamlets in the caverns. Also, a heavily fortified cliff-face. Always wanted me one of those, though I have no idea how to cause conflict from just that.

Oh wow, goddamn. I just had me a wicked idea for a plot in a coastal fort. If we don't settle for one of those and I can find the time (bahaha, I crack me up), maybe I'll run it solo.

So, in short, the way I see it, we need the following:

1. **Establish a setting.** Do we carry on within the Steelhold world? Keep only its growing mythos? Start anew? Do we establish a direction for a new setting, or let it emerge the way it did in Steelhold?
2. **Build the world.** Do we stick to vanilla DF? Throw in a few mods to diversify civs, or add references to the Steelhold mythos, if we stick to it?
3. **Choose a location.** The resources available within an embark can determine the local economy, and the possibilities for the fort's future. Where do we embark? The desert? A forest? A mountain? An ocean, a cliff, a massive river?
4. **Find a source of conflict.** Conflict is the heart of a good yarn. Where does it come from? Internal schisms only? Internal as well as external? What's the external threat? What's the internal threat? What divides our dwarves? Rich vs Poor? Guards vs Inmates? Communists vs Capitalists? Zealots vs Scientists? Secretive Corporation vs Secretive Corporation? How many of these pile-ups can we get away with? And this says nothing of how much room is left for emerging factions (which should be plenty, as we've seen that it works well).
5. **Do we set longterm goals for the fortress?** We could be trying to dam a river. Build a surface castle, a shipyard, a giant statue of Armok's wang. A geothermal powerplant. Work on a more practical, long-term project, such as a surface town, or something of little to no practical use, like a temple complex, a fortified wall, or Demongate's schoolhouse? Or even nothing at all. This is Dwarf Fortress, and we are all proven loons. An idea is bound to pop up sooner or later. It's just harder to execute truly massive, long-term projects with yearly succession.

As for Demongate itself. If we can't keep it alive, I suggest we make with the ending. No idea how we can contact Gnorm to get his part of it, though.

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **danmanthedog** on **December 09, 2014, 07:52:27 pm**

Damm I didn't think gnorm would do something like that

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **December 09, 2014, 07:56:27 pm**

I... I had something I was going to say, but then I looked up what Meatgod did.

...

I don't really mind how the new fortress starts. If I'm doing the OP again, I'll just try work what everyone else wants into the world once it's ready and I've checked everything's working properly (especially any mods we want to do). One thing I would like to insist on is having deaths be properly permanent next time around though. I think that if we do include the bloodkin, they should be out of control of the original three for whatever reason.

Also, Rhaken, is it ok if I do Asmoth's death scene? I feel like I should have done more with her over the course of the story and I'd like to give her some development before she gets removed.

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **Rhaken** on **December 09, 2014, 07:59:47 pm**

Quote from: Deus Asmoth on December 09, 2014, 07:56:27 pm
Also, Rhaken, is it ok if I do Asmoth's death scene? I feel like I should have done more with her over the course of the story and I'd like to give her some development before she gets removed.

Of course. She's yours to control (and terminate).

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **jrrocks1** on **December 09, 2014, 08:02:51 pm**

I think we should do the coastal idea but make it a "New World" setting. Where the dwarf civ's are trying to get as many colonies and land as possible and the other cvs who are native to this new world are trying to kill the settlers. I do not believe there should be any mods except for possibly a enhancement of the elves combat skills. Also we should have no long term goals i think we work best when there is no objective, when we can just write freely. The colony can bring a lot of internal conflict other civs trying to sabotage our colony, people debating in what direction the colony should be taken and debating what we should do about the "Natives" Etc.

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **jrrocks1** on **December 09, 2014, 08:15:44 pm**

I just read the Meatgod story..... i don't.....I'm just not going to say anything.....

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **FallenAngel** on **December 09, 2014, 08:29:27 pm**

Now I know I read a watered-down description.
I'll be right back.
EDIT: I need to stop reading creepypastas. I'm horrified, but not cripplingly or significantly so.
Still, that might've been softened by knowing the answer originally...

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **MDFification** on **December 10, 2014, 08:15:36 am**

>I told you all not to read the Meatgod story

I say no direction established for the new fort and just let it evolve.

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **jrrocks05** on **December 10, 2014, 03:40:43 pm**

I agree but there must be a setting.

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **4maskwolf** on **December 11, 2014, 08:57:19 pm**

Okay, so, the save is uploaded to DFFD, though I can't make a link to it right now.

Enjoy.

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **MDFification** on **December 11, 2014, 10:15:44 pm**

Quote from: 4maskwolf on December 11, 2014, 08:57:19 pm
Okay, so, the save is uploaded to DFFD, though I can't make a link to it right now.

Enjoy.

Link added for those of you who are too lazy to just google it (<http://dffd.wimbli.com/file.php?id=10223>)

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **MDFification** on **December 14, 2014, 09:46:56 am**

So... who is actually finishing the story? That wasn't made clear in the thread and it's been like 2 days without any confirmation that anything got started.

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **December 14, 2014, 09:51:37 am**

I'll do it, but I was waiting for Mask to send me an outline for how he wanted the battle to end first in case there were plot developments he wanted to do.

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **4maskwolf** on **December 14, 2014, 10:18:18 am**

Quote from: Deus Asmoth on December 14, 2014, 09:51:37 am
I'll do it, but I was waiting for Mask to send me an outline for how he wanted the battle to end first in case there were plot developments he wanted to do.

You mean the battle at the end of my turn? I was going to establish that RisenDemon has healing powers and manages to heal the people in the room, saving Thanatos at the last second. Then I was going to do Sir Brenzen giving a big speech to pass on leadership.

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **December 14, 2014, 12:29:23 pm**

Mmk. Flame, it's your turn. Once we get to my turn Demongate will be ending, barring major protestation.

Current endgame objectives:
- Shank: Bloodkin dominance
- Corley: Project Ascension (Will come up with something)
- Flame: Wants to release hell (maybe?)

If anyone wants to add anything, go ahead and we'll try to fit it in unless it's too bizarre.

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **FallenAngel** on **December 14, 2014, 03:05:02 pm**

I want to get involved in the end but everything I have is bizarre.
Also, FallenAngel would have no reason for causing the end of the fort.
However, having no reason for doing things never stopped him (or my writing), soo...

The least bizarre plan I have is the Spiderfort coming to life, collecting the parts that were removed from it, and killing the champions, with FallenAngel and RisenDemon being brought into its living quarters and fleeing to the skies.

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **fractalman** on **December 14, 2014, 03:26:15 pm**

[Quote from: FallenAngel on December 14, 2014, 03:05:02 pm](#)

I want to get involved in the end but everything I have is bizarre.
Also, FallenAngel would have no reason for causing the end of the fort.
However, having no reason for doing things never stopped him (or my writing), soo...
The least bizarre plan I have is the Spiderfort coming to life, collecting the parts that were removed from it, and killing the champions, with FallenAngel and RisenDemon being brought into its living quarters and fleeing to the skies.

My endgame plan is to become a Xeelee.

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **December 14, 2014, 04:03:05 pm**

[Quote from: FallenAngel on December 14, 2014, 03:05:02 pm](#)

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Also, FallenAngel would have no reason for causing the end of the fort.
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The least bizarre plan I have is the Spiderfort coming to life, collecting the parts that were removed from it, and killing the champions, with FallenAngel and RisenDemon being brought into its living quarters and fleeing to the skies.

... That's the *least* bizarre plan you have.

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **FallenAngel** on **December 14, 2014, 04:52:54 pm**

[Quote from: Deus Asmoth on December 14, 2014, 04:03:05 pm](#)

[Quote from: FallenAngel on December 14, 2014, 03:05:02 pm](#)

I want to get involved in the end but everything I have is bizarre.
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However, having no reason for doing things never stopped him (or my writing), soo...
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... That's the *least* bizarre plan you have.

My second least bizarre plan involves the afterlife being fed up with FallenAngel's antics and pulling the entire fort down into Hell, but FallenAngel was genre savvy and rescued a small group of people who proceed to live on forever as nomads until the end of time, after which FallenAngel stabs Armok in his eye.

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **TheFlame52** on **December 14, 2014, 05:45:36 pm**

Aw shit son, I have exams so could I go after whoever is after me?

EDIT: I don't want to release hell. I want to keep hell and Demongate away from each other.

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **December 14, 2014, 06:49:26 pm**

Well, we were going to end the fort after your turn, but I guess doing it right after the masked dwarf dies works too. I may need to alter Mask's planned ending to the battle though.

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **Rhaken** on **December 14, 2014, 06:57:56 pm**

[Quote from: Deus Asmoth on December 14, 2014, 06:49:26 pm](#)

Well, we were going to end the fort after your turn, but I guess doing it right after the masked dwarf dies works too. I may need to alter Mask's planned ending to the battle though.

Ah dagnabbit, Asmoth, don't leave me out of this! D:

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **MDFification** on **December 14, 2014, 07:07:52 pm**

[Quote from: FallenAngel on December 14, 2014, 04:52:54 pm](#)

[Quote from: Deus Asmoth on December 14, 2014, 04:03:05 pm](#)

[Quote from: FallenAngel on December 14, 2014, 03:05:02 pm](#)

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... That's the *least* bizarre plan you have.

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And I thought I was getting dangerously close to Mary Sue territory when I had Emdief wound up Armok's preferred murder weapon.

Although in fairness, that's still a step down from Asmoth's idea that Emdief got worshipped as a god. The transgendered god of murderghosts?

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **FallenAngel** on **December 14, 2014, 07:10:17 pm**

[Quote from: Deus Asmoth on December 14, 2014, 06:49:26 pm](#)

Well, we were going to end the fort after your turn, but I guess doing it right after the masked dwarf dies works too. I may need to alter Mask's planned ending to the battle though.

I think we need one more turn before the finale.
If I have to, I'll do it.
My new gaming PC is more than strong enough to run Demongate no problem.

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **December 14, 2014, 07:58:41 pm**

Meh, I can do the turn. I was planning on having Thane steal Oku's weapon and armour and melt them down to tinker with anyway.

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **MDFification** on **December 14, 2014, 08:32:03 pm**

One more turn before finale doesn't work. We already started the final fight. It has to be brought to a conclusion purely through plot shennanigans.

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **FallenAngel** on **December 14, 2014, 09:23:37 pm**

Sounds fair to me.

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **Rhaken** on **December 17, 2014, 03:10:55 pm**

...So apparently I have two urgent deadlines tomorrow. And another on Sunday.

I am as surprised as you all are.

I swear I'll finish the damn scene at some point during Fishmas week.

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **MDFification** on **December 17, 2014, 10:24:57 pm**

Demongate confirmed cursed

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **fractalman** on **December 18, 2014, 12:16:08 am**

[Quote from: MDFification on December 17, 2014, 10:24:57 pm](#)

Demongate confirmed cursed

So I brought the curse of swordthunders with me.

Whoops.

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **MDFification** on **December 22, 2014, 01:10:39 pm**

Bump. Progress?

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **Rhaken** on **December 22, 2014, 03:22:20 pm**

[Quote from: MDFification on December 22, 2014, 01:10:39 pm](#)

Bump. Progress?

Ach. I be writin' here. Here's hoping I don't accidentally throw in a section on the multi-agent systems report I've been doing into the battle for Clearstockades.

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **fractalman** on **December 22, 2014, 03:23:44 pm**

[Quote from: Rhaken on December 22, 2014, 03:22:20 pm](#)

[Quote from: MDFification on December 22, 2014, 01:10:39 pm](#)

Bump. Progress?

Ach. I be writin' here. Here's hoping I don't accidentally throw in a section on the multi-agent systems report I've been doing into the battle for Clearstockades.

If that happens, blame the trans-dimensional entity who's mucking around with forces he barely understands. :P

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **MDFification** on **December 26, 2014, 05:50:14 pm**

Bumpasaurus Rex

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **December 26, 2014, 06:31:26 pm**

I'll have something ready for tomorrow, promise.

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **Rhaken** on **December 26, 2014, 07:17:09 pm**

[Quote from: Deus Asmoth on December 26, 2014, 06:31:26 pm](#)

I'll have something ready for tomorrow, promise.

What he said. Maybe some hours from now if I manage to stay awake.

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **Renugal** on **December 27, 2014, 01:38:10 pm**

[Quote from: Rhaken on December 09, 2014, 06:59:59 pm](#)

Oh. Oh my. I remember the Meatgod thing. Gave me the creeps then. Gave me the creeps now.

I have a test in around 11 hours, followed by a day of trying to get a map-reduce framework to not be a fiddlin' twat. After that, I'll get around to writing some shit. I fucking promise.

!!WARNING!!: Those spoiler tags are there for your protection.

Regarding the sequel. There are a million things we can do to keep it within the Steelhold universe. The Saints and the Bloodkin are part of but one world, after all. The Saints might be mobilized in a different world if need be, and Shank's mission is [Spoiler \(click to show/hide\)](#) to spread the Bloodkin to other worlds created by Armok and conquer them. In the planned ending, [Spoiler \(click to show/hide\)](#) the Bloodkin are contained in this world, which may leave the Saints to turn their attention to other worlds.

If can stick to this world and move to a different landmass, or move on to another world entirely. Either way, this 'verse can continue if we wish it. The hard thing to settle on would be a theme/setting for the fortress itself.

Once again, I'm all for a coastal fort. I like building massive wooden constructions over or near the open water, like waterfronts and slums and fishing villages. Hopefully, that's not just me. A scheme of segregation like the one present in Glovedloved wouldn't go amiss either, or something more in line with I'll be writing about tomorrow: a central fortress, surrounded by tiny farming hamlets in the caverns. Also, a heavily fortified cliff-face. Always wanted me one of those, though I have no idea how to cause conflict from just that.

Oh wow, goddamn. I just had me a wicked idea for a plot in a coastal fort. If we don't settle for one of those and I can find the time (bahaha, I crack me up), maybe I'll run it solo.

So, in short, the way I see it, we need the following:

1. **Establish a setting.** Do we carry on within the Steelhold world? Keep only its growing mythos? Start anew? Do we establish a direction for a new setting, or let it emerge the way it did in Steelhold?
2. **Build the world.** Do we stick to vanilla DF? Throw in a few mods to diversify civs, or add references to the Steelhold mythos, if we stick to it?
3. **Choose a location.** The resources available within an embark can determine the local economy, and the possibilities for the fort's future. Where do we embark? The desert? A forest? A mountain? An ocean, a cliff, a massive river?
4. **Find a source of conflict.** Conflict is the heart of a good yarn. Where does it come from? Internal schisms only? Internal as well as external? What's the external threat? What's the internal threat? What divides our dwarves? Rich vs Poor? Guards vs Inmates? Communists vs Capitalists? Zealots vs Scientists? Secretive Corporation vs Secretive Corporation? How many of these pile-ups can we get away with? And this says nothing of how much room is left for emerging factions (which should be plenty, as we've seen that it works well).
5. **Do we set longterm goals for the fortress?** We could be trying to dam a river. Build a surface castle, a shipyard, a giant statue of Armok's wang. A geothermal powerplant. Work on a more practical, long-term project, such as a surface town, or something of little to no practical use, like a temple complex, a fortified wall, or Demongate's schoolhouse? Or even nothing at all. This is Dwarf Fortress, and we are all proven loons. An idea is bound to pop up sooner or later. It's just harder to execute truly massive, long-term projects with yearly succession.

As for Demongate itself. If we can't keep it alive, I suggest we make with the ending. No idea how we can contact Gnorm to get his part of it, though.

Did you think that you could get away with putting the words "Coastal fort" and "Shipyard" into the same post without someone nerding over it? Hah hah, please.

If Demongate's successor happens to go down that route then it will be only natural progression that it's players begin to make it a sort of competition over who can build the bestest boat within the span of a year, flaunting their dwarven magnificence and ingenuity over those who could only dream of such overwhelming beautiful and otherworldly machinations that almost glide off the surface of the seas. But with the inclusion of ships also comes with it some circumstances unusual to the normal dwarf fortress experience. If there are to be boats, then there would also have to be a crew to man it. Someone to guide the ship through the featureless seas, a navigator. Someone to command them all, the captain. Of course, the game doesn't support anything like going out of the site of the fortress or even moving sea vessels for that matter, but this IS a group of role players, it would be easy to say that the boats are out searching for new lands or patrolling nears the coasts and protecting trade.

Speaking of trade, lets talk about the overly romanticized vultures of the oceans, pirates. Yes, we could have members of the fortress be pirates or buccaneers, sailing the waters in search of a floating treasure trove sporting our enemies colors as their flag. But before you get too giddy and start imagining how you can make a character like Jack Sparrow, lets take a closer look at the dwarves themselves.

Where does the dwarves get their inspiration from? What are the dwarves based on? Will I actually make a point with all these questions?

The first clue of the dwarves' real world inspiration is there appearance. Every single dwarf I have seen thus far have very long beards, usually with braids, and some art for the game has shown the little men wearing the classic dual horned helms we have all seen at some point or another. Anyone with a bit of mideastern knowledge will probably identify those a two traits as being most common in old Scandinavia (current day Sweden or Norway). There are a few other similarities, like the religious system the dwarves employ being pagan, same as the Norse, and such, but the dwarves technological prowess when compared to the rest of the world(s) they inhabit throws the whole comparison into the curb somewhat. While being impressive with their fancy plaid clocks and scary horned helmets (which weren't an actual thing, by the way), the Scandinavians weren't exactly known for their outstanding intelligence or advances into technology. Nor does their own government function the same as the dwarves, who employ a much more refined monarchy, while most of Scandinavia was made of chiefdoms rather than lords and kings. Most of the real improvements to known science were conceived in the western coast of Europe, not the Mideast. Yet still, the dwarves outclass everyone else when it comes to their know-how, and we players do make sure to rub in to all those good for nothings on the surface, which brings me to the conclusion of the question of the dwarves real world counterpart. According to my unprofessional opinion, the most accurate equivalent ethnic group of the dwarves of dwarf fortress to the real world would be a Westernized Norse. Yay.

And finally I get to the point. What were the Norse known for? To name just a few things, Beowulf, Thor, and Vikings.

What I'm saying is, we could make our dwarves Vikings and it would totally fit. So yeah, Coastal is the way the go. Please.

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **MDFification** on **December 27, 2014, 06:41:55 pm**

The only problem is utter lack of boat utility. I like the story to at least loosely follow the game. How do we explain why all of our boats never do anything at all?

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **jrrocks1** on **December 27, 2014, 07:04:49 pm**

Its a Ritual for Armok?

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **MDFification** on **December 27, 2014, 07:15:38 pm**

[Quote from: jrrocks1 on December 27, 2014, 07:04:49 pm](#)
Its a Ritual for Armok?

Armok really likes boats?

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **jrrocks1** on **December 27, 2014, 07:16:42 pm**

Sure but he likes his boats at dock and not sea

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **Renugal** on **December 28, 2014, 12:21:01 am**

It would be easy to whip some reason up on the fly. The fort's being blockaded making it suicide for the boats to leave the port. They're stationed there after delivering troops to the fort and won't leave the docks until the soldiers are back onboard and it's time to go home. There's a real icky tide and the sailors don't wanna get a boo-boo. The captain got a splinter and is throwing a tantrum.

Real world shipyards often kept a few ships on retainer in the case of attack by water, so it wouldn't be so odd if a few were docked most of the time.

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **FallenAngel** on **December 28, 2014, 12:22:46 am**

The sole thing that worries me is that no dwarf knows how to use a boat.
Must be human captains.
Or dwarf-human hybrids.
Boat use is genetic, you know.

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **Renugal** on **December 28, 2014, 12:32:20 am**

Quote from: FallenAngel on December 28, 2014, 12:22:46 am
The sole thing that worries me is that no dwarf knows how to use a boat.
Must be human captains.
Or dwarf-human hybrids.
Boat use is genetic, you know.

...What? How did you come to that conclusion?

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **Renugal** on **December 30, 2014, 10:03:51 am**

Gonna go ahead and just bump this up a smidgen. Is everything coming along alright?

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **danmanthedog** on **December 30, 2014, 10:28:00 am**

Its a know fact that if a dwarf enters a boat it causes said boat to sink to the bottom of the sea. The way around is to hook the dwarfs to a life preserver and use them like a weight balance.

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **FallenAngel** on **December 30, 2014, 11:46:24 am**

Quote from: danmanthedog on December 30, 2014, 10:28:00 am
Its a know fact that if a dwarf enters a boat it causes said boat to sink to the bottom of the sea. The way around is to hook the dwarfs to a life preserver and use them like a weight balance.

It also seems that the sinking effect can be reduced by having no cats at all.
Cats absorb gravity from the sun. If there is no sunlight to gather gravity from, they gather it from the earth or the moon instead.
Dwarves absorb this gravity, counteracting buoyancy.
Having as many dogs as cats in your fort also helps negate this, since dogs create levity, the opposite of gravity.
Of course, since dwarves absorb gravity from cats, if you want to safely sail with dwarves whose fort has cats, you need at least 2 dogs per dwarf on your boat.
If you want to get technical, you need one dog per catdwarfyear. One catdwarfyear is defined as the gravity absorbed by a dwarf by being in a fort with 1 cat for 1 year. If a dwarf has resided in a fort for 3 years and for those three years there have been 10 cats, you need 30 dogs to counteract the gravity the dwarf has stored within itself.
Armok help you if you need to counteract the gravity of a victim of a catsplosion...

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **Renugal** on **December 30, 2014, 12:01:40 pm**

Quote from: FallenAngel on December 30, 2014, 11:46:24 am
Quote from: danmanthedog on December 30, 2014, 10:28:00 am
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Cats absorb gravity from the sun. If there is no sunlight to gather gravity from, they gather it from the earth or the moon instead.
Dwarves absorb this gravity, counteracting buoyancy.
Having as many dogs as cats in your fort also helps negate this, since dogs create levity, the opposite of gravity.
Of course, since dwarves absorb gravity from cats, if you want to safely sail with dwarves whose fort has cats, you need at least 2 dogs per dwarf on your boat.
If you want to get technical, you need one dog per catdwarfyear. One catdwarfyear is defined as the gravity absorbed by a dwarf by being in a fort with 1 cat for 1 year. If a dwarf has resided in a fort for 3 years and for those three years there have been 10 cats, you need 30 dogs to counteract the gravity the dwarf has stored within itself.
Armok help you if you need to counteract the gravity of a victim of a catsplosion...

OH, of course, you're talking about the well-known phenomenon of the gravitational pull exerted onto dwarves from the forces produced by felines. Everyone KNOWS that only humans are able to resist and completely ignore the powerful gravitational pull the cats generate without the need for canines, so that's why you said the captain would have to be human. How could I have been so ignorant to have forgotten that?

Spoiler (click to show/hide)
i totally knew you were joking yeah hahahahaha um

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **jrrocks1** on **December 30, 2014, 12:14:08 pm**

I.....what.....how.....DWARF SCIENCE!!!!!!

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **December 30, 2014, 07:45:18 pm**

I have a minor scene done, it just needs some editing. Frankly, I'm having some trouble getting in the right frame of mind.

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **jrrocks1** on **December 30, 2014, 07:51:15 pm**

Send it to one of our fellow demongators perhaps for editing and a fresh pair of eyes.

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **danmanthedog** on **December 30, 2014, 10:40:09 pm**

Quote from: jrrocks1 on December 30, 2014, 12:14:08 pm

I.....what.....how.....DWARF SCIENCE!!!!!!

Indeed my good sir dwaven scientist!

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **danmanthedog** on **January 04, 2015, 12:33:26 am**

Double post bumping powers activate!!!!

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **MDFification** on **January 04, 2015, 09:40:16 am**

- >Demongate will never be finished
- >Like Spearbreakers 2 will never start

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **January 04, 2015, 11:41:00 am**

Since writing up the ending is proving difficult for me, I figure I might as well start asking about the next fort and get back to this ending when I feel like it. So:

- I'm in favour of going with a hostile biome (freezing/scorching/evil) because it makes the place more interesting.
- Avoiding major modding will avoid two problems; losing time testing the mod and unforeseen problems (spimmators dying of old age, bloodkin getting trounced during worldgen), though adding a challenge race might be a good idea.
- I think we should keep the opening fluff as bare as possible. Comparing Demongate and Steelhold, I'd say that the less developed backstory gives players more room to work, and avoids new players having whole threads to read over to figure out what's going on.
- I don't think we ever came to a conclusion on whether to have an official megaproject or not.

Thoughts?

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **MDFification** on **January 04, 2015, 12:00:44 pm**

Quote from: Deus Asmoth on January 04, 2015, 11:41:00 am

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Thoughts?

Agree on all counts. I'd personally like an environment with lots of nasty syndromes - those are hilarious. Scorching/Freezing aren't really that challenging other than forcing you to go to the caverns for water.
Also, maybe it shouldn't even be a sequel. I don't see what the point is in staying in the same universe.
As for a megaproject... I'd rathernot.

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **jrrocks1** on **January 04, 2015, 12:28:19 pm**

I agree completely we seem to work better when the writers are offered more choices opportunities to do what they want. Is the coastal fort happening or are we trying a different theme because we obviously still need a theme of some sort.

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **January 04, 2015, 01:46:40 pm**

We could go on the coast of an evil ocean and try to attract a zombie giant blue whale if people are up for it.

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **jrrocks1** on **January 04, 2015, 02:00:03 pm**

Quote from: jrrocks1 on December 09, 2014, 08:02:51 pm

I think we should do the coastal idea but make it a "New World" setting. Where the dwarf civ's are trying to get as many colonies and land as possible and the other cvs who are native to this new world are trying to kill the settlers. I do not believe there should be any mods except for possibly a enhancement of the elves combat skills. Also we should have no long term goals i think we work best when there is no objective, when we can just write freely. The colony can bring a lot of internal conflict other civs trying to sabotage our colony, people debating in what direction the colony should be taken and debating what we should do about the "Natives" Etc.

I was thinking something like this the parts we can not do just role-play. It could be less specific but this idea could be interesting.

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **January 04, 2015, 02:12:20 pm**

We could create an extremely hostile world so that all that dwarven civs die off if we go with that scenario, though we'd be limited to our year 1 migrants in that case (and since no one ever seems to get married in .40.14 onwards we'd have problems increasing our population). Alternatively, we could make several islands and hope we get a dwarf civilisation on one of them, so they'd be cut off from their parent civ on arrival.

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **January 05, 2015, 07:12:48 am**

Another alternative idea: the new fortress is where political dissidents get sent when they don't realise that not challenging the monarch is a good idea. It'd provide a reason for the fort being in extremely hostile conditions, as well as justification for all the crazy we'd no doubt collect.

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **Sarrak** on **January 05, 2015, 10:37:37 am**

Quote from: MDFification on January 04, 2015, 12:00:44 pm

Quote from: Deus Asmoth on January 04, 2015, 11:41:00 am

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Also, maybe it shouldn't even be a sequel. I don't see what the point is in staying in the same universe.
As for a megaproject... I'd rather not.

I totally agree with hostile environment.
As for continuity, opening should be bare. But after it we should add legends and rumors.

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **Rhaken** on **January 06, 2015, 09:32:09 am**

I LIVE. You know, maybe.

I've been writing a considerably massive wall of text for the past couple of weeks, and it just keeps getting longer and longer. I have a deadline this week (fucking SURPRISE), so progress has slowed of late. However, if y'all want it, I can post a part of it now. It contains a couple scenes written by Deus Asmoth as well.

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **January 06, 2015, 10:42:38 am**

Yay! Also, r.e. Asmoth's death. I've tried doing it from her point of view and it just doesn't work properly. Is it ok if I commandeer Shank?

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **jrrocks1** on **January 06, 2015, 04:01:54 pm**

That would be good it would probably be better to piece it out anyway keep interest in the story and allow the community to react as well as give inspiration

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **MDFification** on **January 06, 2015, 08:34:52 pm**

Quote from: Rhaken on January 06, 2015, 09:32:09 am

I LIVE.

Honestly, I'm not sure if I believe you.

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **Rhaken** on **January 07, 2015, 10:44:51 am**

Monom Caughtbolted's army had spent the past four years pressing the borders of The Incidental Boards. Four times they had engaged in major battles, and four times they had been shattered by an enemy far less numerous but far more powerful.

Thrice General Monom had returned to Bitebronze with but a few score dwarcrusves, battered, bloody and teetering on the rim of madness. Thrice had she requested to wait and recover. Thrice had the king thrown over a thousand unproven recruits at her and called it an army. On the third time, the king and his warriors joined the host.

Twice in the battle of Rimcaverns had they been pushed back. Twice had King Zon demanded they advance, back into the grinder, until but five hundred dwarves remained. The enemy numbered no more than forty.

Once had the monarch of The First Iron demanded to settle the battle with a duel, commander against commander. Once had Nish Woodlabor, general of the Bloodkin and scourge of thousands, agreed to the folly. Once did the axe fall, and thus ended the reign of Zon Lancedmirrors.

Late Summer, 157 The Age of Myth

The general droned on and on in front of them, trying to instil a sense of worth in his Knights for yet another attack. Thikut was projecting all the signs of one listening with rapt attention while using the time to think about more important things. How long had it been since she'd last had a chance to be here? At least five years, surely? It hardly mattered. Nish would be just as infatuated with her as ever, and the long absences only seemed to make him desire her more.

It was a pity that she would have to let so many of them die to secure her position here, but it was worth it to finally be out from under the heels of those three lunatics. She shifted her facial expression to one of remorse as she caught the name of their deceased king. Buffoon. It had been so easy to manipulate him. A few tales of the wealth of the old world, legends of an immortal ruler destined for godhood... He had thought himself so clever, just because he had managed to cheat death for a few years.

"Loremaster?" Thikut turned as a familiar voice called her. Some unimportant pawn, but her face was a mask of familiarity and welcome.

"Magebane Olin!" she said happily. "It has been too long!"

Olin was a withered dwarf, his stature hinting at a great warrior long past his prime. He leaned on a steel spear with gemstones studding the shaft. It took a moment for Thikut to remember his levers. Loyalty, honour, duty and recognition of the great deeds he had done in

the past. Boring. Another dying old dwarf afraid no one would remember him once they were gone.

"I read the book that you wrote after our time together," Olin smiled at her. She waited for him to tell her his problems so she could placate him and move on. "But doesn't it strike you as dishonest to claim that this is nothing but a ceremonial weapon?"

"Dishonest, perhaps, but I fear it was necessary," Thikut answered gently, reaching out and taking his wrinkled hands in hers. Perhaps she should be glad he was old. The young ones always thought they deserved a lot more than just hand holding. "We are not what we once were, Olin. I was simply afraid that our enemies would try to steal or destroy as many of them as they could if they knew what power they possessed, and with the Smith dead and no one to replace him... I hope you can forgive a young girl her fears."

The Smith had been sublime, a kill nearly three years in the making. She had been forced into a lot more contact with her mother than she would have liked for it, but the poisons she had provided had ended in a death that would seem perfectly natural to anyone unfamiliar with the forgotten beasts of the Old World, and methods of diluting their toxins. Thikut's only regret was not being able to find out if blood tasted any different when it had no contact with magic. Olin was trying to comfort her fears, she realised just in time to pull on a gentle smile, perhaps tear up a little bit. A hug and then he'd be off, job done. She covered her mouth to hide a sneer that wouldn't be denied.

Early Autumn, 157
The Age of Myth

The sun began to hide behind the mountains to the west, washing the dusk with the hues of rust and flame. On the slopes beyond the Northern Gate of Clearstockades, Monom's Host settled down to pitch camp.

The day's fighting had been horrendous. Hundreds of broken bodies littered the stone slopes that led to the city gates, oozing blood from gaps in armor. They had lost three hundred dwarves in one morning. The soldiers that lived had the painful honor of reclaiming the dead, and they went about this task with nary a word between them.

Fewer than fifty Bloodkin had sallied out of the city that morning, clad head to toe in steel, looking for all the world like the typical dwarven heavy infantry. But underneath that armor, hidden beneath steel and flesh, they were naught but bloodthirsty monsters. They relished in battle, swinging their weapons and baying for the blood of their once-kin. For Bloodkin were not born. They were converted, each and every one, from innocent dwarves. And that was truly the cruelest jest of all: to slay the Bloodkin is to slay fellow dwarves.

From her vantage point in the army's camp, Queen Doren Glenbridges surveyed the grim scene. Everywhere there had been combat, squads of light infantry prowled. They would sneak up on the downed bodies first, as silent as they could. Then they brought their weapons down on the heads of the fallen, crushing skulls, piercing throats, chopping heads. It was only when this grim work was done that they would haul back the dead, dwarf and Bloodkin alike.

"Why must they do that?" She had asked General Monom the first time she saw the horrifying spectacle.

"Bloodkin regenerate," the general had replied, "and pass on their curse through blood. It's the only way to be safe." Small wonder that the few survivors of the previous campaigns went mad. How do you defeat an enemy that will not stay dead?

Though she had donned her armor, she had stayed behind during the engagement, in no way eager to repeat her predecessor's mistakes. It heartened the soldiers to see their queen in military regalia as they prepared to engage. In this war, any small boost of morale was welcome. She would be safe as long as she could control her impulse to get out there and split some skulls with the soldiers.

Doren descended through the camp, head held high, eyes forward. Dwarven soldiers saluted as she passed. Along the way, she was joined by General Monom. She adjusted her relentless pace to accomodate the older, slower dwarf.

"Are the pyres ready?"

"Yes, Your Majesty. We await only the final tally of the dead."

Over the next several hours, until the moon painted the mountain in shades of silver and pearl, hundreds of dead bodies were reclaimed. They were brought to tents at the edge of the camp for identification before being sent off to the unlit pyres. It was important that every dead soldier was accounted for. There would be documents to send to the Mountainhomes, containing the name and number of the dead to be memorialized. But this document would not arrive at its destination for several months. In the meantime, Monom's Host would be beset by the ghosts of its own fallen.

The moon had begun to descend by the time it was done. Over a dozen massive pyramids of stacked wood and kindling had been erected during the hours after the battle. The dead now blanketed the pyres, armor and all. There was no time to re-purpose the valuable steel.

Monom's Host gathered before the pyres, in front of which stood their queen and their general. They all stood at attention, nearly motionless, unwilling to betray any sort of thought or emotion. Beside each pyre stood a torch bearer, carrying the only sources of light for miles. Not that the dwarves needed lights to pierce the darkness.

"Soldiers," bellowed the Queen of the First Iron. "You have fought long and hard. You have faced an enemy horrible beyond compare. You have marched upon their doorstep time and again to rend them from the land." She paused for effect. And to think things through. She had done this after every battle, and still the words eluded her until it was time to speak them.

"You have taken their vanguard today. A feat many have tried before, but none have succeeded. Until today." Her eyes scanned the army. It felt like she was staring into thousands of hard-faced stone statues.

"But this victory came at a terrible cost. Many have fallen this day. And the circumstances of our enemy makes it impossible to give our loved ones a proper burial. Thus, we must resort to this.

"Tonight," she roared, "we mourn our dead. Tomorrow, we avenge them. We will take this city. We will put every single one of these monsters to the sword. They think they have broken our strength. We will prove them wrong."

"We are the dwarves of the First Iron. We will not surrender. We will not waver. And we will not rest until every last Bloodkin has turned to ash."

She could see it now. The anger. The hate. There was a fire blazing within the hearts of her soldiers, brighter than any funeral pyre. It was oddly humbling that these iron-hearted dwarves would call her Queen.

Wheeling around, Queen Doren Glenbridges faced the torch-bearers and spoke her last words of the night.

"Light the pyres."

Torches met kindling. For miles around, anyone who looked toward the mountain could not fail to see numerous blazing fires, nor the thousands of figures standing before them, unmoving as statues.

The screams of the dead lasted until dawn.

Thikut idly kicked the body of the last member of her honour guard. They hadn't been much fun, but if they'd been good enough to be fun, they would have been on the battlefield rather than stuck guarding some librarian. They'd dreamed of heroics, and she'd given them the chance to prove themselves. They'd failed. She kicked the body again, like a cat hoping the mouse would get up for one last chase.

She felt vaguely comforted by the fact that Clearstockades had changed so little since her last visit. She could have navigated her way to

Nish's rooms with her eyes closed- fortunate, since the Bloodkin rarely bothered with adequate lighting. Thikut ran her fingers along the wall as she strode through the nearly deserted halls. The few Bloodkin that she did come across cowered away from her as she passed. She smirked at the sight. Respect was nearly impossible to instil in the less intelligent of the creatures, but they could be made to understand fear quickly enough.

Nish's room was one of the few in the place that had a door, which creaked as she pushed it open. He looked up from a pile of papers on his desk as she shut the door behind her.

"Nish," she said, hitching on a smile and leaning in for a kiss. She frowned as he stood up, pushing her away. "What's wrong?"

"Everything," Nish answered. "The Father came to me earlier. He told me he had a warning about reinforcements for the Knights, one that you hadn't warned us about. He told me not to trust you, that I was wrong when I said you'd never betray us. And now I look out at this pretty little mortal queen giving her pretty little speeches to that pretty little army of hers and I see Corley was telling me true. So I have to ask you. Did you ever mean anything you said to me? Have you said the same things to those mortal dogs? How many of them? ANSWER ME!"

Thikut would have sworn to herself, but now was no time to break character. She was on thin ice. "I did what I had to do," she screamed back at him, calling up some tears for good measure. "Do you have any idea what it was like, knowing what they wanted and having to give it to them so I could find out what you needed to know? I've given up so much to get where I needed to be, and you've taken full advantage of the privileges I got from those mortal dogs, so don't stand there acting like you had no idea of some of the things I had to do to get them, you self righteous piece of shit!"

Behind the mask that was her face, she was grinning. She could see his resolve buckling. Any moment now, he'd be apologising and begging for her forgiveness, probably more willing than ever to go along with her plans. Thikut watched him draw breath to apologise and-

The world turned into a blur as Thikut reeled backwards, her ears ringing from the force of Nish's backhanded slap.

"I've had enough of your lies," he snarled. "You had me fooled for so long, but I can see you now. You've never done anything that you didn't want to do, not once. What was it all for? What could you hope to gain by betraying the three most powerful beings in the world?"

Thikut studied him from the floor. Someone else was pushing his buttons now, and she wasn't getting back in charge any time soon. She let the facade drop. It felt good to let him see the contempt on her face after all these years.

"Do you know why I came here today?" she asked. "Did you think that Corley's 'important discussion' fooled me for even one second? I wanted to offer you the chance to take a place beside me at the head of this country. They can have the rest of the world; I only want our fair share. There wouldn't even be any need for bloodshed as long as they left us alone. You have fun playing lapdog if you want, I'm done."

Thikut turned for the door. It was a standard enough gambit; she'd appealed to pride, his desire for her, equality. The only risk was turning her back on him, and she knew that Nish was still too infatuated with her to-

Thikut stared down at the steel blade poking out from between her breasts. There was no pain yet. Shock would kick in first, she thought detachedly, and the body just isn't good at registering damage like that quickly. Her mother had said something similar once when she'd asked why the survivor of a battle back in that first fortress was ignoring the spear in his chest in favour of his broken arm. The blade vanished with a squelch, and Thikut collapsed.

Severed spine, Asmoth's voice mused. Not enough to stop a bloodkin, but it's a few moments of vulnerability to take advantage of while they're-

Thikut raised a hand to... to do something. Block an attack? Plead for mercy? Nish's blade sliced through her flesh and bone whatever her intentions had been.

-confused. A severed limb would be far more troublesome, I still haven't managed to get them to regenerate properly yet. Of course, they can be reattached-

Thikut felt a jolt in her legs as they reconnected, rolling aside to avoid Nish's sword. She pulled a knife from her sleeve, sending it flying through the air into her lover's throat. Nish collapsed, gurgling as she snatched her left arm up and held it against her bleeding stump.

-but it should never be a priority over finishing off a wounded opponent. Funny, how they're never able to think long term.

Thikut watched her right arm fall from her wrist in a flash of steel. She turned, hissing and falling to the floor as her knee shattered under the point of the sword.

"You treasonous whore," Nish forced through the reforming lump of gristle that was his throat. Thikut realised he was weeping, then passed out.

And of course, there's only one thing that's really able to finish off one of us...

She was jerked back to consciousness in a splash of cold. Nish was pouring something over her. Water? No... No! He grabbed a torch off the wall.

Fire.

"I'm sorry," Nish said as the oil caught beneath the flame. Thikut wanted to tell him how pathetic he was. She would have done, but she was too busy screaming.

The ground shook beneath Corley's feet. Dust rained around his head, cascaded down his shoulders and tumbled to the floor as he relentlessly paced around the War Room of Clearstockades. He was in a black mood, made darker still by the endless pounding at the gates.

"Has the traitor been properly disposed of?" He inquired of General Nish, who stood at attention to the side.

"Yes, Father. Burned to ashes and scattered to the wind." The General sounded his usual, no-nonsense self, even though he had killed his own wife just hours past.

"Good. Onto more pressing matters." The Father of the Bloodkin continued to walk in circles. More flecks of stone dripped from the ceiling. "Any word from the caverns?"

"No, Father. If our reinforcements are on the way, then they didn't send an outrider to hail us."

"How long until they breach the gate?"

"Several days, my lord. Sadly, we cannot harass them from the battlements. Other than yourself, there are only two thaumaturges left within the fort, and our crossbow squads ran out of munitions days ago."

"So why aren't you making more?" Corley snapped through clenched teeth.

"All surplus metal is being melted down and reforged into crossbow bolts as we speak, my lord. But as you know..."

"We have no trained smiths."

"Exactly, Father."

"And the thaumaturges? Why aren't they raining fire down over the enemy's head?"

"Blocked by some external force. We believe those meddlesome Knights are assisting the army."

Corley's shoulders slumped. "Damn the luck." He detoured from his circular path to seat himself on an ornate throne of obsidian. From within his coat, he produced a cigarette. He put one end in his mouth, set the other end alight with a flash of heat from his fingertips.

"Have my notes brought to me, and see to your soldiers. Those walking blood banks outside must be held off at all costs. You are dismissed, General."

Nish Woodlabored saluted his Father, then briskly walked out of the room. Corley's eyes fell shut as the nicotine kicked in, and he breathed a silvery plume of smoke, enjoying the solitude. That was as much relaxation as he would get in the coming days.

"Heave!"

Twenty burly pairs of arms pulled back on the crank. It made a sound like a million bear traps going off in quick succession.

"Ho!"

The gigantic cylinder shot forward. For the millionth time in four days, thirty-seven tons of oak, lead and steel rammed into the gargantuan gate of Clearstockades.

"Heave!"

The engineering crew had worked tirelessly. By middle afternoon of the third day, small cracks had begun to appear on the surface of the massive stone portal. Queen Doren was no siege expert, but even she could see the fissures in the door widen ever so slightly after every few impacts of the ram.

Too bad the door was roughly the size of a tower.

What troubled Doren was the apparent lack of defensive effort. The battlements of Clearstockades were empty, had been empty for days. Not a single bolt was fired upon her besieging army or the ram operators. If the Bloodkin of Clearstockades had thaumaturges among them, they were holding them back. Doren wondered if Scribe Medtob might have something to do with that.

The aging Scribe of Saint Zane had been travelling with the army from the day they departed the Mountainhomes. He kept mostly to himself, sometimes offering help in the medical tents, and tended to stay out of sight in her tent when battle drew near. This time, however, Medtob had chosen to accompany the engineering corps charged with tearing down the city gate, hovering close to the massive mechanical battering ram and looking quite proud of himself. When asked if he wanted protection, he had respectfully declined.

"Ho!"

Queen Doren eyed the old Scribe with some suspicion. He was standing by the battering ram, an odd smile dancing on his face. It was a peaceful smile, yet Doren couldn't help but sense a glint of mischief hiding in the curl of the lips. Noticing her scrutiny, Scribe Medtob turned and bowed to the Queen, hands clasped before his chin. Doren couldn't help but notice the rings. She had never seen Medtob wear so many rings at once. There was at least one on each finger, each adorned with a similar gemstone. What were those called? Wood opals? Some manner of opal?

"Heave!"

The Queen of the First Iron gazed back across the fields, where several battalions of her army were standing at attention. Those that weren't still as statues were twitching in anticipation.

"Ho!"

Soon, Clearstockades would cease to be a menace.

Corley nodded in approval as a handful of aides piled back in forth into his throne room, bearing the last armfuls of books and scrolls. They set these down in neat rows in the middle of hall, just as Father instructed.

"The gate will be breached within hours, my lord," Nish reported, standing beside Corley. "Our thaumaturges have done all they can to reinforce the stone, but even they must stop and rest. One over-exerted himself and seems to have lost his powers."

"You're worried we won't escape in time, General?"

"Something along those lines, my Lord." Then, after a moment of silence: "My Lord, may I be frank?"

Corley nodded his consent.

"I don't see why you're going to the effort of saving all your notes. We need to evacuate. Every second wasted here is precious."

Corley would have smirked if the situation weren't so dire. "I assure you, General, this won't take but a moment."

"That's not the only issue here, my Lord. How do you plan to transport these books? Even with aides or pack animals, the load would slow us down considerably. Is it truly necessary to take them with us?"

"No, General. As I said, that won't be a problem."

"How do you intend to transport these then?"

"I don't."

General Nish blinked in confusion. By this point, the aides had finished bringing in all of Corley's books and personal notes. They formed rows of neat stacks, a squadron of paper soldiers standing at attention.

Corley flicked his wrist. The books caught fire.

"Everything that was worth remembering, I have committed to memory," Corley explained to an astounded Nish. "Now nobody else will benefit from my work."

The two once-dwarves stood quietly for a time, staring into the flames from a fair distance away. Nish tried to keep his mind empty, but failed miserably. His last experience with fire had been one of the worst moments of his life. Even now, where his Lord saw only paper, Nish could see a figure writhing in agony. A figure clutching an arm to its chest. The figure of someone he had loved once.

The Father's voice broke the silence. "Prepare the tunnels. We evacuate as soon as possible."

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **Rhaken** on **January 07, 2015, 10:46:10 am**

Quote from: Deus Asmoth on January 06, 2015, 10:42:38 am
Yay! Also, r.e. Asmoth's death. I've tried doing it from her point of view and it just doesn't work properly. Is it ok if I commandeer Shank?

Of course. I trust you to emulate his particular brand of rampant batshit insanity.

Quote from: MDification on January 06, 2015, 08:34:52 pm
Quote from: Rhaken on January 06, 2015, 09:32:09 am
I LIVE.
Honestly, I'm not sure if I believe you.

How about now?

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **FallenAngel** on **January 07, 2015, 01:31:43 pm**

I feel lost.

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **fractalman** on **January 08, 2015, 01:16:50 am**

Quote from: FallenAngel on January 07, 2015, 01:31:43 pm
I feel lost.

You never made any serious plot besides messing around with random bodyjumping and building contraptions with no obvious coherent purpose.

Yeah, kinda hard to write that in.

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **January 08, 2015, 09:03:41 am**

Quote from: FallenAngel on January 07, 2015, 01:31:43 pm
I feel lost.

I had a summary post that explained all the character backgrounds but then google crashed and I'm not in the mood to do it again. What's giving you trouble?

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **FallenAngel** on **January 08, 2015, 09:15:12 am**

Quote from: Deus Asmoth on January 08, 2015, 09:03:41 am
I had a summary post that explained all the character backgrounds but then google crashed and I'm not in the mood to do it again. What's giving you trouble?

I had read on Steelhold's lore and history, but that was a good while back.
All I know is that Corley is a bloodkin, bloodkin are bad, Corley is mischievous, and is trying to end Demongate.
The rest I'm quite blurry on.

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **January 08, 2015, 09:28:13 am**

Thikut was Asmoth's daughter, she gained immortality at the age of eight and that (combined with her mother's unique approach to medicine) made her somewhat immoral. Nish led the Bloodkin forces in the lands of the First Iron. Rhaken's passage is a few hundred years before Demongate was founded.

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **FallenAngel** on **January 08, 2015, 09:36:21 am**

Now it makes sense. Thanks.

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **jrrocks1** on **January 08, 2015, 03:43:19 pm**

Rhaken have you ever considered writing a dwarf fortress story? As in completely fictional with only you writing but based on the game. There are stories like that

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **Rhaken** on **January 08, 2015, 05:40:22 pm**

Quote from: jrrocks1 on January 08, 2015, 03:43:19 pm
Rhaken have you ever considered writing a dwarf fortress story? As in completely fictional with only you writing but based on the game. There are stories like that

All the time. I have so many ideas I don't even know where to put them. I've even considered novelizing the Steelhold saga and making it into a more cohesive plot overall. Hells, I've already worked out some neat stuff we can throw in if we embark by the ocean next time, and three possible dwarves I can work with.

The problem is time. There simply aren't enough hours in a day to read, write, make music, play games AND become a computer engineer while still getting more than 10 minutes of sleep. I shudder to think what it'll be like in a year or so when I have to write my thesis.

Thankfully, I have a handful of free days now. With some luck, I'll finish this wall-o'-text flashback in that time. It just kind of grows naturally at times. I didn't expect it to be this large when I got started, nor did I expect to write certain scenes that you'll see in the next part.

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **jrrocks1** on **January 08, 2015, 05:56:19 pm**

Honestly I think you should try to create a story I would LOVE to read anything you write but instead of doing what you did here which is write a ton of stuff but wait to post it. You should write a bit, post it and then continue writing when you get a chance. It would be cool if you did the Steelhold thing too I'm sure you could write the story awesomely.

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **FallenAngel** on **January 08, 2015, 08:13:02 pm**

Yeah, your writing's great.
Blows mine out of the water.
However, I do already have a dwarf and plot fragment for the port fort.
I'll think up one or two more just to be safe.

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **Rhaken** on **January 08, 2015, 08:33:24 pm**

As long as you're throwing praise around, I suggest throwing some Asmoth's way while you're at it. The Thikut scenes are his doing, and they turned out pretty damn great.

Title: **Re: Demongate, home of the first and best Pimpstack.**
Post by: **Renugal** on **January 09, 2015, 01:18:43 am**

Quote from: irrocks1 on January 08, 2015, 03:43:19 pm
Rhaken have you ever considered writing a dwarf fortress story? As in completely fictional with only you writing but based on the game. There are stories like that

I'd buy it.

Unrelated though, will you be using the newest version of DF or .34? It would be disappointing to get far along into the fort then just stop dead because a new update broke compatibility between versions.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Wrapping up the Loose Ends.**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **January 11, 2015, 11:19:01 pm**

One more idea for the next fort: would people be interested in a non-standard turn order similar to the Dwarven Democracy thingie? Something like dividing the dwarves into factions (ie, Army, Workers and Farmers+Hunters) and for every triumph they get bonuses to the public opinion of the faction (like if the army routs a siege with no losses it's +5 PO, but when a baby gets kidnapped they get -1PO). Alternatively, player-made political parties could serve a similar function, with each party gaining a percentage of each groups public opinion depending on how many members of the party are in that group. At the start of each year, the most popular political group then elects an overseer from among themselves, but a dwarf can only be overseer once every three to five years.

This is just because it feels slightly weird when we're doing a story heavy fort and the person in charge suddenly cedes their power to their greatest enemy for no apparent reason.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Wrapping up the Loose Ends.**
Post by: **MDFification** on **January 12, 2015, 08:54:38 am**

Quote from: Deus Asmoth on January 11, 2015, 11:19:01 pm
One more idea for the next fort: would people be interested in a non-standard turn order similar to the Dwarven Democracy thingie? Something like dividing the dwarves into factions (ie, Army, Workers and Farmers+Hunters) and for every triumph they get bonuses to the public opinion of the faction (like if the army routs a siege with no losses it's +5 PO, but when a baby gets kidnapped they get -1PO). Alternatively, player-made political parties could serve a similar function, with each party gaining a percentage of each groups public opinion depending on how many members of the party are in that group. At the start of each year, the most popular political group then elects an overseer from among themselves, but a dwarf can only be overseer once every three to five years.

This is just because it feels slightly weird when we're doing a story heavy fort and the person in charge suddenly cedes their power to their greatest enemy for no apparent reason.

I'm game.

Just so long as it doesn't turn into "the old guard reelect themselves continuously and prevent new players from taking a shot".

Title: **Re: Demongate: Wrapping up the Loose Ends.**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **January 12, 2015, 09:03:00 am**

Yeah, I was thinking of having the score of a party getting reduced by 10% for each year they've been in power to prevent something like that. I imagine most players will end up with their own party and allegiances in any case, so we should get a good mix of overseers.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Wrapping up the Loose Ends.**
Post by: **MDFification** on **January 12, 2015, 09:12:36 am**

Quote from: Deus Asmoth on January 12, 2015, 09:03:00 am
Yeah, I was thinking of having the score of a party getting reduced by 10% for each year they've been in power to prevent something like that. I imagine most players will end up with their own party and allegiances in any case, so we should get a good mix of overseers.

Normally yes, but everyone wants to be a part of my factions 8).

Nah but for srs, good idea m8.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Wrapping up the Loose Ends.**
Post by: **FallenAngel** on **January 12, 2015, 09:35:16 am**

I'm up for that.
Sounds great.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Wrapping up the Loose Ends.**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **January 12, 2015, 12:29:13 pm**

Tentative layout:
Spoiler (click to show/hide)
Carpenters, Masons and Blacksmiths
*+1 for every citizen with a bedroom (+3 for each Fine or better)
*+1 for every tenth of the fortress that can be seated in the dining hall at once (caps at +10 because duh)
*+1 for every room level above modest in every non-dining hall meeting area (memorial hall, statue hall etc, max per room is +6 for opulent)

*-2 for every citizen with no bedroom, excluding children
* may need to add more minuses

Jewellers and Craftsddwarves (may also include the broker)
*+1 for every 10 dorfbucks obtained from traders

*+1 for every 10 dorfbucks given in offerings to the motherland

Farmers of all description, Fishers and Hunters
*+1 for every unit of food and drink

*-2 for for every citizen

Farmers are untended to be unappreciated unless you get a decent food surplus.

Army
*+10 for every enemy unit killed
*+5 for every hostile animal killed
*+20 for every semi/mega/forgotten beast killed

*-10 for every citizen killed by hostiles
*-2 for every citizen injured by hostiles
*-2 for every friendly trade caravan member killed by hostiles (if we're already behaving hostilely to that caravan, it's -0. Dwarven caravans are always friendly)

Doctors
*+10 for each severe injury treated (broken bones, severed limbs)
*+5 for each minor injury treated (sutures, dressings)

*-10 for each dead patient (they have to have reached the hospital)
*-20 for each lingering death (rotting, paralysis, etc)

The Leader, The Mayor, The Noble and The Monarch
*+5 for each ecstatic citizen

*-20 for each insane citizen
*-5 for each miserable citizen

Weaponsmiths and Armoursmiths
*+5 for every fully armed and armoured militia member (+3 if not all of their kit is fortress made, +0 if none of it is)
*+2 for every 25 bolts a hunter has access to (max +8 per hunter)

In General
*+20 for each artefact the guild has.

A dwarf would only count as a member of a guild if it was their job title or they had the skill level Professional or better, and each political party gains a percentage of a guild's popularity equal to the percentage of that guild that are party members.

Example: the fortress has three weaponsmiths and one farmer that's a novice armoursmith, and ten warriors fully equipped with fortress-made arms.
Party A has one of the weaponsmiths as a member, so it gets ~17 popularity
Party B has the farmer, so they get nothing because he's not a guild member
Party C has the other two weaponsmiths, so they get 33 popularity

Parties would be founded by players and start with three members, gaining one member each year.
Parties can later merge or contain more than one player character to start with, but will only gain one member per year thereafter.
Alternatively, parties can form temporary alliances, in which the alliance leader gains one third of the popularity of its allies, and can also elect members of allied parties to power. Treachery will abound, hopefully.
A player can't be forced to join a party, but the party leader(s) can refuse to let another player join.
If there are multiple player characters in a party, they can attempt a coup to eject another player character (this may need some internal party popularity mechanic to have work properly).
You can't steal NPCs from another party, but other players can defect.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Wrapping up the Loose Ends.**
Post by: **FallenAngel** on **January 12, 2015, 04:22:46 pm**

Actually, this works perfectly with what I have planned for my character.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Wrapping up the Loose Ends.**
Post by: **Taupe** on **January 12, 2015, 10:19:28 pm**

This sounds like a fairly cool system. However, keep in mind that no matter how rigid and balanced the point distribution, at the end of each year, the headmaster is just going to choose his favorite faction and award them absurd awards for random reasons until they win.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Wrapping up the Loose Ends.**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **January 13, 2015, 04:32:35 am**

As the headmaster, I heartily approve of this.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Wrapping up the Loose Ends.**
Post by: **jrrocks1** on **January 13, 2015, 04:15:36 pm**

You guys the main writers seem to work better with less constraints is adding more really a good idea? This idea would make it easier for new community members but how many new people actually show up and directly contribute?

Title: **Re: Demongate: Wrapping up the Loose Ends.**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **January 13, 2015, 04:32:56 pm**

The intention is to avoid having main writers. Fortresses are more likely to turn into glorious madness when there's no guiding hand behind them. My plan is to have the canon of the next fortress rest with the current overseer so they can remove something they really don't like, but the 'owner' of a character can veto something the overseer wants them to do if it's very out of character. The system will also hopefully encourage alliances and antagonisms that change at a moment's notice, which would be good for making conflict.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Wrapping up the Loose Ends.**
Post by: **jrrocks1** on **January 13, 2015, 04:35:38 pm**

Thats true but to be a realist we do have main writers true other writers contributed throughout steelhold but there were main writers and i do not think we should try to avoid something that made the story what it is.....

Title: **Re: Demongate: Wrapping up the Loose Ends.**

Post by: **jrrocks1** on **January 13, 2015, 04:36:08 pm**

But thats just my opinion...

Title: **Re: Demongate: Wrapping up the Loose Ends.**

Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **January 13, 2015, 04:42:25 pm**

Perhaps, but having official main writers could discourage other contributors, and leaves the story a lot more vulnerable to stagnation. I mean, I didn't contribute much to Steelhold before my turn and then I turned the place into a vampire city. I'd like new players to keep the freedom to do stuff like that, and having a board of directors with a plan of how the story should be going would impede that.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Wrapping up the Loose Ends.**

Post by: **MDFification** on **January 13, 2015, 05:10:02 pm**

Quote from: Deus Asmoth on January 13, 2015, 04:42:25 pm

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Besides, how do we decide who's a main writer? I mean I basically stopped writing halfway through this thread, Gnorm is banned for protecting us all from the **LIBERAL MENACE**... that leaves Asmoth and Rhaken as the only regulars from Steelhold.

Central planing ain't gonna work.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Wrapping up the Loose Ends.**

Post by: **FallenAngel** on **January 13, 2015, 05:11:39 pm**

I agree.
I see no problems with the overseer having high control, with other players being able to veto things that break character too far.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Wrapping up the Loose Ends.**

Post by: **jrrocks1** on **January 13, 2015, 05:53:13 pm**

Just my opinion it's the collective threads choice...

Title: **Re: Demongate: Wrapping up the Loose Ends.**

Post by: **4maskwolf** on **January 16, 2015, 10:47:51 pm**

Quote from: MDFification on January 13, 2015, 05:10:02 pm

Quote from: Deus Asmoth on January 13, 2015, 04:42:25 pm

Perhaps, but having official main writers could discourage other contributors, and leaves the story a lot more vulnerable to stagnation. I mean, I didn't contribute much to Steelhold before my turn and then I turned the place into a vampire city. I'd like new players to keep the freedom to do stuff like that, and having a board of directors with a plan of how the story should be going would impede that.

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Central planing ain't gonna work.

You forgot me lolz.

But yeah, I dissappeared twice, once in the middle and then right at the end...

Sorry guys...

Edit: Wait, we're not done yet?

CAN I HELP!?!?!?

Title: **Re: Demongate: Wrapping up the Loose Ends.**

Post by: **MDFification** on **January 17, 2015, 10:01:49 am**

Quote from: 4maskwolf on January 16, 2015, 10:47:51 pm

Quote from: MDFification on January 13, 2015, 05:10:02 pm

Quote from: Deus Asmoth on January 13, 2015, 04:42:25 pm

Perhaps, but having official main writers could discourage other contributors, and leaves the story a lot more vulnerable to stagnation. I mean, I didn't contribute much to Steelhold before my turn and then I turned the place into a vampire city. I'd like new players to keep the freedom to do stuff like that, and having a board of directors with a plan of how the story should be going would impede that.

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Sorry guys...

Edit: Wait, we're not done yet?

CAN I HELP!?!?!?

I have brought shame to the thread.
I must commit sudoku.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Wrapping up the Loose Ends.**

Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **January 17, 2015, 10:06:52 am**

Anyone that wants to help can. I've been a bit swamped this month, but I'll be able to get some decent work done on this after the 26th.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Wrapping up the Loose Ends.**

Post by: **MDFification** on **January 26, 2015, 05:43:46 pm**

Bump.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Wrapping up the Loose Ends.**
Post by: **jrrocks1** on **January 26, 2015, 06:03:46 pm**

BLIZZARD

Title: **Re: Demongate: Wrapping up the Loose Ends.**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **January 26, 2015, 06:26:03 pm**

I think I'm going to have to be honest here. Writing up a full and proper ending to Demongate is taking up a lot more time than I actually have available at the moment, and I suspect Rhaken is in a similar situation. I can keep working on it when I have the time, but with the amount of things left to tie together, it could take a few months to get anything reasonably finished. There's little point in bumping the thread until then, though.

For some less unhappy discussion, I was thinking of getting the successor fortress up and running after the next update (the taverns and temples one). If anyone is would be interested, that'd be nice.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Wrapping up the Loose Ends.**
Post by: **FallenAngel** on **January 26, 2015, 06:57:54 pm**

I'd be interested in the successor.
It sounds like a party.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Wrapping up the Loose Ends.**
Post by: **Rhaken** on **January 28, 2015, 12:20:29 am**

Yes. Successor please.

In other news: holy shit this wall of text keeps growing. I've finished all but two scenes, one of them essential to the whole thing. No idea when it will be up. I have been tossed a steaming heap of unrepentant bullshit to work on for the next few weeks, but it shouldn't cut too heavily into my time. At least it had damn well fucking better not.

Regarding the ending of Demongate. We've worked out how to involve many of the named characters of the place into the ending in one way or another. Here there be a list; let me know if I miss anyone. Also feel free to ask questions about your character's role in the end. I may not give out major spoilers, and I may not give in to your exact demands regarding their participation, but your opinions do matter. (Y'know. Even when I don't listen.)

- Named Dwarves Included in the Ending**
Thane
Brenzen
Cornelius
Tarmid
Thanatos
Flame
FallenAngel
Danman
Torvald
Beef
- Dwarves We Have No Fucking Clue How to Include In The Ending**
FractalEntity
Mathilde
Zaerosz

Title: **Re: Demongate: Wrapping up the Loose Ends.**
Post by: **danmanthedog** on **January 28, 2015, 11:56:12 am**

Woooot I am still alive!!

Title: **Re: Demongate: Wrapping up the Loose Ends.**
Post by: **FallenAngel** on **January 28, 2015, 12:26:12 pm**

Woohoo, my story can be made to make some sense!

Title: **Re: Demongate: Wrapping up the Loose Ends.**
Post by: **fractalman** on **January 28, 2015, 12:53:36 pm**

Quote from: Rhaken on January 28, 2015, 12:20:29 am

Yes. Successor please.

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Dwarves We Have No Fucking Clue How to Include In The Ending
FractalEntity
Mathilde
Zaerosz

If my character gets killed off, he'll just flip the universe the bird and bugger off to somewhere nicer. If he survives, he'll try to fight off maskdwarf...which could go either way.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Wrapping up the Loose Ends.**
Post by: **FallenAngel** on **January 28, 2015, 01:22:32 pm**

Quote from: fractalman on January 28, 2015, 12:53:36 pm
If my character gets killed off, he'll just flip the universe the bird and bugger off to somewhere nicer. If he survives, he'll try to fight off maskdwarf...which could go either way.

If FallenAngel gets killed off, he's try to possess the masked dwarf. If that fails, he'd take control of some random dwarf, take his brother, and go someplace nicer as well. Probably a human hamlet. Or the caldera of a volcano. All viable options.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Wrapping up the Loose Ends.**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **January 28, 2015, 03:14:15 pm**

The masked dwarf is all, like, dead and stuff. There's not much point in trying to possess her.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Wrapping up the Loose Ends.**
Post by: **fractalman** on **January 28, 2015, 04:20:51 pm**

Quote from: Deus Asmoth on January 28, 2015, 03:14:15 pm
The masked dwarf is all, like, dead and stuff. There's not much point in trying to possess her.

More like...FallenAngel is your day to day bodyjumper. Maskdwarf has tons of demonic power backing her up. Attempting posession is a bad, bad idea, without serious, serious prep. and, well, it's a bit late to try doing that.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Wrapping up the Loose Ends.**
Post by: **TheFlame52** on **January 28, 2015, 05:07:58 pm**

Awww yiss, I'm in the ending.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Wrapping up the Loose Ends.**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **February 07, 2015, 04:25:16 pm**

I didn't realise that the tavern update was a big one, so sequel will be starting next weekend, when I have proper internet again. Opinions on major mod/minor mod/vanilla?

Title: **Re: Demongate: Wrapping up the Loose Ends.**
Post by: **4maskwolf** on **February 11, 2015, 02:29:26 am**

No preference on the matter of modding, and if you and Rhaken want help writing just shoot me a pm.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Wrapping up the Loose Ends.**
Post by: **MDFification** on **February 12, 2015, 11:11:16 am**

Quote from: Deus Asmoth on February 07, 2015, 04:25:16 pm
I didn't realise that the tavern update was a big one, so sequel will be starting next weekend, when I have proper internet again. Opinions on major mod/minor mod/vanilla?

Vanilla master race reporting in.

Also shall we let the RNG name the fort this time?

Title: **Re: Demongate: Wrapping up the Loose Ends.**
Post by: **FallenAngel** on **February 12, 2015, 11:35:27 am**

Quote from: MDFification on February 12, 2015, 11:11:16 am
Also shall we let the RNG name the fort this time?

If by that you mean go with its first choice, no.
If by that you mean randomize it until it's cool, the yes.
Oh, and I'm for only some modding. Don't go nuts.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Wrapping up the Loose Ends.**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **February 12, 2015, 12:37:35 pm**

I've got a world prepared that should work well. The only alterations made were adding a trap immune caste to the elves and turning them into babysnatchers for my amusement.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Wrapping up the Loose Ends.**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **February 15, 2015, 04:12:30 pm**

Sequel up. (<http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=148526.0>)

Title: **Re: Demongate: Wrapping up the Loose Ends.**
Post by: **TheFlame52** on **February 15, 2015, 04:23:41 pm**

woo

Title: **Re: Demongate: Wrapping up the Loose Ends.**
Post by: **FallenAngel** on **February 15, 2015, 08:07:47 pm**

The wiki got struck by a vandal; I'll do what I can to remedy the issue.
Thank goodness for Wikia's page edit email feature thingy.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Wrapping up the Loose Ends.**
Post by: **TheHossofMoss** on **February 20, 2015, 04:40:30 pm**

Ptw!

Title: **Re: Demongate: Wrapping up the Loose Ends.**
Post by: **CaptainMcClellan** on **February 20, 2015, 10:47:01 pm**

This still going?

Title: **Re: Demongate: Wrapping up the Loose Ends.**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **February 21, 2015, 12:11:56 am**

It's in the process of wrapping up, though Crownhammers is a sequel of sorts if you're interested.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Wrapping up the Loose Ends.**
Post by: **CaptainMcClellan** on **February 21, 2015, 03:25:51 pm**

A bit, I was just wondering because I found this by searching for MurderMachines. MurderMachines is still going necause of my refusal to let it die! XD I dunno, I'm not sure I'm ready for a Fortress in DF2014, though we're likely about to start a concurrent sequel which has so far been codenamed Slaughterhelm until we have reached an agreement. In fact, we're voting on who'll be running, but I guess unless I can find the file for my succession fort, MurderMachines will be the last great DF2012 fort. Which... Just feels kinda monumental to me. I look forward to seeing this fort's epic conclusion! :D

Title: **Re: Demongate: Wrapping up the Loose Ends.**
Post by: **TheFlame52** on **February 27, 2015, 04:26:03 pm**

How's the ending coming along?

Title: **Re: Demongate: Wrapping up the Loose Ends.**
Post by: **TheFlame52** on **March 05, 2015, 02:35:20 pm**

bump

Title: **Re: Demongate: Wrapping up the Loose Ends.**
Post by: **FallenAngel** on **March 05, 2015, 02:58:21 pm**

If we don't get an ending by the end of May, I'm writing my own ending in a week.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Wrapping up the Loose Ends.**
Post by: **CaptainMcClellan** on **March 05, 2015, 04:31:20 pm**

Quote from: FallenAngel on March 05, 2015, 02:58:21 pm
If we don't get an ending by the end of May, I'm writing my own ending in a week.
Okay.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Wrapping up the Loose Ends.**
Post by: **4maskwolf** on **March 05, 2015, 05:46:35 pm**

Quote from: CaptainMcClellan on March 05, 2015, 04:31:20 pm
Quote from: FallenAngel on March 05, 2015, 02:58:21 pm
If we don't get an ending by the end of May, I'm writing my own ending in a week.
Okay.
Cool your jets everyone, cool your jets.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Wrapping up the Loose Ends.**
Post by: **FallenAngel** on **March 05, 2015, 06:02:04 pm**

Quote from: 4maskwolf on March 05, 2015, 05:46:35 pm
Quote from: CaptainMcClellan on March 05, 2015, 04:31:20 pm
Quote from: FallenAngel on March 05, 2015, 02:58:21 pm
If we don't get an ending by the end of May, I'm writing my own ending in a week.
Okay.
Cool your jets everyone, cool your jets.

I'm not jumping the shark just yet. I sincerely hope it'll be complete about 3 months from now, and I'm sure everyone else does, too. I just wanted us to have a backup plan.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Wrapping up the Loose Ends.**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **March 05, 2015, 06:02:31 pm**

An outline has been laid out. If Rhaken turns out to be busy, I'll knock something together.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Wrapping up the Loose Ends.**
Post by: **FallenAngel** on **March 05, 2015, 06:04:50 pm**

Alright.
Consider my plan the last emergency whatever for the story, in case everything else we have planned collapses in on itself.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Wrapping up the Loose Ends.**
Post by: **Rhaken** on **March 05, 2015, 08:15:03 pm**

I've put the thing on the back burner for the past few weeks to let it stew. Assuming nobody bothers me over the weekend, I promise I will pick it up. Don't expect excerpts of the ending yet, but at least the whole flashback to Clearstockades will be over and done with.

In other news, I do believe I've kind of managed to involve every named dwarf (that's still around, at least) in the ending. However, this does assume that I'm kind of given free reign over them. Hope that's fine with all of ye.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Wrapping up the Loose Ends.**
Post by: **TheFlame52** on **March 05, 2015, 08:17:06 pm**

That's great, man! Must have taken some serious story-wrangling to include everyone. I'm glad the ending is coming along well.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Wrapping up the Loose Ends.**
Post by: **Rhaken** on **March 05, 2015, 08:25:00 pm**

Quote from: TheFlame52 on March 05, 2015, 08:17:06 pm
That's great, man! Must have taken some serious story-wrangling to include everyone. I'm glad the ending is coming along well.

Only because I cast an absurdly wide net. Hopefully the stuff we've come up with will turn out sufficiently awesome that nobody will find any hanging plot threads. :D

Title: **Re: Demongate: Wrapping up the Loose Ends.**
Post by: **FallenAngel** on **March 08, 2015, 12:41:47 pm**

I'm pretty sure a small epilogue will be good enough to tie up the loose plot threads.
On a related note, Gnorm wrote his own ending on the Steelhold Wiki, and it's... intriguing.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Wrapping up the Loose Ends.**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **March 08, 2015, 12:46:23 pm**

We have over a dozen characters and nearly the same number of dangling plot threads. A short ending world suffice, but it wouldn't necessarily be satisfactory.

Heh. I'll be honest, the start of Gnorm's ending was kind of funny. Can't help but get the feeling he's bitter about something though.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Wrapping up the Loose Ends.**
Post by: **FallenAngel** on **March 08, 2015, 01:05:06 pm**

Well, Rhaken said that there might be a couple left over; an epilogue after the ending could wrap those up.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Wrapping up the Loose Ends.**
Post by: **Rhaken** on **March 16, 2015, 12:41:42 am**

Dwarves in heavy armor poured into the shattered entryway, brandishing weapons and shouting for vengeance. They were greeted within the gatehouse by a raving mob of Bloodkin warriors, clad in poorly-shaped steel and vastly outnumbered by the besiegers. Not that it mattered much to them.

Hammers and axes rammed into shields, through armor and into flesh. The defenders roared in agony, but fought on, some with shattered ribcages or even severed limbs. Their assault was relentless, uncaring for discipline or defense. For each Bloodkin that fell, a handful of dwarves had to surrender their lives. There would be no breaking of the enemy, no disastrous loss of morale that would cause a surrender. Bloodkin fought to the bitter end.

Yet no amount of tenacity would save them. There were fewer than one hundred of the wretched monsters left in Clearstockades, and Monom's Host had thousands of dwarves still in fighting condition. By the time the sun began to sink on the seventh day, the halls were secured and the fortress was taken. Clearstockades was free of Bloodkin and finally in dwarven hands. It was only when the soldiers were bringing out the dead and assembling pyres that Doren was finally struck by the gravity of the situation. They had defeated less than one hundred Bloodkin that day, and lost over three hundred dwarven soldiers. If the enemy had a true army... she shuddered, brushed the thought away. They had won. No point in thinking of what might have been.

A messenger approached her. "My Queen," the dwarf said, kneeling, "We have searched the entire fortress. There is no sign of the enemy commander. We believe he may have fled into the caverns."

Doren fought back the urge to curse. "Assemble a squad and head into the tunnels. Nish Woodlabor must not escape!"

"It is already being done, my Queen."

Doren nodded and dismissed the messenger. She ground her teeth, barely believing that Nish had turned and fled. The last time that The First Iron had tried to retake Clearstockades, Nish had personally slain King Zon, thus ending the reign of the Vampire King and eventually bringing her to the throne. Doren wanted to thank the Bloodkin general personally. With her sword. Through his throat. Perhaps then the dwarves of The First Iron would finally be able to rest at night, without fear of a ravenous Bloodkin horde descending upon them as they slept.

She walked the granite halls of Clearstockades, a company of her personal guard in tow. Though definitely related to dwarves, the urban planning of the Bloodkin was far different to any dwarven mountain hall. The stockpiles contained no crafts, merely bin upon bin of leather clothing. The forges were near the main ore stocks, and powered by coal, not magma. Some were still warm and smoking. The workshop floor seemed long abandoned, and was densely populated by masons, carpenter's shops and leatherworks. Clearly, art had no place in Bloodkin society, such as it was.

She descended further, through smooth stone archways, into the living area. There were few private bedrooms. The inhabitants of Clearstockades seemed to have favored a common dormitory spread over six levels, containing hundreds upon hundreds of beds. The sheets and bedding were all leather, much like the leather found in the clothing stockpiles. Doren had a feeling she didn't want to know where all that leather came from.

The Queen and her entourage went further still into the bowels of the Bloodkin stronghold. Opening a tall door of plain lead, they came upon a massive chamber of rough-hewn stone. Countless rows of manacles lined the walls and floors. Some still held skeletal limbs. Dwarven limbs for the most part, but there were some larger bones among them. Probably human or elvish. The entire chamber reeked of blood and death and decay, the scents of a charnel house the size of a city district.

She took one tentative step into the chamber, and a vicious chill shot up her spine. An eerie breeze manifested from nowhere, tugging at her armor. Doren tried to rationalize it as a draft, but there was only one exit from the chamber, and she had just walked through it. The breeze grew stronger and stronger, turning into a freezing gale that tore the warmth from her bones. She tried to back out of the chamber, but her legs wouldn't obey.

Then came the voices.

Save me...

Get out.

No, no, not again!

Blood. So much blood...

Doren somehow mustered the will to speak, or at least stammer. "I-is someone - is someone there?"

Get out...

The wind rose, picking up a cloud of icy dust and throwing it in the dwarves' faces. Everywhere it touched, Doren felt like her skin was being torn off. She had to grope her face to confirm that she wasn't being flayed. She was idly aware of her guards shifting into a protective circle around her, hands on weapon hilts. She caught a glimpse of the face of one of them. He looked like he was going to have a heart attack.

No...

The voices in the wind grew louder. She became aware of vicious sobs and shrieks, interspersed by a heinous cackling. The Queen's heart hammered in her chest.

SAVE ME!

Doren all but sprinted out of the room. Her guards followed soon after. Later, she would have to check her breeches to ensure she hadn't soiled herself. But not now. She grabbed one of her guards by the lapels, trying to keep the panic from her voice and utterly failing.

"Get a Priest of Armok down here, quickly. And find Scribe Medtob." When he didn't answer, she shook him. "Now, damn you!"

The soldier whimpered what sounded like 'yes, my Queen' and ran off, practically tripping over his own feet. Doren shoved the leaden door closed. A last whisper of

Blood...

was the last thing she heard before the portal shut. Then she retched.

It suddenly struck Queen Doren that she knew where all that leather came from.

They ran through the tunnels beneath Clearstockades, over stone and soil and fungus, with barely a word between them, relying on Nish's keen sense of direction. They sought to gain as much distance from Clearstockades and possible, then head east, beneath the ocean and toward the Old World, the Oracular Plane. Perhaps there, Corley might extract some answers from his aunt. He wouldn't get a lot of answers from Shank. That lunatic would much rather give Corley half-truths and riddles than explain why in the hell he hadn't sent reinforcements across the ocean in over eighty years.

He and Nish had been on the run for over a day now. Hours past, they had come across a tribe of primitive bat-people. Their blood was foul, but beggars can't be choosers. It would help sustain them in the thousands of miles they had to cross.

They were in the narrow tunnels now, in transit from one major cavern system to the next. Corley heard a metallic snapping, somewhere close by. He turned to seek the source of the sound to find Nish on the floor, a steel bear trap locked around his ankle.

Footsteps, behind them. Blades rasping from scabbards. Nish had the presence of mind to shout "Run, my Lord!" before righting himself, tearing the trap off his leg in the process. It would heal soon enough.

Corley didn't think twice. He turned and ran through the tunnels, leaving Nish to his fate.

Around the General converged four dwarves, each clad in steel, each bearing a sword. Nish drew his sword and axe, intent on tearing the four bloodsacks apart, or at least buying time until Corley could escape.

There was no exchange of pleasantries, no greetings, no warcries. The dwarves descended upon him with the precise fury of the masterfully skilled. Nish bolted forward, aiming to catch one of them before they could converge. The dwarven warrior parried Nish's thrust with his own sword, deflected the axe with his shield. Nish barreled into him, sent him sprawling. He recovered his balance in time to see a thrust aimed at his chest. He deflected it with his axe, brought his sword up to cleave the dwarf's arm, connected with a shield.

Another sword rammed into him from behind, tore through his right lung and emerged in his chest. Fighting through the pain, Nish spun away, tearing the sword from its owner's grasp. His sword descended but clashed into a shield. Again he rammed into his target, bowling her aside. He ran for several strides, then turned to them again, his regenerative powers already pushing the sword out out his torso.

"Who are you?" He shouted. With a punctured lung, it sounded hushed.

"We are Armok's chosen warriors, Nish Woodlabor," the unarmed she-dwarf replied as the other three approached. "We have come to end your unnatural life, and that of your Father."

A sudden thought raged in Nish's mind. Had Thikut given them away to the enemy? How else could they know that the Father was here? That treasonous... no. There was no time for this now. He had four dwarves to butcher. Plenty of time to think about that later.

The wound in his chest sealed. The sword fell out his back, clanged to the stone floor. The three dwarves approached, while the fourth began circling to retrieve her blade. Nish strafed away from them, drew them in, waiting for the right moment. When the fourth crouched to pick up her sword, Nish struck. He ran through the group in front of him, bowling them over, impaling his gut along the way. He kept running toward the crouching dwarf, brought his weapons down to split her head. She turned and rolled away, and Nish connected with empty air.

The fourth had retrieved her blade. Nish turned to attack them, but found them in the process of disengaging, running toward the far tunnel. That meant only one thing. They were going after the Father.

Nish sprang forward, trying to cut one down on the way to intercept. The dwarf turned with preternatural speed, cutting him off with a shield. A sword almost followed, but Nish had already run past them. He stood at the narrow exit of the cave, blocking his assailants from moving further down the tunnel toward Corley.

They descended on him all at once. Nish did all he could, parrying, slashing, thrusting and hacking as openings came and went. He was getting nowhere fast. They were too agile with their shields. Their masterful armor turned aside what few blows he managed to land. And as the fight dragged on, Nish found himself unwillingly giving up ground, retreating inch by inch under their assault. To make matters worse, they were starting to get through his own movement patterns, occasionally scoring hits. His travel clothing lay in tatters about his body as the cuts came and went, wounds both shallow and deep healing within seconds. In the farthest corner of his mind, Nish wondered how long he would be able to keep up.

It was only a matter of time until it happened. While fielding a blow from one direction on his sword, a cut came in from the other side. It tore into his sword arm just above, slicing through his flesh. The arm fell to the floor, sword clattering upon the stone. He managed to duck the blow he was deflecting, and rather than take his head off, it cleaved his ear in twain along with the left half of his face. It began to close immediately.

Fighting through the pain, Nish took a wide step back and out of their range. The narrow tunnel he had been blocking opened into a wide cavern just a few feet behind him. Soon he would have to hold his ground, or risk having these four bloodbags reach the Father. He squared his stance to the best of his ability. Even if they tore him limb from limb, they wouldn't be able to kill him. They had no fire.

They charged him in tandem. Nish dodged a high cut, brought his axe up to deflect another. He could do nothing about the other two.

A blade took his left leg below the knee. Nish landed on the stump, felt his femur crack lengthwise within his thigh. The other blade thrust into his neck, tearing through his left jugular and carotid artery. Pressurized blood fountained into the air. Nish had the presence of mind to bat the sword aside and out of his flesh before it could do any further damage.

"You cannot kill me," Nish choked out as his neck sewed itself shut. "And you cannot kill Father. Your efforts are in vain."

A gauntleted fist rammed into his chin. Nish's jawbone turned to dust. Most of his teeth flew out of his mouth as he toppled over backwards. He looked up, and his eyes went wide. For the first time since his days as a mortal in the blood farms, Nish felt a chilling terror.

One of the dwarves conjured a flame in his hand.

He tried to say that it was impossible. All he managed was a choking mumble. The dwarf extended the hand in his direction. The flame

roared as it grew to engulf him.

The dwarves ran past him as he rolled around, screaming and roaring in agony. His final thoughts were of the absurdity of it all. After all Thikut had done to eliminate dwarven thamaturgy, at least one seemed to remain. And that one had been responsible for his demise. He couldn't even decide if he could blame the treasonous whore for the whole mess.

Thus perished Nish Woodlabor, General of Second Bloodkin Army and advisor to the Father.

Corley ran through the tunnels as fast as his legs would carry him. He was never much of a warrior, but his powers were more than enough to take on groups of demons, nevermind a quartet of dwarves. He had sensed something odd about them, however. Something ancient and powerful and worst of all, *sacred*. He shuddered to think of their purpose here. They had set traps, clearly intent on capturing or killing him and Nish. How could they have known they would try to escape? Not even Nish's harlot could have known, as they had made the decision after her death. But those thoughts would have to wait. He needed to escape before they could get through Nish. The General was as fierce and as skilled a warrior as any other, but he had no guarantees that those four were any worse.

Hours went by. Corley ducked through dozens of narrow tunnels and through countless open cavern systems, heading in as straight a line as he could. Only his soldiers knew these caverns well enough to find their way with any kind of ease. Corley wasn't even sure he was heading due east anymore. Still, what choice did he have? He wasn't going to risk a fight with those four.

The sound of voices somewhere in the caverns ahead stopped Corley in his tracks. He took cover behind an ancient tower cap and focused his senses on the source of the disturbance.

He could sense dwarves in armor, arrayed in multiple ranks. Corley went deeper into concentration, tried to count the distinct number of heartbeats. There must have been a hundred of them, perhaps more. They stood with their backs straight, their pulses steady, waiting for something.

They were waiting for him, he realized. An entire company of Knights of Saint Zane awaited his passage in the caverns. But why there of all places? How could they know where he might pass? Either they could somehow track his movement through the world beneath the surface, or they knew the caverns better than he did. Perhaps this was a bottleneck where they could trap him, and Corley didn't exactly have the time to go off and investigate other tunnels only to find out that he was stuck with them.

Some camouflage was in order, he supposed. His skin began to shift to match the pattern of the towering fungus beside him. His clothing soon followed. He stood perfectly still, and ceased breathing. Bloodkin didn't need air to live anyway. They just kept breathing because it was automatic.

Time slowed to a crawl. The Knights held their formation, and Corley held his breath. He began to sense four beings approach from the tunnels behind him. They had gone through Nish, and now they came for him. He remained still as could be, waiting, harnessing the power to break them if need be. They entered the cavern with swords in their hands. They fanned out and began to search the area, not a word uttered between them. That filthy sense of divinity struck Corley again. Who were these dwarves?

They roamed the wide area, looking under shrubs and in the upper bows of spore caps and blood thorn trees. After several minutes, one of them passed by Corley's hiding spot. She felt around, looked up at the underside of the tower cap's head. At one point, her hand passed over Corley's shirt and across his chest. If the dwarf noticed his presence, she gave no sign of it. His magic had altered his very texture in order to blend in. The dwarf moved on from his hiding place after a moment.

Then she whipped back her sword. Corley felt his throat being torn open. His magic collapsed due to the break in his concentration, and then they were upon him.

Corley drew his own blade, lashed out his free hand to destroy the one that had struck him. He felt the pulse and crackle of energy, sensed its impact with dwarven flesh, but nothing happened. No crushed bones, no torn flesh, no ruptured blood vessels. Was his magic failing him?

He parried a blow to his midsection, tried to riposte. The other three blades rammed into him. Both of his lungs were skewered, along with his left kidney. Corley backed away until the swords left his body. He conjured power to fling them backwards and create distance. Rather than flying across the room, they staggered back a single step. Everything around them was flung about the area, so his powers weren't failing him. What was it with these dwarves?

"Who are you?" Corley demanded once his lungs were working.

They advanced on him instead of answering. Corley decided he was better off improving himself, rather than trying to harm them. He dashed backward to create more space. The dwarves followed, spreading out, aiming to take him from as many angles as they could. Corley wasn't going to make this easy for them. He made himself faster, hardened his flesh. They would get nothing from him if he could help it.

Their weapons bit into him, denting his skin and not much else. Corley tried to retaliate, but their shields intercepted his strikes. This went on for some time, with neither side putting a scratch on the other, until Corley decided to speak again.

"You will achieve nothing with this. Who are you?"

One of the warriors grinned. "Come on, Corley, I thought you would recognize us by now. Can't remember your old friends?"

"I make it a point not to speak to my food."

"Very droll, lad. Are you sure you don't remember?"

Wait, *lad*? Although he still looked the part of a young dwarf, Corley was by no means young. Nobody ever called him lad anymore. Except...

A maelstrom of disjointed thoughts and memories assailed Corley all at once. He knew now who these dwarves were. For in all the centuries, only one dwarf had ever called him 'lad' on a regular basis.

"I didn't think I would see you again in this life, old sod," Corley said. "Finally got tired of haunting a long-lost hole in the ground?"

No words came in reply. The dwarf chose to answer with steel instead. Corley held him off, only to be struck by two of the others. Their powerful blows could do no more than split his skin. He stepped back, giving himself space to assume a fighting stance before they were on him again.

The fight raged on, and Corley found himself beginning to tire. Even a thaumaturgist of his skill and experience could only hold a razor-sharp focus for so long before it backfired. His clothes lay in tatters about him, destroyed by the swords of the dwarves. He had to think of something, or they would overwhelm him soon. For once, time was not on Corley's side.

A metallic crash resonated throughout the caverns. It came from further in, where Corley had sensed the hundred dwarves some time earlier. He would have grinned if he wasn't otherwise preoccupied. The dwarves before him drove in again. He managed to evade three, only to clash swords with the fourth. He pulled back, swung his sword in an arc before him to create space. The dwarf intercepted with her shield, drove forward and rammed her own blade into his crotch. Though it caused but a shallow cut, the pain threatened to overwhelm Corley's mind and destroy his concentration. It took a momentous effort of will to hold on. Corley had enough presence of mind to formulate a plan. He hopped backward, out of range, letting his defensive spell drop, making it easier to think.

Then he turned and ran.

He could hear steel-clad feet clattering against the fungal underbrush. The four were giving chase. He didn't exactly expect to shake them quite so easily, but if that crash meant what he thought it meant, it might be his best chance.

He sprinted through tunnels, toward the mass of beating hearts. Some were being snuffed out, vanishing from his augmented senses. Corley allowed himself a momentary grin.

He came upon them within minutes, the Four hot on his heels. A platoon of Knights of Saint Zane, clad head to toe in armor, fighting off a group of Bloodkin. Corley hadn't escaped alone, after all. The Knights in the front ranks swung blades and hammers and torches all around, while the ones at the back flung pots of oil, dousing comrades and Bloodkin alike. What else could they do in this situation? For each Kin that fell, three or more Knights relinquished their lives. Some of the Bloodkin were beginning to bite at the armored warriors, destroying their own teeth in order to feed and pass on the curse. The Knights who were bitten fought on, knowing their lives were forfeit.

Corley couldn't circumvent them from his point of entry. He tried to barrel through them instead. He charging body punched a hole through the ranks, but not without considerable effort and a great loss of speed. Enough for the Four to catch up. The Knights surrounding him brought blades down upon him, unable to pierce his defenses but sapping his concentration with each blow. He retaliated as he could, tried to run through them and toward the far exit.

A sword's tip erupted from his gut. He lost control of his legs, and his concentration failed him. Dozens of cuts and stabs savaged his body. Most of his wounds closed instantly, but not fast enough that he could escape. Corley was, at long last, fully trapped.

Even as the the blows came and the pain wracked him, he retreaded further into his mind. He called upon the deepest magicks he could imagine, using what power he had left to lock himself inside. It was all he could do. So when he stopped moving and his body was drenched in oil and put to the torch, he would not burn.

It took an hour for the Knights to slay the last of their attackers. Only seven remained, all of them cursed, puncture marks on their armor the only indication of their fall. To the eyes of Armok, they were forsaken, barred from the afterlife, but even that would not shake their faith. Even as the Four gathered around the body of the Father and prepared for its disposal, the cursed warriors went about their duty.

They set all the bodies to burning first. No Bloodkin would rise from this battleground. Once they were done cremating their comrades, they formed a tight circle. Each stripped of armor and smallclothes. They went about their final task with the grim determination of martyrs. They poured the remaining oil upon themselves, drenched themselves in it. One grabbed a torch, igniting himself in the process. She joined her comrades, setting them ablaze as well.

Not a single cry of pain or horror rose from them. Each took a knife in hand. They knelt, facing the center of their circle, each touching shoulder to shoulder with the next. As one, they plunged the short blades into their own throats.

No Bloodkin would rise from this battleground.

They labored for days within the depths of the earth. From the weapons of the fallen they fashioned tools of labor. They tore silver and copper from the cavern walls, smelted it in the blood of Armok himself. From the primordial stone they fashioned an anvil, as the First Dwarves had done in ages gone by. Their hammers sang upon the stone anvil for days upon days. Always one kept watch, striking down the Father before he could fully regain his strength.

It was done at long last. A sarcophagus of sterling silver, crude and unadorned. Within they deposited the Father, with blades through heart and brain and joints, such that he could not heal enough to regain the ability to move. The Four sealed the lid, sealing the Father within the metal.

For days they moved within the caverns, ever eastward, toward the sea. They came upon a cavern which opened upon the ocean at the base of a tall cliff. There they threw the sarcophagus into the waves, watched it drift away, carried on the arms of the god of the seas at Armok's bequest. It was only when the Father had vanished beneath the waves that the spirits of the Saints left the Four, and they were once again normal dwarves.

Early Autumn, 168

Urvad Gorgerock gazed across the shimmering expanse of the Adventurous Ocean from their meeting spot high on the cliff. Waves crashed and roiled at the bottom of the cliff face, slowly but surely tearing away at the stone. The cavern mouth far below swallowed the waters only to toss them back out with the flow of the tides. The sky was beginning to brighten at the horizon, preparing to greet the first rays of dawn. Just like that fateful day, ten years gone.

"Feeling nostalgic?"

It was Reg, her husband, walking up the overgrown path behind her. He draped a burly arm across her shoulders. Urvad put an arm around his waist and set her eyes seaward once more.

"I guess you could say that," she said, huddling close to him to ward off the chill. They passed several moments in silence, waiting and thinking of nothing in particular.

Unib Laborediron's walking stick broke the silence, its blunted tip crunching on deadfall underfoot as the ancient dwarf approached. She did not move toward them immediately, however. As ever before, she first walked to the upright pillar of granite that stood at the edge of the tree line, overlooking the cliff. She knelt before the tombstone, clearly wincing at the pain in her gnarled old joints as she did. Urvad and Reg held their gaze on her, patiently waiting for the old dwarf to finish paying her respects, accompanied only by the crash of the waves into the cliff below them.

Her prayers done, the elderly dwarf leaned on her walking stick and hauled herself to her feet. She held a hand against the rough stone, gentle, almost loving. It was a few more moments still before she walked in Urvad and Reg's direction. They welcomed her with smiles. She took her place beside them, staring out into the waves of an autumn dawn.

It was some time before Urvad broke the silence.

"Do you ever think that our work wasn't the end of it?"

"Sometimes, aye," Reg answered, eyes never deviating from the sea. "I mean, we tossed that thing into the waters, watched it sink. Kulet was sure that something that heavy would never float back up. But..."

"But you think the Adversary might try something some day."

"Aye."

"Well, when and if he does," Unib interjected, "why worry? Chances are we won't be around to deal with it. I know I certainly won't."

"Oh, come now," Reg said.

"Hush, lad," the old dwarf admonished. "The final day is coming, I feel it in my bones. I'm not even sure I'll be here next year."

It was Urvad's turn to interrupt the fatalism. "This is hardly the most joyful of topics for our reunion," she muttered.

"Ah, don't feel bad, little one." Unib smiled at the younger couple. "I've had a good run. After all, not many dwarves can say they've done as much as we have, eh? Besides, it's about time I joined my husband in the afterlife."

The conversation died down then, as it did every year. The three dwarves turned their attention to the distant horizon above the waters. The sun took its first peek into the new day, and their chat resumed. Reg and Urvad were thinking of having a child. Unib gave them her blessing, along with advice on the various things she had learned as a mother of four, all of them well into adulthood now.

They shared a morning meal of plump helmet biscuits and rum by Kulet's grave. They ate in stern silence, each remembering what it had been like to allow the Saints into their souls. The vicious intrusion had given way to a measured discussion, and each had submitted willingly to the agents of Armok's will. Kulet had been taken by Rhaken, the strategist. Unib got Lorius Zane, the high priest, in accordance to her own work at Armok's temple. The lovers Reg and Urvad received the spirits of Jackal and Modi, lovers themselves. For many days they had relinquished control of their minds and bodies to the Saints, thus allowing them to change history. Yet none of them wanted fame and recognition. As far as anyone knew, these four dwarves - three now, soon to be two, as Urvad would be taken from the world of the living before year's end - were mere civilians of The First Iron.

Early Autumn, 655
The Age of Legends

"They caught whatnow?"

The harbor porter handed her the cargo manifest, but she just gave him a dirty look. Like most humans, Kemus Workhandles couldn't read. Catching her drift, the porter repeated what he read on the parchment.

"Twenty-seven barrel of codfish. Sixty barrel of sardines. Three barrel of octopus. One marlin, about ninety-four stone. One sterling silver sarcophagus, sixty stone."

Kemus stared at him in confusion. "How the feck did they catch that in a fishing trawler?"

"Must have been a productive trip."

Kemus shook her head. "That's nae the issue here."

"I don't follow."

"A sarcophagus ain't a fish, ya dumb shite."

Kemus spent the next hour cleaning and gutting fish, trying to ignore the mounting commotion on the docks around her. It was around noon that her curiosity finally got the better of her, and she set off to join the throng of onlookers by the pier. They had gathered near the trawler, drawn by the strange news of a silver coffin caught in the dragnets.

It took some minutes to find a nice vantage point where she could watch what went on aboard the ship. Seems the harbormaster was arguing with the captain, quill and sheafs of paper in hand. The fishermen unloaded barrels upon barrels of fish across the gangplank. Of the mysterious sarcophagus, there was no sign.

Kemus watched the captain and harbormaster go back and forth over something or other for a while. She was about to consider heading back to work when things changed. The harbormaster stepped off the gangplank, and a handful of sailors descended to the cargo hold. They emerged moments later, straining and panting at the weight of their load. Finally, the crowd could set eyes on the source of all this hubbub.

It was a bit underwhelming, to say the least. The oblong box had a thick covering of algae and coral blemishing its silver shine. Though clearly a coffin, and a heavy one at that, it was too small to inter a full-grown human. Perhaps it was meant for children? Perhaps it held some long-lost rich captain's son, lost to the seas in an age gone by? Fishermen caught these things sometimes. The eastern sea held strange surprises for fishermen, and the dragnets sometimes hauled in corroded metalworks or ancient stone crafts. Most of the stuff was worthless, and the sailors, ever a superstitious lot, believed the things were bad luck. That didn't stop them from selling the things for a few coins if they weren't too badly damaged or a collector was nearby. That, or a gullible sap.

"Cease your defiling at once, human!"

The heavy voice cut through the murmur of the crowd, hushing countless others in its wake. Heads turned to find the source of this newest commotion, but saw nothing. It was only when the speaker climbed atop a shipping crate that they could see him.

He was a dwarf, with a beard dark as night. A worn red cloak made of their strange semi-fungal fiber hung about his shoulders, and beneath it he wore ancient-looking leather armor. A short sword rested in a scabbard strapped to his belt. His boots bore the dust of many miles. A vicious light glittered in the dwarf's eyes as he opened his mouth to speak again.

"You heard me. Unhand that sarcophagus at once! It belongs to my people, to be brought to rest in our halls beneath the earth, as befits our kind. Unhand it, I say!"

The dwarf clambered down from the crate and advanced on the sailors, the crowd parting to let him through. The harbormaster sneered down his nose at the bearded creature, hands at his hips.

"And who are you, dwarf, to think you can abscond with something that belongs to the masters of this town? I don't think you've managed to purchase this coffin in the short time since its arrival here."

"I am Ast Logemlenod, Priest of Armok," the dwarf replied, staring right back, "and I do not need to purchase what rightly belongs to myself, my kin and my temple."

"Perhaps you didn't hear me," the harbormaster replied with impatience. He knocked on the side of the coffin as the sailors let it down on the pier. "This belongs to the masters of the town. By what right do you claim this as yours?"

The little bugger moved fast. He swatted the harbormaster's hand away and stood between the him and the coffin, glaring daggers at him.

"How dare you!" Ast roared. "Have you any idea the forces you meddle with? The dwarven dead are not to be handled in such a manner!"

The harbormaster was clearly irritated at this point. "And why not? This sarcophagus belongs to us."

"Fine then. But if you keep it, you must bear its curse."

That one word sent a ripple of murmurs through the crowd. Nobody liked disturbing the dead, especially if there were evil things involved. Kemus liked to think she was a bit more skeptical than that, but what if it was true? She had once heard that dwarves who aren't properly memorialized come back to haunt the living.

The sailors backed off from the coffin as if it was a coiled serpent with fangs dripping venom.

"Curse? That is bloody well prepostorous," The harbormaster scoffed, though there was an edge of panic beneath the surface bluster. "Stop wasting my time, dwarf. I've other ships to inspect."

Kemus could see the dwarf's face from where she was standing. She had seen only a handful of dwarves in all her life - mostly aboard human ships, probably hailing from those few settlements by the coast where ships from the Old World used to land - so she wasn't entirely sure if their expressions meant the same as they would on a human. Yet somehow, she couldn't help but feel suspicious when she caught sight of the dwarf's countenance. Before assuming the scowl of one who is set to engage in a serious, passionate speech, the

bearded priest had flashed a quick smile, barely there. It left faster than it arrived, and the observers were none the wiser.

Kemus thought it was a cutthroat's grin.

The dwarf hauled the sarcophagus through the city, straining to suppress a massive grin. These humies were so gullible. Spin them a little yarn about a curse and they'll throw you more silver than you'll ever know what to do with. Sure, he'd have to do some desecrating of the dead first, and high-tail it with the silver before an angry ghost showed up, but that was nothing he hadn't done before.

He trudged out past the gates of Goldenmines - humans give the dumbest names to their settlements, don't they just? - and made his way to one of the wagon trains stationed outside. He spotted the caravan master, a lithe human woman of middling years, sitting at the lead wagon. He hailed her as he approached, and she waved back with a fond smile.

"Welcome back, Master Dwarf," she said. "We didn't expect ye back so soon. Found what you were lookin' fer already?"

"Indeed I have," the dwarf replied, laying down the sarcophagus. "Help me load this up, would you kindly?"

They heaved the sarcophagus into the back of the wagon. The wagon bed sagged slightly under the load. The two of them sat at the front of the wagon once their labor was done, making small talk.

"So where are you headed now?" The dwarf inquired as he pulled a flask from his belt.

"Well, there's s'pposedly a new dwarven outpost in the Steppes of Meditation. A Demondoor or somesuch. Figure we'll peddle our wares over there," said the caravan master. The dwarf took a swig, then handed her the flask. She nodded in thanks, gave it a taste. The strong dwarven whisky burned in her throat, then filled her belly with a pleasant warmth.

"Sounds good to me," The dwarf replied. "It's been far too long since I've been among my people." Not like he gave much of a crap either way.

They chatted the daylight away, waiting for the rest of the traders to show up with their goods and helping them load up when necessary. The sun was beginning to sink when they were finally set to depart, though they still had a few hours of sun left in the day.

The dwarf rode up front with the caravan master, whom had proven to be quite the conversationalist. They spoke of agriculture, discussed the politics of dwarves and men, even shared some gossip of the goings-on in the civilized North and nightmarish South.

"Ye're truly fascinatin' company, Master Dwarf," she told him as the day died down and they prepared to make camp. "Though it strikes me that ye never did tell me yer name."

The dwarf took a moment to consider what name he would feed the woman. Real names were for honest, decent folk. Thieves, swindlers and charlatans like him were more fond of aliases. After a brief moment, he settled upon his original alias; the one he had devised some forty years ago in the criminal underbelly of Clearstockades.

"Blackmore," the dwarf said with a smile. "You may call me Blackmore."

Title: **Re: Demongate: Wrapping up the Loose Ends.**
Post by: **4maskwolf** on **March 20, 2015, 08:59:28 am**

Before ya'll start griping about the lack of progress again, I'll let you know that work is progressing behind the scenes, albeit slowly. We'd like to get the ending out by the end of march, but don't count on it happening by then, there is still a lot we're trying to hammer out.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Wrapping up the Loose Ends.**
Post by: **CaptainMcClellan** on **March 20, 2015, 10:47:50 am**

Quote from: 4maskwolf on March 20, 2015, 08:59:28 am
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k.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Wrapping up the Loose Ends.**
Post by: **Zaerosz** on **March 30, 2015, 01:15:14 am**

Wait, I actually bloody survived?

Title: **Re: Demongate: Wrapping up the Loose Ends.**
Post by: **TheFlame52** on **February 12, 2016, 12:19:03 pm**

Hello, is this fort 100% dead/finished now?

Title: **Re: Demongate: Wrapping up the Loose Ends.**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **February 12, 2016, 06:50:36 pm**

Unfortunately. People got waylaid and the ending kind of fell apart. I can root up what we had worked out if it'd interest you.

Title: **Re: Demongate: Wrapping up the Loose Ends.**
Post by: **TheFlame52** on **February 12, 2016, 09:41:32 pm**

Sure.